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The Cornell Magazine

October, 1895

The Bell Buoy.

Liberty Hyde Bailey

1.

I sit on the waves,
I toss in the storm,
And the salt spray laves
My skeleton form ;
And all the day long,
With a reckless ease,
I roll my ding-dong
On the ear o' the breeze.

2.

And the mermaids hear
In the ebb and flow,
And they shake with fear
In their beds below ;
And the sea-sprite goes
In haste and away,
As I ring out my woes
At the break of day

3.

And still thro' the night,
When the sea-winds moan,
And the phosph'rous light
Mocks the shiv'ring moon,
I toll out the time
In monotone knell,
In dull hollow rhyme,
Like a voice from hell.

4.

So I sit and swing
Where the billows be,
A phantom-like thing—
A ghost of the sea ;
And out from my bars
Floats the doleful tone—
Out under the stars—
Of a soul alone.

L. H. Bailey.

Miss Carter's Pumpkin.

“**M**IS' CARTER! Mis' Carter!” came over the back fence, but there was no response. “Wonder where she kin be,” said the owner of the voice and rising from his knees which were protected by stout leather caps, he made a trumpet of both hands and shouted again, “Mis' Carter! Mis' Carter!” “My lawks, Mr. Bliss wuz that you a-callin’,” now came in answer, and a face, enveloped in a green calico sun-bonnet, appeared on the other side of the fence. “I thought it wuz some of them children agin’, fallin’ into the nettles I put around the berry-bushes. Oh! I’ve fixed ‘em” and in Miss Carter’s thin visage, a satisfied smile hovered. “I only wanted to borrow your hoe,” apologized the man, “I hadn’t no idee you wuz way inside. Wal, never mind.” “Here ’tis leanin’ right against the pear-tree, How d’ye think the pear crop’s comin’ out this year any way?” asked Miss Carter, resting her elbows on the fence. “Fair to middlin’,” answered Mr. Bliss, who began applying the hoe vigorously to a bit of stony ground. “Wal, I must be goin’ and bakin’ my pies, for to-morrow’s always a busy day with me,” said Miss Carter as she turned away.

The August sun was shining brightly in her little garden, where everything throve so well. The pumpkins were just beginning to turn and the apples and pears to ripen. Here and there a purpling plum showed through breeze-stirred foliage, and grapes, large but as yet green, held forth promises of future delight. One corner was ablaze with bright dahlias, more modest candy tuft and fragrant wall-flowers, while trim vegetable-beds flaunted borders of brilliant sweet-williams or merry Johnny-jump-ups. Tall sun-flowers grew along the fence and turned their inquisitive faces towards the sun as if to make that

their excuse for constantly peering into the next garden. Pink, white and red asters raised their pretty heads and usurped the places of the garden pinks and pansies which were now exhaling their last perfume in the throes of a fragrant death. It was small wonder that Miss Carter lingered amidst all this loveliness before entering her tiny kitchen where she was soon busy in the construction of a "batch" of pies destined to last her for a whole week.

Miss Carter was an "old maid." Her father had been the village doctor, and since his death, some twelve years before, she had lived alone. His coat and hat hanging on their accustomed peg, and a pipe or two, were the only remains of masculine habitation in the little house. No one had ever seen the green shades in Miss Carter's front parlor raised, while the sun was shining. Never did his yellow beams slanting through the elm branches, dance on the red and green flowered carpet, which had covered the floor for more than a decade. No one had ever dared to lift the Bible which lay exactly in the centre of the mahogany table, flanked on either side by a photograph album. Who was so bold as to disarrange the tidies on the chairs covered with horse-hair? In fact very few people could boast having had the opportunity to commit havoc of this kind, for the only occasion upon which these hallowed precincts had been exposed to public view, during Miss Carter's rule, save for the weekly sweeping, were those times when the minister and his wife had taken supper with her. The sitting-room, adorned with muslin curtains, brown furniture and a rag-carpet which left the white floor exposed at its edges, was as far within Miss Carter's sanctum as ordinary visitors dare penetrate. Though the owner's bright black eyes and sharp tongue made her an object of fear and respect to all the village, yet her cakes and cookies had sugared charms, strong enough to draw many a timid heart into the house. The children begged to run on errands to "Aunt Faith Carter's" sure of receiving as a reward one of her famous crullers, the receipt for which none but herself knew. As Miss Faith was "aunt" to all the village, but Mr. Bliss, so he was "Uncle Seth," to all but her. Between these two there was built up a wall of reserve quite as impenetrable as was the little stone fence which separated their gardens.

Above the addition built on Seth's house, there hung a sign bearing his name, followed by a most lamentable attempt at depicting a boot and shoe, beneath which one might read "Made and neatly mended." In these few words were written Seth's life history. They told of a quiet existence, shattered hopes and aspirations, resignation and peaceful industry. Born in this humble home, he had gone to school until the age of fifteen, when despite his protests that he wanted to continue his studies and be a school master, his father had put him to work on the shoe-maker's bench next his own. "You're hed eddication enough," he said. "Leave school masterin' to yor betters. D'ye see that sign? There's been a Seth Bliss the last hundred years a-shoe-makin' and I don't mean my son'll be the fust to change that sign." Seth could make no reply, for in those days, to honor one's father and mother meant to yield implicitly and unquestioningly to them in all things, and to oppose nothing which they might advance. For twenty years Seth worked by his father's side, or tended their garden; and then his worthy father passing away, he succeeded him in the little shop. When his mother died, about the same time as did Faith's father, the village folks exclaimed "How nice t'would be if them two paired off." But their match-making came to naught for the two continued to go their individual ways, having as their only medium of communication, so far as the world at large knew, the back fence.

Miss Carter was rolling out her crust, daintily dusting it now and then with flour, and between her wonderings as to whether "she'd used short'nin' enough, or if Speckle, her old hen, would soon stop layin' " her thoughts wandered to the Fanesville fair. She had lived in Fanesville for five and forty years, but never had such an undertaking as a fair been dreamed of. No one remembered exactly in whose fertile brain the scheme had been born but everybody was ready to lend a helping hand, "to show the whole world what Fanesville can do and what she can projuce" as Squire Smith put it. It lacked now but three weeks of the time set apart for the auspicious event, and Faith had nothing to send but a pumpkin. And such a pumpkin! It lay in the brightest

corner of the garden stealing the sun's own rays, and fast becoming large enough to make a coach for Cinderilla. No insect's foot had ever dared to tread its sacred precincts, and the early worm that crawled out betimes to survey it, was snatched to destruction by Miss Faith's ever ready hand. "That'll be a prize punkin," she announced to herself as she deposited the last pie in the oven and carefully shut the door, for it was but natural that the thought of the fair should bring the "king" pumpkin to her mind.

Seth, too, pegging away at a much worn shoe, was just then allowing his thoughts to run fairwise. Before him also there arose visions of a glorious yellow pumpkin, bearing a blue ribbon upon which there was written the word "Prize," while its proud owner stood amidst a crowd of admiring neighbors. During the next week, in unconscious rivalry, he arose even earlier than the energetic Miss Carter, and before the sun had dried the dew which lay thick upon fruit and flowers, he was tending his beloved pumpkins; for the "prize" had a mate not so large but almost as beautiful, and a fond smile lighted Seth's plain face as he viewed them nestling in their bed of green.

Slowly the time advanced and now it lacked but three days of that auspicious twenty-fifth day of September. It was a soft mellow evening and to Seth, idling in his garden, pipe in mouth, there came a great desire—a desire, whose like he had not felt in ten years. He wanted to go over into Miss Faith's garden and see what she was raising for the fair. A blush colored his pale cheek and he tried to forget this mad wish in the peaceful contemplation of his own flowers; but fight against it as he would, he could not expel it, and almost before he realized it he was standing in Miss Faith's plot of ground. He knew she was not at home, for half an hour before she had taken her departure down the street, and so he ran no risk of discovery. "It must be flowers," he said, as he saw the wealth of dahlias and other posies. "But my! she can't hold a candle to Mis' Squire Smith's. Her vegetable ain't much neither. Halloa!" as a sudden turn brought the "king" pumpkin into view. "Why, dear me," nervously, "it must be a punkin. Queer I never see'd

it before, lookin' over. Why, that there punkin ain't no bigger than my little fellow. 'That's what she's been potterin' around at is it. Wal, wal—" he stroked his chin reflectively, and after a few minutes vaulted back into his own premises. He stood beside his pumpkins and gazed at them lovingly in the last light of the dying day. "See here, you big fellow," he said at length, "I guess you'd better come into the back shed." And whipping out a large jack-knife, he severed the "prize" from its parent vine and bore it away.

That night Miss Faith could not sleep. She tossed from side to side, and when she closed her weary eyelids evil dreams troubled her. When the first ray of light colored the eastern sky, she arose to let the fresh morning air do good to her aching head. As she was tying up a sweet-pea vine that insisted on winding about one of its neighbors, and thus proving a very vagabond in the well ordered ranks, she heard a strange noise which proceeded from the other side of the fence. Rising hastily she sought the cause, and saw a sight well calculated to make her smooth old-maidenly hair stand on end. In the midst of Seth's garden was a huge black pig making playful sallies now in his flower beds, now among his vegetables. With no thought for propriety, she was over the fence in a moment, prepared to give the animal chase; for never was the pig born of which Faith Carter was afraid. She was about to utter a loud "shoo" when her eyes fell upon a corner until now hidden, where there lay sheltered a rival to her prize pumpkin, but larger, rounder, yellower. The cry died upon her lips—she felt sick at heart. She glanced at the pig, who for the time being had ceased his ravages and was now eyeing her askance, but his gaze turning away slowly, fell also upon the mass of golden vegetable. With a wild grunt of joy he was upon it—she did not stop him—she heard his teeth crunching the firm hard rind—and then—she disappeared over the fence.

The fair came and, as most all good things, went. Everyone agreed with the judges, when they awarded Miss Faith the first prize for the "finest and largest pun'kin ever raised in the country." Yet somehow her neighbors' congratulations did not

fall so pleasantly upon Miss Faith's ear as she had anticipated, and she felt an intense hatred of the fat pumpkin which, with the blue ribbon tied round its green neck, looked so contented and comfortable. She got away from the crowd as soon as she could and went home. Sitting down in the rocker in which her grandfather had hushed her to sleep nearly a half century before, she felt the first pangs of self-distrust, and going to her own room she looked at herself in her little round mirror, long and earnestly and then said: "Faith Carter, you're a nasty, mean thing!"

Two evenings later, as Seth was reading the evening *Times*, there came a knock at the door, and, after an abashed glance at his carpet-slippers and shirt sleeves, he shuffled out and admitted Miss Carter. "Why, howd'y doe, Miss Carter," he exclaimed. "Is anything the matter? Won't you come in and set down?" "Yes, thar's somethin' the matter—thank'y, I'll set down—and it's been troublin' me as I couldn't sleep." "Mebbe neuralgy. Now, my mother—" began Seth, but she interrupted. "No, it ain't neuralgy. It ain't rheumatiz. It's my conscience. Now look here, Seth Bliss, two days afore the fair, I wuzn't feelin' good, and as I got up kinder early and went into the garden, I heard that there pig a-snortin' round, and I got over the fence," here a faint flush rose upon her elderly cheek, "to chase him off. Then I see that punkin, and mine couldn't hold a candle to it, and I felt that jealous I just let that pig go fer it, and he et it up, I guess. I went home—and here's the ribbon. It's yourn." She extended it as she spoke, sitting up stiffly and gazing at him steadfastly. "Mis' Carter—Faith" faltered Seth, "'Twasn't yor fault that—" "Yes it was too, and you kin despise me for it." "Mis' Carter" he continued "You kin jest take that ribbon back. I admire a woman, what's got yor spunk—most wimmin would a bin afraid to go after a pig, at all—anyway—and Mis' Carter—Faith, do you remember I came round to speak to you ten years ago, one evenin'—and you kep' on talkin' about blackberries and kep' on, and I didn't have the heart to interrupt you, and I went home without speakin', at half past ten? And Faith, I came to ask you if you'd have me, but we'll call it fair and square if you'll take me now." "Oh!

Mr. Bliss, yer too good—and me, that jelous of a poor lone man. But if you'll come over to the house now I'll fix you up a bit of tart-pie and some crullers, and we kin talk it over."

There were tears in her bright black eyes as she spoke, and which were not dried when a few minutes later they arose to go. "Wait till I fetch a candle," said Seth, as he put on his coat. He led the way and they proceeded, not to Miss Faith's house, but to his own back shed. Opening the door he thrust the candle ahead, and said "Look a there, Faith." She did so and saw lying in the half darkness, a pumpkin almost twice as large as her own had been. "Why, what's that? What d'ye mean?" she exclaimed in wonder. "You confessed fust, now's my turn! I sneaked into yor yard one night when you wuz off, to see what you was raisin, and I saw 'twas punkins. Then I came back and I hed two, the little feller, what the pi—I mean what's out lyin' in the garden now,—and this here big feller, and I thought as no man had any right to put up against a woman that works as hard as you do, so I off with him and stowed him here. So you see you reelly didn't let that pig eat my prize punkin at all, fer 'twas me that kep' him to hum; besides Faith I wanted you to get the prize."

It may not have been seemly for a middle aged woman to do, it may even have been out of place, but Faith threw both arms around Seth's neck, and placed a trembling kiss upon his lips.

Bertha Marion Brock.

A Secret.

Sweetheart and I, in a summer of long ago,
On a hillside over a river, where golden rod was aflame,
Pledged our hearts to a secret that only the fairies know,
And the river sang down by us, but I will not tell it's name.

The river whispered down through the valley of Past Delight,
Sweetheart and I on the hillside ; and she sang me a song of
her own,
When the golden rod grew ruddy, and the robins told of night ;
Oh, the words of the song were sweeter than the brier, twilight-
blown—

For the music fell thro' the dusk from the dearest lips on the
earth.

Daylight died in the valley, and the stars came peeping about ;
Her eyes met mine, our lips then, and the secret had its birth ;
“ Forever and ever ” the crickets sang—they had found our
secret out.

Sweetheart and I in a summer of long ago,
Home thro' the dusk we rode, thro' the golden rod and brier.
The crickets called from the meadows and our hearts sang, very
low ;
The ponies narrowed the space between, but the moon was like
a fire,
So we leaned across from our saddles to whisper—what only the
fairies know.

Edward A. Raleigh.

Cornell Student Activities.

I. FRATERNITIES.

IN these days of modern university making when institutions with libraries of half a million volumes are, Minerva-like, brought forth at one blow from Vulcan's ax, it is not always easy to realize that our great educational institutions were not always great, that they ever had their days of small beginnings, and undeveloped resources.

Picture to yourself the eastern slope of Cayuga lake valley in 1868. At its feet lay the peaceful town of Ithaca with its few thousand inhabitants, while the great hillside, now the scene of so much life and activity, was a quiet rural stretch of meadow and upland dotted here and there with comfortable farm homes. The campus, now so like a well-kept city park, was in those days the fields and pastures of a well-to-do farmer. Nature's roughness here was much more pronounced than without its smooth close-cropped turf. The Cornell farm, as it was up to this time known, lying between Cascadilla and Fall Creeks, was seamed here and there with deep and shallow gullies that gave the surface a much more uneven appearance than it now seems ever to have had. Upon this rough site with grain growing here and cattle grazing yonder was erected "North University," as White Hall was then known; and a forlorn appearance it must have made without the softening lines of graceful elms and the companionship of the other buildings of this group.

From the first a limited number of students found living quarters in University buildings, but the natural place of residence in those days was the village in the valley below. Here the few necessary comforts of this quiet rural region could the more easily

be obtained with only the added cost of the labor of climbing the hill daily. In the absence of electric cars, and even lumbering omnibuses, the shortest possible route was naturally sought for, and the "bone yard cut" became by natural selection a well beaten path to "North University." Up the hill climbed the students day after day to the farm-campus, little knowing how much attention they were attracting from certain already large and flourishing organizations outside as yet of this quiet community. They were more conscious of the interest that was being taken in them by some educators and educational institutions who were looking for some pretext to sting and blight the first indications of fruit of this young tree. They had not long to wait, however, before there appeared in their midst the nucleus of what was to become a powerful factor in student life, the exact nature and object of which was not at first perfectly apparent. From a distance a score or more of these organizations were anxiously watching for the expected evidence of Cornell's fitness to live and flourish and spread like a green bay tree without sharing the expectation of some of the sectarian "rivals" that she would be cut down in due season. They were waiting for the signs of permanent foundation and future greatness that they might safely establish here a local exponent, such as had existed in other institutions, in some instances, for a quarter of a century. Had the same degree of conservatism marked these fraternal organizations then as is found to-day, no higher compliment to this young institution could have been paid, or stronger faith shown by a large body of intelligent and practical men, than was shown by the fact that no less than seven Greek-letter societies, counting among their number some of the strongest, established chapters here during the first collegiate year. Nevertheless it was an evidence of faith, complimentary in character, which has been repeatedly and constantly reciprocated by the treatment which the University has accorded in return to these organizations.

Amidst this rural surrounding then with all its crudeness and undeveloped condition, whose greatness as yet lay in the power and purpose of its founder and his associates in the enterprise, these seven organizations that make for culture, whose avowed

object is to round out and supplement a college education, established the first nucleus of what has since in nearly every case developed into a stronghold for the development of the particular objects to which they are devoted.

As the hillside as yet had not become a desirable place for student residence, and as yet had none of conveniences for the home life of the students ; as no free mail delivery brought letters to the students' rooms, and consequently a daily trip must be made to the post-office, the most natural place in which to locate the quarters of a college fraternity was the village, among the students. With rooms fitted up in business blocks they were in the centre of activity, and their apartments were then as now the scene and centre of social life.

There were in existence at this time about thirty general college fraternities in the whole college world and scarcely more to-day, as no Greek letter society of the general class, of any size or prominence, has been organized since that time. Of these not more than ten were at that time or have since become of a national character, the others remaining, some by preference, small and sectional.

From this large number the first to enter Cornell was the Zeta Psi which dates its existence from 1846 at which time it was founded at the University of the City of New York. It has enjoyed a continuous existence here since 1868, and although one of the last to secure a home it justly prides itself in having one of the finest chapter houses in Ithaca. Chi Phi, whose pretty home so fittingly becomes the wooded spot beside the gorge was the second to come to Cornell, but for reasons which are no concern of the public withdrew after a time and again re-entered in 1888. Kappa Alpha, the oldest of these organizations, but having fewer chapters probably than any other general society, established its chapter, third, and from the first has enjoyed a high position among its contemporaries. The fourth to make its appearance was Alpha Delta Phi one of the largest of the Greek societies. They in common with the others occupied rooms in the village until 1879, when they erected the first chapter house at Cornell, which they have since occupied. With these came also the first

year Phi Kappa Psi which flourished six years and ceased, reappearing again in 1885; Chi Psi, which also withdrew about the same time, and revived in 1885; and Delta Upsilon, which began and continued under the name of "anti-secret" society until 1881 when the words "non-secret" were substituted in general convention for the "anti-secret" which had long since ceased to be a correct characterization.

It is not to be supposed that along with the establishment of these chapters of college fraternities did not go the usual opposition to them, even at Cornell. As early as Dec. 11, 1868, appeared in the college press mention of opposition meetings for the purpose of devising means to prevent their formation. Columns of the college press were taken up by those who could not say enough bitter things against these "foulest blots upon college life." One of the more pronounced opponents declared "It is my intention to fan the flame already started until the truth like a mighty wave at sea shall engulf these frail barques of the secret societies and purge their members clean." His notion of them at this time seemed to be about as badly mixed as his figures of speech, which is evinced by the fact that afterwards he became a member of one of these societies. All this opposition came from the students alone. The University had no part in it. Its policy was too broad to allow it to do so.

The first fraternity to place a chapter here the second year was the largest and one of the strongest, the Delta Kappa Epsilon, and closely following came chapters of Theta Delta Chi, and a local society called Alpha Omicron, the latter ceasing to exist after one year. It was nearly three years later before another chapter appeared. This was the Phi Delta Theta, the first of the class called western fraternities to make its appearance here. It withdrew after three years, re-entering again after ten years, with the general revival of fraternity activity in 1885. In 1874 the second chapter of Alpha Sigma Chi was established at Cornell. There were so many already well established that so young an organization found it difficult to gain a footing, so in 1879 another large western fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, pushing into the east, built upon the foundations of Alpha

Sigma Chi by absorbing the latter. Psi Upsilon appeared for the first time in 1876, and used the foundation already laid by the Phi Kappa Psi which was the cause of the suspension of the latter for a period of nine years. From this time until 1881 no new chapters appeared at Cornell, if we except Delta Beta Phi which originated here in 1878, spread to five other institutions and after four years ceased to exist.

The year 1880-81 was a memorable one in the Cornell student life. By this time the number who lived on the hill had much increased, and this year there grew up a strong rivalry in the class of 1881 between the "hill" students and "town" students. As the fraternities were as yet in the village, the town party was largely colored by fraternity men, and the contest, if it did not have it at first, eventually assumed the character of a fight between independents and secret societies. One student writing Oct. 22, 1880, says: "As long ago as last spring term men were pledged to support a 'hill' ticket whose watchword should be, 'death and destruction to societies.'" Two sets of officers were elected this year, two class day programmes arranged, and throughout the year the college papers continued to discuss the situation in all its details, and the college year closed with the "majority" and the "minority" factions still active. Although the affair was unfortunate, it probably had the effect, to some extent, of teaching fraternity men that they were not organized for the purpose of "running" class politics.

With 1885, began a most prosperous career for the University, and with it came a revival of fraternity activity. Three fraternities started anew their chapters here in that year. Alpha Tau Omega came in 1887, Phi Gamma Delta in 1888, Phi Kappa Sigma in 1889, Delta Tau Delta, Sigma Phi, and Sigma Chi in 1890, Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Delta Phi in 1891, and Kappa Sigma in 1892; since which time no new chapters have been established. Besides these general fraternities, two professional societies have chapters here, the Phi Delta Phi, and the Delta Chi, the latter having had its origin at Cornell.

A marked change has come about in the place of residence of students and with the change came the desire on the part of

fraternities to own chapter houses, with the result that all the chapters now occupy homes on the hillside, and eleven of these are owned by the organizations.

With the year 1881 came the first sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta, followed three years later by the Kappa Kappa Gamma, and the Delta Gamma in 1885. Alpha Phi the youngest of the women's societies did not enter Cornell until 1889.

When taken for a period of years the history of one chapter is very like that of another. Almost no chapter has been without its periods of depression, amounting to suspension of activities in some instances. But this does not necessarily portend structural weakness and is often the indication of adjustment to environment. It is quite possible at any one period to indicate the clearly defined characteristics of any one chapter, but after a term of years these characteristics may change and a chapter once pre-eminent in scholarship may now be most conspicuous in athletics.

Each chapter has its own traditional features which form the basis of much of the sentiment which clings around chapter life. In a large measure the old literary feature, once so conspicuous, has ceased. The same energy can be so much more wisely spent in the work of the various societies organized solely for that purpose that is better that it should. Chapter life consists chiefly of that restful home life, where students feel they are in the midst of those bound to them by ties that grow until they are little less than family ties; where they freely exchange opinion and where each one's faults and virtues are mirrored as it were in friendly criticism.

The relation which the fraternity system bears to the whole student body is interesting from the fact that it is tending toward an ideal, and has attained to this at Cornell in a greater degree than at any other institution. The sharp rivalry between fraternity and non-fraternity men which reached its height in the difficulties of 1880-81, and caused more or less just criticism on the system, has almost if not entirely ceased. The college annual, *The Cornellian*, ceased to be a fraternity publication in 1882, and became what it is now, a junior class publication, and fraternity membership is no longer a requisite to a place on the board of

editors as is still the case in many of our prominent universities and colleges. Social events are not controlled and monopolized by fraternities here as they are in some other places.

In class politics the lines are no longer so sharply drawn. A student's success depends largely upon his popularity and the amount of personal work done by his friends, and not upon the fact that he is a member of some fraternity. In social circles a man of worth is welcomed without reference to his fraternity connections. It is probable that some men are more welcome because they are fraternity men than they otherwise might be, but none are shut out because they are not. If now and then a particular chapter loses sight of its main purpose and tends to degenerate into an organization for aggrandizing power, it is speedily checked. More and more are they realizing that they have a higher purpose. They rightly rejoice in having members worthy of distinction in the various lines of college activities, but this is and should be only an accompaniment to the real purpose of a reputable fraternity. Their high ideal is to supply as far as possible to a chosen number of men that which they are deprived of by the fact that they are away from home attending college. Young men rarely find themselves more in need of friends and sympathy than at such a time. It is a time when a suggestion from a friend of larger experience will save the inexperienced youth from serious mistakes. College fraternities aim to surround a young man by those who know the ways of college and who make his interests theirs. They afford him an opportunity to receive friends and in turn to be received by others, thus developing his social qualities; they are staunch friends in time of sickness, they give him older friends for counsel and advice; and in many ways become the best possible substitute for the home. That there is friction sometimes is not to be wondered at. But it is friction between friends which prepares them to deal with men in the larger world, in which all are not friendly critics. These are a few of the reasons why we hear many gray haired members say again and again that their fraternity life in college was the best part of their college training.

Augustine.

In the San Joaquin.

(*Rondeau.*)

Across the hills the screeching blue-jays fly
In countless flocks, and as they hasten by
 The children look up from their merry play
 To watch them slowly, slowly fade away ;
And night steals up the corners of the sky.

No silent, trembling star shines there, on high ;
The hollow rivers, that were still and dry
 Begin to murmur ; there falls a gentle spray
 Across the hills.

The stubble colors through the fallen hay,
And infant grasses pin the moistened clay ;
 The drooping trees shake off their dust and sigh ;
 And waking nature, with a gladdened eye
Beholds the summer lose its ending day,
 Across the hills.

N. H.

The Totem Cane.

A SOCIAL INCIDENCE.

WE left Seattle one bright July morning on board the steamship "Queen," bound for Alaska. We were a small party, consisting of my father and mother, and my little fourteen year old sister, Elsie. We were taking a vacation trip ; our annual trip, for my father was fond of travel, and the previous summer had seen us in Japan. Having given the age of my sister, it suffices to say that I was nineteen years old, and a student in good standing at Belmont School, California.

Our steamer started off in good weather, and in fact, it was so warm that overcoats were quite unnecessary, even at night. Every day the sun shone as it had not done for months before, and we had good reason for congratulating ourselves, for every trip previous to ours that season proved more or less disagreeable.

The number of passengers was large, and most of them came from the east. Among these was the family of the money prince Lester of Washington, D. C., and few of the passengers in walking about failed to pass and repass before the cabin door of the elder Miss Lester, who was, and still is, a queen in Washington society.

I became very much interested, not in this beautiful Miss Lester but in her younger sister, Daisy, whom I had the good fortune to see at breakfast, luncheon and dinner, during the first table hour.

I sat at the captain's table, and from there could look right over to where Miss Daisy sat, by the side of her father, and she, by the way, could look right back—and she did. This friendly glance which she, aged fifteen, often cast in my direction, made me doubly desirous of meeting her, and I decided upon a plan which I put into effect the fifth day out.

A certain Mrs. VanHooven, an eastern lady, whom my mother knew, promised me that she would introduce me to Daisy as soon as she could. This much-sought-for introduction took place on the wharf at Sitka, a few minutes after our arrival there, and I had the honor of escorting the beautiful Daisy, all day long, up and down, and round about the only street in the village.

In the afternoon we visited the Indian Home Mission, and were told of the good work done by Mrs. —— of New York. We also witnessed an entertainment, or performance given by the Indian children, and I made the acquaintance of a dark-skinned little lass, who, when she writes to me, signs herself Ninon.

After leaving the Mission, Daisy and I returned to the village, and there she bought a carved cane, made to resemble a totem pole. The top, or handle of the cane was like a man's head, and as it looked quite human, my pretty friend called it "Adrian," after me.

We then went for a walk along the bank of Indian River, and finding a cool, mossy nook, we sat down to rest for a while.

"Mr. What's-your-name," said Daisy, laughing, and then she asked very earnestly: "What is your last name anyway?"

"Never mind that," I said, "you have called your totem cane Adrian, after me, and you may also address me likewise. I hate to be called Mr. What's-your-name."

"Well then," cried the pretty girl, throwing the long curls back from her glowing cheeks, "you'd better call me Daisy, because I hate Miss before my name."

We had been conversing pleasantly for half an hour, when suddenly three young men came upon us. They proved to be young college fellows from the east, who had been very attentive to the beautiful Misses Lester, who were to inherit millions.

Seeing us sitting there upon the river bank, they approached, and bowed graciously to my companion, who was soon carrying on a conversation with one or two of them at a time. I was left in the cold, which, although it was in Alaska, was not expected, or agreeable. They certainly could talk better than I, and knew the art of entertaining a lady, but, as I know now, not one of them was equal to me in good appearance, and in common sense.

Well, in about twenty minutes they left us alone again, but as it was nearly time for the steamer to leave Sitka, we had to hasten back to the wharf. Once on board again, I had no good chance of approaching sweet Daisy, for besides the fact that she was always engaged by those eastern men, her parents did not seem to care very much for my company. I have since learned that it was an abominable, un-aristocratic pride that prevented them from treating a western stranger with proper courtesy.

The S.S. "Queen" arrived in Seattle again, and I disembarked with my parents without even saying so much as "adieu" to the girl I had learned to adore. I never expected to see her again, but she—well,—wait.

Four years after my trip to Alaska I had occasion to visit Washington on business. One evening, while sitting in the reading room of the Arlington, a note was handed me from Mrs.

Senator Hobart of California. She said she had learned of my arrival from the daily paper, and that she took occasion to write that she had procured me an invitation to a Miss Lester's *début* ball, which would take place the following evening, and to which she would like me to escort her.

All the next day, I hurried about preparing for the evening and by nine o'clock I was at Senator Hobart's door. In a few moments, the family coach rolled up, and I was off to the ball with the handsome patroness, as she was known throughout the "400" of Washington.

The Lester Mansion I discovered to be one of the most handsome that I had ever entered, and I almost lost my head over the beautiful things I saw, not to say the young ladies, who were—oh!

I was presented to Miss Lester in the grand hallway, and the moment I laid eyes upon her I remembered my trip to Alaska, and decided immediately that this was the beautiful Daisy, whom I had never wholly forgotten. I was fortunate enough to secure the last dance with her, and then passed on to be introduced to the others.

It was the twentieth dance which I had with a Miss de Gross, and from her I learned something that made my heart troubled in the extreme, and it thumped loudly under my coat, sending at the same time an unusual amount of color to my face.

This Miss de Gross had just told me that Miss Lester, whose chum she was, had told her that she was engaged to a Mr. Merrill, a graduate of Princeton. That's why my heart thumped, and it had reason to, when it had so hoped to win this wealthy heiress, and had just this moment received a *coup-de-grace*.

Before the last dance came, a strange thing occurred.

Miss Lester, who had not thrown open a certain portion of the house, went about tying red ribbons about the left arms of those whom she considered her best friends, and these ribbons, it was soon discovered, allowed only the wearers to view the closed portion of the house. Some guests, not receiving ribbons, left, feeling that they had been insulted. Not so, with me. I remained, endeavoring in every way to secure this badge of honor, and very

soon I was rewarded for my patience. Mrs. Hobart came out, and leading me to a retired corner, there placed the ribbon she had received upon my arm. I hastened to take advantage of my passport.

Evidently, Miss Lester had decided to confine herself during the remainder of the evening within the closed portion of the house, and to dance out her card with her dearest friends, who were many.

I wandered about quite unnoticed, until at last, the closing dance was announced, and then I quickly sought for Miss Lester, with a bold heart.

Mr. Merrill and I reached the young hostess at the same moment. She looked rather inquisitively at me for a moment, wondering how I could have gotten into the private set, but I managed to keep a calm aspect, as I asked with great politeness: "Is this not our dance, Miss Lester?"

She looked at her suitor a moment, and then, laughing good-naturedly, she took my arm and said to Mr. Merrill: "Mr. Hutton certainly deserves the dance," and then after a short pause, she added, "because it is his."

After dancing a few minutes, I pleaded that I was worn out, so we went into a large, enclosed piazza and sat down in a tête-à-tête chair. Being entirely alone with her, and knowing that I had not received my red ribbon from the proper authority, I was naturally embarrassed; and she noticed and enjoyed my confusion. But I was desperate.

"Miss Lester," I said in a voice that was not my own, "I have met you before."

"Met me before?" she cried looking into my face to see if I was jesting.

"Yes, in Alaska," I answered, feeling as if the world were coming to an end.

She leaned forward and looked into my face, and then shook her head. "Well," she said, "I can't remember you, Mr. Hutton. In fact, I have remembered but one young gentleman who was on that trip, and I have forgotten his name.

I wondered to myself if it was about me that she had remem-

bered, and something seemed to tell me that it was, and I grew bolder. "Do you not recall even the first name of the gentleman?" She colored slightly, and a wild hope took possession of me.

"Did you not name a totem cane after him," I continued quickly.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "but how do you a stranger know so much about all this?"

"I'm not a stranger," I said simply. "My name is Adrian Hutton, and you named your totem cane after me."

"Oh!" she ejaculated in apparently great wonderment, "and is it really you?"

She was blushing more than a society girl was capable of, I thought. My extreme color, however, was a different matter; but nevertheless, in spite of my new and trying social position, I seemed quite self-possessed.

For sometime we sat and looked at each other, growing calm and confused alternately. Finally during one of my calms, I took up the thread of conversation again.

"Yes, Miss Lester, I trust that I have not intruded to the heart of your sacred shrine, but I couldn't refuse an offer of the red ribbon, which gave me the freedom I so much wished for. I desired to make myself known, at least, before I left, and there was but one course for me to pursue."

I was about to explain by what means I had obtained my ribbon, but evidently she wished for no explanation. She surprised me very much by regaining her accustomed society manner, and throwing back her head, she laughed until the tears ran from her beautiful eyes. This disconcerted me, for I imagined that I had gained ground, and here it was being washed away again.

"Come, come," she said presently, "what are you thinking about anyway? I really couldn't help laughing, you know, it's all so strange and funny. Come now, you'll forgive me, won't you?" and she leaned her face very near to mine.

"Certainly, Miss Lester," I answered, "but if it is all so strange, I can't see what makes it so funny."

"Oh," she cried, "I see what makes you so gloomy. You're

sort of an earnest chap any way. But see here, wouldn't you think it was funny, too, if some girl you had been loving for years, and never had hoped to see again, should suddenly turn up in your private apartments with a red ribbon on her arm? Come now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I answered, smiling, "that would be funny. But wouldn't this be funnier?"

"What?" she cried, touching my arm, and her eyes beaming like the bright stars they were.

"My," said I, "just imagine how funny it would be if you had been loving a fellow for years, and just as you managed to find him again, you discovered that he had become very exclusive, and worst of all, had engaged himself to some other girl?"

Here we both laughed very hard; in fact, I think we each had a slight touch of hysteria. At any rate, when I came to my good senses, I found something very much like a strange hand in mine. I endeavored as slyly as possible to slip mine out, but just then she recovered.

"Why, Mr. Hutton," she said poutingly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself," and I was, for just then Mr. Merrill came up. Before I knew it, however, she was shaking my hand furiously, and saying:

"Well, good-night, good-night! I'm sorry you can't stay later—trust I may see you again," and she was gone—with the other fellow.

Yes, indeed, some very strange and funny things happen in good society that never happen anywhere else. There is a great hollowness in it all, and many things are brought about on the spur of the moment, which would ruin lives of happiness. This ruin can, also, be averted on the spur of the moment, through proper intervention. Yes, on the spur of the moment!

I married Miss Lester.

Mr. Merrill acknowledged our cards from Bayreuth.

Norman Hutchinson.

At Henley.

AFTER the arrival in this country of the Cornell-Henley crew an interview was had with Captain Robert L. Shape which called forth the following opinions as to the reasons why Cornell lost the Henley race. Being asked to tell something about the preparation for the race, Captain Shape began—"You remember, while at Ithaca, before departure, we were racing almost daily and were, even at so early a stage, in almost perfect condition. Of course, we now see that we should not have been so fine so early in the season. I remember an article in the *New York Recorder* of May 12, saying we would be

'As gaunt, hollow-cheeked, wan a lot of young men, as ever staggered under the crushing burden of overwork. To ask a bunch of undergraduates to row incessantly day in and day out, must result in complete collapse. Nature is bound to kick. And instead of eight strapping young Americans striving against England's picked oarsmen, there is more probability of Cornell's having ample latitude with which to furnish a dirge on the drooping spirit of eight attenuated young men.'

A little exaggerated to be sure, and we laughed at it then, but the grain of truth was present nevertheless."

"You know all about the demonstration at our departure" continued Captain Shape, "and how the loyal ones followed us down the bay on the steamer *Edgerton*. One thing not generally noticed was the very courteous treatment accorded us by the Columbia College 'Varsity crew, they coming on board ship and wishing us good-luck. That day we took lunch and dinner without special regard for the regular diet, but that was the end, and during the remainder of the trip, we were held down to the regular training diet."

“Do you think a more liberal diet would have been better on board ship?”

“Well, the idea was to keep our weights down, and with this in view, we were even restricted to limited amounts. Very good, of course, but we always left the table hungry as you can imagine, with the bracing sea-air to sharpen our appetites. However, there was no sacrifice which we would not have made, if we had thought that it would help us to win. Had to retire at 9:30 and all men up to breakfast at 8 a. m.”

“Were you allowed to mingle with the other passengers on board ship?”

“We were under certain restrictions more or less galling. We were not allowed to go into the smoker, for instance. But as I said before we would do anything if we thought it would help us to win.”

“Tell us something about your arrival in England.”

“We arrived at Southampton, June 5th, at 8 p. m. and found Manager Hastings awaiting us. We were immediately besieged by reporters, but referred them all to Mr. C. S. Francis, '79, who was with the crew from the time they left New York until after the race, although he had no official connection with the affair. We left for Henley the next morning, arriving there at 11 a. m. and quartering temporarily at the Sarogassa House. After a few days, we moved to Underwood-on-the-Hillside, a most delightful spot overlooking Henley and the Thames.”

Being asked to tell of the daily life at Underwood, with some of the interesting detail, Captain Shape continued: “Our regular program was, breakfast 7:30, dinner at 1 p. m. and supper at 7 p. m. For amusement we played tennis and read. We remained about the grounds all the time, having been forbidden to go to town without permission. Often, Englishmen would say, ‘I don’t see how you get along doing such a lot of work. It would kill us.’ And we told them, in reply, that at home we did about as much again, and such was the case. But Henley is such a sleepy place, surrounded as it is on all sides by hills, English crews never dare train there more than two weeks at a time.”

“Do you think the long stay at Henley had anything to do with our defeat?”

"I think this was the primary cause of our defeat," replied Captain Shape.

"But don't you suppose that the long period of dieting had a certain effect on the men?"

"Yes, you see we had been dieting ever since May. Just think of it, beef and lamb for over two months and but little spiced. At Henley we had for breakfast—fruit (limited), oatmeal, eggs on toast, steak, bread and toast (no potatoes), iced tea; for dinner or rather lunch—fish, steak or lamb, potatoes, bread, iced tea and pudding of some kind; for dinner—fish, beef or chop, potatoes, vegetables (very few), bread, iced tea and fruit. Now you eat that for five weeks having been dieting on practically the same food for six weeks before, and you can appreciate our condition. You can't blame the boys for lack of appetite during the last week or two, for such was the case. With the exception of two or three of the men, all would really force the food down because some nourishment was necessary."

"Was this diet continued up to the day of the race?"

"No. Coach Courtney began to realize the condition of the men about five days before the race, and then adopted the doubtful policy of going to the opposite extreme. He allowed the boys to eat almost anything they had an appetite for; we had coffee or tea each meal, sometimes two cups. Just think of the change in diet, taking coffee and tea when we had abstained for five weeks. I feel sure that it harmed the men just as much, possibly more, than if they had continued the diet. Coffee and tea being stimulants, especially so after abstaining from their use, naturally caused the men to lie awake when they should have been sound asleep."

"Tell us about the races, Captain Shape."

"Cornellians and Americans generally were out in full force. The Cornell-Leander race was the talk of everyone. All along the course it was just as quiet as could be, everyone listening for the boom of the cannon, which was the signal for the start. Cornellians were stationed in three groups, one at the half-way point, one at the three-quarter mile, and one at the mile. I was at the half-way point, and, soon after the start, saw one of the

crews come into sight. This crew was rowing a slow stroke for which none of us could offer an explanation. As they neared us, we recognized the stroke, then the men, and then there was a hubbub. Yelling and shouting, we joined the different groups of Americans along the course, and so on up to the boat house. Why Leander did not start, no one knows. You are familiar with the details of the start as reported; how the English press and people generally "jumped" on us, and how the English and American collegians finally patched up the affair."

"The *London Referee* of July 14, had this to say :

If blame attaches to the course adopted, then it should not fall on all the crew and Cornell advisers alike, because a fair proportion of these wanted to have another turn to make up for the no-go with the Oxford-Cambridge combination. But really this is a case in which you have no right to blame Cornell. To have declined to profit by the starter-umpire's mistake would have been magnificent, but would it have been exactly fair. . . . The starter as starter declares to himself as umpire that this is a start in accordance with the laws of boat racing, and I fail to see why the crew who were ready are not to profit by having the law read this way."

"Do you think the English college men cherish any ill-feeling toward Cornell as a result of this race?"

"No; certainly not. Every effort was made by both Americans and Englishmen to effect an amicable settlement. English collegians are sportsmen, and Cornell has always been known for her fair and square attitude in athletics. If there is any hard feeling in England as a result of this race, it is confined to the rowdy element."

"How about the Trinity Hall-Cornell race?"

"Well, as you know, we were unfortunate in drawing positions, and had the slower course by about one and a half lengths, due to the wind which came from the quarter ahead; Trinity Hall being shielded by the house boats. We led for a full mile. I was at the mile point, this time, and while passing me, Trinity Hall was forging ahead; then came our misfortune and the race was lost."

"Do you think that we would have won had not this accident occurred?"

"I am inclined to think that we could not have won, as the men with two or three exceptions were all played out. As I said before we had been in training too long and our stay at Henley was too long; this was the primary cause of our defeat. Here is a clipping from the *London Referee* of July 14."

The *Referee* comments as follows in speaking of this race:

"I note in many quarters this victory described as an easy one. Very likely a quarter of a mile from the judge it was a toss up between the pair and one cracked. Then the race was practically ours having been a devil of a struggle up to this point. What happened afterwards is not racing at all. Hall had in fact a row over from a little above the White House, but to win they had a most punishing fight. A fine, wiry set of fellows, those Cornellians, and a pity they should be taught so murderous a stroke. . . . So far as I could judge from the Umpire's launch, the Americans, who got away the quicker of the two, were never more than one-third length ahead at any part of the race. Over and over again Trinity Hall was very nearly level. The first time they were in front by a foot even, it was all up with the Yanks. Again and again was the latter's advantage all but wiped out, only to reappear again after a few more strokes. They got their boat along so well that Trinity Hall had all their work to do to keep up with them, and only pluck and stamina enabled them to row the others out, although the station served them all the way up."

"How about the change of captains while abroad, Mr. Shape? That is a great mystery to most Cornellians."

"I do not care to say much about that. It was done because Mr. Courtney insisted upon it. He gave as a reason that I had broken training, which I denied, and which I think all Cornellians know would be the last thing that I would do. I have not the slightest ill feeling toward Mr. Courtney, for I think that in the matter of my deposition as in other matters, he was influenced by other parties. Knowing that the sudden change of captains would cause unfavorable press comment, we of the crew together with Mr. Courtney and Manager Hastings resolved to keep the matter quiet. Through some source, however, the matter not only reached the press, but was thoroughly aired in a most sensational manner."

"What do you think of the proposal to send a crew abroad next year?"

“That is a matter to be decided by our Athletic Council. I think that we should meet the Englishmen again some day, and when that time comes, we must see that the affair is a complete success. We have learned lessons this year which will be of great profit to us. The men should not be sent over so soon, nor in so fine a condition, and while abroad, they should be entrusted to the coach, the manager, and the faculty advisory member, and they should not be interfered with by outsiders.”

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IN this the first number of a new volume of the CORNELL MAGAZINE, it is appropriate that a little space be given to a plain statement concerning the work which the MAGAZINE attempts to do. To begin negatively, it does not aim to be a literary publication of general interest. The field is over-crowded with such already. It has for its object primarily the encouragement of literary and historical talent among the Cornell students. Much work is being done and more can be done every year by students, that is worth printing. A common criticism is to the effect that our students do not write enough. The MAGAZINE, if it has any right to exist, exists for the sole purpose of encouraging the students to do more writing by offering a medium for publishing the best of the work. The articles by the faculty and other officers are the evidences of their appreciation of the need of such a publication and are their contribution toward sustaining it. The students themselves must, however, be the main

support both by contributions and subscriptions. If it is found that not enough talent exists among the students to sustain a monthly literary journal, then the effort to maintain such a publication should cease.

WITH this number begins a series of articles under the caption of "Cornell Student Activities," which is planned to run through the year. The first of the series, as will be seen, deals with Fraternities, which is probably as active a feature of student life at this time of the year as any that could be selected. Following this there will be an article on the history and development of Football, Convivial societies, Social life at Cornell, Literary and scientific societies, Track athletics, Baseball, Navy, etc.

THE present outlook for Cornell athletics is certainly encouraging. The football team is again under the charge of Marshall Newell, who is to be with us for a longer time this year than last. It is yet too early to make predictions regarding our strength, but it is confidently expected that last year's standard will not be lowered by the present team. The important games of the season are with Harvard, Princeton, and Pennsylvania on Oct. 26, Nov. 9, and Nov. 28, respectively. Cornell's opportunity in thus meeting three of the strongest teams in the country is exceptional this year, and much is expected of her. In his annual address, President Schurman had the following to say of the meeting with Harvard :

"There is a great opportunity open to Cornell University. This is the youngest of the great universities of America, Harvard is the oldest. Harvard, old as she is, is serious minded and zealous for the promotion of the purposes for which it was founded. Harvard has had to discuss the prohibiting of football. A majority of the faculty were against it, but at the request of the advisory committee, intercollegiate football at Harvard is going to have another trial. They are to play Cornell in all branches of athletics. There never was such a favorable opportunity for the exhibition of genuine sportsmanship as you have this year. The oldest and youngest of the universities come together to prove that football can be played with nothing that is ungentlemanly."

THOSE who know Cornell's enviable reputation for sportsmanship in the past cannot but rejoice that this opportunity is open to us. Besides football, the other branches of athletics show more than usual activity this fall. A determined effort has been made to raise the standard in track athletics and a number of new medals, given by the merchants of Ithaca, are offered this year for the first time. Captain Affeld, of the baseball team, has had his men at work already, and considerable new material has been developed. Crew matters are quiet, of course, at this time of the year, but the new launch has been completed, and is ready for service in the spring. It is even faster than the old one, although built practically on the same lines.

SO little of the real life and doings of the Cornell Crew at Henley is known by the students and alumni ; so many vague ideas and conjectures gathered from the conflicting reports are rife, it is felt that the Cornell world, at least, needs to have the matter cleared up. To this end Captain Shape, in an interview, speaks to the students, giving a detailed account of what was done from the time they left Ithaca until after the race. While Captain Shape's opinion may not be those held by others, it must be conceded that he was in a position to speak with more or less authority. His long experience as an oarsmen, his well known integrity and fidelity to Cornell aquatics, together with the fact that he was intimately associated with every action taken by the crew will add weight to any statement which he may make.

THE question of admitting all users of a library to the book stacks is one which never downs. Every new instance of its being done furnishes a text for some journal to call attention to the more liberal policy of some libraries than others. Now, the first and most natural reason assigned as to why all libraries do not give free access to the books is the danger of theft. This is shown by the fact that almost invariably a statement as to how small a loss of books there has been accompanies the statement of free access ; and this is deemed sufficient evidence that there

is no good reason why all libraries should not give its readers this freedom. But this reason is wide of the mark. No progressive library would hesitate to allow the utmost freedom, if the loss of books was the only reason for withholding the privilege. The problem is one of deeper significance. Any library which does not contain so many volumes but that the shelves can be gone over frequently and the misplaced books replaced, can give its readers this freedom ; but when a library is so large that it is not possible to check the books oftener than once a year, the problem becomes a question of the best service to the greatest number. Whether it is better to allow all readers to search for themselves and in so doing misplace many volumes, which are virtually lost until they are put again in proper place, or to restrict the right to remove and replace books to trained attendants is the real problem. One of the most annoying and unsatisfactory features of any library is that of missing books which cannot be accounted for. The feeling that they may be standing on some shelf not more than three feet from their classified place, but serves to increase this annoyance. Yet in proportion to the number allowed to roam freely among the books does this very thing happen. Carefully observe any large library which allows its readers to have free access to all the books, and, unless they employ several persons to go over the shelves day after day and replace misplaced books, note how frequently it happens that the very book wanted cannot be accounted for.

THE most satisfactory solution, as yet, to this problem is the plan adopted by our own library, where a selection of the best general works, not so large in number but that they can be daily put in their proper places, are placed where all can use with the greatest possible freedom. Students who need to get access to all the literature of a subject are allowed to do so upon application.

WITHIN the past few years fiction has been gaining ground as a branch of literature to be seriously studied in our institutions of learning. Contributions to the general subject have

recently been made by W. A. Raleigh and W. E. Simonds, also Professor R. G. Moulton, who has just issued a little volume called *Four years of novel reading*. The most recent announcement is to the effect that over 250 students at Yale will this year study and discuss some twenty of the well known novels under the guidance of Instructor Wm. L. Phelps. Of several in the published list it can only be said that they are well known. For what can be found worth serious study in *Marcella* or *Trilby* it is difficult to see.

AN interesting prose couplet on the subject "Why do not college girls marry" appeared in the October number of the *Bachelor of Arts*. The first part is intended for a statement of the attitude of a college woman, and the second the attitude of a non-collegiate woman, toward a man. If many college women held the same views as "Alumna," it might seriously be asked if we had settled aright the problem of higher education for women. That any considerable number of college women agree with her when she says "Most men are not well read" (she means as well as women) "and they fight shy of a woman who may, at any moment bring them to shame by referring casually, and as a matter of course, to books, writers or ideas that they have never heard of," no one believes. The tactics she employs to avoid hurting the feelings of a man, to whom she may be introduced, by showing him how superior she is to him, is silly in the extreme. If a woman with a college education has not reached the point where she can mingle with men without a thought as to whether she is his superior or inferior, with a realization of the fact that a knowledge of books and writers is not the only things in life worth knowing, then truly higher education has been indeed a failure in her case.

DARTMOUTH College has opened her doors to women for graduate work. In this way they will get largely women who are more mature, who are pursuing higher education for a definite and fixed purpose, and under such conditions co-education is bound to be a success.

The Month.

The material changes on the campus, noticeable at the beginning of the year, are the progress in the construction of the new veterinary college building, for which \$150,000 were appropriated by the state, and the new addition to Sage college, which gives accommodations for fifty more women. The expense of building the addition, about \$40,000, was met entirely by the accumulated interest on the endowment left by Mr. Sage.

Students and alumni will be rejoiced to know that, hereafter, Sage chapel services are to be continued throughout the year. The Sage chapel pulpit has such an influence for good in University circles that it has been thought best to do away with the former plan of abandoning the chapel services during the winter term.

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson, whose death occurred unexpectedly in New York City on October 4, was Professor of German at Cornell from 1874 until 1880. His relations with the University were always of the most pleasant kind, and he will be gratefully remembered by many former students. Although a Norwegian by birth, his services to American literature were of great value, both as an author and as a lecturer.

The University continues to show a healthy growth in the matter of attendance. The gain over last year is considerable, but the raising of entrance requirements will probably prevent the total rising much above that of two years ago.

Faculty changes this year include the establishment of three new assistant professorships. W. D. Bancroft is assistant professor of physical chemistry, C. A. Martin is assistant professor of architecture, and F. P. Spalding is an assistant professor in the department of civil engineering. In the department of Latin, G. W. Johnston takes the place of Professor Elmer, who is absent on his sabbatical year, and Louis Dyer, an Oxford man, has charge of Professor Wheeler's work in the Greek department, during the latter's absence, for one year, as director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The places made vacant by the resignations of Professors Hutchins and Collin in the school of law are filled by C. W. Pound and H. W. Hardon. Dr. Ernst Ritter, the brilliant young German mathematician who was to have charge of the advanced mathematical work formerly conducted by the late Professor Oliver, met an untimely death while on his way from Germany to the University. He was taken with typhoid fever while on shipboard, and died in the government hospital soon after reaching New York. His death was a great loss to mathematical scholarship, as, although only twenty-eight years of age, he was already recognized as one of the leading mathematicians of Germany.

The football games already played have resulted as follows: Sept. 26, Cornell 8, Syracuse 0; Oct. 5, Cornell 0, Penn. State College, 0; Oct. 12, Cornell 12, Western Reserve University 4; Oct. 19, Cornell 0, Lafayette 6.

The underclass supremacy this year is to be decided by a series of three contests in baseball, football and track athletics. The baseball game, the only one of the series yet played, was won by the freshmen.

F. W. Freeborn, '97, has been elected captain of the 'Varsity crew for the coming year.

Literary Chat.

The Story of Bohemia, by Frances Gregor, is a modest little book, bearing on its title-page a name full of pleasant memories to the Cornellians of a decade ago. It makes no pretence to originality of treatment, and does not belong to the popular series which its name, and to some extent its form, suggests. It is only, as its author frankly states, a free condensation of the great Bohemian works of Tomek and Palacky; and, like all for which Miss Gregor so sedulously prepared herself in her studies here, is meant for the help of her people in America.

The little volume is written with great simplicity and directness, in clear and idiomatic English. And the very frankness of its dependence on its masterly Bohemian sources will give it a peculiar value to the English reader who cannot seek the Czechish historians in their own tongue. To such, as well as to her Bohemian compatriots, we commend it most cordially and with pride.

The veteran Scotch story teller, George Macdonald has at last finished his long expected novel *Lilith*, and admirers of *Warlock 'o Glen Warlock*, *Robert Falconer* and the *Marquis of Lossie* will anticipate the reading of his latest work.

Although Mr. W. E. Norris has been writing novels for the past sixteen years, and achieved success with his first effort *M. Bédeau*, which was contributed to *Cornhill Magazine*, yet it cannot be said that he has been widely read. Of late, however, he has grown in favor and his admirers are increasing in number. His last story is *Billy Bellew*.

Quaint and unusual works seem to be selected with which to set forth the artistic pieces of bookmaking. Stone and Kimball have reprinted Morier's *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan* in a most artistic dress in their English classic series.

A final edition of Gilbert White's *Natural history of Selborne* is to be brought out this fall with an introduction by John Burroughs and illustrations by Cifton Johnson, who visited Selborne and secured pictures of the actual scenes amidst which White lived.

The latest contribution to the subject about which Max Nordau has set the world a talking will be *Genius and degeneration* by Dr. William Hirsch.

The jungle stories of Kipling, which have appeared in *St. Nicholas* since the original *Jungle book*, are to be published soon in one volume and called *The other jungle book*.

Lovers of *Lorna Doone* will be glad to know that Blackmore has written another story of the same time and place, called *Slain by the Doones*. Forty editions of *Lorna Doone* have been issued during the quarter of a century since it appeared, although it fell flat at its first appearance.

The *Critic* not only offers prizes for poetry on the bicycle, but publishes a list of well known authors who ride the wheel as well as those who do not, the latter being the larger and quite as representative a class.

We are all more or less familiar with the prize system as used by newspapers and periodicals for the purpose of attracting attention and enlarging its number of readers, but it is usually given for something to be published. The *Golden Penny* of London now offers a prize for the best hand-knitted socks for a baby.

In a paper on the *Isolation of music* read in London, July

16, 1895, by Waldo Selden Pratt, Professor of music and hymnology at Hartford Theological Seminary, allusion is made to our professor of English literature in the following paragraph :

“Literature has for its vehicle speech. Music’s vehicle is tone. The two combine in song. . . . A sound discipline of the literary and of the musical sense as well depends primarily on a thorough vocal training of every individual student of either. . . . These propositions are not merely theoretical, they have been nobly demonstrated by the most progressive teachers. One of the most famous of our American teachers of English literature, Professor Corson, of Cornell University, has recently said that the inward experience of the greatest master pieces of our literature is absolutely impossible without the constant use by both teacher and pupil of actual vocal interpretation. His view is shared by an increasing number of his fellow instructors.”

A variorum edition of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* edited by Nathan Haskell Dole is announced. It will include the two poetical versions by Fitzgerald, the Whinfield and McCarthy translations, also the French translation by Nicolas and the German versions of Bodenstedt and Von Schack. Admirers of this Persian classic will await with interest its appearance.

A volume of selected papers on Browning, with an introduction by Edward Berdoe, is soon to be issued. It will contain papers by Bishop Wescott, Professor Corson, Rev. H. J. Bulkeley, Rev. W. Robertson, Mrs. Ireland and others.

What might be called a series of college stories, including *Yale yarns*, *Harvard* and *Princeton stories* has been increased by the addition of another volume called *College girls* by Miss Goodloe, which does for the girl’s colleges what the others do for men’s.

The famous *Yellow book* is to have a rival in this country called the *Black book*, but unlike the English publication it will not strive for notice by its eccentricities.

The September number of the *Bachelor of arts*, the new magazine devoted to university interests and general literature, contains

an article on "Summer Schools" by Anna McClure Sholl, who is so well known in Cornell circles.

Bookish visitors to Boston for many years past have been familiar with the old book store of Thomas O. P. Burnam under the Old South Church, where the curious were given a tallow dip and allowed to roam around in this Catacomb of books. Unpretentious as his miscellaneous collection of second-hand books was, it made him a rich man. Dying, he left, out of an estate of over \$600,000, to Massachusetts Institute of Technology \$20,000 and \$10,000 to Tufts college.

Athletic Comment.

What a year for athletics! What contests we have witnessed, not merely between college and college, but between nation and nation! In these international contests, cricket, rowing, yachting and track athletics have figured most prominently. The defeat of the English cricketers by the University of Pennsylvania eleven, the triumph of Defender over Valkyrie III, and the defeat of the London and Cambridge athletes by the teams of the N. Y. A. C. and Yale University respectively, testify to America's prowess. Cornell, while she did not win at Henley, made satisfactory records over the course and showed clearly what she was capable of doing under favorable circumstances. This remarkable series of international contests has excited such an interest in this phase of sport, that we may feel sure of its continuance. We must recognize it as the highest plane of athletics, and in making every effort for its promotion, we may feel that we are doing the greatest good for the system of amateur athletics.

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In inter-collegiate tennis, we find Yale winning double honors, Chase winning the singles, while Chase and Foote were victorious in the doubles. To localize, again, is not Cornell neglecting this most interesting branch of sport? Since Larned's departure we seem to have made no effort toward developing players representative of this University. At the last few inter-collegiate tournaments we have not even had a representative. This year we have among us at least two players of considerable skill, one holding the Texas state championship, the other being one of Chicago's best players during the past season. Besides these, there are surely other players of experience in the University. Let our knights of the racquet "be up and doing."

Speaking generally, as well as locally, things are not as they should be on the grid-iron. Not that the general standard of playing is to be lower this season, but that there has been such a bountiful display of wordy "scrapping." What a dignified and sportsmanlike sound has this inter-collegiate chorus "You can't play in my back-yard —" Princeton and Yale, very early, came to the conclusion that they had been authorized to issue a manual of "football as we play it." Harvard, Pennsylvania and Cornell being struck with the same idea, proceeded to go and do likewise. As a result, we have two separate and distinct sets of rules for the American game of football. Already these double rules have harmed the game, detracting from its interest and making it difficult to judge of results. When teams that have been patrons of different "schools" are ready to line up against each other, some compromise is necessary. This is confusing alike to the players and spectators, and detracts from the game. It is yet too early to judge of the respective merits of these different "schools" of football, each set having exhibited certain defects. As the season progresses, the one set of rules will prevail over the other and by this demonstration of the superiority of one system, together with the exposition of the weaknesses of each, we will be enabled to take the first step on our way "out of the woods." Conceding that certain institutions may have exhibited a tendency toward dictation, is it not true, that the offended parties should have made a certain sacrifice for the good of inter-collegiate football? They would have won their point in the end, even though it was necessary to suffer temporary affront. Next season will undoubtedly witness a forced conformation to this principle, even if inter-collegiate courtesy may not have progressed sufficiently in the meantime to cause a friendly settlement of differences.

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The coming Harvard-Princeton game deserves special comment. Every lover of inter-collegiate sport should welcome the news that these old rivals have agreed to meet again after a period of six years, as likewise every true admirer of inter-collegiate sport ought to regret the difficulties that have caused a discontin-

uance of the Harvard-Yale series. These old series are history making and every effort should be made to keep them intact.

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To come home again, "What is the matter with our football team?" We repeat this question which seems just now, to be the most prevalent of interrogatives. Dissatisfaction seems to prevail and a lack of confidence in the team is evident. But why should we lose heart so easily? True, we have not succeeded in running up large scores, and we have been unexpectedly defeated by a team which we had not looked upon as at all the equal of our eleven. But a single glance should show that the day of large scores in football is past, and further, that the smaller institutions are playing a better game each year—the day of "championship" teams is well-nigh over. Pennsylvania alone has succeeded in rolling up large scores, this season, and it may not be out of place to say that perhaps Penn's big scores may prove to be straws showing the direction of the breeze that carries the championship. However, the recent loss of Brooke at full-back, may seriously affect Penn's thus far magnificent record. And so let us not so easily lose faith in our mole-skin warriors. The man that made our last year's team is again with us, our captain and manager deserve every confidence, and we cannot complain that our team lacks veterans. We have not yet had a consistent exhibition of team-work, but we should remember that the season "is still young." There has been some desperate, hard work this week, and we may look for a showing against Harvard. Our last word is "give the boys a rousing send-off when they start for Cambridge."

Publications Received.

- GARDNER, ALICE. Julian, philosopher and emperor, and the last struggle of Paganism against Christianity. New York 1895. G. P. Putnam's Sons. (Heroes of the nations). Cloth \$1.50.
- COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR. Coleridge's principles of criticism : chapters 1, 3, 4, 14-22 of Biographia Literaria ; with introduction and notes by A. J. George. Boston, 1895. D. C. Heath & Co. (Heath's English classics). Cloth 90 cents,
- LESSING, G. E. Emilia Galotti, ein Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen, with introduction and explanatory notes by Max Poll. Boston, 1895. Ginn & Co. 70 cents.
- VANCLEEF, F. L. Index Antiphonteus. [Boston], 1895. Ginn & Co. (Cornell studies in classical philology No. 5). \$1.50.
- TAYLOR, T. W. The individual and the state, an essay on justice. Boston, 1895. Ginn & Co. 80 cents.
- LIVERMORE, C. H. *Compiler*. The Academy song book. Boston, 1895. Ginn & Co.

Julian, Philosopher and Emperor, and the Last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity.

Since, a century or two ago, the growing tolerance of Christendom began to recognize the true nobility of that imperial philosopher for ages stigmatized as the Apostate, there has gathered about him a literature strikingly disproportioned to his brief career and his wasted effort. In France and in Germany he has long had his biographers, and it is perhaps only because Gibbon devoted to him those brilliant pages of his great history which are still the most fascinating picture of Julian's reign, that we have till now no set life of him in English.

The sister of Percy and of Ernest Gardner, even were she not herself, as a lecturer at Newnham, established at one of the great centers of English classical research, must have rare facilities for the study and illustration of her subject ; and her book fulfills in much this expectation. She has read broadly, yet writes from the sources ; she criticises with sanity and fairness ; and she is the admirer of Julian without being his apologist. But she is far

from sharing that vivid grace of narrative which gives such charm to the essays of her brothers. Her handling of her hero lacks unity and vigor, and there is about her whole treatment of her theme a certain unmistakable air of the school-room. Most English readers will still turn to the glowing periods of Gibbon for a survey of Julian's career, to the lucid essay of Mr. Rendall for the explanation of his hatred of Christianity, to the learned article of Dr. Wordsworth, in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, for guidance in private research. But Miss Gardner's book, with its colloquial tone and its way of taking no knowledge for granted, will still have a use as an introduction to these and to the larger literature beyond the mother tongue; and as such it deserves a hearty welcome. Thus she sums up Julian's life: "Not a genius of the first rank in statesmanship, strategy, literature, or religious philosophy, not a character unequalled in virtue or strength, but a man who did something, because of his earnest devotion to his ideals. . . . If, turning aside from the events of his short and chequered career, we look to the main principle by which he was throughout guided, we see that it was an entire devotion to the Greek idea of thought and life; a settled determination to prevent, so far as in him lay, the destruction, by what he regarded as barbarous and degrading forces, of that fair fabric of ancient civilization under which men learned to venerate beauty and order; to aim at a reasonable, self-contained life, and to live in orderly society under intelligible laws and humane institutions. . . . And, after all, that cause has ultimately triumphed, not by the suppression of Christian institutions, as Julian vainly hoped, . . . but by the permeation of society, speculation, and practical life with the most permanent elements of Greek culture. If Julian was mistaken in thinking that the religious ideas lately come from Palestine would soon pale before the revived glories of Greece, no less short-sighted were those who thought that Hellenism was buried in the Emperor's grave."

Coleridge's Principles of Criticism.

Coleridge, long recognized as one of the great teachers of criticism, cannot be studied too faithfully in these times, when amidst the masses of literature, properly and improperly so called, with

which our presses are teeming, we need above all to dig down and uncover if possible, the foundation principles upon which the best literature is made. While he was not formed by nature to be an investigator, and could not therefore teach by means of dogmatic statement, he was nevertheless a keen observer of life, and, in the words of one who has studied him long and faithfully, "traversed the narrow, commercial, half-sceptical, half-pietistic, domestic prejudices of the English people of that time with a many-sided, inspiring Hellenic-Germanic method of thought, which to this day offers the remedy worth taking to heart for many a social abuse." Professor George has therefore done a great service for students of literary criticism in editing this volume, embodying the characteristic utterances of Coleridge upon this and kindred subjects. The book is made up of chapters I, III, IV, and XIV-XXII of the *Biographia literaria*, thus including Coleridge's views on Wordsworth and the *Lyrical ballads*, and omitting the discussion of more abstract and irrelevant subjects, such as the Law of association, Des Cartes's system of Dualism, the Imagination, etc. The selection is a good one. It would perhaps have been better if the editor had called the "Preface" the "Introduction" and had placed the critical extracts which he groups together as an introduction, at the end of the book, since they are best understood after reading the book, and are not needed at the front, it is hoped, to stimulate interest. Some of the purely biographical matter in the "Preface" might have been omitted, being easily accessible elsewhere. In the notes, generally reliable as well as suggestive, some errors have been noted. The editor follows Coleridge in the spelling of the name of the poet's tutor Boyer, (Bowyer) though in all contemporary documents it is spelled without a *w*. On page 198 he says that "Wordsworth and Coleridge first met in 1797 at Racedown"—a statement far too arbitrary in view of the long dispute upon the subject, and probably wrong. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, in his recent edition of the Letters, after reviewing the arguments, concludes that there was a meeting as early as 1795 and occasional intercourse in 1796, though intimacy began with the meeting at Racedown in 1797. Typographically the book is commendable, though the difference between page and line-numbers should have been more marked.

Clark S. Northup.

The Cornell Magazine

November, 1895

The Volunteer Corps of the English Universities.

ONE of the first questions which an American college student is apt to ask about undergraduate life at the English universities is whether military drill forms a recognized part of English university education. The correct answer is in the negative, for drill is never required and does not form part of the curriculum. But on the other hand an opportunity is afforded for those English undergraduates who have military tastes to gratify their instincts by the existence of the University Volunteer battalions. The volunteers form an interesting element in English university life, and, although the strength of the battalions at Oxford and at Cambridge varies greatly for accidental reasons, the military authorities at headquarters believe that there is good reason for maintaining them on national grounds. At the present time the Cambridge corps is more prosperous and more efficient than the corps at the sister university, but the organization is the same in both universities and the following account applies in general to both the university battalions.

The University Volunteer Corps came into existence in the early months of the volunteer movement in England in 1859. At that time a scare of French invasion, caused by

the threatening attitude of the Emperor Napoleon III, coming soon after the manifest failure of the English military system in the Crimean War, induced many patriotic individuals to start a movement for raising an army of volunteers to be employed as a third line of defense in case of invasion. The original volunteers were, indeed, only "men with muskets," but during the last thirty-five years, great attention has been paid to the volunteer system, and there are now many volunteer battalions not unworthy to march beside the soldiers of the regular army. The number of efficient volunteers, that is to say, of volunteers who know their drill and have attended a camp of instruction for one week during the preceding year, now exceeds 220,000 men. But this does not represent the addition to her military strength given to England by the existence of the volunteers. Tens of thousands of men still in the prime of life have passed through the volunteer ranks and could with but very little practice fall into line among their country's defenders, should their services be needed. The force is a very economical one for the country and for the government. The headquarters staff of the Army details one officer, generally a captain, to act as adjutant to each volunteer battalion, and four non-commissioned officers, generally sergeants, who have served their full time in the regular army, to act as sergeant-instructors. Further, the government allows each corps a capitation grant of 35 shillings, or rather more than \$8, for each efficient volunteer, and supplies rifles and ammunition. Out of the capitation grant, uniforms are supplied to the volunteers in the ranks; and armories or drill halls have usually been constructed by the munificence of private citizens, by the liberality of the officers, or by a judicious management of the capitation grants. In all, the English government expends about £800,000 or \$4,000,000 for the maintenance of the volunteer force in England and Scotland—there are no volunteers in Ireland—and for this sum obtains a citizen army which has never yet been tried in action, but which may be regarded as a valuable reserve in case of the emergency of an invasion.

The great problem of volunteer organization which has troubled the minds of the English military authorities from the very commencement of the volunteer movement is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of competent officers. No difficulty is experienced in finding men. Plenty of young English artisans, clerks, and others are ready to give up their time without pay to drill and shoot. Their enlistment costs them nothing except the sacrifice of some of their spare time and they feel more than compensated for this sacrifice by the healthy exercise which they obtain and the pleasant social relations of mess and camp life. It is otherwise with regard to commissioned officers. The expense is considerable for them, for they have to provide their expensive uniform, keep up a mess on the lines of a regular military mess, to give dances and other entertainments, to maintain the band, and to make up any deficit in the regimental expenses. The class of men which fills the ranks of the volunteer army cannot afford to accept commissions and indeed they would feel uncomfortable, even were the expenses less, if placed in a position of command. There are indeed some battalions, such as the Artists' (the 20th Middlesex), the Queen's Westminster's (the 13th Middlesex) and the Victoria Rifles (the 1st Middlesex), which consist entirely of gentlemen and in which promotions to commissioned rank are made directly from the non-commissioned officers; but in most cases officers have to be sought from without.

It is in order to fill the commissioned ranks in the ordinary volunteer regiments that the government favors the University Volunteer Corps. For it is found that graduates of the universities, when they settle down to professional life or go to reside upon their country estates, make most excellent volunteer officers if they have learned their drill and caught something of the military spirit during their residence at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed it is not uncommon for a man to be at one and the same time a private in his university corps and a lieutenant in the local battalion near his own home. This anomaly is one of the privileges granted to the

University Volunteer Corps, which are looked upon as the principal nurseries for volunteer officers.

The very word volunteer implies entire freedom from any sort of compulsion. No English undergraduate can be forced to drill against his wish, but if he has military instincts and desires to drill, a first rate opportunity is afforded him in the existence of the University Volunteer Corps. Although there are seldom enough men willing to drill to make up a full battalion of eight hundred men, and the Oxford Corps has even been known to sink as low as one hundred and twenty men, the same staff is maintained by the government as for the large London and provincial battalions, namely an adjutant and four sergeants. Much depends naturally upon the character of the adjutants. At the present time, the Cambridge University Volunteer Corps is far superior in numbers and efficiency to the Oxford Corps, and this superiority is said to be mainly due to the personal qualifications of the Cambridge adjutant, an officer who has seen considerable service in India and Burma, who is an enthusiastic soldier and who has a marvelous knack for getting on with young men. The field officers in each University battalion are "Dons," or as they would be called in America, "Members of the Faculty," or local graduates, which gives the element of continuity so much needed in a constantly changing body like a university. The company officers, however, are undergraduates, generally senior men, with a sprinkling of young "Dons," and the rank and file are made up of undergraduates in all stages of their university career. The majority of the University Volunteer Corps have generally some knowledge of drill and military requirements from their having served in the cadet corps at their different schools. All the great English schools, like Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, have their Cadet Corps, service in which is entirely voluntary, officered by masters of the school. Boys who have had a taste of military discipline invariably join the volunteers when they come up to the universities and form the nucleus of the University Corps. They are joined

by some men who have never had the opportunity of drilling before, but experience counts for so much in soldiering that it is almost impossible for any one who has not previously been a member of a school Cadet Corps to become even a non-commissioned officer.

As has already been said, the numbers and efficiency of the University Corps fluctuates from year to year. One or two enthusiastic men, a particularly efficient adjutant, or the fact that volunteering chances to be fashionable or unfashionable makes all the difference. At Cambridge, as has already been said, there has been a great revival of interest in the volunteers during the last two or three years; never since its early days have so many men turned out to drill; and it is expected that the revived interest at Cambridge will have its effect before long in the sister university.

The work done by the University Volunteers is essentially the same as that done by other battalions of volunteers. There are the usual drills and parades, varied with an occasional march out and an occasional field day, generally in company with the city volunteer battalions. Each University Corps has its signalers and its company of cyclists, who do good work on field days in obtaining information and performing some of the usual functions of cavalry. A great deal of time, however, is spent at the shooting ranges. Rifle shooting is one of the most attractive features of the English volunteer system. The desire of every volunteer is to become a marksman and to compete for the numerous prizes offered by the National Rifle Association to be shot for at the annual encampment held at Bisley, near Aldershot, the great English military camp. Most University marksmen learn to shoot when members of their school Cadet Corps. Indeed one of the most popular competitions at Bisley is that for the Ashburnham Shield which is annually shot for by teams of eight from the great English schools. Oxford and Cambridge have an annual match in rifle shooting, as they have in every sport from billiards and chess to tennis, football, and rowing, and compete at Bisley for a prize known as the

Chancellor's Plate. This is shot for by teams of eight men from each University Volunteer Corps, while the best individual shots have a further competition for the Humphry Cup. Shooting indeed fills the largest place in the life of an English University Volunteer. Men who have a chance of getting on a University Bisley team, spend hours every day at the ranges and contest earnestly for the honor of representing their University.

But good shooting, useful though it is, is not the only requisite for a soldier and an opportunity for getting a real insight into military life and duties is given by the great volunteer encampments which are held at Aldershot at different times during the summer, or by taking part in the military operations known as the autumn manœuvres. On these occasions, the Oxford and Cambridge battalions are invariably brigaded with the Inns of Court Volunteers, a corps consisting entirely of lawyers and popularly known as "The Devil's Own." The brigade is generally small in numbers but manages to have a good time socially and never shows itself inferior to the other volunteer brigades in camp or in the field.

A feature of English University Volunteering which should not be forgotten, is its social side. It has already been hinted that at some periods it is distinctly fashionable to belong to the volunteer corps, while at other times it is difficult to get men to join, owing to the fact that the majority in the ranks belongs to an unfashionable set. The present revival of volunteering at Cambridge is due partly, indeed, to the personal popularity of the adjutant and partly to the number of old public school men who wish to keep up their shooting, but it is mainly due to the prestige which has been given to it by the enthusiastic adherence of some of the leading men in the University. These men fill the commissioned ranks, and the headquarters of the battalion has become a very pleasant social center. Though they belong to different colleges, the officers make a point of meeting not only at drill and on parade, but also in the evening at their

headquarters where military matters are discussed, instruction is given in tactics by the adjutant, and a sort of club intercourse is enjoyed. Nor is it only the commissioned officers alone who meet in this friendly fashion; the non-commissioned officers have their social gatherings also, and the privates when drill is over take the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other. Many a man, especially if he comes from some small school which has few old boys at the university, would never make a friend outside of his own college were it not for the Volunteer Corps, and the social element has a good deal to do with bringing into the battalion many excellent recruits. In camp or at the manoeuvres the officers of the University Volunteers Corps are enabled to see something of the fascinating *camaraderie* of a military mess and on their return to the university they endeavor, and not unsuccessfully, to impart something of the same spirit to their intercourse with each other. The most striking points, indeed, of the English University Volunteer Corps are the pleasant social relations of the officers, the attention paid to rifle shooting and the enjoyment provided by taking part in military operations on a large scale at Aldershot or elsewhere.

This short account of the English University Volunteer Corps is not written without a purpose. Of course there is all the difference in the world between a purely voluntary organization like that in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge, and the Cornell Cadet Corps with its compulsory drilling for underclassmen. But there is no reason why one of the desirable features of the English system should not be adopted at Cornell. It seems to be impossible to find a suitable range within easy reach of the campus for the practice of rifle shooting, and therefore it is unfortunately impossible to have shooting competitions with other universities like the annual contests between Oxford and Cambridge at Bisley, desirable as such competitions would be from a national as well as from a university point of view. It seems hardly possible either to give the cadet corps an opportunity

of taking part in camp life or in military manœuvres for obvious reasons. But surely it might be possible to bring the commissioned officers more frequently together in a social way and to combine them off parade into a mess or an officers' club. At present, the occasional military hops seem to be the only manifestation of their social ambitions. Considering the numerous social clubs which at present exist at Cornell, and the claims of the fraternities upon the time of their members, it may be perhaps a mistake to suggest a further inroad upon the time of the busy upperclassmen, who fill the commissioned ranks. But, nevertheless, it can be asserted that equally busy men at Oxford and Cambridge do manage to make time in which to enjoy the society of their fellow officers and to discuss military questions in an informal manner. In the present commandant, the Cornell Cadet Corps has an officer of the United States Regular Army in no way inferior to the Adjutant of the Cambridge Volunteer Corps in military enthusiasm or military knowledge, and he would no doubt be willing to assist the officers of the Cadet Corps if they resolved to add a social club to their military duties. Informal talks on tactics and military organization might be held, with the natural result of fostering an intelligent interest in military matters. The use of the cycle, for instance, was a subject greatly discussed in Cambridge three years ago in connection with the establishment of a cycle company, and though the roads around Ithaca compare very badly with the English roads around Cambridge, there might yet be some military cyclists ready to give their views upon the question. No regular program should be laid down; meetings should be informal and social, and not stiff assemblies for the mere hearing of elaborate lectures. In such an officers' club, the "war game" which Lieutenant Bell desires to introduce at Cornell could be played, and military enthusiasm, which should go hand in hand with military efficiency, would be stimulated. Certain it is that military drill does not seem to be as attractive to American as to English undergraduates; this may be due

to the fact that it is compulsory and not voluntary ; but at any rate, service as an officer in the regiment is not compulsory, and the officers at least might be expected to show themselves ready to act harmoniously together, elsewhere than upon the parade ground. If some such organization were to be attempted, it would be sure to stimulate interest in military matters and to promote the zeal for military efficiency, without which any military organization must be a mere lifeless machine.

H. Morse Stephens.

When the Days Grow Short and Dark.

There's a gloominess in thinking,
When the days grow short and dark,
That Old Winter's come a-blinking,
That fair Summer's gone a-shrinking,
That the wolf will soon be slinking
Thro' the dead leaves in the park.

There's a chilliness in feeling,
When the nights grow cold and long,
That the winds have come a-stealing,
That the bells in shrouds are pealing,
That Life to Death is reeling
Whither Weal and Woe have gone.

* * * * *

Sun is shadowed, moon is hidden,
In the leaden clouds of gloom ;
Death as to a banquet bidden
Tunes the world to sing of doom.

B. F. C.

Looking Forward.

Received at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 2d, 189—.

Dated ———

To ROBERT J. TRAFTON.

Will arrive to-day at 4:55, D. L. & W.

N. DWIGHT.

SHE was coming.

Everyone in the house knew she was coming, for had not Bob Trafton paid the snub-nosed telegraph boy fifty cents telling him to keep the change, and had he not told the fellows the telegram was from his father, and had he not rushed to his room, after reading it, to wriggle out of his sweater and to don his best looking suit? Oh, yes. Everyone knew it, and even if they had not given the matter much thought, the sight of Bob cutting his work and pacing nervously around the room reading a *Sibley Journal* upside down would have aroused the suspicions of the most unsuspecting. Then, too, some of the fellows remembered the numerous letters, addressed to Mr. Robert J. Trafton in a delicate backhand, that had somehow found their way to the mail stand, and all, except the freshmen, remembered how changed he was when he returned in the fall. Most of us understood the malady under which he was suffering.

Bob had not said much about her to the fellows; somehow he did not regard her as a subject to be discussed at the supper table, over cold mashed potatoes and hash; but his silence was more eloquent than all his words could have been, and all the rest knew intuitively that Bob was going to take *her* to the Junior.

He hadn't troubled himself much over her dance card. Most of the numbers had a cross after them, though of course no one but Bob knew what these cabalistic signs

meant. One of the fellows wanted to bet that Bob would get over ninety in machine design because he was such an adept in drawing cross sections.

Bob saw the justice of his view concerning the dances more clearly and distinctly as the Junior drew near, and after the arrival of the telegram he began to wonder how he could have been such a fool as to take only fifteen dances instead of the twenty he might just as well have had. Still he reflected there was some consolation, having acted generously about the matter.

As 4.55 P. M. drew near, his restlessness increased and half an hour before the train was due he was pacing up and down the platform at the station thinking the train must be late, and consulting his watch every two minutes. Even with this constant occupation the time passed very slowly, and when at last the train-drew in sight he gave a sigh of relief indicative of the sudden relaxation of a severe mental strain.

As she stepped down from the car the color rushed to Bob's cheeks, and when he shook hands with her, utterly oblivious of the near existence of a chaperon, who amusedly watched the greeting, a close observer might have detected a little extra rosiness in Miss Dwight's cheeks. However, this was probably due to the hot car.

"My aunt—let me—Mr. Trafton" was duly mumbled, bowed and smiled through, and then, having found seats in the street car, they were rolling jerkily up the hill, when Bob turned to his companion—"I fear you will not have so good a time as you might have expected." Her only answer was a look of pained surprise, and he stammered on "I—that is—you see I could not get all your dances filled, so—well you'll see a cross on your card more often than it might have been."

The recording angel smiled, and forgot to enter the falsehood against him, and Miss Dwight turned slightly to face him.

"Do you mean that you don't care to dance with me so often?"

Poor Bob did not remember of having meant any such thing and he most vehemently said so.

“Then,” continued his fair tormentor, “why did you make such a foolish remark?”

Bob didn't know, but what he said was, “I beg your pardon, I did not intend to give my words the force that they seem to have borne to you. I supposed you would understand what I meant, and” in a low tone “you know very well that you took them in the wrong way.”

Miss Dwight smiled. “Yes?” she said.

Relapsing under the effort this speech had cost him, for Bob was not a society man, he fell into a brown study of his words in which thoughts of her and the advice to eat H-O, which stared at him from the other side of the car, were strangely mingled. The chaperon glanced at him curiously. He turned, feeling the influence of the look. As his eyes met hers he started slightly and mentally censuring himself for not being more attentive, started in upon the usual platitudes that make up the conversation under such circumstances. With these attempts at being agreeable and an occasional word, or better sometimes a glance, exchanged with Miss Dwight, the house was reached and Bob soon had his guests installed in his apartments. Tea was cosily served, and one of the fellows, noticing Bob's efforts to be attentive to two persons at once, took pity on him and engaged the chaperon in conversation and left him free to invigle his guest into the large window, where surrounded by cushions she remained for the rest of the afternoon. It is hardly necessary to say that Bob also remained.

After dinner there was the usual hurry to dress. Bob soon completed his toilet and waited, rather impatiently, for Miss Dwight. When she did appear at the top of the stairs, gowned in some light blue gauzy material and looking—well, Bob thought that if angels looked that way he would join the church immediately—his heart stopped its beating for an instant and then, to quote his own words, “hit up the stroke to about eighty-four.”

The box at the armory was soon reached and an evening of absolute happiness, for two persons at least, began.

As they glided over the smooth floor in time to the violin's swinging waltz or rollicking measures of the two-step, Bob felt that this one evening more than repaid him for all the hours of hard study during the term. He wondered why the floor seemed so smooth and the music so good. Then he wished he was through college and out in the world. Pictures flitted through his mind. One, in which he saw a throng of people peering over each others' heads to see something, in which a procession moved slowly up an aisle while an organ breathed forth the solemn happiness inspiring notes of Mendelssohn, and two persons stood together, and in turn said firmly and truly, "I do." A picture of himself returning from his office at night and finding someone at the door eagerly waiting for him, and of a cozy little house with warm Turkish rugs and hardwood floors, an open fire before which sat two persons, very close together—just then the music ceased and he awoke.

But Heaven on earth is transient, and the night was blending with the coming day when Bob found himself tired, happy and alone in the box. That is, alone with Miss Dwight. Lit only by the soft glow of the piano lamps around its sides, the Armory seemed like a glimpse of fairy land. The dancers gliding over the white crash, the delicate harmony of color shaded by the lamp-light's soft shadows, the slow, sweet strains of the music, combined to make the moment to the two sitting there one never to be forgotten. Bob thought that to-morrow the college buildings would be bare and desolate, that the day would be bleak and cheerless, and that this was the last time he would see her alone for—ages. Under cover of a friendly cushion his hand stole towards his companion's dainty fingers. The little hand was a prisoner and she struggled faintly, very faintly, to free herself. Bob bent toward her and said something—just then the music broke out into a rollicking triumphal march, but it did not drown the faint whisper that Nell gave back to him.

The violins were playing "Love's dreamland" and the first gray tinge of dawn had pierced the windows when the chaperon came back to the box. Nell's eyes were shining with a new light, and her aunt leaned over and whispered, "Why don't you tell me now, dear? I am not blind."

The girl laughed gently. "Are'nt you?" was all she said.

J. G. Sanderson.

Awakening.

Out of the darkening twilight
 Came a voice, from heaven sent,
 And my soul that 'ere then had slumbered,
 On things of earth intent,
 Awaked by its soft, sweet music
 Seemed wond'ringly to dwell
 In a world of hopes and shadows
 Held mingled by its spell.

Into the long drear night,
 The night of a life's dim past,
 It came like a vision of dreamland
 It came, and I said—at last!

* * * * *

When dawn stole in o'er the hilltops
 And the world awaked from its strife,
 I awoke from my vision of dreamland
 And—Love had crept into my life.

S. G. J.

Cornell Student Activities.

II. FOOTBALL.

IT is very generally admitted that Cornell stands to-day as an illustration of what American energy and perseverance can accomplish in this nineteenth century. In its short history of twenty-seven years, Cornell has emerged from an humble position among colleges into the foremost rank of educational institutions in this country. This prominence is attested not alone by the superior facilities offered here, but by the eighteen hundred students who are now enrolled in the various courses at Cornell.

At a time when athletics are almost universally conceded to be useful and even necessary for the highest development of the mind, it is most gratifying to find that Cornell is among the leaders in all branches of sport. The history of the development of the different branches of athletics—rowing, baseball, football, etc., forms one of the most interesting chapters in the growth of Cornell University. The rapidity with which our Alma Mater has taken her place among the foremost American universities in this respect is but an evidence of the determination which has ever been a characteristic of Cornellians.

To one who is familiar with the work done by last year's football team, it is scarcely conceivable that organized football has been seen at Cornell but eight years. The enthusiastic follower of the red and white is almost overcome with amazement at such a statement. Yet, the fact remains that Cornell was first represented on the gridiron in the fall of 1887.

Previous to this time, as far back as 1871 and 1872, class

teams which played a game known as "Cornell football," had been regularly organized. This game was very similar to the Association game; and we may imagine that at a time when class feeling was probably stronger than it is today, this style of play afforded many opportunities for personal encounters and kicking matches among the underclassmen. A series of games was played in which all four classes competed. The winner of this series was declared champion of the University. For ten years this game was in vogue at Cornell. Intercollegiate games were an impossibility as Cornell's game was distinctly her own. Although in 1880 the Cornell game was abolished, there was not sufficient enthusiasm among the students to make the Rugby game a success.

It was not until 1886, when the freshman and sophomore classes determined to decide the underclass supremacy by a series of football games, that the interest in football was revived. To the classes of '89 and '90 Cornell owes much. Their teams were well matched, and the tie game played by them so aroused student interest in the pig skin, that the following fall found at Cornell a 'Varsity team for which games were arranged with Union and Lehigh. Cornell lost the former by a score of 24-10, the latter by 38-10. Though defeated twice, the home team must have been encouraged by their ability to score against their rivals. The defeats themselves very likely served as an incentive to accomplish more another year.

Certain it is that a renewed and enlivened interest was exhibited at Cornell in 1888, and a much stronger eleven resulted. Six games were played, of which three were victories and three defeats. We may imagine that the rejoicing in Ithaca was great when the Cornell boys retrieved their defeat of the previous year at the hands of Union by a victory with a score of 30-4. Lehigh barely escaped a defeat. The following men, some of whom became famous in Cornell football, represented the red and white this year:

Center—Galbraith, Benedict.
 Left guard—Devoy. Right guard—Lowe.
 Left tackle—Ehle. Right tackle—Upton.
 Left end—Garnsey. Right end—Wilson.
 Quarter—Flack.
 Halves—Young, Hicks, Wilkinson.
 Full back—McDowell.

The record left by these men in our football history is:

Oct. 16.	Ithaca,	Cornell, 26,	Palmyra,	0
“ 27.	“	“ 0,	Williams,	20
Nov. 3.	“	“ 30,	Union,	4
“ 12.	“	“ 0,	Lafayette,	16
“ 19.	“	“ 20,	Bucknell,	0
“ 29.	Elmira,	“ 0,	Lehigh,	4

Cornell's improvement this year must have been very marked, if comparative scores indicate anything.

The record of 1888 must have gained for Cornell recognition in the football world, for in the fall of 1889 we find that mighty Yale condescended to play not once, but twice against the "farmers." The first game was played at New Haven, and although Yale rolled up a score of fifty-six, Cornell established her reputation by making a touch down, a feat which had not been accomplished by a *minor* college team for years. To Osgood, now well known in the football world, belongs the honor of scoring against Yale. Whether or not the remembrance of this touch down rankled in the breasts of Old Eli's sons, certain it is that Yale travelled to Ithaca to play a return game. This contest was played on the Campus before several thousand spectators. It was characterized by a great show of brutality on Yale's part, and resulted in an overwhelming defeat for Cornell. No admission could be charged, as the Campus was not inclosed, and the visitors' expenses were defrayed by passing the hat, into which each spectator was expected to drop twenty-five cents. The denizens of "dead-head hill" will probably wish that those palmy days when football games could be viewed for nothing might return. This season is remarkable as seeing the first and last football games between Cornell and Yale.

The men who brought renown to Cornell this year were :

Center—Galbraith.

Left guard—Benedict.	Right guard—Colnon.
Left tackle—Upton.	Right tackle—Ehle.
Left end—Shepard.	Right end—Dunn.
Quarter back—Yawger.	
Left half—Osgood.	Right half—Carolen.
Full back—McDowell.	

Seven victories and two defeats tell the story of Cornell's record this year.

Oct. 5.	Ithaca,	Cornell.	66,	Buchnell,	0
“ 12.	“	“	10,	Lafayette,	0
“ 16.	New Haven,	“	6,	Yale,	56
“ 19.	Ithaca,	“	24,	Rochester,	0
Nov. 2.	“	“	38,	Stevens,	4
“ 9.	“	“	0,	Yale,	72
“ 16.	Buffalo,	“	66,	Univ. of Mich.,	0
“ 23.	New York,	“	20,	Columbia,	0
“ 28.	Syracuse,	“	24,	Lafayette,	0

By the fall of 1890, Cornell had developed a game distinctly her own, and ever since that time she has been known for playing a “snappy” game. The eleven this year was not as well thought of as the team of the preceding years. However, it must have been a hardy set of fellows who donned the Cornell suit in 1890. Would anyone to-day believe it possible for a football team to play six games in seven days, and travel at the same time? It seems incredible, yet the records show that this team accomplished that feat. The mistake of such an undertaking is clearly indicated in the scores of those games. Cornell lined up as follows :

Center—Galbraith.

Left guard—Colnon.	Right guard—Griffith.
Left tackle—Johanson.	Right tackle—Baldwin.
Left end—Shepard.	Right end—Floy.
Quarter—Yawger.	
Halves—Osgood, Hernandez.	
Full back—Bacon.	

This year's record follows :

Oct. 11.	Ithaca,	Cornell, 98,	Rochester,	0
" 30.	Schenectady,	" 32,	Union,	0
" 31.	Williamstown,	" 8,	Williams,	18
Nov. 1.	Cambridge,	" 0,	Harvard,	77
" 3.	Amherst,	" 0,	Amherst,	18
" 4.	Hartford,	" 26,	Trinity,	0
" 5.	Middletown,	" 2,	Wesleyan,	4
" 8.	Ithaca,	" 26,	Buchnell,	0
" 15.	Detroit,	" 20,	U. of M.,	5
" 22.	Ithaca,	" 36,	Columbia,	0
" 25.	Chicago,	" 12,	Univ. Club,	8

In 1891, Percy Field was first accessible to the football players. That fall will long be remembered by Cornellians. It witnessed the development of a team which far surpassed anything Cornell had ever had before. The "big" teams quailed before the kickers from Ithaca, and Cornellians may be pardoned for believing that with systematic coaching, the red and white would have boasted the football championship of the United States for 1891. As it is, the record for this year is one to which we may point with pride. The Tigers of Princeton barely escaped defeat on their own grounds at the hands of Cornell. Not until the last thirty seconds of play did the orange and black succeed in making a point. And then the touchdown was made on a "fluke" run. But "flukes" count, and Cornell failed to prevent Princeton from scoring. In noting the defeat at Chicago in the game with the University Club, it should be remembered that the latter had several prize fighters in the team. The game was, in consequence, the worst kind of a slugging match. Some Cornell players were in the hospital for weeks afterwards.

This wonderful team of which many now at Cornell have personal recollections, and of which even the present freshmen must have heard, was composed of the following :

Center—Galbraith.

Left guard—Colnon.	Right guard—Griffith.
Left tackle—Johanson.	Right tackle—Barr.
Left end—Young.	Right end—Floy.

Quarter—White.

Halves—Osgood, Horton, Witherbee.

Full back—Bacon.

The record they have left us is :

Oct.	3.	Ithaca,	Cornell, 68,	Syracuse,	0
"	10.	Ithaca,	"	0, Bucknell,	4
"	17.	Ithaca,	"	72, Stevens,	0
"	24.	Ithaca,	"	30, Lafayette,	0
Nov.	7.	Ithaca,	"	24, Lehigh,	0
"	14.	Princeton,	"	0, Princeton,	6
"	21.	Detroit,	"	58, U. of M.,	12
"	24.	Detroit,	"	32, Detroit A. C.,	0
"	26.	Chicago,	"	4, Univ. Club,	12
"	28.	Chicago,	"	10, U. of M.,	0

We now begin to meet names which are familiar to us. Who does not remember Osgood and the much lamented Witherbee. What a pleasure it is to come upon the names of "Eddie" Young, who left behind him such an enviable athletic record; "Charlie" Barr, who, as will be seen, sacrificed so much for Alma Mater in '93; and "Joe" Colnon, who was such a leading spirit in many ways. And now, in 1892, we see that Warner, who became more familiarly known as "Pop," donned the moleskin for Cornell.

What a team 1892 presented. Strong in every position but full back, it won ten of the eleven games played. It suffered defeat at the hands of Harvard. The Crimson scored but twenty, while Cornell rolled up fourteen. What a contrast to 77-0, the Harvard-Cornell score of 1890. Football critics were startled. Likewise was the Princeton management. Cornell and Princeton were to have played in New York on Nov. 18, one week before Thanksgiving. Princeton's record left little doubt that she would suffer defeat at the hands of Cornell. Two days before the date arranged for the game, Princeton telegraphed Cornell cancelling the game. This was a great disappointment to Ithacans, but Cornell magnanimously accepted Princeton's reasons for withdrawing. This sportsmanlike action was much appreciated by Princeton, and the relations between the two universities have since then been most cordial. To meet a deficit in the athletic treasury, a unique spelling match between the Town and Gown was held in Library Hall, and about one hundred and fifty dollars realized.

Cornell's team this year was :

Center—Wagner.	
Left guard—Warner.	Right guard—Griffith.
Left tackle—Johanson.	Right tackle—Barr.
Left end—E. Young.	Right end—Curtis.
Quarter—White.	
Left half—Witherbee.	Right half—Osgood.
Full back—Young.	

The games this year resulted as follows :

Sept. 24.	Syracuse,	Cornell, 16,	Syracuse A. C.,	0
" 28.	Ithaca,	" 58,	" "	0
Oct. 1.	Ithaca,	" 54,	Bucknell,	0
" 8.	Ithaca,	" 58,	Dickinson,	0
" 22.	Bethlehem,	" 76,	Lehigh,	0
" 29.	Albany,	" 24,	Williams,	12
Nov. 5.	Springfield,	" 14,	Harvard,	20
" 8.	Ithaca,	" 44,	U. of M.,	0
" 12.	Ithaca,	" 44,	Technology,	12
" 18.	New York,	" 16,	M. A. C.,	0
" 24.	Detroit,	" 30,	U. of M.,	10

Those of us who passed the fall of 1893 in Ithaca, have probably many times wished that the football record for that year might be forgotten. Little that is creditable can be said for the '93 Cornell team. Fate seemed perverse from the beginning of the season. Witherbee, who had been relied upon to turn out a winning team, was drowned in Lake Champlain while gallantly attempting to save another's life. Such a set-back was enough to shatter the fondest hopes of Cornell enthusiasts. And, notwithstanding that Barr made a sacrifice of time and money to return and captain the team, the season was fraught with disaster and misfortune. It seemed impossible to get the players satisfactorily placed. This year, more clearly than ever was evinced the necessity of having one coach who should have entire charge of the players. Very possibly, instead of condemning the season of '93 as a shadow on our football history, we should be grateful to it for teaching us this lesson. We must be charitable, and be grateful that the season of '93 developed such men as Beacham, Taussig, Ohl and Freeborn,

who have since done much toward retrieving the ill success of that year. A glance over the following list of men shows that Cornell had a strong team of individual players. For some reason they could not "get together."

Center—Barnheisel.	
Left guard—Warner.	Right guard—Wagner, Henry.
Left tackle—Hall, Deming, Freeborn.	Right tackle—F. W. Freeborn, Barr.
Left end—E. Young, Curtis, Diehl.	Right end—Taussig, Daley.
Quarter—Beacham.	
Left half—Curtis, Robbins.	Right half—Dyer, Young.
Full back—Ohl, E. Young.	

The record follows :

Sept. 27.	Ithaca,	Cornell, 50,	Syracuse, 0
Oct. 1.	Ithaca,	" 16,	Penn. State Col., 0
" 14.	Ithaca,	" 18,	Union, 6
" 21.	New York,	" 0,	Princeton, 46
" 28.	Albany,	" 10,	Williams, 10
Nov. 4.	New York,	" 0,	Harvard, 34
" 8.	Ithaca,	" 0,	Tufts, 6
" 11.	Ithaca,	" 0,	Lehigh, 14
" 18.	Philadelphia,	" 0,	U. of P., 50

What a contrast does the record of '94 present when compared with the work of the preceding year. It is scarcely necessary to repeat the history of this year. It is familiar to all football enthusiasts throughout the country. The poor showing of '93 served but to illumine more brightly the glorious success of '94. The New York press which has ever been most unwilling to concede to Cornell her just due, resounded with the praise of the eleven from Ithaca. The games with Princeton and Harvard were a fitting supplement to the grand struggle with Pennsylvania. Old "Pensy" was credited with having the strongest team in the country, Yale not excepted. Yet the Quakers succeeded in scoring but six against Cornell, and that not until the last ten minutes

of play. Much credit should be given to Marshal Newell, the old Harvard tackle, who coached this year's splendid team. It is with pride that we point to our '94 representatives on the gridiron.

Center—Fennell.

Left guard—Warner.

Right guard—Colnon.

Left tackle—Hall.

Right tackle—Rogers.

Left end—Beacham.

Right end—Taussig.

Quarter—Wyckoff.

Halves—Mason, Starbuck.

Full back—Ohl, Dyer.

The 1894 record :

Sept. 26.	Ithaca,	Cornell, 39,	Syracuse,	0
Oct. 6.	“	“ 37,	Union,	0
“ 13.	“	“ 24.	Lafayette,	0
“ 20.	New York,	“ 4,	Princeton,	12
“ 27.	“	“ 12,	Harvard,	22
Nov. 3.	Ithaca,	“ 22,	Univ. of Mich.	0
“ 10.	Albany,	“ 0,	Williams,	0
“ 17.	Philadelphia,	“ 0,	Univ. of Penn.,	6
“ 24.	Detroit,	“ 4,	Univ. of Mich.	12
“ 29.	Ithaca,	“ 10,	Lehigh,	6

It would not be fitting to close without a word regarding this year's eleven. Marshal Newell is with us again, and, as was the case last year, he finds only light material from which to build. Up to Nov. 9, this season's record had not been as encouraging as many had hoped it would be. However, the more sanguine followers felt assured that the success of last year would be sustained this fall. With what joy have all received the news of the Cornell-Princeton struggle. Our eleven was defeated by a score of six to nothing. The Tigers outweighed the Ithacans by twenty pounds to a man, and yet Princeton had not scored thirty seconds before time was called. Is this not an evidence of Cornell's strength? Is not the outlook for the remainder of the season most promising?

Ellis L. Aldrich.

Weismann's Theory of Heredity.¹

The most conspicuous, and at present probably the most influential among the later writers on Heredity is Professor August Weismann, of the University of Freiburg, a naturalist known in the scientific world for his scholarly researches in the field of embryology and histology. Not only is he a great teacher and investigator, but he has drawn new and suggestive conclusions from the coördinated facts of biology, and has set the scientific world to work on fresh lines of thought and research. In his *Essay on heredity*, published in 1883, he first attacked the doctrine of the *Transmission of acquired characters*, one of the foundation stones of modern theories of heredity.

On this great question he has much to say, for admitting that acquired characters are transmitted in even the slightest degree his theory loses its most important element. In the beginning of his *Essay on heredity*, Weismann says: "The word *heredity*, in its common acceptation, means that property of an organism by which its peculiar nature is transmitted to its descendants. On what does this common property of all organisms depend?"

To answer this great question, he goes back to the earliest forms of life, to those unicellular organisms found leading an independent existence and from which the cells composing the tissues of higher organisms do not essentially differ.

¹This paper was prepared for the purpose of bringing before the members of the Natural History Society for their discussion the principal doctrines upon which Weismann bases his theory of heredity. It, therefore, consists largely of quotations from the essays of that author which bear directly on this subject, carefully selected and so arranged as to set forth as clearly as possible in a brief paper those principles which Weismann himself deems the most important.

He says, " Unicellular organisms, such as rhizopoda and infusoria, reproduce by means of fission. Each individual grows to a certain size, and then divides into two parts, which are exactly alike in size and structure, so that it is impossible to decide whether one of them is older or younger than the other. Hence in a sense these organisms possess immortality. They can it is true, be destroyed, but, if protected from a violent death, they would live on indefinitely, and would only from time to time reduce the size of their bodies by division. From these unicellular organisms we can to a certain extent understand why the offspring being in fact a part of its parents must therefore resemble the latter."

In these simple forms, which reproduce by fission, the full-grown cell becomes two new cells, which have not to each other the relation of parent to offspring. Here it is easy to conceive that part of the original organism exists in each individual of the living generation. But how is it with the multicellular organisms in which the whole body of the parent does not pass over into offspring?

Again Weismann says, " In these multicellular organisms the power of reproduction is connected with certain cells which, as germ-cells, may be contrasted with those which form the rest of the body ; for the former are without significance for the preservation of the life of the individual, and yet they alone possess the power of preserving the species. Each of them can, under certain conditions, develop into a complete organism of the same species as the parent with every individual peculiarity of the latter reproduced more or less completely. How can such hereditary transmission of the characters of the parent take place? How can a single reproduction cell reproduce the whole body in all its details? "

We must now go back to the first multicellular organisms, arising from the unicellular forms, and to the classification of the cells in such multicellular organism into *reproductive* and *somatic*. Indeed upon this differentiation rests the

whole Weismann philosophy. In his essay on *Duration of life* he says: "The first multicellular organism was probably a cluster of similar cells, but these units soon lost their original homogeneity. As a result of mere relative position, some of the cells were especially fitted to provide for the nutrition of the colony while others undertook the work of reproduction. Hence the single group would come to be divided into two groups of cells, which may be called somatic and reproductive—the cells of the body as opposed to those which are concerned with reproduction. As the complexity of the metazoan body increased, the two groups of cells became more sharply separated from each other. Very soon the somatic cells surpassed the reproductive in number, and during this increase they became more and more broken up by the principle of the division of labor into sharply separated systems of tissues. As these changes took place, the power of reproducing large parts of the organism was lost, while the power of reproducing the whole individual became concentrated in the reproductive cells alone."

Concerning this, Professor Ward says, "His theory further assumes that germ-cells contain two kinds of plasm, one capable of producing somatic cells only, the other producing reproductive cells alone. Both kinds, he assumes, exist together in the fertilized ovum. The somatic cells, consisting as they do of the germ-plasm of an indefinite series of ancestors, and containing representatives of every part of the parent organism, reproduce a new creature on the hereditary type of the parents, with the modifications due to the commingling of many ancestral types." (*Neo-Darwinism and Neo-Lamarckism.*)

Weismann goes on to say, "If, then, the reproductive cells have undergone such changes that they can produce a heterogeneous colony, as a result of continual division, it follows that succeeding generations must behave in the same manner, for each of them is developed from a portion of the reproductive cell from which the previous generation arose, and consists of the same substance as the latter."

He now points out that such changes in the reproductive cell, causing the reproductive cells of the next generation to originate the same changes in the cells which are developed from them, can only arise from molecular alterations in the reproductive cells. As the nature of these molecules is complex, nothing prevents us from assuming that by splitting and combining, the molecules undergo still greater change. "Variation in the reproductive cells would continue to appear and these would be increased and rendered permanent by means of natural selection when their results, in the alteration of certain cells in the body, were advantageous to the species. The only condition necessary for the transmission of such changes is that a part of the reproductive substance (the germ-plasm) should always remain unchanged during the growth of the body, or that such unchanged substance should pass into the organism and after the lapse of a variable period, reappear as the reproductive cells. Only in this way can we render to some extent intelligible, the transmission of such changes as have arisen in the phylogeny of the species; only thus can we imagine the manner in which the first somatic cells gradually developed in numbers and complexity." (Weismann.)

Having discussed with great minuteness the development of the reproductive and somatic cells of the multicellular organism as premises of his argument on this principle, Weismann draws his conclusion. He is utterly unable to see how the somatic cells of an adult individual can exert any influence on its reproductive cells. If this be a true conclusion, then the transmission through either parent of any character acquired since the embryo of the parent began to form is impossible. Before Weismann no one has attempted to doubt the very existence of such a form of heredity, though many may have seen reasons why it was not a satisfactory hypothesis. But firmly believing in the truth of his premises he boldly insists that no such thing as a transmission of acquired characters can exist. The following extracts from his essay on the *Significance of sexual repro-*

duction on the theory of natural selection give a clear idea of what he means by acquired characters, and the importance he attaches to them. He says, "The transmission or non-transmission of acquired character must be of the highest importance for a theory of heredity, and therefore for the true appreciation of the causes which lead to the transformation of species. Anyone who believes as I do, that acquired characters are not transmitted, will be compelled to assume that the process of natural selection has a far larger share in the transformation of species than has yet been accorded to it."

Again, "The tendencies of heredity, of which the germ-plasm is the bearer, depend upon this very molecular structure, and hence only those characters can be transmitted through successive generations which have been previously inherited, namely, those characters which were potentially contained in the structure of the germ-plasm. It also follows that those other characters which have been acquired by the influence of special external conditions, during the life-time of the parent, cannot be transmitted at all." Again, "Only those new characters can be called 'acquired' which owe their origin to external influences, and this term must be denied to those which wholly depend upon the mysterious relationship between the different hereditary tendencies which meet in the fertilized ovum. These latter are inherited although the ancestors did not possess them as such, but only, as it were, the elements of which they are composed." He further says, "It has never been proved that acquired characters are transmitted" and he does not believe such a proof necessary to explain the variations known to take place resulting in new species, new genera and entirely new types of life. He admits that all these variations take place, and explains them primarily by natural selection, aided by those changes in the molecular structure of the germ cells which he assumes to consist of a great number of inherited units called germ-plasms. Asexual reproduction is of course incapable of producing variation and he

maintains that sexual reproduction has been developed and exists solely for the purpose of insuring variation.

Relative to the constitution of the germ-plasm Weismann says: "Every detail in the whole organism must be represented in the germ-plasm by its own special and peculiar arrangement of the groups of molecules, and the germ-plasm not only contains the whole of the quantitative and qualitative characters of the species, but also all the individual variations as far as these are hereditary. The physical causes of all apparently unimportant hereditary habits or structures, of hereditary talents, and other mental peculiarities, must all be contained in the minute quantity of germ-plasm which is possessed by the nucleus of the germ cell; not indeed, as the preformed germs of structure, but as variations in its molecular constitution; if this be impossible, such characters could not be inherited. These different qualities are what I have called the ancestral germ-plasms, *i. e.*, the germ-plasms of the different ancestors, which must be contained in vast numbers, but in very minute quantities in the nuclear thread."

His general opinion concerning the origin of variation may be found in the following quotation from one of his essays. "It is well known that the process of sexual reproduction consists in the coalescence of two distinct germ-cells, or perhaps only of their nuclei. These germ-cells contain the germ-plasm and this again, owing to its specific molecular structure, is the bearer of the hereditary tendencies of the organism from which the germ-cell has been derived. Thus in amphigonic reproduction two groups of hereditary tendencies are, as it were, combined. I regard this combination as the cause of hereditary individual characters, and I believe that the production of such characters is the true significance of amphigonic reproduction. The object of this process is to create those individual differences which form the material out of which natural selection produces new species."

Weismann admits the influence of environment, on the in-

dividual in producing marked changes. He also admits the facts of adaptation to environment, the transformation of species, and the development of organic beings. But he insists that natural selection explains all these, that they take place through "the selection from among an infinite number of ancestral germ-plasms in the fertilized ovum of such as will produce an individual most in harmony with its environment, leaving all others in the latent state."

We see from this that he gives natural selection a prominent place in his theory of heredity and the transformation of species.

We may now summarize the Weismann theory of heredity as follows: Germ-plasm has been *perpetually continuous* since the beginning of life and *absolutely stable* since the origin of sexual reproduction. Body changes, that is, acquired characters, do not exercise a modifying influence of any kind on the ancestral endowments of this substance. Natural selection primarily, assisted by changes in the molecular structure of the germ cells, accounts for all variation of form, creation of new species, genera and types of life. Sexual reproduction exists solely for the purpose of insuring variation.

Mary Farrand Rogers.

A Cigarette.

STAYING late one evening at the Officers' Club, I looked up from my paper and found myself alone with old Colonel Cox, everyone else having gone home. Although I knew the Colonel very well, I had never heard him spin a yarn, for which, by the way, he had quite a reputation. Thinking this a favorable opportunity, I laid the paper aside and engaged him in conversation. I first told a story myself, as the conversation seemed to lag, and then asked the Colonel for a yarn.

"Well, if you insist," said he; "but first give me a cigarette. They play a large part in my life, as well as my story."

I hastened to offer him a cigarette, which he leisurely lighted, and after a proper show of reluctance he "opened fire," as he expressed it.

"It happened many years ago. I was then a first class-man at the Academy,¹ and I regret to say a prominent member of the 'Immortals.'² I had lately been caught in various scrapes, and already had a ghastly array of demerits constantly staring me in the face. In fact, had I committed the slightest *faux pas* of any description at that time, I should at present, sir, be denied the honor of calling myself an officer of the U. S. Army."

While the Colonel was clearing his throat I hazarded the remark that his series of narrow escapes began early in life.

"It was in June," he continued, without assenting to my remark, "I met her at the hop."

¹ Senior at West Point. ² Men of lowest possible standing.

I smiled, thinking the Colonel about to recall an early love affair. The Colonel scowled, so I stopped smiling and knit my brow in anticipation of something serious.

“She was of a very fine southern family. Ah! that was a great campaign. I had to fight with a dashing young captain for every moment of her society. His name was Grier. Against him I employed all the strategies known to modern warfare. He was good, but I was better. Then, too, you know, I was practically in disgrace, which of course was of the greatest assistance to me. The first time I met her I told her all about it. I told her how ‘Sept’ Moor and ‘Piggie’ Perkins, unbeknown to me, had hauled up my chimney for safe keeping, a roasted turkey, that they received from ‘Piggie’s’ home, and how I got all the blame. I explained to her that I didn’t see why they should suspect me, simply because half of the specimens in the geological collection were missing when ‘exams’ came around. Besides, there was no loss of property, for they were all found afterwards, ‘having evidently been thrown out the window,’ as the instructor reported.”

By this time the Colonel had warmed up to his story, and it only took a moment to light a fresh cigarette when he began again.

“Well I got on finely with her. The next day I found time to call; and by the way it might be well to state here, that I always seemed to be more apt at finding time, than any other man in the Academy. As the June air was delightfully refreshing I proposed a walk, she acquiesced. Now as luck would have it, I happened to have some cigarettes about me. Cadets were forbidden to smoke, but as we were strolling along a lonely part of ‘Flirtation,’ and she didn’t object, I thought I’d risk it. I was to graduate in a few days, and if I should be caught—well I shouldn’t have been an officer to-day. I ‘lit up,’ and we were chatting pleasantly together, when suddenly round the corner strode no other person than Captain Grier. I threw the cigarette away before he saw me, but it struck a tree and fell directly in the path between us, smoking like a Vesuvius.”

“Grier stopped, stared at me for a moment, then said curtly ‘Smoking, Mr. Cox? Consider yourself under arrest sir, and report to the Commandant.’ ”

I was completely dazed for a moment, as it dawned upon me that my one ambition, my whole future career, was shattered, ruined. But on the instant a merry little peal of laughter rang out beside me, and a sweet voice remarked amusedly, yet reluctantly, ‘Why Captain, how funny, ’tis I who was smoking. I just threw the cigarette away.’ ”

After some minutes silence, the Colonel rose and marched towards the door.

“Colonel,” said I, “under the circumstances there was but one thing for you to do. Your gallantry you know. You should have married her.”

“Y-e-s, but you know often when I come home late at night—”

He stopped, glanced suddenly at the clock, seized his cap, and bolted for home, remarking as he slammed the door—

“I’m d—ed if I agree with you.”

J. M. Parker.

Yosemite.

From the gnarled, hoary brow of thy mountains, to their base, where
the sentinel pine
Rears its head like an Indian chieftain, that catches a scent in the
wind ;
From the bald and the verdureless granite that shines on the curve of
thy domes,
To the deep, silent pools of the Merced, where the trout of the rain-
bow roams ;
From the curling crests of thy cataracts, that sweep from the edge of
the sky,
To the misty lips of the caverns that thunder thy constant cry ;
From the prosy mouths of thy rivers, to their source like rippling
rhyme ;
Thou’rt proof of a God, a Creator ; thou’rt proof of a power divine.

N. Hutchinson.

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THE University of Pennsylvania is about to get its much-desired dormitories. Provost Harrison seems to be the man who has done most in bringing this about. The plan adopted is that of contiguous cottages, three stories high, forming a continuous line of buildings around an inclosed quadrangle. Each division of the building will be cut off from the other parts by solid walls, which will effectually prevent any large number of students from congregating in the halls. A large dining hall seating one thousand persons is to be a feature of the system. No such pronounced desire for dormitories exists here at Cornell, which in part may be because we are not fully conscious of the great advantage to be gained both socially and financially. The only approach to a general dormitory at present at Cornell is Cascadilla Place, Sage College and the fraternity houses being restricted to special classes. With a row of dormitories facing west on West avenue, divided so that not more

than twelve or fourteen could occupy any one of the divisions, fitted with modern conveniences, student life at Cornell would have many attractive features that it does not now possess.

IN a very strong address, President Schurman, on Sunday evening, Nov. 3, outlined very clearly the two positions which are taken to-day on the questions : Science vs. Revelation, Evolution vs. Creation, and Adam vs. Pithecius. He complimented his auditors when he simply stated the two prominent ways in which these questions were viewed, and left them free to think about the matter themselves. It was, however, very satisfactory to hear the President state in no equivocal terms his own thoughts and opinions on the various questions as they came up, together with the opinion which Mr. Huxley held.

GUSTAV Freytag has sounded a true note in the literary score. In his will he ordered that all letters written to him should be restored to the writers or their heirs, and that nothing of his own should be published unless he expressly intended it for publication. "What is not finished, or a failure," he said, "does not belong to the market and I do not wish to annoy readers by my youthful efforts." Would that more authors and literary executors held similar ideas. The desire to publish every scrap, without regard to quality, that a well known author ever wrote, together with the insane desire now so rampant to portray his private life by means of letters never intended for the public, ought to be effectually bridled. The answer given by a well known actress to a newspaper man, who requested an interview with her, sounds the same note. She said : "From eight o'clock until eleven I place myself before the public and it has a right to discuss and criticise my every action, but during the remainder of the twenty-four hours I am a private person and the public has no right to discuss my doings."

THE purchase of the McGraw-Fiske property by Mr. Wyckoff for the use of the Cornell chapter of the Chi Psi fraternity, is by many looked upon as a step beyond that simplicity of living which is generally considered essential to the promotion of the best results in a college fraternity. For some years past the standard of living among fraternity men has been rising, until the border line between comfort and luxury has been reached. Beyond this point any step taken must be looked upon as unfortunate since the tendency is to lose sight of the real object, and make that which should be only a means to an end, an end in itself. The problem of maintaining such an expensive chapter house without yielding to the pressure to make wealth the chief consideration in selecting men, is a serious one, and the result in this particular instance will be watched with interest by all who are interested in the fraternity system.

The Month.

A beautiful memorial window in honor of Alfred S. Barnes and Harriet Burr Barnes has just been placed in the Clinton Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, by General A. C. Barnes. The subject of the window is the adoration of the Magi after the design by Bouguereau. The scene is represented near the village of Bethlehem, before an eastern khan, or inn. In the foreground is a group of figures with a canopy above them to shield them from the burning sun. The two Greek letters *Chi* and *Ro* are in the tracery in the upper part of the window. The lower part has the inscription, "In loving memory, Alfred S. Barnes, 1817-1888; Harriet Burr Barnes, 1820-1881."

The death of Mr. George L. White, who has been connected with Sage College during the past six years, occurred on November 9. Mr. White was fifty-seven years of age.

The second event in the series of underclass contests was won by the sophomores, thus making a tie between the two classes. The deciding event will be a football game to be played during the latter part of the month.

The class elections have resulted in the choice of the following class presidents: senior, O. D. Burden; junior, F. W. Freeborn; sophomore, H. M. Smith. In the freshman election no candidate for president received a majority, and another election will be held.

During the month two addresses of considerable importance have been delivered before the members of the Univer-

sity. On the evening of Sunday, November 3, President Schurman spoke to an audience that filled the large Library lecture room, on "Huxley, the Agnostic," and on the following evening, Reverend Charles F. Aked, of Liverpool, England, a prominent Liberal, spoke in Barnes Hall, on "Problems, Politics, and Progress in Great Britain."

The McGraw-Fiske mansion, situated near the northern end of the campus, has been purchased by the Chi Psi fraternity for use as a chapter house. The consideration was \$45,000 for the house and five acres of grounds. The building was erected at a cost of over \$125,000 for the late Jennie McGraw-Fiske, but was not completed at the time of her death. By the purchase, the Chi Psi fraternity secures what is undoubtedly the finest chapter house in this country.

The students of the University who are interested in debating have formed an organization known as the Cornell Union. Its object is to foster the interests of public speaking in the University and to conduct debate contests with other universities. The executive department of the Union consists of a Debate Council composed of the President of the Union, *ex officio*, two alumni members, three members of the faculty, and one representative each from the Cornell Congress, the Woodford Debating Club, and each of the Curtis Debating Clubs. The alumni members elected for this year are W. B. Hoyt, '81, of Buffalo, and E. H. Woodruff, '88, of Leland Stanford University.

Literary Chat.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, having severed his connection with the *Yellow book*, is to find a field for his particular "talent" in a new artistic quarterly projected by Leonard Smithers and edited by Arthur Lysons.

The Critic has this to say: "Miss Marie Corelli is publishing a new romance, and the Prince of Wales has expressed a desire to have the first copy. We wonder what he wants to do with it." It is called *The Sorrows of Satan*.

A new feature in the publication of fiction is that of publishing the same story simultaneously in two or more periodicals. Maclaren's new novel *Kate Carnegie* will appear in *The Woman at Home* in England and in *The Bookman* and *The Outlook* in this country, at one and the same time.

Mrs. Anne Manning Rathbone's *Household of Sir Thomas More* has been reprinted by Scribners in a very pretty volume, illustrated with pen sketches and Holbein's drawing of the head of More. W. H. Hutton furnishes an introduction which embraces a sketch of the life and religious affiliations of More.

A new edition of the fragments of Sappho has been issued by McClurg & Co., with Mr. Wharton as editor. The volume comes in a new exterior and one which is much more serviceable if not quite so delicate and dainty as the earlier edition.

Alex Black's *Miss Jerry* has appeared in book form, with many of the illustrations made from life. This story was

used for public readings, at which the author used to show by means of the stereopticon the photographs from which the illustrations have been made.

Those who know the stories *Laddie* and *Miss Toosey's mission*, by Lillian Thomas Mead-Smith, will be interested to know of a new work by the same author, called *My Honey*. It is the story of a young girl in London, who is shielded from harm and taken to his father's rectory by the son of an English clergyman, where her subsequent life is sweet and pure.

The three volume novel, peculiar to England, is said to have grown out of an attempt to make the libraries pay for the loss which the publishers sustained by reason of the fact that the public were supplied by the libraries and the sale of copies of the expensive first editions thereby much reduced. Mr. Mudie has now given notice that he will not buy the three volume edition of Miss Braddon's latest work *Sons of Fire* until it comes out in one volume, at the cheaper price, which time he thinks, "judging from past experience" will be "in a few weeks." The revolt against the three volume novel was begun some years ago by Mr. Mudie and several publishers accepted his terms and issued in one volume, and it is expected that Miss Braddon's publisher will have to do likewise.

It is claimed that at the Atlanta Exposition a book weighing 360 pounds is displayed by the L. L. Brown Paper Company, of Adams, Mass. It is a business register made in Philadelphia by William Mann.

The *Athenaeum* is authority for the statement that Mr. Buxton Forman's long promised edition of Keats's letters in one volume is about to be issued. The portrait which forms the frontispiece is a photogravure from Severn's picture in the National Gallery, and represents Keats in his study at Wentworth Place.

Athletic Comment.

Hotly contested games, surprises, and uniformly small scores still prevail on the gridiron. The games of the last fortnight have only served to emphasize the growing conclusion that the days of "championship" teams are over, and that we shall have to look without the football field for big scores between college teams. We cannot infer from this that there has been a sudden and equal distribution of good football material among the different colleges. The material has always been present—the coaches are now bringing it out. Scattered all over the country, from ocean to ocean, graduates of the Eastern universities are developing the untrained material of the Western, Middle and Southern states. Coaching has grown to be a business and—while it lasts—a most remunerative business. A good football coach in an institution of any size will receive a fee much in excess of the average salary paid to the instructing corps of that same institution.

It is not at all unusual to find a football coach receiving a salary in excess of that received by the heads of departments in the same institution. Startling, but true. The great modern desire to keep up to pace seems to demand such a condition as a necessity; but will it prevail? As long as intercollegiate athletics remain in their present exaggerated condition, we shall have coaches and well paid coaches, but once the normal state is attained, there will be a change.

But we were speaking of badly contested games, surprises and small scores. The Harvard-Princeton game was certainly an embodiment of these three features. Experts with one accord picked Harvard to win, and with good reason. She of all the colleges at the beginning of the season had

most excellent material from which to select a winning team. Only at quarter-back was Harvard noticeably weak at the beginning of the season. Everything promised a good line and she had plenty of backs to start the season. At Princeton Captain Lea found himself almost the sole survivor of last year's regulars. New material seemed quite plentiful, but a new team meant a tendency toward unsteadiness. Everything then seemed to point toward a comfortable victory by Harvard. On Nov. 2nd the teams met and Princeton won by a score of 12 to 4. It was a hard fight and Princeton's advantage in weight undoubtedly helped her out.

Yale has developed a good team considering the scarcity of veterans in her eleven. Although she has as yet played no big games, Yale has had her share of excitement and close scores. The Yale-Boston Athletic Association game resulted in a tie 0-0. Only a splendid brace in the last half prevented the blue from going down before the West Point team, and now Brown has tied Yale 6-6. The Princeton-Yale game will be awaited with interest. Judging from the present conditions, should Yale win, her coaches will have every reason to congratulate themselves. It looks like a contest of coaching ability.

Pennsylvania has kept up her victorious career with but one lapse from her championship form. The eleven of the Chicago Athletic Association finally broke Penn's record and scored a solitary touchdown—score, 12-4. In this game Penn showed a decided slump in her form, and although there were great cries of "overtrained" and "out of condition," there seem to have been other reasons for her poor playing. It is quite possible that an over plus of confidence may have caused some of Penn's poor work. Certain it is that the Chicago eleven was not expected to make the showing it did. The tactics of the Chicago men in this game need no further comment. In the words of the *University Courier*, "their playing was a revelation . . . a revelation in the 'manly art of self defense.'" The sooner such an

aggregation of sluggers is expelled from the college gridiron, the better for the college game.

In the Penn-State College game the Quakers exhibited their old form, although an unfortunate muff allowed State College to make a touch-down. Score, 35-4. Penn's next big game is with Harvard. Prophecies were never more dangerous than when applied to the football scores of this season, but it may be ventured that Pennsylvania will win and by a comfortable score.

Cornell's record has as yet been rather inconsistent. Harvard 22, Cornell 0, seems inexplicable when compared with Princeton 6, Cornell 0, and Princeton 12, Harvard 4. The result only goes to show that a comparison of scores is a rather dangerous basis for prophecy. We have met Princeton and must content ourselves with the glory of the game, allowing to the Tigers all the points. Enough for the past, let us look forward. Saturday we meet Brown on Percy Field. One week ago Brown tied Yale. Should we defeat the eleven from Providence, a very pleasant comparison of scores could be made and we could meet old Penn with greater confidence. Cheering helped the team along against Princeton. It will do as much against Brown. On our own grounds, with our own "rooters," the team should have every chance of winning. Every student should feel it his duty to be on Percy Field on Saturday afternoon, prepared to find out just how much cheering will do.

Publications Received.

- IRVING, WASHINGTON. The sketch book ; the author's revised edition ; edited by W. L. Phelps. N. Y. and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. (Student's edition.) Cloth \$1.00.
- BARRETT, FRANK. A set of rogues, their wicked conspiracy and a true account of their travels and adventures. N. Y., 1895. Macmillan & Co.
- TARR, R. S. Elementary physical geography. N. Y., 1895. Macmillan & Co. Cloth \$1.40.
- Old South leaflets. Nos. 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64. Boston.
- FIELDS, ANNIE. The singing shepherd and other poems. Boston, 1895. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth \$1.00.

The Sketch Book.

This edition forms the third of the student's edition issued by Putnam's Sons "with the special purpose of meeting the requirements of the colleges for matriculation examinations in English literature." Besides the text, the volume contains an introductory sketch of Irving's life, a criticism on his style, an account of the circumstances under which the several sketches were written, together with a chronological table of the important dates in the life and writings of Irving. Appended to the volume are the usual notes designed to elucidate the text to the class of readers for which it is intended. The editor has shown good taste by omitting from the pages of the text any references to these notes, such as are frequently found in editions similar in character, and always to the annoyance of the reader. If classics like this must be dressed up, or more properly dressed down, to the use of youths who are obliged to gulp down a certain number of them within a short time, then let us insist that these "extras" shall not be forced upon the reader by annoying references to them within the text.

The volume is printed upon good paper, in clear type, not crowded, making a pleasing and tasty combination ; features to be especially commended in the case of books destined to be used by young readers who are as yet forming their tastes as regards the form in which books are printed and bound. At such a time it is highly important that samples of first-class typography only should be put into their hands.

The Cornell Magazine

December, 1895

The Future.

(*Rondeau.*)

Two hazel eyes reflect my love,
Twin stars of evening shine above
Me as I offer at her feet,
A heart, whose throb, whose every beat,
My hopeless thraldom doth but prove.

What mortal e'er would wish to rove
From such a wealth of treasure-trove,
If love but showed in glances fleet
Two hazel eyes.

Those depths of tenderness may move
Me some day to confess my love.
Will glances then my glances meet?
Will then my thraldom be complete,
That 'round me like a net have wove
Two hazel eyes?

S. G. J.

In Old Siena.

IN Italy, as in all European countries, one is especially impressed with two classes of travelers. Those whom one meets most frequently have a limited amount of time and a desire to see everything, lest fortune should never again favor them with a trip to this peninsula, so rich in art and history; they hurry from place to place, guide-book in hand, tired, confused, worried lest the time be too short to see it

all, and yet longing for those delightful days, when, far from cathedrals and art-galleries, they lie stretched at ease in their steamer-chairs, homeward bound. Those who comprise the other class, hoping to return at some future time, attempt to see no more than they can digest and spend some time and interest upon the peculiarities of the people, among whom they have the pleasure of living. They visit the art-galleries and monuments of interest incidentally and become, as it were, Italians for a time.

To this latter class no town in Italy offers such attractions as Siena, especially if they are worn out with that most tiring of pleasures, sight-seeing, and are desirous of making a study of the pure Italian language as well. Strange as it may seem, in little Siena the Italian is spoken with a correctness of form and pronunciation unrivalled by any other city, except perhaps Florence, the City of the Flowers; and Florence is too large, too gay, too full of sights, to permit of quiet rest and study. Siena, however, is not devoid of like interest, being considered among the Italian cities fourth in importance for the study of art from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, and unrivalled for its Gothic architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. But enough of such guide-book information! We have come to Siena for a rest and a change.

Over one of the gates of the city, for Siena is surrounded by ancient looking walls, is carved the Latin inscription

COR MAGIS TIBI SENA PANDIT.

The hospitality, set forth in this inscription and exemplified in the manners of the Sieneſe, is that which gives its great charm to this little Tuscan city. Whatever difference there may be in condition or education between the *contadini*, the middle class, and the *nobili*, they all have this one trait in common.

It is impossible to study the life of the people with a hotel or large *pension* as the basis of observations. The trav-

eller, therefore, should seek a home in some Sienese family, where, if he is willing to lay aside all spirit of criticism, he will be received most cordially. A well-filled purse will be no obstacle, for nothing so quickly gains an Italian's good will as the sight of money in abundance.

The house, entered immediately from the street, by a doorway, large and undecorative, has a cheerless air, which is only increased as one ascends the narrow stair-case of stone or brick to a bare hall-way, through which the traveller is ushered into a parlor, that might have well served our Pilgrim ancestors, so stiff and unattractive is its furniture. Its floor, as is that of all the other rooms, is of brick covered with cement, painted to imitate inlaid stone-work, and is almost devoid of rugs. There are two or three small tables, on which are wax or paper flowers, under glass, clay fruit and vases in pairs. Along one wall is a stiff, ungainly sofa, around which a semi-circle of chairs hold solemn conclave. Nothing could be more unattractive, but when the good *padrona* hastens in, clasps the traveller's hand in both her own, asks with motherly solicitude if he is not quite worn out with his long trip, and beams upon him with admiration in her eyes, how can he think of discomforts? The whole family is straightway ushered in to meet the *signora*, who has come from across the seas, and each one cautiously seats himself upon the utmost edge of a chair, taking care that the charmed circle shall not be broken. The children, with their dark eyes and long lashes, have a bashful way that fairly captivates, and the eldest son, who is perhaps a student of the old and famous university at Siena, has a *naïveté* which makes you sure that you will like him; and, in fact, he proves himself not only a useful guide, but a warm friend, so much so that long before the time for parting, the polite and rather distant form of speech in which the *Lei* is used, has given way to the more intimate and friendly form of *tu*.

Those walks together, through streets so narrow that one is often forced to turn aside into a doorway to let pass a

slow moving ox-cart, will never be forgotten ; nor the long talks, in which the traveler is taken into the heart of the young Sieneſe and given a glimpse of his thoughts, his aims, his loves and his escapades. His converſation and his views of life are ſomewhat free. Some might think him vulgar, but he certainly is not baſe, and is affectionate and kind at heart. He is proud of the paſt greatness of his little city, which, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was a ſtrong rival of its now much greater neighbor, Florence. In thoſe days it could boaſt of ſome hundred thouſand inhabitants, while now, of ſcarcely one-fourth that number.

The Sieneſe point out with pride the *Duomo* of black and white marble, quite convinced that it is a rival to that of Florence, and they may well be pardoned an unuſual ſhow of enthuſiaſm over their mediæval *Piazza Vittorio Emanuele*, ſemi-circular in form, and flanked by handſome palaces, chief among which is the *Palazzo Pubblico* with its graceful *Torre del Mangia*. It is in this piazza that the great horſe races, called the *Palio*,¹ are held twice every ſummer, (July 2 and Auguſt 15). The different *contrade*, or wards, conteſt for a banner, each *contrada* being repreſented by a *fante*, or jockey, who, wearing the colors of his ward, rides bare-back, and, armed with a thong, lashes furioſly his rival's horſe when cloſely preſſed. Upon theſe days the windows of the palaces are filled with *signori* and the piazza literally ſwarms with *contadini*.

The traveler will find himſelf the object of many curious glances, if he ſtays for ſome time in Siena, and little by little his circle of acquaintances will increaſe, ſo that he will ſoon find himſelf obliged to bow often enough to friends at the *Lizza*, the park where all Siena turns out of a ſummer evening, eſpecially when the band plays, Thuſdays and Sundays. The laws of etiquette, keeping apart, as they do,

¹ For an excellent account of the *Palio* read *Il Palio de Siena*. Riccardo Brogi. Siena, 1894. Published by Enrico Torrini. Also an article on "*The Palio at Sienna*" by Profeſſor Crane in the CORNELL MAGAZINE, March, 1895. [Ed.]

the young men and women, reduce to a minimum the forms of amusement. A rare call and these walks at the *Lizza*, when the young men walk together and the young women with their parents, are about the sum total of their diversions. Of course, this mistaken view of propriety has its effect upon the men, who are thus denied the refining influence of women. The result is shown in their conversation, and in the lack of regard for their wives. They are not bad at heart, however, and are especially fond of their children.

When, at length, the time of your departure comes, and you see tears of real sorrow in the eyes of those whom you have learned to claim as friends, you ill conceal your feeling of sadness and regret at leaving old Siena, whose motto, carved in stone above the *Porta Camollia*, is still more deeply graven on your heart.

Everett Ward Olmsted.

Paris, Oct. 27, 1895.

At Evening.

The sunset colors spread their red and gold
 Beyond the low hills dimmed with purple haze ;
 A few lights gem the vale, while holds the air
 The tender sadness of November days.

The busy hours have passed in hurried flight,
 Like calling birds that dart athwart the blue ;
 The dewy dusk, with soft o'ershadowing wing,
 Soothes me to silence and to thoughts of you.

Love, has the crimson day its banner furled
 And passed for you as gently to its rest,
 Leaving but memories, calm yet full of bliss,
 Like echoing songs to haunt your tranquil breast ?

I cannot know, for many a wave and strand
 Divide, but still I long and dream anew,
 Some happy day, when strife is o'er, there will remain
 Naught but the evening's perfect peace and you.

Oreola Williams.

Reminiscences of an Art Student.

I HAD more than once observed that Throckmorton had a certain rude knack with his pencil. He could draw after a fashion, not elegantly, but intelligibly; and he had a habit of illustrating his conversation with diagrams and sketches that he drew on the backs of envelopes. I took occasion, one day, to ask him the origin of this skill. His answer, which was detailed and explicit, I have here set down, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

“I was once an art student. Why am I not now, you perhaps ask, an artist? Ah, no. That, alas, was impossible, and indeed, as you shall soon learn, was not long my ambition. The talents that might with persistence have raised me to dull mediocrity in this profession were suffered to disappear through neglect and disuse. Yet, as the girl who has once deceived is ever afterward called a flirt, and as the amateur who has once raced for reward is ever afterward called a professional, I flatter myself that I dare call myself an art student even now.

“From my earliest years I showed an aptitude for drawing. At the age of six I made lead pencil sketches, chiefly of Indians, which are still treasured among the family archives. At the age of seven, when admitted to advanced standing in the public schools of my native city, I daily delighted my classmates and vexed my teachers by the facility with which I covered my slate, in and out of season, with pictures and diagrams of every conceivable kind. Some of the subjects I took from my school reader; for instance, ‘Mary and her lamb;’ others I derived from books read at home, as the ‘Fat boy,’ and the ‘Ghost of Hamlet’s father.’

“But I am not giving an account of my school-days,

charming as such a task would be. Long since faded are those memories, and of all my school-mates in that first novel half year, I know at present the exact post-office address of only one. Wherefore let me proceed to my actual days of the study of art. Previous to these, the latent spark of ambition had been kindled to a steady flame, you must imagine, by the rapt perusal of *Modern painters*, *The graphic arts*, and Vasari's *Lives*.

"I had now reached my high school days, and with the increase of age and knowledge, my zeal for delineative art had steadily kept pace. A course in drawing was prescribed at the high school, but I had wearied of acanthus leaves and tessellated floors. I obtained from the family physician a certificate that the state of my eyes would not permit me to study drawing, and being thus absolved from drawing at school, I forthwith applied for admission to the city Art Academy. I paid my tuition fee, obtained charcoal and drawing paper, and presented myself for the so-called examination.

"Permit me here a brief digression on the nature and management of this Art Academy. Its nominal object was technical: to train deserving youth of both sexes in the art of decorative design. Unfortunately for this object, the amateur practitioner of art does not take kindly to design, having an insufficient taste for conventional ornament, a limited aptitude for invention, and a total inability to draw firm outlines. The lady who paints on porcelain has her pattern transferred mechanically to her saucer; the pottery adept delights not in underglaze decoration, but in affixes which aim to reproduce the forms of the dogwood and the hollyhock. On the other hand, the professional designer learns his art by an apprenticeship, and not by lessons which he must share with dawdling incompetents. Accordingly, to suit the demands of its pupils, the Academy had come to teach little of decorative art, but as much of pictorial as it could. The first year, except by those who showed unusual proficiency, was devoted to charcoal and perspective. We

drew wooden cones and cylinders, piled up in pretty confusion on a pedestal, representing them at first in outline, and after a month or two, with such indications of shade and shadow as we could command. Toward the close of the year we were allowed to draw plaster casts of architectural details, and 'still life,' of which more will be said. A second year was to be devoted to hands, feet and heads from the antique. In the succeeding year one drew full size pictures of casts, the ambitious selecting the *Laocoön* and the more timid the *Boy with a thorn in his foot*. Meanwhile, one could be admitted to classes in pen and ink, in water color, and in still life in oil. Higher departments were the life class, and the life class in oil. Just where decorative design came in, I do not know, having been young and unobservant at the time, but I faintly remember some original acanthus leaves and tessellated floors that were shown at the annual exhibitions. The head of the Academy was in Germany on a leave of absence, sitting at the feet of one of the new masters, and there were traces of his absence in the general laxity. As I mention in the sequel, he returned just in time to blight my zeal.

"The examination of which I spoke consisted in having the candidates make a drawing of a cubical box with a circular hole sawed in one face. I saw all the drawings, and could not resist the conclusion that mine was the only one that showed any promise. The diameter of the circle was just half the edge of the cube, but some of the artists represented the circle as projecting several inches outside of the face. Moreover some of the drawings showed five sides of the box at once, in a rude species of isometric projection. But all had paid their entrance fee, and all were taken into the fold.

"There were two sections: one in the afternoon, and one in the evening, each three times a week. I entered the afternoon section. As it had been early discovered by an observant fellow-student that the teacher had marked us all present, in the class-book, for the entire year, I never al-

lowed my attendance to interfere with a good matinee. Nay more, I occasionally took with me a sweet-faced fellow pupil. Even when one attended and drew, there were still compensations. The class was not carefully supervised, and was distributed through several rooms of different sizes, so that when Lillie and I were both present, we found it convenient to pick out the smallest room for ourselves, and there of spring afternoons she sat on the window sill, sweetly smiling, sweetly prattling, while I sat before the drawing board and limned her features time and time again, giving her the best ones to keep, for such reward as was prompted by her varying moods. I was learning little, for our teacher had little to impart and I was more on pleasure bent than profit.

“There is less to tell than I thought. The days sped on, and examination time came round. Each of us must make a show piece, to be exhibited and to serve as warrant for his transfer to the next higher grade. A month before that I had happened to make my best picture of the year. Lillie had one day set her hat and jacket on a chair in our room. The chair was rush-bottomed, with wicker frame; the hat was feathered, with a veil of black illusion attached; the jacket was of velvet, trimmed with swan's down. The different textures contrasted so neatly that Lillie and I took chairs opposite, not too far apart, and each made a drawing in crayon pencil. Mine I felt sure was good enough for my show-piece. Alas, instead of wisely handing it in then and there, I took it home to exhibit, and it was ruined by too much careless handling. There was nothing to do but make another drawing. One of the most admired pieces of the year before had been a so-called ‘still life’ of two Japanese lanterns hanging from a pole. Japanese lanterns are the easiest thing in the world to draw, and the effect is superb. There is just enough local color to enliven the surface, and the designs are sufficiently irregular not to betray faulty perspective. I combined with my two paper lanterns (the same ones, indeed) a battered sheet iron affair,

punctured with stars and dots arranged in circular patterns to let the light through, whose door swung on a rusty hinge. This was almost easier to draw than the others. The group was finished hurriedly, but well enough, I thought. Going to my locker, I found my fixatif bottle empty. The fair owner of the hat and jacket volunteered her services. Would I had never accepted them, for she took my drawing to another room, and there sprayed it with a home-made tincture of shellac through an instrument resembling a speaking-trumpet. The drawing, such as it was, was irretrievably ruined. Clots of undissolved shellac dotted every square inch of its surface, and long vertical streaks showed where the too generous fluid had trickled across my best strokes.

“It was two days before the end of the term. The head of the Academy had returned, to supervise the work of the examiners. I was in despair. A friend in an upper class, whom I asked what could be most successfully drawn on short notice, replied, “Corks.” This was ribaldry, but in it lay my salvation. A happy thought came to me, prompted by his answer. Why not draw a group of bottles? Simple outlines, well-contrasted light and shade; altogether the best subject for a hasty masterpiece. I collected all the bottles in the still life department, and working rapidly, and not stopping for conversation, I drew them in thirty minutes. It was done.

“The picture was accepted for the exhibition, and in the catalogue thereof, beneath the heading :

WORK OF THE FIRST YEAR.

Class in Still Life and Elementary Drawing.

could be read in proper numerical place :

26. *Still Life (Bottles).* . . . *R. G. Throckmorton.*

“But a distinction was made, and I was *not* passed. A spasm of ‘high standard’ had come over the Academy. I was not

passed ; neither were any of my thirty-odd class-mates, save one. All of us, save this one, were invited to resume our still life and elementary drawing in the autumn. I did not, but I learned with amusement that all who returned were passed in their second week.

“ This is all my story, except that four or five years later, my days of art study were curiously recalled. In connection with the Art Academy, which by the way has since then changed some of its methods, the city has an Art Museum of some pretensions. In one of its rooms is a dismal exhibition of “ Work of the pupils of the Art Academy.” I chanced to drop in at the Art Museum one afternoon, after a long absence from home, and unwittingly stepping into this room. What was my surprise to see upon the wall, among hands, feet, and heads from the antique, ‘ Laocoöns,’ and ‘ Boys with thorns in their Feet,’ my old friend :

26. Still Life (Bottles). . . . R. G. Throckmorton.

“ On a subsequent visit, I found that it had disappeared—gone to join the lost canvases and tapestries, the dismantled statues, the perished masterpieces, for which the Genius of Art must ever mourn.”

William Strunk, jr.

Omniparity.

Oh death, thou world-enthroned sovereignty,
 Defying monarch, people, nations ;
 Why takest thou mine only friend from me,
 Mine humble friend of lowly station ?

M. G. M.

Cornell Student Activities.

III—CONVIVIAL SOCIETIES.

In every university or college worthy of note there are, and always will be, features peculiar to its life. Customs grow up and organizations exist in each institution that distinguishes it in this respect from its sister institutions, though, necessarily, the general life among their members is similar. Yale has her senior societies, Harvard her Dickey Club, Princeton her Ivy, Tiger Inn and Cottage, and Cornell her banqueting clubs, among which the most prominent are the four class clubs, Mermaid, Bench and Board, Undine and Fruija.

While it is true that other colleges have clubs or organizations in many respects similar to those at Cornell yet the class clubs such as exist here are a feature peculiar to Cornell.

Not only are such clubs wanting at other American colleges but they do not exist at the great foreign universities. Perhaps the nearest approach to such organization is found in the two English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, where the so-called "wining clubs" exist; though even there, few if any clubs are organized for the sole purpose of banqueting. In Germany also at the universities of Berlin, Munich and Leipzig there are clubs which give banquets and spreads, but none which are formed solely for this purpose. The German student corps, while they frequently hold banquets, are more nearly akin to our American college fraternities, their object being the formation of ties of friendship among their members. In the Collège de France, in the Sorbonne and the other schools of the University of Paris, such clubs are unknown, and indeed the colleges of France are almost without student organizations of any kind.

It is clear then that such organizations are peculiar to our American institutions and that the idea of having four class clubs is a distinctive feature of Cornell.

The oldest of these clubs (and none date back to the middle ages) is the Mermaid. This is the first senior society of any kind to be established at Cornell and originated with the class of '84 in the fall term of 1883-84. Its object, as stated in the original constitution, was the promotion of social ability and general culture. Four banquets a year were to be given, in addition to social gatherings to be held from time to time in the rooms of the different members. Two members of the faculty were invited to each banquet, and after the feast various members were called upon to respond to impromptu toasts.

The first banquet of the Mermaid was held at the old Windsor Hotel on the 26th of November, 1883, sixteen Mermaids and two guests from the faculty being present. The membership was limited to eighteen seniors but at that time the roll had not been filled. The officers of the club were W. F. Casedy, President; J. T. Stambaugh, Vice-President; and F. G. Scofield, Secretary and Treasurer. A further provision of the constitution was that the toastmaster should be elected just before each banquet and that no toastmaster should serve twice. In the spring term of the last year that the members were in college, the juniors, who were to compose the club in the coming year, were elected, and they were invited to the last banquet, at which time the club was formally handed over to their care and safe keeping.

There are records of but two banquets held in the year following the organization of the club, the one already mentioned and one held on the 31st of January, 1884, at the rooms of the club in the Masonic block. At this banquet eighteen members and two faculty guests were present.

That was the Mermaid of 1884. There is some difference between the club then and the club at the present time. While the object is the same it is attained in a somewhat

different way. The number of banquets is not now regulated by the constitution. Each successive organization makes its own provisions in this particular, and the present Mermaid clings to the precedent established by the older members and holds but one banquet each term. In addition to this the Mermaids disport in the foam once a month in an informal way. The precedent of inviting members of the faculty to the banquets has been broken and they no longer grace the board. Instead of electing a toastmaster for each banquet the office has been made permanent, one toastmaster officiating for all banquets. The election of the new club is conducted in a different way. Now the junior club, the Bench and Board, resolves itself at the end of the year into the Mermaid and the election of members by the Mermaid is done away with. The club no longer maintains rooms but meets at some one of the student resorts in the town.

Following closely upon the heels of this organization came the Bench and Board, the junior club. This was founded in 1884 with the object, as embodied in the constitution, of "the promotion of good fellowship." Juniors only were eligible to membership.

This club began with thirteen charter members, the officers being Stanley Stoner, President; H. C. Charpiot, Vice President; H. C. Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer. No provision seems to have been made regarding a toastmaster; no doubt the office was held for the year. Banquets were held at intervals of about two months and the government of the club in its other details was modeled after that of the Mermaid with one exception—the custom of having others than members at the banquets was never established.

Club rooms were maintained where the members met for the purpose of transacting business as well as for banqueting. This club while not secret in any sense of the word gave its proceedings no more publicity than was necessary,

and there seems, from the records, to have been a stronger tie between the members than in the other club. Their feeling for each other is aptly but rather crudely expressed in one of their songs :

“There is a small band of good fellows
 Who in strong friendship are bound,
 Their hearts are as pure and as honest
 As the pearl in the depths of the sound.

* * * * *

“They gather in sweet joyful union
 The sumptuous banquet to share
 And with light song and good story
 They drive away sorrow and care.”

At the present time the Bench and Board remains practically unchanged. Its membership has been increased and its policy of non-publicity dropped, but its object is the same. The offices of Secretary and Treasurer have been separated, and the custom of having a permanent toastmaster has been established.

The advent and the successful maintenance of these two upperclass clubs awakened the two underclasses to a sense of their laxity in this line of organizations, and following the example set by their elders two other clubs were established. The first of these was the Undine, the sophomore banqueting club.

This club was organized in 1884 shortly after the Bench and Board was started. Following closely the lines laid down by its predecessors, a constitution was drawn up which enacted that the club had for its object “the promotion of social feeling and good fellowship.” Sixteen members were enrolled on its list, the officers being J. B. Dennis, President ; F. T. Stanbrough, Secretary ; Horace White, Toastmaster and A. L. Cornell, Treasurer. No vice-president was elected, provisions for that office having been purposely left out of the constitution. The membership was

limited to twenty and the club started with sixteen members. Before the year was ended the possible membership had been increased to twenty-five, and the roll showed that number of active members. Banquets were held once a term regularly and the club proved itself in every way a success.

Changes in the club's government and constitution have been made every year, and amendments and by-laws, though not important, have been enacted and repealed so frequently that one becomes confused in attempting to follow them. At the present time the club has no constitution but acts with some exceptions in accordance with the rules laid down by its immediate predecessors. Banquets are frequently held, but few, if any, outside guests are invited. The office of Vice-President has been created. In this organization as well as in the others, meetings are held in the last term of the year, or the first term of the next, at which time the new members are elected from the class coming after them.

There remains but one other of these class organizations La Fruija, from the Italian word for enjoyment. La Fruija was founded shortly after the Undine in 1884, its object being "the promotion of good fellowship." Its officers are President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Toastmaster. There were twenty-one original members, and one banquet each term was to be held. Several songs were composed for the club and its career started with a deal of enthusiasm due probably to its being composed of the youngest element in college. It is to be regretted that this club has not wholly fulfilled its object. Of late but one or two banquets a year have been held which goes to show that the interest in the club has greatly abated and it is not improbable that after a few years it will cease to exist unless a more active interest is aroused. Whether or not this will be a benefit remains to be seen.

This completes the history of the four class banqueting clubs of Cornell but there are three or four others which call for some mention. These are the Southern Club, the Senators, the Sagawatha and the Savage Club.

The Southern Club was organized in the fall term of 1891. Its object was the bringing together in a social way of the southern men in the university. There were seven charter members: Lee Davis, President; F. Soulé, Vice President; H. P. Newcomb, Secretary and Treasurer; W. J. Andrews, A. J. Thurston, R. S. Soulé and W. N. McComb. Other southern men were afterwards elected. The club had rooms at first at 79 Eddy street and later on Huestis street, where they were quartered until their practical disbandment in 1895. This club held no formal banquets but the members met frequently for a social evening in their rooms. Stories were told, songs were sung and general all around good times were had. The club was very exclusive, admitting only those men who hailed from the far south, and it was chiefly this fact that was responsible for the organization of the Senators. The Southern club became inactive in the spring term of last year. While it lasted it was one of the best organizations of its kind that has ever been established here.

The organization of the Senators, to whose numbers were eligible those men only who were or had been residents of Washington, D. C., followed in the winter term of 1893. As was said before, owing to the strict membership rules of the Southern Club, many men from Washington were debarred from that organization; and partly from pique, but chiefly for the sake of the club itself and its associations these men with a few others organized under the name of the Senators. The club was founded on purely social lines and is in many respects similar to its immediate predecessor. Starting with twenty-five men the following officers were elected: President, A. S. Eakle; Vice President, E. M. Wilson; Secretary, F. R. Slater and Treasurer, L. S. Clark. Whenever a desirable Washington man is found in any of the departments of the university he is elected, and, although it seems hardly possible, the places made vacant by men who are graduated are, almost invariably quickly filled. The club has rooms in the Sprague block in the

town, where small card parties and spreads are frequently held. Since organizing a precedent has been established by which its members meet every Thanksgiving night to dine. These gatherings have always been of a most informal nature and the club is more Bohemian in its character perhaps than any other in the university, excepting always the Savage Club.

The next club has had a somewhat changing career. Following the example of the Senators, the men in the University who claimed Buffalo as their home, banded themselves together as a social club. Some of its members, however, became dissatisfied because the men from Buffalo were so large in number and so varied in kind that it was well nigh impossible for a feeling of good-fellowship to reign supreme, and these men formed an inner ring known as the Sagawatha Club. Later this ring evolved itself into the secret society known at the present time as the Scalp and Blade. Here of course its history so far as the public is concerned must end, but it is generally known that the club is still a wining and dining organization.

There remains but one other group of men to mention, and the idea of this club is so unique and foreign that it demands a full account.

When the musical clubs were in England during the past summer they were dined and entertained by the well known London Bohemian club, called the Savage Club; and all were so pleased with the hospitality of its talented members that early in the present year, those men on the musical clubs who returned to Cornell founded on a much smaller scale a similar organization. The first meeting was held at one of the student resorts in the town a few weeks ago and the club was then thoroughly organized. A President, Secretary and Treasurer were elected and a constitution was drawn up which enacted that no person should be elected to membership unless he showed himself, at a club dinner to which he should be invited, to be possessed of some talent or knack for music, art, story telling, or other "stunts" that would be acceptable to the club. The President appoints a

chairman for each meeting and after the banquet proper he calls on different members to entertain the others. In turn stories are told, songs are sung, dances are played, sketches are drawn, clogs are danced and in fact nothing is left undone to insure those present a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Any one is eligible if he has ability to do something to entertain the others, and though it is probable that the membership will largely include men from the musical clubs, still any man with ability in other directions is privileged to apply for membership.

The London Savage Club has been informed of this branch in Cornell and have expressed themselves as being heartily in favor of such an organization here.

This ends the list. Mermaid, Bench and Board, Undine, La Fruija, the Southern Club, the Senators, Sagawatha and the Savage Club. All, with perhaps one exception, are just what they claim to be. None abuse, to any great degree, their object. Their members meet around a table covered with good things to eat and drink; they tell stories, sing songs, smoke and chat. Every man learns to know every other and a feeling of genuine sociability exists. The opinion which is so generally prevalent among those who know nothing of these clubs is that they are but consolidated excuses for excessive drinking. That this is not true may be judged from the fact that there are men on the different clubs who neither drink nor smoke but who attend the banquets and gatherings for the sole purpose of coming more closely into contact with their fellow students than they otherwise would be able to do. They are socially inclined and, while they heartily approve of organizations whose sole purpose is to develop the social side of a college student, they do not deem a taste for wine or tobacco an indispensable requisite for membership.

Of course it is possible for these clubs to degenerate into mere drinking societies, as some of them have at times appeared to do, but the privileges of none of them are, at the present time, abused.

J. G. Sanderson.

Recompense.

“THERE is the new poet.” “He is rich they say.” “How young to write such sonnets!” were the snatches of conversation that came to Merritt Brent’s ears as he strode, tall and distinguished, through Mrs. Hill’s crowded reception room. Although his strong, young face was perfectly unmoved, he was conscious of a thrill of just pride at his own success. It was unusual for a man of twenty-six and a poet to be thus recognized, and not only that but also lionized in good society. He was sensible that the cup of flattery might intoxicate, but so far it had only strengthened and warmed him. But, to-night, the general admiration had little effect upon him. He cared more for the approval of one person than for all the others together, and he wandered about seeking Margaret Lester, eager to know what effect his success would have upon her. She was there somewhere, and he felt a longing to find in her bright eyes the light of homage that glowed for him in every face around. Across one of the larger rooms his keen glance caught a glimpse of a slender white figure and a glint of sunny hair. He found his way to her through the crowd, and after reaching her he stood by her side, looking down into her happy face.

“Well, cousin,” she said gayly, “I wonder that you condescend to speak to poor little me. I have heard your praises sung all the evening, and have duly impressed every one with the fact that we are related. To be sure, a third cousin is rather far away, but if one can’t be great oneself, the next best thing is to be a great-aunt or distant cousin to a celebrity.”

Brent felt a little annoyed at the mock humility in her

tone. She was just the same after all. His success had not changed her. He had thought it would.

"Come and sit down. I wish to talk with you," he said.

There was a tinge of command in his tone, and she felt it. She followed him to a little balcony that overlooked the moon-lit gardens, but her eyes were cold, and she held her head high. Merritt never remembered very much of the conversation that ensued. All he knew was that a few moments later he left the brilliant throng with a white face and a heavy heart. It was his first disappointment. He had felt that Margaret's love would come to him as all other good things had, because it was rightfully his. He looked at himself with cold, critical eyes. He was young and wealthy, many called him handsome, and as for talent—why it was for this society made him its pet, and prophesied a brilliant future for him. What more could any woman want? Devotion? Of whom had he dreamed for years but of Margaret, whose letters lay night and day on his heart, whose beauty had first moved him to poetry? Women are so uncertain he thought helplessly, what will attract them? Love, position, wealth, talent? All of these had failed with Margaret. He pondered over the problem until the night was well-nigh spent, and his head ached from conflicting ideas. In the light of the early dawn he fell into a troubled slumber, haunted still by the face that vexed his waking moments.

Five years later society had changed but little. Mrs. Hill still gave her receptions which were largely attended by the local aristocracy, and still noted, as an irreverent youth had said, for their "celebrity exhibitions." Mrs. Hill was proud of this last feature, although she was cautious now about becoming too elated. For she had made mistakes. Her biggest novelist who had seemed so popular, had sunk into oblivion, and young Brent, who had made such a stir, had passed out of people's minds, and was forgotten. Loss of fortune had demoralized the poet, people said, but it was only their way of meaning that, the glamour of wealth gone,

Brent's sonnets were suddenly found to be not exotics at all, but the most mediocre poesy. A poet in velvet is romantic enough, but in fustian he is not to be tolerated. So Merritt Brent had passed from society and the world of letters, and as he was proud he had gone silently and sternly.

It was another one of Mrs. Hill's "evenings." A prominent young singer had been the lioness of the gathering, and had been rendered exceedingly uncomfortable by the consciousness that every one was inspecting and criticising her. Margaret, who was now in the full bloom of womanhood and who was as much feared for her caustic wit as she was admired for her beauty, had been rather amused at first at her helpless expression. She went up at length to the shrinking stranger.

"You don't care for such prominence," she said calmly, "all this distresses you I see. Come and talk with me. I shall not flatter you. Tell me of outside matters, that interest you."

The singer gave her a grateful smile and they found an out of the way corner and sat down together.

"Yes, I am unused to society. Pardon me, if I say that it is all so insincere, or it seems so. I am happier among my poor and sick than here."

"Then you are charitable?" queried Margaret, languidly scanning the face before her.

"I suppose you would call it charity. I don't. I like it, because I get so near to human nature. My experiences teach me so much."

She paused with her practised eyes full on Margaret's face. Perhaps she had detected the discontent, the hidden fever that vented itself in sarcasm.

"Tell me something about your work," said Margaret, resenting the scrutiny to which she was subjected.

"If you would like to hear. Only this afternoon, a case was brought to my notice that has haunted me all the evening. A sick man, who once was rich, courted in society and had quite a literary reputation. He lost everything

and has been grinding out a scanty livelihood on a newspaper, until poverty and ill health have almost baffled him."

Margaret's face paled. It was so like the pictures that had been with her night and day for five years.

"It is sad," she said slowly. "Do you know the man's name?"

"Bright—no—it's not that—Merritt—Merritt Brent—there I have it."

Margaret's heart gave a great bound. The singer was amazed at the transformation that name affected in her listener's face. The eyes grew soft and tender and the firm scarlet lips quivered.

"Why, it is my friend," said Margaret tremulously, "we lost all trace of him, he was so proud. How can I thank you?"

On the afternoon of a dreary November day, Merritt Brent sat by the cinders of what had been a small fire. The room was cold and as cheerless as his own heart. His dull glance sought now the desolate hearth and now the patch of grey sky visible through the window.

"The ashes of my life" he said bitterly, "friends, wealth, reputation, all gone into smoke, and only the cold dead ashes left."

There was a timid knock at the door, but he did not heed it. Soon there came the soft trail of a woman's dress across the floor, but it was not until a gentle hand touched his hair and a voice said "Merritt" that he woke with a start from his reverie. And there she was, Margaret, tall and beautiful, just as she had haunted him in his dreams these long, painful years. She was so like and yet there was added a tenderness, a wistful pity that the old Margaret had lacked. He looked at her in a dazed fashion.

"I don't understand," he said brokenly.

"No, but I do. Oh Merritt, I have come to give you the love you asked from me when I would not give it."

"But everything is gone now. I have no money. I am ill, unworthy of you in every way. You might have spared

me this pain. If I could not win you in the old days when I had everything, how hopeless it is now. There is nothing that can draw you to me—nothing.”

“Pity can,” she answered softly. When the sunset light blazed into the little room, it lit into a greater glory Margaret’s eyes and made a brighter halo of her hair. But Brent saw only the radiance of her love and was content, although he still could not understand.

Oreola Williams.

Quatrains from Omar Khayyam.

A translation by Whitley Stokes.

I—DEATH.

I dashed my clay cup on the stone hard by :
The reckless frolic raised my heart on high :
Then said a shard with momentary voice ;
“ As *thou* have *I* been ; thou shalt be as I.”

Annihilation makes me not to fear :
In truth it seems more sweet than lingering here :
My life was sent me as a loan unsought :
When pay-day comes I'll pay without a tear.

Has God made profit from my coming? Nay,
His glory gains not when I go away.

Mine ear has never heard from mortal man
This coming and this going, why are they ?

I'd not have come had this been left to me :
Nor would I go, to go if I were free :

Oh ! best of all, upon this lonely earth
Neither to come nor go—yea, not to be !

Oh ! that there were some place where men could rest,
Some end to look for in this lonely quest,

Some hope that in a hundred thousand years
Our dust might blossom on the Mother's breast.

Alas for me ! the Book of Youth is read :
The fresh glad Spring is now December dead :

That bird of joy whose name was Youth is flown :
Ay me, I know not how he came or fled.

II—GOD.

Thou art the Opener, open thou the door :
 Thou art the Teacher, teach my soul to soar :
 No human masters hold me by the hand :
 They pass away—Thou bidest evermore.

I cannot reach the road to join with thee :
 I cannot bear one breath apart from thee :
 I dare not tell this grief to any man :
 Ah, hard ! ah, strange ! ah, longing sweet for thee.

III—CONDUCT.

In school and cloister, mosque and fane, one lies
 Adread of hell or dreams of paradise ;
 But none that know the secrets of the Lord
 Have sown their hearts with suchlike phantasies.

Ah, strive amain no human heart to wring :
 Let no one feel thine anger burn or sting :
 Wouldst thou be lapt in long-enduring joy,
 Know how to suffer : cause no suffering.

While sinew, vein and bone together blend,
 Outside the path of Doom we cannot wend.
 Bow not thy neck, though Rustum be thy foe :
 Be bound to none, though Hátim be thy friend.

IV—CONSOLATION.

This is the time for roses and repose
 Beside the stream that by the meadow goes :
 A friend or two, a sweetheart like a rose,
 With wine, and none to heed how Mullas prose.

Come, bring that Ruby in yon crystal bowl,
 That brother true of every open soul :
 Thou knowest overwell this life of ours
 Is wind that hurries by—O bring the bowl !

With loving lip to lip the bowl I drain,
To learn how long my soul must here remain,
And lip to lip it whispers, "While you live,
Drink, for, once gone, you come not back again."

Sweet airs are blowing on the rose of May :
Sweet eyes are shining down the garden gay :
Aught sweet of dead Yestreen you cannot say—
No more of it—so sweet is this Today.

When death uproots my life-plant, ear and grain,
And flings them forth to moulder on the plain,
If men shall make a wine jug of my clay,
And brim with wine, 'twill leap to life again.

This jar was once a lover like to me,
Lost in delight of wooing one like thee ;
And, lo ! the handle here upon the neck
Was once the arm that held her neck in fee.

Your love-nets hold my hair-forsaken head :
Therefore my lips in warming wine are red :
Repentance born of Reason you have wrecked,
And Time has torn the robe that Patience made.

Academy, Jan. 17, 1885.

Publications Received.

- DEFOE, DANIEL. Defoe's history of the great plague in London ; ed., with introduction and notes, by B. S. Hurlbut. Boston, 1895. Ginn & Company. Cloth 85 cts.
- TERENTIUS AFER, PUBLIUS. P. Terenti Phormio, with notes and introductions by H. C. Elmer. Boston, 1895. Leach, Sewell and Sanborn. Cloth. (Student's series of Latin classics.)
- BRYAN, JOHN. Fables and essays. New York, 1895. The Arts and Letters Co. Cloth.
- WARD, MARY AUGUSTA ARNOLD. The story of Bessie Costrell. New York, 1895. Macmillan & Co. Cloth 75 cts.

A Set of Rogues.¹

It is a little unusual to pick up a modern novel and find that it belongs to the class known as the picaresque novel—the first example of which was given to us in English when Thomas Nash wrote his *Jack Wilton* in 1594. And yet with this class belongs Frank Barrett's last work, *A set of rogues*. It is the story of Christopher Sutton, John Dawson and his daughter Moll, and Señor Don Sanchez del Castillo de Castelaña—the first three being actors driven out of London into the country, first by plague and afterward by fire. They were found acting plays in barns and taverns by the last named and by him they were persuaded to become participants in a scheme to get possession of a large English estate, the owner of which had been killed at sea by Barbary pirates. After recounting the hardships of these vagabond players, the main part of the story begins by the introduction of the Spaniard. His plan involved a year's preparation for the daughter to assume the role of Judith Godwin the sole heir of the English estate. For this preparation residence among the Moors is deemed necessary, and this is accomplished by going not to Barbary but to Elche, from whence they return after a season to England, take the estate out of the steward's hands, and waste it in extravagant expenditure. At last they are found out, but not until after Moll is married to a cousin and an heir of the

¹BARRETT, FRANK. A set of rogues. N. Y., 1895. Macmillan & Co.

real owner. The game up they all return to Spain where Moll conceives the idea of atoning for her conduct by offering herself as a ransom for the real Judith Godwin. By this means all is brought around right again.

The story is well written, and has a strong flavor of De Foe, who no doubt is the model after which it is constructed. De Foe's *Moll Flanders* is many times brought to mind during the reading of this story, although the two Molls have little in common except their names. Of course writers of this class of fiction have no need to adhere to the probable and much license in this respect is taken in this story. If one reads novels purely for entertainment then *A set of rogues* will be found satisfactory, but if a study of life, with the problems that men and women must meet, is desired then Mr. Barrett's last work will not answer the requirements.

Emilia Galotti.¹

Ginn & Co. have recently published an excellent edition of Lessing's tragedy, *Emilia Galotti*, with introduction and explanatory notes by Max Poll of Harvard University. The text is a reprint from Lachmann's critical edition, but the spelling, and in some instances the punctuation conform to modern standards. An introduction of nearly forty pages deals with the composition and sources of the drama, defends Lessing against the charge of having violated his own critical maxims, and discusses the structure of the play and its influence upon subsequent writers. The pages on the sources have, to some extent, sacrificed clearness to brevity, but in the following discussion the editor shows sound critical judgment and states his conclusions clearly and forcibly. The appended list of reference books, with brief characterizations of some of them, shows extended and scholarly preparation. The explanatory notes are adequate and helpful. The book is a thoroughly good piece of work.

¹ LESSING, G. E. *Emilia Galotti, ein Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen*; with introductory and explanatory notes by Max Poll. Boston, 1895.

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NEW HAVEN and Yale College in particular have been brought into prominence of late in a way in which they would much prefer not to be noticed. Mrs. Poteat's statement before the Convention of Christian Workers assembled, while it gave food for gossip at many afternoon teas and thereby brought criticism down on Yale College among a certain class, did not count for much among thoughtful people. These are intelligent enough to realize that in all probability there is no existing reason why Yale should be any worse than other like institutions. Sensible persons concluded that young men who are not sufficiently mature to mingle with others, not quite so pure perhaps, without perceptibly deteriorating, are not fit to be sent away from home to college. Pretty much the same thing would happen to such men whether they went to Yale or some other college.

THE press during the past few months has been discussing the significance of educational institutions like Cornell and University of Michigan inviting such men as Mr. Dana and Mr. Hill to lecture to the students. Now if these men, or if you please, such men were asked to lecture upon subjects directly concerned with those lines of activity in which they had gained a questionable notoriety, there might be some question as to the advisability of giving them such prominence. The fact that Mr. Dana is invited to lecture on journalism and Mr. Hill on some subject, other than purity of politics, before college students is no cause to arouse comment unless it is clear that these men are not authorities on the subjects about which they lecture. The world cannot demand that a lecturer on art be an orthodox clergyman, or that a lecturer in science be a strong advocate of the Sunday-closing law.

THE report of proceedings of the 33d University Convocation of the state of New York, held last June makes a pamphlet of 275 pages. Among the subjects discussed is "Which should precede in school and college courses, the ancient or the modern languages," which was participated in by Professor G. P. Bristol, who strongly favored the study of Latin before any other foreign language, giving most excellent reasons therefor. E. E. Hale, jr., formerly at Cornell took part in the discussion on "Later methods in college training" by which is meant the elective system, as compared with the fixed curriculum. The discussion on this subject was chiefly valuable in calling attention to the deplorable tendency which exists to-day throughout the country, *viz*: that of trying to make a university out of every small college. This comes largely from a failure to distinguish carefully between the real work of a university and that of a college. Our real universities, or such as have the right by virtue of their power to become such, are still to-day doing college work, or at least such work as is found necessary to fit students to do university work. This has been excused because the preparatory schools have failed to do

the requisite amount of work to fit students for the advanced work.

IS it not about time for some of our many so-called universities to become such in fact? Our educational system presents the spectacle of a dozen or fifteen large institutions that are equipped and ready to do university work, still using much of their energies and resources in doing college work; and on the other hand fifty or more colleges, that are wholly unable to do anything but college work, trying to do university work. It is a common thing to hear these latter institutions spoken of contemptuously for their weak efforts in this direction, but are they not driven to it in self-defense. The fact that students can go to a large university to do their college work and get a degree from a university, naturally depletes the number attending the colleges. The colleges in their efforts to keep up the number of students feel compelled to make every possible inducement, and so many of them offer university courses. It is true that all of our older universities began as colleges, but has no one of them reached the point where it can say, "We will leave the college work to be done by the colleges, hereafter we will offer only university courses." If such a division of labor could be brought about, it would be the solution of many of the problems that now vex university Presidents. In the first place it would do away with all class divisions, which is the only support upon which rushes, hazing, etc., rest; it would render unnecessary at a university all teachers below the rank of Professors and assistants; it would solve the co-educational problem so far as universities are concerned, since only mature men and women would be found doing work at a university centre; it would reduce to a minimum the examinations which are so largely increased in number by the college work. In fact it is the mingling together of immature college students and mature university students that gives rise to many problems that would not otherwise arise either in a college or in a university apart from each other.

The Month.

Mr. R. S. Miller, '88, who has been for several years the representative of the Christian Association in missionary work among the students of Japan, has resigned his place in order to accept the position of interpreter to the United States legation at Tokio.

Plans have been completed for a new astronomical observatory. It will be erected on East Avenue near Sage College.

The departments of Greek and Latin have instituted a series of public readings by members of the staff of instruction. The course was successfully opened during the month by Professor Dyer who read unpublished metrical translations of the Medea and of the Hecuba of Euripides. A translation of the Captivi of Plautus is expected from Professor Bennett next term.

The third annual intercollegiate debate between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania will be held at Ithaca, February 21, 1896. The question to be discussed is: "Resolved, That the Federal government should provide by general taxation for the establishment and maintenance of a national university at Washington, D. C." Pennsylvania has chosen the affirmative side.

Literary Chat.

For those who seek in fiction something more than mere amusement there has appeared no stronger work, since Mr. Hardy wrote *Tess*, than Hall Caine's *Manxman*. The new edition of this work which has just appeared is generously illustrated by reproductions of photographs of the places already made familiar to the readers.

At last publishers have, in their efforts to find works which are suitable for artistic effects, stumbled as it were upon *Black Beauty*. After many years and very many cheap editions this work has appeared in two volumes prettily illustrated which gives it a permanence which it has not possessed before.

Of the late Samuel F. Smith, author of *America*, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was in the same class with him at Harvard wrote, in speaking of "The Boys,"

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal 'My Country, of Thee'!"

The old home at Litchfield, where Dr. Johnson was born, is to be restored and kept in repair by the citizens whose forbears the great man characterized as "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English."

Over 125,000 copies of Maclaren's *Beside the bonnie briar bush* have been sold. Before the copy of the *Days of auld*

lang syne, the last book by the same author, went to press there was an advance sale of 60,000 copies.

Few of the many Christmas books that have appeared this season are so attractive as the new edition of *Uncle Remus, his songs and sayings*. This book was first put forth fifteen years ago, and since that time it has been steadily gaining admirers, which insures this new and beautiful edition an unusually hearty welcome.

The new edition of Mrs. Jameson's art books in five volumes will find favor with general readers as well as students of art. Although her work belongs to the romantic school of art criticism, yet they have a value peculiarly their own. From out a mass of material, she patiently drew that which she has given to us.

The *Critic* of Nov. 23 has the following paragraph: "At a recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey two resolutions were adopted—one deprecating the portrayal of the nude in magazine pictures, the other beseeching novelists not to depict their characters as drinking wine or smoking. It is too early yet to see the results of these good resolutions, but by next spring, or at least in the fall of 1896, we may hope to see no one admitted without clothes to the pictorial pages of our magazine, and to find the bilulous hero of romance drinking lemonade or vichy, and the man who persists in carrying a cigarette or pipe between his teeth, filling it with nothing more noxious than cornsilk. Or may he be allowed an occasional cubeb."

Mrs. Oliphant has added another volume to the series which comprises her works on Florence and Venice. It is called *The makers of modern Rome* and is illustrated by Pennell and Briton Riviere.

It now doth appear that Elizabeth Hastings, the author of *An experiment in altruism* is Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood, instructor in rhetoric and English literature at Wellesley College.

The one-volume edition of Browning's poems brought out by Houghton Mifflin, seems to be entirely satisfactory. Although the paper is thin it is opaque and the thousand pages and more make a volume of very comfortable weight.

Athletic Comment.

On November 16th the Cornell Cross Country Club achieved a notable and unexpected victory over the cross country team from the University of Pennsylvania. Defeat for Cornell seemed certain, as the Penn. team had among its number such men as George W. Orton, Coates and Jarvis. Superior condition and a greater familiarity with the course helped the Cornell men win second, third and fourth places, and the race—the score by points reading 19 to 17 in Cornell's favor.

* * *

While we hesitate to further confuse that already doubtful organization,—the All American Football Team,—yet, since the choice of such a team is largely a matter of opinion, and having a certain confidence in our choice, we modestly submit the same. We have not confined our choice to the teams of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, nor, indeed, to the teams of the East. We hope that we will not be deemed presumptuous in having selected players from the teams of *minor* colleges. As a justification of our own selection, and as a criticism upon the selections of some others, we would add that we have tried to govern our choice by comparison of records, without regard to the letter upon a player's sweater. The MAGAZINE'S All American Football Team for 1895 :

Brooke, U. of P., full back ; Thorne, Yale, half back ; Minds, U. of P., half back ; Wyckoff, Cornell, quarter back and captain ; Bull, U. of P., center ; Rinehart, Lafayette, Woodruff, U. of P, guards ; Lea, Princeton, Murphy, Yale, tackles ; Beacham, Cornell, Gelbert, U. of P., ends. Substitutes ; Bloomington, Michigan, full back ; C. Brewer, Harvard, half back ; McCarthy, Brown, half back ; Williams, U. of P., quarter back ; Schoch, Cornell, center ; Wharton, U. of P., Holt, Harvard, guards ; Villa, Michi-

igan, Sweetland, Cornell, tackles; Cochran, Princeton, Taussig, Cornell, ends.

Brooke reigns supreme at full back, while Thorne and Minds would be hard to displace behind the line. Wyckoff and Williams have had a pretty race for quarter back, with the odds somewhat in favor of the Cornell captain. His playing has been more brilliant than that of Williams and he has been constantly handicapped by light-weight forwards, while Williams has been playing behind the strongest trio of center men on any team this season. While many concede the captaincy of the All American team to Thorne, of Yale, we are inclined to take a different view of the situation. In the first place, Thorne has not labored under one half the disadvantages and discouragements that have troubled the Cornell captain. Captain Thorne had but one big game during the entire season, although it is true that the Brown, West Point and B. A. A. games proved somewhat "larger" than had been anticipated. Wyckoff, on the other hand, had to general his team against Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania, and in each instance under the the most disheartening circumstances. Secondly, Thorne's work, in his one big game, had been mapped out for him by many football experts who had gathered at New Haven previous to the Princeton game. Wyckoff, on the other hand, was his own general, although he had valuable assistance from Coach Newell. Finally, the Cornell captain playing at quarter back would be in a much better position to run the team than would the Yale man at half back. It would seem that these arguments ought to be sufficient defense against any charges of partisanship in thus placing Wyckoff at the head of the All American team.

Bull's great experience and ability combine to make him the first center of the season. Woodruff and Rinehart are our choice for guards. Wharton and Rinehart might in time make a stronger pair, but this would necessitate a shifting from side to side, and it would seem safer to avoid this. Rinehart, it is true, wore only an L upon his sweater, but notwithstanding this handicap he put up a game that

entitles him to a place on this team. Lea, although injured during the season, is unquestionably one of our greatest tackles, and with Murphy, of Yale, at the other tackle, ought to strengthen the All American. Although both Beacham and Gelbert have been played behind the line considerably, they are both great ends, and their experience at half back only makes them greater ground gainers. It is doubtful whether we have ever had two men who could put up a better all round game at end than can these two.

* * *

Yale 6—Princeton 0. "As we predicted in our last issue," the credit for this victory belongs to the coaches of the winning team. A number of "old grads" gathered at New Haven previous to this game and the result rewarded them for their trouble. At Princeton there were a few coaches too, but they did not go at it with that desperate "do or die" spirit which seemed to reign at New Haven. The game itself was a fairly good exhibition of straight football, there being few brilliant plays.

* * *

Pennsylvania 17—Harvard 14. This was a genuine surprise. Contrary to all expectations, Harvard outplayed Penn. and failed to win only because of two missed goals from touchdowns. Penn. went into the game with every confidence, while Harvard played with a desperation born of her own supporters' taunts and jibes. As a result old Penn. barely escaped defeat, Brooke's goal from the field proving her salvation.

* * *

Cornell 6—Brown 4. Here was a game worth seeing. Excitement and enthusiasm reigned supreme on Percy Field that afternoon; and, far into the twilight, when the call of time broke up the little group of canvas clad warriors, the scene of the afternoon's struggle was converted into a parade ground for Cornell's happy followers. An unexpected victory, from a very strong team, this game stands out as one of the few bright spots in this year's record.

Pennsylvania 46—Cornell 2. And here was another game worth seeing—after one became resigned to Cornell's fate. Penn's playing was grand, being marred only by a few fumbles. Brooke was the hero of the hour and deservedly, for his playing seemed almost to the limit of brilliancy. Cornell played pluckily but on such a slippery field could do little with her heavy opponents. Everyone is familiar with the details of this game and it will suffice to say that, under the same circumstances and playing as she did on Thanksgiving day, Pennsylvania would have beaten any college team in America and that by at least twelve points.

* * *

And this leads us to a summary of this season's work. In our opinion the college teams should rank as follows: 1 Pennsylvania, 2 Yale, 3 Princeton, 4 Harvard, 5 Cornell, 6 Brown. Should West Point be included in this list, Cornell would have to be content with sixth place, the soldiers having every right to the fifth rank. In classifying West Point, however, it should be remembered that she always meets her opponents on her own grounds, an advantage of no small account.

* * *

Before disbanding for the season, the football team elected Joseph William Beacham, Jr., '97, Captain for the season of 1896. Experienced, gritty, energetic, and a leader in the game, Mr. Beacham bids fair to prove himself one of Cornell's greatest Captains. He has the entire confidence of all Cornellians and we wish him every success both as player and captain.

* * *

In welcoming the new, we should thank and congratulate the retiring Captain. Pursued by the most distressing luck from almost the beginning of the season, he has been untiring in his efforts to uphold Cornell's honor. As a player he has proved himself to be without a peer in his position at quarter back. Coach Newell, too, carries with him our hearty appreciation of his efforts. Voicing the silent sentiment of all Cornellians, we thank Coach Newell, ex-Captain Wyckoff, and the team, individually and collectively, "scrub" and 'varsity.

The Cornell Magazine

January, 1896.

Mr. Atbury's Book Keeper.

“YES, I know, Tom, that it's hard on a man to make two thousand dollars a year do for five people,” sighed Mrs. Atbury, as she examined the toe of her small boot, and wondered if she'd need a new pair before the month was over. “If there were only no such thing as appearances. If no one ever said, ‘Now, how would this look?’ or ‘What would people say to that?’ I really think that ‘appearances’ are killing us—in a pecuniary sense, of course.” And having finished her little say she clasped her knees with both hands and gazed into the red heart of the fire.

A coal or two dropped, as if to emphasize her statement, while her better-half, who was lying at full length in a shabby arm chair, vouchsafed, “I know it, Nell. Now, if I only had a head for figures, I could do away with that confounded book-keeper, who eats a good part of our money. Wonder why my parents weren't mathematical, or why someone didn't bequeath me brains enough to keep my books straight; but I can't do any more with them than I could with classifying the flowers in an Indian jungle. You do the lion's share I know, old woman,” he said as he passed a caressing hand over her pretty brown hair. “But then those three youngsters (bless 'em) are getting on fast, and what we'll do later—well, we'll leave it to luck. Perhaps, my uncle Frank will die and leave me a slice. If he refuses we'll look elsewhere. It's the present that's bothering us now.”

There was a frown upon his forehead as he spoke, and

his wife slipping onto the arm of his chair proceeded forthwith to smooth it out, as she said gaily, "Tom, I've a scheme. It's a wonder that it never occurred to me before. No one except us must ever know it, and not Grace or Lou for all the world. If you'll promise to say 'Yes,' and will never breathe a word of it, I'll tell you what it is." Whereupon Mr. Atbury gave his assent, swore absolute secrecy, and was duly initiated into the plan so recently born in his wife's fertile brain.

Yes, they were quite poor, these Atburys. Seven years before when Nellie Wilkinson had announced her intention to marry Tom Atbury or remain a spinster during the term of her natural life, there had been a great upthrowing of hands, and plenty of loud exclamations in the Wilkinson household. Her two sisters, who had married well, pleaded with her, but in vain. "It's such a shame for you to throw yourself away on a mere nobody," said Louise, with tears in her eyes, "when, with your face you might marry anybody." "And to tie yourself down to a life of poverty," added Grace. "Well, as I have never been overwhelmed with riches, I don't think that will trouble me much," retorted Nell. "And, my dear, see how your sisters enjoy life, and how pleasant it would be for you to have anything you wanted," put in their mother weakly, for she, herself, had married a man but moderately rich, and having been most happy, her argument would naturally fall a trifle flat. However, despite the decrees of the family council, and in the face of doleful prophecies that she would soon regret it, Nellie had entered into the holy bonds of matrimony with Mr. Thomas Atbury, who boasted a handsome face, an upright figure, a perfect temper, and a yearly income not exceeding two thousand dollars. At first they felt the want of nothing, but now when three children had been added to their catalogue of treasures, they told one another that "A little more money would not come amiss." Nell did not sigh over worn boots or a bonnet which had done service for three seasons, but applied her skillful fingers toward making their few dollars go as far as possible, and her suc-

cess was indeed wonderful. She was as happy in her little house as were her sisters in their stately mansions. The dress which she herself had made looked as well as did their Parisian toilettes, and they questioned secretly how Nell ever did it. Yet there were times as now when a doctor's bill, incurred by the children's all having had measles at once, loomed up like an insurmountable obstacle. It was on occasions like these that she wished she could do something to help Tom. She longed to make dresses or trim bonnets for other people, but he would not hear of it. "That's the bother of being so respectably poor," Nell would exclaim. "Now, if we were only some of the common herd, and didn't know anybody, or anybody know us."

Even after her plan of to-night, whatever it may have been, was unfolded, it met with some opposition, but she finally carried her point, answering the last feeble objection, "And what will become of the children meanwhile?" with a sage nod, and a, "O Mary 'll mind them. She never does any work after lunch." And then having smoothed out the frown entirely, they devoted the evening to popping corn, an inexpensive and enjoyable pastime.

It was a week later, on a Wednesday morning, when a carriage stopped at the door and her sister Louise, Mrs. Austin, came in to "have a look at Nell, and borrow a child or two to drive with her," for she had none of her own. There was a sort of suppressed pity in her voice, during their short conversation, which grated on Nell, who, however, took no notice of it, and talked brightly to Tot and Jack, as she made them ready, conscious that her sister was gazing at her with an eye full of concealed regret, or something, for which she could find no name. She laid it to the poverty revealed by the children's shabby clothes, or her own cheap gown, and so she said, "Never mind, chickens, you're both going to have nice new coats and hats, next week, when your lazy mother takes the time for it." But the next day her sister Grace came and annoyed her by similar glances, so that when again alone, she said, "Well, it's too bad the girls can't come here without showing how sorry they are that

I didn't make a good match. Why I'd put Tom up against Jim and Fred any day, with their horrid pompous ways." And feeling righteously indignant, she went about her work.

Another week wore away, and as Nell was arraigning her younger son for certain thefts committed in the direction of the sugar barrel, she heard the sound of wheels and ran to the window, whereupon the youthful hope of the Atburys escaped to finish an investigation of the syrup-jug, in which operation he had been disturbed.

"Oh! dear! it's the girls, and the sitting-room not dusted," sighed Nell, but she greeted them with a cheerful "Hello!" and as they kissed her in silence, exclaimed, "Why you two girls look as mournful as if you'd just come from a funeral!" "We were here yesterday," began Louise, "but you weren't in." "Yes, Mary told me so. I had some shopping to do." Louise and Grace were exchanging uneasy glances, and the latter, coughing slightly, remarked awkwardly, "I want to tell you something, dear, but I don't see exactly how to begin." "Well that's strange," laughed Nell. "You oughtn't to laugh," said Grace tragically. "And I didn't think it of Tom," put in Louise. "Tom," repeated Nell. "Yes, he's changed clerks, hasn't he?" "He has," answered Nell stiffly, a bright spot coloring either cheek, "But, dear me, there's nothing wonderful in that. What 'didn't you think of Tom'?" "O, nothing about changing clerks, Nell," went on Lou; "only,—I might as well tell it first as last—Mrs. Oliver Smith happened to be passing in that street back of his office, and she noticed some one standing with his arm around the girl at the desk, and as she stopped to disengage her dress from a nail, upon which it had caught, he turned—and—it was—Tom! That's not the worst. The next day as she passed there again, she saw—oh! I can't tell it!" "Go on," said Nellie sternly, like a martyr waiting to hear his death sentence read. "She saw him—kiss the girl. Don't cry, dear,—oh! don't cry." "I'm not crying," said Mrs. Tom, "Why, that's absurd!" "But she saw him," persisted Lou. And she said as she was such an intimate friend of

ours, it was her duty to tell us, so we could break it to you; and, dear, you ought to scold him," advised Grace. "Thanks," remarked Nell drily. "But let me tell you, girls, I believe nothing anyone may say of my husband to his discredit, and you can tell Mrs. Oliver Smith and the whole world that he does nothing he wouldn't do if I were at his side," she asserted bravely. "She's a plucky little thing, anyway," said Grace to Lou, as they drove off a few minutes later. "And if it weren't Mrs. Smith, I'd not believe it, but if Nell will be blind—" and they shrugged their shoulders.

Of course Nell told her husband the tale she had heard that morning and both laughed merrily over it. "Well hereafter if I do kiss my book-keeper, I'll see it's not in front of a window," Tom declared. But all this would have been well and good, if Mrs. Oliver Smith's circle of intimates included only Nellie's sisters, but unfortunately it was not so limited. She confided to a few others equally near and dear "how sorry she was for poor Nell Wilkinson," and when they inquired the cause of sorrow, she made them give vows of eternal silence, which they did freely, and then told how she had seen that "rascal Tom Atbury making love to his clerk in the most open-faced way." The ladies raised their perfectly gloved hands in horror, and each went her way, to find out her closest friends with whom she shared this delectable bit of gossip. And so it was that Tom and Nell walking home in the dusk, only a few days later, heard the recital of Tom's wrongdoings, fall from the lips of an acquaintance who, with a friend, was just ahead of them. Tom threw a look of comical distress at Nell, who returned it with one of real anger. When they reached their front door, she ran inside quickly and burst into a storm of tears. "Of course, I know you never did anything wrong, Tom," she sobbed, "but every one can't believe as I do when they hear such things; and even if you don't care about people's having a good opinion of you, I do. Oh, dear! if we only didn't have to keep up appearances."

Despite all of Tom's efforts to cheer her she would not be comforted, and it seemed indeed as if a cloud had fallen over that happy little home in Borrow street, so doleful an evening did they spend. The cloud was not lifted by morning or in the afternoon when Nell was making ready to go out. As she stood before her mirror putting a hat-pin in place, she let her gaze fall upon her own face, and looking earnestly into the depths of her eyes, reflected by the bright surface, she said, "Nell Atbury, aren't you ashamed to let your pride stand in the way of clearing your husband's good name? Are appearances so much to you that people are allowed to say untrue things about your children's father? If he's too proud to acknowledge that he's poor, you needn't be, because he's only proud for your sake. There's no shame in being poor; the shame lies in trying to hide it." Such was her philosophizing, and she turned away with a new resolve in her heart.

Instead of going down town as she had intended, she proceeded to the most fashionable street in the city, and ringing the bell of one of its largest houses, sent her card up to "Mrs. Oliver Smith." When that lady had rustled down and kissed her effusively, saying "this was indeed a surprise" (as it was, for Nell had dropped most of her fashionable acquaintances after her marriage, or had been dropped by them), Nell said, "Mrs. Smith, I owe you and the whole world an apology." Mrs. Smith smiled incredulously, while Nell continued, "You know that Tom and I haven't much to live on, and as I am very good at figures and Tom isn't, I made him promise, a few weeks ago, to let me keep his books, so he need not have a book-keeper. I used to go down the back street, where I wouldn't meet any one I knew, and slip in the backway and stay till tea time. So it was I whom you saw Tom kissing that day, and rather than let people know that I worked in his office, we allowed them to believe someone else was his clerk. Won't you please tell every one who thinks otherwise, whom you may have told?"

"You're a dear brave girl," said Mrs. Smith admir-

ingly, "I'm sure it is I who should be ashamed for telling anyone and saying more than I saw, for I couldn't really see who the girl was. Men would be better off if they all had wives like you, and if you'll drive down with me I'll ask Tom's pardon, and look up everyone I told, take it back, and make them promise to do the same."

So ended Nellie's first great struggle with "appearances," and they failed ever in the future to trouble her. To-day, when Tom is rich and prosperous, and Nell a dignified matron, to tease her he often asks what she will say if he kisses "Mr. Atbury's book-keeper."

Bertha Marion Brock.

Schlummerlied of Schuman.

Schlummerlied, I cannot sleep to-day!

All the drip, drip of rain

In the summer; all the pain

Of a heart that breaks at parting,

And the smile that comes again

When lips meet in greeting, when the years have slipped away—

These are thine.

So the little stars might sing

Through the night where lovers cling,

Heart to heart, breath to breath, and thought to thought for aye.

Schlummerlied, you win me as a maid

Wins her lord and holds him unafraid;

With a half-averted face,

But the rustle of a breast,

With its secret all confest,

Beating madly against prison bars of lace.

As if Marion de Lorme

Should forever crush the storm

Of her love into the beating of a harp's vibrating string.

Heart music and soul music, both are thine.

Let me listen for a space;

Worship Beauty face to face;

Be divine.

Slumber song, I slumber not to-day!

E. A. R.

Cornell Student Activities.

IV—SOCIAL LIFE.

It was a strange conglomeration of students that came to Ithaca in the fall of 1868 to enter the newly-opened doors of Cornell. Many indeed were men of refinement and gentlemanly breeding, and some few entered from other institutions of learning; but by far the most part deserved only too well the gibes of the college press at large. The sudden descent of more than four hundred freshmen on a university which had neither upperclassmen nor traditions, was not calculated to exploit social accomplishments.

Dancing in particular seems to have been very much neglected, not only from lack of skill or opportunity, but also because of religious scruples. Some were interested, however, as is shown by the following item of news which appeared in the *Era* of March 6, 1869:

“Fred. L'Amoureux, of Binghamton, is conducting a class in dancing. The class regularly meets in Cascadilla parlor on Saturday afternoons, and has the use of the parlor on other days for practice. Students who wish instructions in the art and accomplishment which is indispensable in society, should join the class at once.”

Few indeed were the opportunities which the students had for putting in practice the “art and accomplishment.” In an account of Mr. Cornell's birth-day reception at Cascadilla January 11, 1869, we find it noted that “notwithstanding the ‘ban’ that has been laid upon dancing, we noticed several, if not more, who entered into that sinful amusement, seeming to enjoy it, and we could not see that they were in the least demoralized by the operation.”

The “ban” referred to needs explanation. A short time before, President White had entertained faculty, students and townspeople at his home. Late in the evening some

few had amused themselves with dancing, and as a result the Ministerial Association of Ithaca, feeling very strongly its responsibility as the guardian of morality, addressed a long remonstrance to the President and Faculty of Cornell University. One paragraph gives the substance: "When invitations were sent to nearly all of us to attend the reception given by you last Thursday evening, we received them with pleasure . . . and all of us who were not providentially hindered, attended the same, intending thereby to give an expression of our cordiality and readiness to initiate an intercourse of mutual friendship and profit. We looked on our invitations as conveying an assurance that nothing would be permitted which could wound our feelings or offend our consciences, and we were greatly surprised when the socialities of the evening, in all other respects pleasant and unexceptionable, wound up with a *dance*." The "ban" seems to have been very ineffectual and the dancing reception had as strong votaries as the church social. At a second birth-day reception of Mr. Cornell dancing was indulged in to a greater extent than before.

In the early days when college football and base-ball were in their infancy, the lake had strong attractions for Cornellians, and as a result several excellent rowing clubs were formed. The next step was to support a University crew and send it to the Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta at Saratoga. To do this money had to be raised and the happy expedient was hit upon of holding what was known as a Navy Hop, the profits of which were devoted to the crew. The *Era* of January 31, 1873, makes the announcement in characteristic style: "We are glad to announce that the Cornell Navy is in a most flourishing condition. A spacious room in the Wilgus block has been leased and fitted up with the necessary paraphernalia for a gymnasium. . . . But the best news is to come. At the last meeting of the board of directors, it was decided that the Navy give a grand hop at Ithaca Hotel on the evening of February 21st. This, we are sure, is an event that will interest all, both

students and villagers, especially those who delight in tripping the light fantastic. We are told it is to be a most fashionable affair, full dress and, in fact, *recherché* in every particular." The committee consisted of Messrs. Ferriss, Freese, Leland, Payne, and Randall, and under their management the hop took place as scheduled and was successful in the highest degree. Four dollars was the price charged for tickets and considerable money was raised for the Navy. The success was so marked, indeed, that the Navy Hop became an annual affair and remained the social event of the year until it was displaced by the Junior Ball.

The college year, 1872-73, marks the rise of interest in social affairs at Cornell. A *Sans Souci* club was formed, which gave several receptions. Edward Bausch, '75, composed a "Cascadilla waltz," and the *Era* of March 7, 1873, reports that "the Navy Hop was too much for the Seniors, and already they are enthusiastically agitating the subject of a class ball, to come off next term, probably during Commencement week. Go it Seniors—the time is fast drawing nigh when class balls will be beyond your reach." The records show us that the first Senior Ball thus agitated, did "come off" Thursday evening, June 26, 1873.

All this sinful amusement did not go on unnoticed by the college press at large. Commenting on the notice just quoted, the *Algona Collegian* (Iowa) said: "The fact stated in the above item shows the drift of morals in all such schools. There is no popular evil more adverse to religion than the modern dance, and yet here is an institution, supported in part by the general government, which does not wish, or is unable, to control the conduct of the students. Can a Christian father commit a son or a daughter to a school where 'class balls' are in order? If not, then Christians are debarred the privileges of Cornell University, because it is negatively conducted against the interests of religion." Some one should search out the author of this tirade and send him an invitation to the coming Junior.

Eight Navy hops—or balls as they came to be called—

were held from 1873 to 1880. The earlier ones had given excellent financial results; the third, held February 5, 1875, netted \$132—an amount which freed the Navy from debt. The later hops, however, instead of being a source of revenue, became a source of loss, and had to be discontinued. A fact of interest in connection with the Navy hops was that members of the 'Varsity crew received complimentary tickets.

Although the Navy hops were laid away to rest in 1880, one was resurrected October 31, 1890, to celebrate the completion of the new boat-house and to raise money for the crew. It was at first planned to hold the ball in the boat-house itself, but this was at the last moment found to be impracticable and recourse was had to the Armory. The many-sided success of this "function" contains a suggestion for the present.

The Senior Ball from its start in 1873, has pursued the even tenor of its way to the present time. A few interruptions, to be sure, have occurred. On one occasion when "muckerdom" got the upper hand politically, the better part of the committee resigned and no ball was held, and once or twice some other form of entertainment was substituted for the class ball. Until recent years the expenditures have always exceeded the receipts, but now, despite the lavish expenditure, they are far from unprofitable.

The Junior Ball—or Promenade as it has more recently come to be called in imitation of some eastern colleges—had a more dramatic beginning. From the earliest days of the University the junior class had been accustomed to hold each year, what was known as the Junior Exhibition, which purported to be a literary entertainment at which juniors read essays and poems, delivered orations, and participated in debates. The Junior Exhibition, like its prototype in other colleges, soon became merely an occasion for strife between the sophomores and juniors. Finally steps were taken to abolish the evil and the class of '80, in a spasmodic attack of virtue, decided to do away with the custom and substitute something in its place.

Like most virtuous people they were unable to unite on any one thing, and being like the aforesaid virtuous people. very disputatious, a long and tiresome discussion took place in the college press on the merits and demerits of a Junior Ball, to be given in honor of the graduating class. A compromise was finally reached by which the anti-ball men—who objected to a class-tax—agreed to a ball, provided ten men would become personally responsible for any deficit that might occur. Accordingly arrangements were made and the first Junior Ball took place Friday evening, April 11, 1879, in Library Hall. The pace was too rapid, however, and for the next two years the University managed to exist without a Junior. On February 16, 1882 they were resumed and have continued to the present time, ever increasing in splendor.

It was not until 1882 that the art was developed of writing elaborate accounts of the social affairs. Indeed on more than one occasion an editor who had not been properly propitiated by complimentary tickets, chronicled a ball in four lines, to the effect that it was a social but not a financial success. But the *Era* of February 17, 1882, contains an account of the second Junior which a Metropolitan society reporter might envy; people, costumes, menu, program, and committee are all done justice to.

At the earlier Juniors there were no boxes. Then when this innovation took place, the committees went the full length and had veritable boxes, compartments of goodly size with portière walls. Inside one of these booths with its divans and cushions, its fairy lamps and rugs, you might fancy yourself in an oriental palace. In 1891 these booths were reduced to mere raised enclosures, and two years later the front railings were removed. Nothing shows more clearly than this evolution of boxes the change that has taken place in the attitude of fraternities toward one another, from the old exclusiveness and bitter rivalry to the present spirit of mutual helpfulness.

The next of the balls to take its rise was the Military

Hop. The Armory was completed in 1883, and on May 24, a Military ball was given in celebration of it—in celebration also, it may be added, of the victory of the Cornell crew on Cazenovia Lake. The Fifty-fourth Regiment Band furnished the music, the decorations, of trophies and flowers, were profuse, and the whole was a great success.

This undoubtedly furnished the idea for the Military Hops as we now know them, but it was not until three years later that these were instituted. The first was held November 5, 1886, and according to the press accounts the one thing lacking was good music, a characteristic not altogether unique in the history of these otherwise admirable affairs. The following year the Militaries were on the point of being given up, and an early issue of the *Era* bewails their untimely demise. They were resumed, however, in the winter term and continued to grow each year in popularity. Like the other balls, the Militaries at first reaped a deficit, and the committee of 1891-92 was highly gratified by a dividend of fifty-six cents per man at the end of the year. For several years the crew and baseball trophies were used as decorations, but the frequent handling was found to be injurious and since 1892 this has been discontinued. In 1892-93 the price of tickets was advanced from \$1.50 to \$2, the floor was crashed and better music was procured. It is to be hoped that these hops will never become too pretentious, but will remain the same democratic affairs they have thus far been, cheap, informal, frequent and altogether jolly.

Not until 1891 did the sophomore class shine forth in the social world. With the class of '93 rests the glory of initiating the most recent of the class balls, the Sophomore Cotillion. An able and representative committee was appointed and worked without ceasing, but made one error—it fixed the date of the ball in Commencement week. Certainly no affair of the sort since that time can compare with the first in the completeness of its arrangements—and certainly also none can compare as to the inroads which it made into the committee's pockets. The ball was held in the Savings

Bank building, the tickets were limited to 150, the favors, as well as the music and decorations were costly, and silver spoons were given as souvenirs of the occasion. Later cotillion committees have more wisely chosen Junior week as the time for holding the ball. The '94 and '95 cotillions were held in the Armory; '96 changed the *locus operandi* to the Lyceum.

The Senior Ball, the Junior Promenade, the Sophomore Cotillion, and the Military Hops seem now to be firmly established; changes, if any, will probably be made with reference to accommodating larger numbers or, failing in that, to limiting the attendance to the capacity of the Armory. Future classes may sometimes see fit to transform the Sophomore Cotillion into a masked ball. But for the most part it may be taken for granted that the ball tradition has been crystallized—the precedent established. Cornellians may well be proud of the development which has taken place in the refinements of social life shown in the character of these functions, for of necessity individual development has progressed *pari passu* with this. And if the reputation of a university is in direct proportion to the breeding and social standing of the men which it sends forth—of which experience leaves no doubt—surely our various balls, prosaically described above, have been of quite as much use to our Alma Mater as most features of college life. Let us hope that during the coming Junior week members of the Faculty will take as favorable a view and set down a “flunk” here and a “cut” there, to profit and loss.

V.—DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

The Masque is a comparatively recent organization, and many wonder that amateur theatricals did not earlier interest Cornellians. It is indeed a pity that no dramatic club has had a continuous existence from the early days of the University, but it would be a mistake to assume that college men did not amuse themselves and their friends, then as now, by turning actors on occasion.

Nothing shows more clearly how large a part the crew played in university life, in the seventies, than the number of entertainments arranged for the purpose of supporting the Navy. The Navy Ball owed its origin to this; concerts, spelling matches, gymnastic exhibitions and lectures, added money to the treasury; and from this financial stress—by no means a novelty—arose the first of many amateur theatricals at Cornell. The first dramatic club was organized in the spring of 1872. On the last day of April the youthful Thespians met in the Wilgus block and formed the Cornelian Minstrels. The officers elected were: President, A. C. Pike; Secretary, F. H. Carver; Treasurer, H. A. Wilmot, and Stage Manager, Oliver Allen. May 17th was the date fixed for the first performance, which proved an excellent attraction, and netted a considerable sum for the Navy. The twelve artists of the club appeared properly blacked with burnt cork, and the program consisted of the comic songs of the day, clog-dancing, dialogues and jokes with local allusions, and acrobatic feats. Ramsey, Youngs, Carver, and Webster sang—the latter with banjo accompaniment; Youngs, Nicoll, and Lawton cracked jokes; Webster and Gridley danced remarkable clogs; Almy, Butler, and Carver used the horizontal bar, and little Joe Metzcapo, the Italian, entertained the audience with his violin. A few weeks later the Cornelian Minstrels played successfully at Cortland.

The next theatrical club bore the somewhat ponderous title of the University Amateur Dramatic Association. Its first public appearance was in a variety entertainment as a crew benefit, April 30, 1875. Part I consisted of gymnastics, juggling, and musical numbers. In part II the U. A. D. A. appeared in "The Heart-rending Tragedy of the Irish Tiger." In the cast C. S. Francis—whose fame does not rest on this alone—took the part of "Paddy Ryan"; W. C. Ely was "Sir Charles Lavender"; H. C. Demorest, "Alderman Marrowfat"; C. W. Wason, "Mr. Bilberry"; W. E. Lape, "John"; F. L. Shaw, "Miss Marrowfat"; and W. W. Clary, "Nancy". The entertainment reaped a reward of \$180.

In 1876 the *Era* makes a plea for the organization of a dramatic club and suggests that a revival of old English comedy, such as *She stoops to conquer* or the *School for scandal*, would be exceedingly appropriate—a suggestion which the present management has very properly made use of. The agitation came to nothing, however, and no club was formed.

Another benefit, this time for the gymnasium, took place April 13, 1878. After a gymnastic exhibition consisting of tumbling, trapeze, and bar work, a local farce, entitled *The sea of trouble*, was given. The cast was as follows :

Godolphus Gout,	Mr. H. T. Parke
Hiram Orcutt,	Mr. R. A. Parke
What's-His-Name-Thingamy,	Mr. Howard
Byron Bobolink,	Mr. Sheldon
Mike McShane,	Mr. Pickett
Robert,	Mr. Moffat
Sam,	Mr. Kendig

The Thanksgiving number of the *Era* of 1878 enumerates among "things to be thankful for" the fact "that theatricals are being encouraged among the students." This observation was evidently caused by the proposed navy benefit performance which took place December 3. Two plays were given, *The adventures of a love letter* and *Bombastes Furioso*. Some of the members of the cast of the first are still with us :

Major Blunt,	Professor Crane
Mr. Pencoolen,	Mr. Theo. Stanton
Mr. Wagstaff,	Mr. R. A. Parke
Arthur Clinton,	Mr. Leeds
Catherine Bright,	Mrs. Burbank
Miss Pencoolen,	Miss M. Shackford
Mrs. Wagstaff,	Mrs. Crane
Emma Waterpark,	Miss Patten
Curtis, }	Miss Russel
Sarah, }	
Servant,	Mr. Webster

The cast of the second was :

Bombastes Furioso,	Mr. G. Carpenter
Autoxominous,	Mr. H. T. Parke
Husbos,	Mr. Luckey
Destaffina,	Mr. Wendell

In February, 1880, was formed the Cascadilla Dramatic Association, an organization which continued to flourish for several years and whose object was the production of classic English drama. Professor Goldwin Smith bore the expense of turning Cascadilla hall into a theatre and on May 1 the club presented *She stoops to conquer*. The play was under the direction of Mrs. Corson and was performed by the following cast :

Sir Charles Marlow,	Professor Oliver
Young Marlow,	J. N. Tilton
Hardcastle,	W. E. Lucas
Hastings,	F. Rackeman
Tony Lumpkin,	R. A. Parke
Diggory,	W. N. Noble
Mrs. Hardcastle,	Mrs. Corson
Miss Hardcastle,	Miss Grant
Miss Nevill,	Miss A. L. Fifield
Maid,	Miss M. S. Thompson

The following year saw the enlargement and improvement of what had come to be called "Cascadilla Theatre." On January 29 the C. D. A. presented *The rivals* with the following cast :

Sir Anthony Absolute,	Mr. Lucas
Captain Absolute,	Mr. Luckey
Faulkland,	Mr. Breneman
Acres,	Mr. Wendell
Sir Lucius O'Trigger,	Mr. Oliver
Fag,	Mr. Carter
Boy, }	Mr. Badger
Coachman, }	
Mrs. Malaprop,	Mrs. Corson
Lydia Languish,	Miss Russel
Julia,	Miss Harlow
Lucy,	Miss Grant

Four months later the play was repeated with great success as a farewell benefit to the crew, then on the point of departure for Europe. The following year nothing was seen of the Association and in October, 1883, the *Era* laments its demise. But in December the actors came to life and gave the farce *His last legs*, in the Cascadilla Theater. In the cast were Mrs. Corson, Miss Evans, Miss Tyler, Messrs. Noble, Matthews, Prentiss, Webb, Charpiot, and Carolan. After another period of inactivity the club was reorganized in December, 1886, and on the evening of Washington's birthday gave the farce *Engaged*. Among those taking part were Miss Chamberlin, Miss Marx, Miss Benham, Miss Boynton, Miss Boileau, and Messrs. Huffcut, Goodkind, Tausey, Parker, and Leakey. The *Sun's* critic notes that "Mr. Huffcut, as the leading male character, Cheviot Hill, cursed with a strangely amatory disposition, played to perfection."

In December, 1888, Cornell Thespians returned to burnt cork. The *Era* remarks concerning it: "At eight o'clock, Monday evening, December 10, the Port of Leghorn disappeared and simultaneously the Cornell Minstrels burst upon the astonished gaze of an expectant audience." Those who remember the curtain of the old Wilgus will appreciate the allusion. Among the performers were Messrs. Wittenberg, Kolb, Ludlow, Benton, Gardiner, McDonald, Parker, Lorber, Bartholomew, and McComb. The feature of the evening was the number entitled, "The Dago Co-ed, Signora Tutti Frutti, in her vocal contortions." The audience puzzled in vain to solve the identity of the impersonator. On November 25, 1889, the Cornell Minstrels again appeared, exploiting the specialties of Messrs. Duncan, Howe, Smith, Esterly, Sweatman, Mack, and Chappell. "Señorita Francesca del Dago" danced and "Mlle Erminé Corque Hibernienne" sang, to the great delight of the audience.

The next year marks the organization of the Masque, which took place October 21, 1890 at the rooms of L. B. Keiffer, '92. The club started out with a membership of

fifteen, with officers as follows: President, L. B. Keiffer, '92; Vice-President, F. E. B. Darling, '93; Secretary and Treasurer, F. H. Parke, '91; Stage Manager, W. C. Langdon, Jr., '92; Critic, R. O. Meech, '91. The other charter members were: J. L. Elliott, L. W. Emerick, W. R. Everett, C. H. Freshman, E. N. Hazard, H. Morris, F. Soulé, J. Tod, H. G. Van Everen, and G. A. Wardlaw. W. C. Langdon, Jr., wrote a local play for the club, entitled *Instructor Pratt*, which was most successfully performed November 24 as a football benefit. The play was a charming piece of comedy work in three acts and depicted the trials of a Cornell instructor in love with a beautiful Sage maiden. Among the scenes depicted were a cane-rush, a recitation-room, and a *Kneipe* at Zinck's. The cast was as follows:

Instructor Pratt (of Mathematics),	Frank Soulé
Frank Gale, '94,	L. B. Keiffer
The Mathematical Faculty,	
Gulliver,	F. H. Parke
Fate,	J. L. Elliott
Groans,	H. G. Van Everen
Prof. Holburn,	L. W. Emerick
Prof. Robbins,	A. E. Doolittle
Prof. Smith,	A. M. Morris
Theodore Drink,	W. C. Langdon, Jr
Felix,	C. J. Levy
Sadie Gestaury, a Co-ed,	Miss Leonie Hubbell

Instructor Pratt was preceded by the farce *Seeing and believing*, which was acted by Misses Hubbell and Taylor, and Messrs. Parke, Bailey, T. B. Miller, and Gill.

In December, 1891, the Masque gave two minstrel performances, excellent in their way, but replete with a humor perhaps a trifle too broad. The bright, particular stars were Messrs. Macy, McComb, and Miller.

In 1891-2 the Masque was unfortunate. It had arranged to produce *David Garrick* in commencement week, but a conflict of dates prevented it. On the other hand, several plays were given by the women of the University, the most

noteworthy being the performance of a dramatization of Tennyson's *Princess*.

The college year, 1892-93, saw two performances by the Masque, *The pink mask*—otherwise known as *Mixed pickles*—in Junior week, and *A full hand*, in commencement week, both of which reflected great credit on the club, and particularly on Messrs. Delahanty and Miller. The more recent doings of the Masque are too well and favorably known to need comment here, but much might be added in commendation of their attempt this year to produce classical English drama in the form of Goldsmith's *Good-natur'd man*, as a delightful change from farce comedy.

From the very first the students sang. There can be no doubt for contemporary testimony unites on this point. That they were always musical is not likewise unanimously agreed. They wrote songs and parodies of songs, some of which are still sung. Dean Finch of the School of Law was prominent among the song-writers. But there was no organized student music, no glee club as we now know it.

The Orpheus Glee Club was the first of student musical organizations to appear. Its formation took place in the first year of the University. H. H. Seymour, '70, was chosen its first president. One of the original members, W. H. Miller, resides in Ithaca, and three others are living in Buffalo. At a reception tendered the Glee Club there in 1892 these three men were present and sang some of the first Glee Club's songs.

In 1870 the Philharmonic Society, composed of a quartette and an orchestra, was started but did not long survive.

In the year 1874-5 was formed the Cornell Musical Association with E. J. Preston, '75, as its first president. The association contained both vocal and instrumental musicians and great interest was evinced for their work during the first year, when it numbered sixty-two members. The interest declined, however, in the fall of 1875, and required

the efforts of Mr. Doggett to arouse it. The result was an excellent concert April 17, 1876, at which the glee club sang *Integer vitae*, *Evening song* and other numbers, while the orchestra executed the overtures to *Tancred* and *Don Juan* and movements from Haydn's *Sixth symphony*. Professor Fuertes played as a flute solo one of Beethoven's *Sonatas*. The next year another concert of merit was given and among the performers are found the names of Mandeville, '77, and Treman, '78, still residents of Ithaca.

The Glee Club, as we now know it, though in reality an outgrowth of the University Musical Association, was not organized until the spring of 1880. Rehearsals were held in Cascadilla, and on Saturday evening, May 15, the first concert was given. Among the prominent performers were W. G. Rappleye, who sang *My moustache*, Luckey, Marvin, and Gwynne. The other members of the first Glee Club were: Holcombe, Mandeville, Lawrence, Huntley, Catlin, Manierre, Lukes, Sommers, Shnable, Cushing, Carpenter, Sheldon, and Webster. The first glee club trip took place soon afterward when the boys gave concerts at Trumansburg, Auburn, and Syracuse. The trip was not financially successful but the main object was attained—to have a good time. A fortnight later a Commencement concert was given. The following year saw a concert on March 14, and an unsuccessful trip to Elmira and Buffalo. The interest languished and the *Era* remarks: "The Glee Club seems to be '*Rip-Van-Winkleing*' as it were. We cannot cite Milton as an authority but in the language of a Freshman, 'Webster ought to have it if he hasn't.' By no means let the Glee Club rip."

In 1883 the Glee Club was made a permanent organization, a successful concert was given—many of the numbers of which would be "chestnuts" were they given now—and a considerable tour was taken in the Easter vacation.

Then came a relapse, and for several years the merry songsters were silent in spite of constant efforts to arouse enthusiasm, and it was not until the fall of 1887 that the Glee Club was resuscitated. February 9, 1888, was the date

of the first Junior concert, which was noteworthy for the whistling of Mr. Kolb, and the specialties of Mr. McComb, the worthy predecessor of Macy and Miller. In the spring the Banjo Club was formed, and assisted in the Senior concert in Commencement week. In 1890 the Glee Club and Banjo Club were united, and a Mandolin Club added, which completed the organization as it is at the present time. In the spring of 1891 was taken the first extensive tour, the clubs going as far west as Detroit.

The improvement in the clubs during the past few years, the long tours, the able management, the remarkable specialties, do not need chronicling here, they are common property. Suffice it to say that this year's record has been the most successful thus far, and the coming Junior concert bids fair to keep its place in the upward series.

—*Jerome Barker Landfield.*

Ten Years Old.

For nine long years until this day,
 One figure's marked my age,
 But now for nine and eighty years
 Two figures will engage.

I do not feel so very old ;
 You see one's very small,
 And as for zero after it,
 That doesn't count at all.

It's when the zero follows one
 That both make up the ten ;
 If one should follow zero,
 That wouldn't count much then.

But really, I can hardly see
 What use it is to worry,
 You can't with all your discontent
 Cause coming years to hurry.

I'll have a good time while I'm ten,
 And not wait for eleven ;
 For those who ever weep and wait,
 May never know a heaven.

N. H.

Gladys v. Tom.

148 EROS 469—1895.

This was an action of trespass. Defendant had judgment below. Plaintiff appeals.

The declaration states that, on the 25th of December, 1895, while the defendant was visiting at the house of the plaintiff's father, the defendant did of his own accord and free will and without plaintiff's consent, wait until the plaintiff inadvertently stood beneath a spray of mistletoe and did then trespass upon plaintiff's person in the manner customary under such circumstances, by reason of which trespass the plaintiff was severely teased by those who were in the room at the time when the trespass occurred.

To this declaration the defendant pleaded. 1. That the plaintiff was at the time when the alleged trespass was committed standing beneath said spray of mistletoe, and that said mistletoe was hung where it was, with the understanding that if any person or persons should be caught while beneath it, such a trespass as alleged in the declaration would be permitted. 2. That the defendant did not commit the trespass of his own accord and free will as alleged, but that plaintiff stood beneath said mistletoe and looked at him, and that he acted under compulsion. 3. That the persons who were in the room at the time were not looking and would not have known of the act if plaintiff had not screamed.

Replication—That the defendant did the act of his own wrong, etc.

The defendant in his rejoinder denied the replication. At the trial, testimony of which the following is a part was given.¹

¹ Only that part of the evidence is given which refers directly to the point in question.

Gladys—"I think it was the meanest and most contemptible thing I ever heard of!"

Tom—"I don't. It was your own fault. What's the mistletoe for? Ornament?"

Gladys—"I don't care. No one but you would have thought of being so ungentlemanly. No one expected you to do such a childish thing even after I did hang it."

Tom—"Excuse me but *I* did."

Gladys—"Oh!—You! Humph."

Tom—"Thank you. Why then, if it was so childish, did you laugh so when Parmalee caught your younger sister, there?"

Gladys—"Because *they* were children. Besides that was different."

Tom—"And for those peculiarly cogent reasons you think people should be more considerate of you than of her?"

Gladys—"I didn't say *people* should be, but I thought that you, Tom, had too much regard for my feelings to—to—well when there were a lot of people there I mean—Oh!—Tom!!!

Tom—"Now, see here, Gladys. Do you think I am made of stone? When you stood under that chandelier with your little forehead all wrinkled, thinking deeply about something and looking like—well like—like *you*—I was over by the door watching you. If any one else had tried anything of that sort on you I should have fired them through a window, but everyone else was playing that fool game up at the other end of the room. I had just come in and, honestly, I looked to see if anyone was looking and nobody was."

Gladys—"Are you *sure*, Tom?"

Tom—"Positive. Besides you didn't scream or anything at first."

Gladys—"I know; I thought before I saw you it was mother."

Tom—"Um. How long has your mother worn a moustache?"

Gladys—"Tom! I said before I *saw* you."

Tom—"Oh!"

Gladys—"Anyway if you cared about me you would not have done it."

Tom—"I certainly wouldn't if I had *not* cared for you."

Gladys—"You know what I mean."

Tom—"Do you think that I don't—well that I—that if some other girl had been there I would have done as I did? Do you honestly?"

Gladys—"Yes."

Tom—"What?"

Gladys—"Well I don't know what to think. You are so queer."

Tom—"Good. 'Novelty is'—and so forth. You can't get tired of me."

Gladys—"Occasionally one becomes extremely tired of queerness. Of course I don't, but some people do."

Tom—"Sarcasm does not suit you, Gladys. I wouldn't attempt it if I were you."

Gladys—"No? But you're *not*, you know."

Tom—"That's very true, but don't feel cut up about that. I don't want to be. I've been telling you what I want for the last two years. I don't want to be *you*. I only want to be myself and have you—"

Gladys—"Have me what?"

Tom—"Just have you. Not have you anything but you, but just have you you, and have you."

Gladys—"That's rather mixed up. I don't believe I exactly understand."

Tom—"Never mind I'll explain some other time. But seriously, Gladys, I beg your pardon for doing what I did, and I promise to never again do such a thing when you are in a room full of people, standing under a branch of mistletoe. Can I do or say anything more?"

Gladys—"No. I'm horrid and I don't see why you like me, and I'm mean and I wish I hadn't made such a fuss about it, and—and what was that mixed up sentence Tom?"

Tom—"What is that you have in your hair?"

Gladys—"Why—why—mistletoe."

* * * * *

No further evidence being presented CUPID D. delivered the opinion of the court.

CUPID D. Although there are many defects in the pleadings the court does not consider it to be his place to point out those defects unless the parties themselves notice them and wish to take advantage of them.

The fact of the trespass seems to have been clearly established by the evidence in the case, so that the only question remaining is as to whether the trespass, under the circumstances, was justifiable.

As far back as the Court can remember the custom of the mistletoe has been observed at Christmas time, and this is the first time any question as to the right or wrong of the custom itself has come into the courts. The counsel for the prosecution has cited as authorities for the stand he has taken in holding the act a trespass, *Swift v. Sloughboy*, 148 *Venus*, 583, and *Carissima v. Pettinas*, 33 *Circe*, 139. These cases while they indubitably show the act a trespass, do not go far enough. In both these cases the circumstances were different to the present case, and the doctrine laid down in those cases can not be applied here.

Lovejoy v. Derrest which was cited by the counsel for the defense is a case almost directly in point here. There a similar trespass was committed, and the trespass was held justifiable. The case before us must be governed by this authority.

At this point in the learned judge's opinion the plaintiff and defendant after some deliberation decided to abandon the suit and to compromise their respective claims, so the case was discharged.

J. G. Sanderson.

The Trio.

The balmy air breathed softly o'er the lake,
The sun played lightly with her nut-brown hair,
While none there were, but swallows in the breeze's wake
And I, beside the hammock swinging there.

Time turned his glass,
While Cupid tried a random shot—and missed ;
Yet still upon the selfsame spot,
Gazing I *stood*, alas !—but list !

“ Soft and low as breezes blow,
Softer yet and sweeter far
Is the music of her lips
As she hums an Eden air.

Blow, winds, blow, yet softer, low !
Try to tune the selfsame bar,
From her slender throat it trips
Like some elfin from his lair.”

The rippling beams chase shadows on the lake,
And Cupid's wings brush lightly o'er her hair,
While I, alone, cast my last throw with all at stake,
And with Old Circumstance do and dare.

Time's sand runs out,
While Love unstrings his weary bow—now done ;
And gently, softly, to and fro,
Gazing, I sway the hammock—won !

B. F. C.

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The Singing Shepherd and other Poems.¹

“ ‘Behold another singer!’ Criton said, and sneered, and in his sneering, turned the leaf: ‘Who reads the poets now? . . .’ ”

Well asked. Who does read the poets? And who are the poets now? We live so fast, these latter days, and so much life-action is crowded into each one of the minutes of our day time, that few of us read slowly enough to read poetry. Prose, we can skim over, thanks to the printer who first marked paragraphs for us by cutting out the corners of them. We can find the purpose of a page of the wisest prose in half a dozen words, understandingly selected—and we find it in that way very often.

¹ FIELDS, ANNIE. The singing shepherd and other poems. Boston, 1895. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

Verse we must read slowly, and we must read to the end of each line or we will miss the rhyme—and so we call the reading of poetry unprofitable, not knowing that two lines of a poem may contain a greater thought than all the chapters of a great book in prose.

“Of what use is song?” men ask, and the question is a hard one to answer, for “use” is a hard little word, and not musical to the ear. But song is a pleasant thing, and pleasure is not wholly a drug in the world.

I have just laid aside *The singing shepherd and other poems*, a pretty little volume of verses, and their rythm is still sounding for me. The poems breath patriotism, the love of nature, the love of man ; and music—a quiet, natural music like the bird and insect songs by a sea shore at the close of a calm day.

“O singers who tell
Of the glory of light, the music
Of leaves, the voice of the sea ;
And poets who chant of the foot step untrammeled
and buoyant and free !
The truth is half told !
And the wilderness stands,
Undiscovered and bold.”

Here is a little challenge one will perhaps be glad to remember some day.

Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos !
All your gain is not my loss ;
Spin your black threads if you will ;
Twist them, turn, with all your skill ;
Hold ! there's one you cannot sever !
One bright thread shall last forever.

You are defied, you, Atropos !
Draw your glittering shears across—
One still mocks your cruel art !
From the fibres of my heart
Did I spin the shining thread
That will live when you are dead.

Fate, but hark ! one thing I'll teach :
 There are wonders past your reach,
 Of the heart and of the soul :
 Woman's love ; past your control !
 These are threads not of your spinning
 No, nor shall be of your winning."

Mrs. Fields is an optimist, at least, and her work is better for this.

THE FOLDING.

"There shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Wild bird flying northward, whither thou ?
 And vessel bending southward, what thy quest ?
 Clouds of the east with sunshine on your brow,
 Whither ? and crescent setting in the west ?

Still we pursue while the white day is ours ;
 The wild bird journeys northward in his strength ;
 The tender clouds waste in their sunny bowers,
 One shepherd guides and gathers them at length.

Fly swift, ye birds, against the north wind fly,
 And crowd your sail, ye vessels southward bound :
 Rest, rest, ye clouds, upon the happy sky !
 Thus nightly in the fold shall all be found."

It is not easy to anatomise poetry, and so I have selected some of the shorter songs of the collection, where it was not easy to select from many pages which pleased me. Possibly the poems are not all worthy of book life, but the best ones are very good, and one is thankful to Mrs. Fields for her book.

DeFoe's History of the Great Plague.¹

Mr. Hurlbut explains that he has aimed to supply a correct text and such notes as will serve to show De Foe's sources and to test his trustworthiness. For other purposes, notes are unnecessary. His text is based on that of Bray-

¹ De Foe's history of the great plague in London ; edited with an introduction and notes, by B. S. Hurlbut. Boston, 1895. Ginn & Co.

ley, 1839. His introduction contains a satisfactory account of De Foe's life, writings, and character, and of the works from which De Foe obtained his knowledge of the occurrences of the plague year.

The text is well printed. Mechanically, the book is uniform with the other "Books in higher English" put forth by the same publishers.

It is only with the explanatory matter that one has occasion to quarrel. The book has been published certainly for the reason that this work of De Foe's is now required by colleges to be studied in preparation for entrance examinations in English. The book deals with London of more than two hundred years ago, and is consequently full of terms unintelligible to the American schoolboy and of names of places of which he has never heard. Why did not the editor furnish a map of London, showing the places of which De Foe speaks, and a few notes explaining the words referring to peculiarly English institutions: parishes, bills of mortality, the College of Physicians, liberties, churchwardens, Inns of Court, etc. Pupils who read the book without attaching definite meanings to these words, and they are not likely to find definite meanings given in small school dictionaries, and who read of Southwark, Barnet and Essex without assigning definite sites or meanings to them, and they will search for them in vain in small school geographies, are in a fair way to become inattentive readers. Such notes as here suggested, humble though they be, would be at least as edifying to young readers as the romantic anecdote given in the note to page 171, line 14.

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“OF the making of books there is no end,” carries with it a suggestion of the idea that not all books are written because the writer has something to say to a waiting public. Aside from works of creative literature, a large part of the books printed are written by men and women connected with educational institutions. Text books, annotated editions of classics, dissertations, and what not are poured upon the market year after year in great quantities. Are all these wanted? Are all these needed? Surely not. Why then are they put forth? One potent reason is that the authors of these feel impelled to “do something.” No sooner does the young collegian get a position as teacher in some educational institution, than he begins to look around for something to publish. Some subject in his line of work must be rewritten, even if it has already been done

by another who has spent more years in teaching that particular subject than the young man has lived ; some piece of classical literature must be annotated anew, although it may have been done already by a world-renowned scholar. Why does the young teacher feel thus constrained? It surely is not in all, not even in many, cases because he feels that he can do it better than anyone else. In many cases it is because his future success depends upon his "doing something." He is often made to feel that promotion where he is at work or a call to another field will be greatly accelerated by his having published something. He is forced, oftentimes, to this conclusion by the fact that too often men are selected for positions because of their having published something, while their ability to impart knowledge to students is made a secondary consideration. The demand for men who have a wide reputation as writers rather than as teachers seems to be on the increase. Men are encouraged to make themselves well known by popular writings and lectures, even to the neglect of their work as teachers. And having thus gained a reputation their services are more sought for and better recompensed than the services of those with greater ability as teachers, but with less reputation.

Unless it be in a new field which has not been cultivated to any large extent, writing ought to be done by men of mature minds, who have spent many years in investigating and teaching the subject. Published works ought to represent the best thought and research of a lifetime, instead of the first flush of enthusiasm, and our educational institutions could do much to bring this about, by selecting teachers not because of something they have written ; but on account of a capacity for giving instruction.

A MOST incongruous spectacle is presented in the exhibition of women's work and the erection of women's buildings and the holding of women's conventions, etc., at the great World's expositions, by those very women who are most clamorous for the recognition of women on equal terms

with men. To bring about such a condition of things, one would think the most natural steps to take would be to place women's work alongside of men's, to join with the men in the discussions and considerations of subjects which interest humanity. It is but natural to exhibit the work of children, or of inferior races of human beings, as such, that due allowance may be made where we have no right to expect so much as from mature men or more highly developed races. But surely this cannot be the reason why women's work is thus set apart from men's. One other reason may be suggested. Perhaps it is because the work is superior to that of the men. But in such a case, the superiority would be more apparent when the work is brought into immediate contact than when widely separated. No, this separation is a mistake. If we are ever to attain to that condition of things when sex will not be taken into consideration in the estimation of the worth of an individual, it must be by placing man and woman side by side in every work of life in which they are equally competent to engage.

The Month.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs enjoyed a very successful trip during the vacation. Their itineray included cities as far south as Washington and Lexington, and as far west as St. Louis.

The second annual contest for the '94 Memorial prize in debate was held January 10. The prize was awarded to H. N. Crosby, '96. Messrs. Crosby, Dixon and Moyer, with Mr. Ufford as substitute, were selected to represent Cornell in the debate with Pennsylvania.

President Cleveland's appointment of ex-president White to the Venezuelan Commission has met with particular approval in all parts of the country.

The Cornell Ethical Society has been reorganized, and has now a large and enthusiastic membership.

Three important addresses have been delivered before the University during the month. Near the close of last term, ex-president White addressed a large audience in Barnes Hall, on the subject, "The Diplomatic Service of the United States." On January 5, President Schurman spoke at the meeting of the Christian Association on "The Problem of the Book of Job," and on Founder's Day, Andrew Carnegie delivered an address on "Business," before an audience that completely filled Armory Hall.

On January 15, the navy management made public the following announcement :

“Cornell having an agreement to row a race with Columbia and Pennsylvania, and also an agreement to row with Harvard in 1896, proposed that these two races be merged in a single Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania race. It was therefore agreed, by Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, and Pennsylvania, to join as a four-sided race in 1896, with the understanding that no other crew should be admitted against the objection of any one of the four universities, parties to this agreement.”

The time and place of the race have not been definitely settled, but it is certain that it will be held in June, and at either Poughkeepsie or Springfield.

Literary Chat.

The tutor of St. Mary's, Cambridge, was sitting in his rooms after having interviewed a succession of undergraduates.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Jones," he said to the last comer. "I wish to speak to you very seriously on the subject of your work. The college is not at all satisfied with your progress this term. For instance, Prof. Kailyard tells me that your attendance at his lectures has been most irregular."

"Well, sir," said Jones, fumbling with the tassel of his cap, "I didn't think they were important——"

"Not important? How do you expect to be able to get up difficult authors like Crockett and Maclaren unless you've attended a course of lectures on Scotch dialect? Do you know the meaning of 'havers,' 'gaby,' or 'yammering?' I thought not. Then your last paper on 'Elementary Bes-antics' was very weak. Have you really been giving your energies to your work, or have you been frittering away your time on other books?"

Jones looked guilty, but said nothing.

"Ah," resumed the Don, "I see how it is. You've been wasting your time on light literature—Homer and Virgil and trash of that sort. But you really must resist temptations of that kind if you wish to do creditably in the Tripos. Good evening."

Jones departed, to be succeeded by another undergraduate.

"I sent for you, Mr. Smith," said the tutor, "because—though your work on the older writers is pretty good—your acquaintance with modern realism is quite insufficient. You will attend the course of anatomy lectures at the hospital, please. You can't study your 'Keynotes' intelligently without them."

A third student made his appearance in the doorway.

"Mr. Robinson, I'm sorry to say that your work is unsatisfactory. On looking at your Mudie list, I find that you've only taken out ten novels in the last month. In order to see whether you can be permitted to take the Tripos this year, I'm going to give you a few questions, the answers to which must be brought me before Saturday. You will find pen and ink on that table. Kindly take down the following questions as I dictate them:"

The tutor cleared his throat and began.

"Question one.—Explain 'P. W. D. accounts,' 'a G. T,' 'a G. B. T. shinbones.' Trace the bearing of the history of Mowgli on the Darwinian theory.

"Question two.—'The truth shall make us free.' Give context, and comment on this statement. Conjugate, in accordance with the library catalog 'The woman who ——' noting which of the tenses are irregular.

"Question three.—There were two Trilbys (Trilby, part IV). Explain this statement. What had Mr. Whistler to do with it?"

"Question five.—Rewrite the story of Jack and Gill—(a) in Wessex dialect; (b) as a 'Keynote'; (c) as a 'Dolly dialogue.'

"That will do for the present," concluded the tutor, and as the student left the room he seated himself at the writing table and began chapter XXX of his Prolegomena to "*Three men in a boat.*"—*Punch.*

The *Chap-book* for January, 1896, has the following note: Kipling is writing a story for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Kipling! However, with his usual breeze and the vinous quality of his style, he concludes a chapter thereof, "And the fellow tossed down a glass of old Madeira, and turned to leave the room," etc. Little Bok, in a panic, wires the brawny jungle-man, "Can you change 'tossed down a glass of old Madeira?' *Ladies Home Journal* rules forbid mention of wine." Kipling wires four words: "Make it *Mellin's food.*"

The dramatization of the *Manxman* recently played at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, was, in the opinion of the London correspondent of the *Critic*, "a thin travesty of Mr. Hall Caine's *Manxman*." The drama seemed to him to have been robbed of the characteristic strength of the novel. Some of the greatest novelists have been averse to the dramatization of their stories, and among them were Thackeray and Dickens. But Mr. Caine favored the adaptation of his story to the stage, and yet it has apparently failed. Whether it is the fault of the adapter, or whether there is some inherent reason why it could not prove successful is not quite clear.

A movement is on foot to "elevate the stage" by endowing a theatre in Boston, where particular attention can be paid to the improvement of the theatre, untrammelled by the necessity of "making it pay." The plan includes play writing and play acting, both of which the projectors claim are in a deplorable condition in this country. The list of subscribers to the plan thus far numbers Joseph Jefferson, J. Montgomery Sears, Mrs. Ole Bull, Oscar Fay Adams, and others.

The *Critic* of December 14 contains some interesting letters from James Anthony Froude to Theodore Stanton. Mr. Stanton, in introducing these letters, tells the following incident about Mr. and Mrs. Cornell:

"Back in the seventies, when I was an undergraduate at Cornell University, James Anthony Froude delivered at that institution a series of lectures on the Irish question. At the end of the course we students serenaded him and he good naturedly responded with a speech in which occurred this phrase: 'In England, we would make such a man as Ezra Cornell prime minister.' I happened to be directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Cornell when this high compliment was paid to the founder of the University, and noticed that not a muscle of his plain face moved, though the wife looked up at her husband with a pleased smile."

The executors of Alex. Dumas *filis*, were strictly enjoined to destroy all his unpublished manuscripts. This will include two unpublished comedies, *The route to Thebes*, and *La Troublante*. Of the latter he wrote not long ago to M. Claretie: "You shall have it before the end of the year or I shall be dead." Claretie adds: "As was always the case, he kept his word."

Professor Corson's new book, to be entitled *The voice and spiritual education* will soon go to press, and will be published toward the end of February. It will be a companion volume to *The aims of literary study*, four editions of which have been issued since the first appearance of the book less than twelve months ago. The publishers introduced it, in December last, into their *Miniature series*.

Athletic Comment.

The four-cornered race recently arranged for the crews of Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Cornell promises to be easily the greatest event in the annals of American collegiate aquatics. We will not see as great a number of crews as the old Saratoga Regatta boasted, but on the other hand the coming contest will be more interesting because of the present doubtful state of the inter-collegiate aquatic supremacy. Even if there are no further entries, this race would seem to be the fairest way of determining the championship for 1896. It will be the great aquatic event of the year, and the winner should certainly be placed above the winner of any side-show that may be arranged later on.

* * *

The arrangement for this race arose out of the growing spirit at each of the four colleges, to work for the benefit of inter-collegiate athletics in general, rather than allow the old "me-too" policy to give birth to a lot of dual races, any one of which "decided the inter-collegiate championship." It is to be hoped that this new and broad policy so happily inaugurated by Harvard, Cornell, Pennsylvania and Columbia will continue to grow, until we reach the stage where all the great universities may meet in all branches of athletics. Then, and only then, can the championship be satisfactorily awarded. The present condition of affairs, with Pennsylvania arrayed against Princeton, Harvard against Yale, Pennsylvania against Yale, and Cornell against Yale is to be deplored. Let us hope that a show of charity in some quarters, and a realization of a causeless egotism in another, will lead to the desired state.

Several wrestling matches have been decided upon as a part of the athletic contests for the decision of the under-class supremacy. At last we have had a move toward the encouragement of this sport. Year after year it has been made an event at our "medal-less" winter meets, and has invariably met with popular approval. The individuals who have devoted themselves to this sport have been left to themselves with not even the encouragement of a wrestling mat. With a little judicious nursing, wrestling would become one of our most popular exercises, for experience has proved that it has very few, if any superiors as an exercise for all-around development. There are those who oppose wrestling on account of its dangers, but experience has shown that it is as free from danger as any exercise that calls for the use of strength. Certainly it is less dangerous than football, more varied than rowing, and a better developer than baseball.

* * *

The local baseball situation is serious, and the sooner there is a general realization of this fact, the better. Captain Affeld, Cobb and Bassford of last year's 'varsity, together with Beacham and Aldrich, substitutes last year, form the nucleus of the '96 'varsity. The new material in the University may be judiciously termed "fair." It is largely from this new material that the '96 'varsity will be made, and if anything like success is to be attained, it will be absolutely necessary that the students lend their co-operation to Captain Affeld and the coach—whoever may be selected for that position. A call for battery candidates has been made and these men are to report on January 27. The development of pitchers is the key to the solution of this year's difficulty. Hard work will do it and the team will be a success, but only on condition that every available player present himself as a candidate.

The Cornell Magazine

February, 1896.

The Character of Tito.¹

It is an interesting fact, in connection with George Eliot's mental and moral development, that *Romola*, the only novel in which she attempted to combine the historical and the fictitious, should appeal to us chiefly not for its subtle analysis of political events but for the great imaginative and constructive power exhibited in the delineation of such characters as Tito, Romola, Baldassarre and Tessa. Her intellectual grasp of the diverse elements in the history of Florence during the Renaissance period, and her interpretation of the greatest religious and political reformer of his epoch, are less wonderful than the creation of a character so artistically developed and so true to the laws of human nature as Tito.

So subtly, yet so distinctly and clearly, has George Eliot drawn this remarkable portraiture, that it is not difficult, in spite of his complexity, to detect the chief elements in his composition. First of all, he belongs to that class of characters whose mainspring of action is egoism. The chief end of all his endeavors is to secure for himself that which is pleasant and to avoid that which is unpleasant. George Eliot emphasizes this fact, again and again. But, unlike Grandcourt in *Daniel Deronda*, Tito manifests no malice or willful selfishness, nor as in the case of Gwendolen Harleth, with whom he has some qualities in common, is his egoism

¹ A portion of a paper on George Eliot's *Romola* read before the seminary in the English novel.

assertive or exacting of homage and the recognition of his superiority. He is at heart gentle, refined and amiable, and his instinct is to please and be at peace with his fellows. But circumstances so order themselves, that to secure what is pleasant he must drift into concealment, from concealment into deceit, in all the nearest and dearest relations of life. Deceit entails danger and hence fear, both a physical shrinking from disaster, known as cowardice, and a dread not of the moral consequences of his acts but of the disgrace of exposure. The history of his fall from the bright, winning, soft-hearted hero of the opening chapters to the traitorous Tito of the last book, of his gradual drifting from half realized wrong to deliberate villany and his entanglement in the net of his own irretrievable acts, is full of moral significance and fraught with solemn warnings. Let us trace in Tito's career the careful development of these threads of character, a desire for what is pleasant, an aptitude for concealment, deceit, fear, and that peculiar quality which for the lack of a better word may be called in George Eliot's own phraseology "absence of assumption."

Our first glimpse of Tito as we watch him wake startled from his sleep on the Florentine turf brings an impression of youth and beauty and grace. The brown curls which he tosses back with an easy shake of the head, the soft contour of his oval face, the rich coloring of his olive skin, the gentle eyes that beam with good humor and beseech approval, even the red berretta and stained garments which but set off this glowing beauty, charm and delight us. We feel the subtle enchantment of the presence which made little Tessa inclined to cross herself, which Nello compared to a bright summer morning, and which to Romola "seemed like a wreath of spring dropped suddenly in her young but wintry life." Nor is the charm of the beautiful stranger due alone to rare physical attractions. He possesses the advantages of refinement and scholarship, and above all, to quote George Eliot again: "The finished fascination of his air came chiefly from the absence of demand and assumption. It was that of

a fleet, soft-coated, dark-eyed animal that delights you by not bounding away in indifference from you and unexpectedly pillows his chin in your palm and looks at you desiring to be stroked—as if it loved you.”

But in spite of the undeniable fascination of the handsome Greek, there are early in the book unmistakable hints of less charming possibilities in his character. Although the reader is left in ignorance of his relations to Baldassarre until the ninth chapter, the previous pages do not lack suggestive passages from which the secret of his past and the presence of certain undesirable qualities may be suspected. When Nello carelessly remarks in the course of the opening conversation in his shop, “But it is said of the Greeks that their honesty begins at what is the hanging point with us, and that since the old Furies went to sleep, your Christian Greek is of so easy a conscience that he would make a *stepping stone of his father's corpse*,” there is a significant movement of resentment on the part of Tito—a movement more marked than the slur on his nationality would seem to warrant. And later during the same discussion, at Piero's abrupt request, “Young man, I am painting a picture of Sinon deceiving old Priam and I should be glad of your face for my Sinon if you'd give me a sitting,” Tito starts and “looks around with pale astonishment as if at a sudden accusation.” But the strongest hint of Tito's early connection with Baldassarre is given later when Bardo, examining Tito's fine intaglios, exclaims, “Five hundred ducats. Ah! more than a man's ransom.” At this, in George Eliot's own words, the Greek “gave a slight, almost imperceptible, start and opened his long dark eyes with quiet, questioning surprise at Bardo's blind face as if his words—a mere phrase of common parlance, at a time when men were often being ransomed from slavery or imprisonment—had had some special meaning for him.” These significant incidents not only serve to prepare the way for the revelation of Tito's obligations to his adopted father, but they show that the realization of these obligations was more than once forced upon him by accident, be-

fore he made his deliberate decision to sell his gems and not for the purpose of ransoming his benefactor. There is still another noteworthy occurrence which takes place before the mystery of Tito's early life is laid bare. Tito, who from the window of Nello's shop had been watching the passing procession, is questioned by his inquisitive friend about a certain pretty peasant face that is turned longingly in his direction and for no apparent reason denies any acquaintance with its owner. "Tito," writes George Eliot, "had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do without any conscious motive, and, like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little the nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows." This instinct for secrecy displayed in so trifling an incident is a very important quality to note in connection with the development of Tito's character. In truth, this very concealment of the real facts in regard to his father, was the first step toward the complicated falsity of his position in Florence.

All these premonitory allusions have been enumerated in detail to show the art with which George Eliot leads up to the revelation of the secret of Tito's past in that wonderful chapter entitled "A man's ransom," where he is seen in his first conscious struggle with himself. Her own words here are fraught with such deep and solemn significance that they must be quoted again: "Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity. . . . Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course. . . . But inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or that at least search was

hopeless." This excuse, however, that he believed his father dead, is in the course of three weeks proved untenable by the slip of paper handed Tito by Fra Luca, and with the direct information of Baldassarre's safety comes that second serious struggle with himself in which he shifts the ground of his justification for inaction to take a more openly egoistic stand. "He would rather," writes George Eliot, "that Baldassarre should not suffer; but could any philosophy prove to him that he was bound to care for another's suffering more than for his own?" He now acknowledges to himself a distinctly selfish purpose; yet it is a significant fact that he prefers Baldassarre should not suffer, that his decision is tainted by no deliberate cruelty or vindictive indifference to another's discomfort, and Tito preserves to the very end this strange, impassive lack of animosity toward those whom he finds in the way and thrusts from his path. The situation at this point is perhaps the most pathetic in the book. Tito is so unconscious of the moral danger of his position—of the fact that he has sold himself to evil. He is not "out of love with goodness nor prepared to plunge into vice." He plans that his life shall go on evenly in an honorable career of success and happiness. His good intentions for the future and his uneasiness under the burden of past deception are admirably brought out in his relations to Romola. To her he gives a pure and worshipful love—the love of a man to a woman whose moral judgment he respects and whom he recognizes to be infinitely his superior. She draws out the best in his nature; in her noble presence he regrets that he ever put himself in a false position which may result in disgrace in her eyes. He says to her appealingly and with a pallor and tremor born of sincerity, "You are right, my Romola; you are always right, except in thinking too well of me."

It is necessary to note here with special emphasis two important features of Tito's love for Romola: first, the one already referred to, his fear of her moral judgment, and second, his sense that she is connected with his career in

Florence—that, as George Eliot puts it, her affection “forms part of the web of his worldly hopes.” “It is all over with my prospects in Florence,” he laments, when he learns that Fra Luca is Romola’s brother and that their interview may reveal what has been so carefully hidden. And when, still in dread of the consequences of that scene between brother and sister, he meets Tessa at the Peasants’ Fair and drifts into a mock marriage, he fails to undeceive her, because this little creature is without moral judgment against him and may be his only refuge in ignominy. He has already begun to vaguely feel the yoke of Romola’s conscience which stands as censor over him threatening disgrace. Later, in his joyful relief that Fra Luca has made no disclosure, he sinks a step lower. “Happiness,” writes George Eliot, “was too strong to be marred by the sense that Romola was deceived in him; nay, he could only rejoice in her delusion.” When the day of betrothal arrived, “Romola’s little illusions about himself had long ceased to cause him anything but satisfaction.” The picture of Bacchus and Ariadne crowned and joyous, surrounded by happy Loves trailing wreaths of flowers, with which old Piero decorated the little tabernacle for a betrothal gift, is symbolic of the life he anticipates for himself and his beautiful bride, now that all danger is past. He encloses in the cabinet the cross which Dino gave his sister and puts “Bacchus and Ariadne” in its place with the remark that he has locked away all sadness from her he loves. But it is his own conscience he is symbolically hiding, not Romola’s sorrow. Connected with this picture which Tito fondly treasures as the image of the future, is that other more truly prophetic portrait painted by old Piero, which represents Tito a beautiful youth holding up the wine cup in an attitude of triumphant joy, with his face turned from the revellers and transfixed with an expression of pale terror. It is interesting to observe that, although Bernardo del Nero feels wary toward the sleek and smooth-tongued stranger, Piero is the only one who reads Tito aright, and it is the true instinct of the genuine artist

skilled in deciphering the soul behind the face that detects in the handsome, good-natured Greek this innate capacity for fear and deceit.

In the course of the first book, then, the prominent features of Tito's character have been brought to the surface and the last two books mark the fatal development of these traits, deceit, fear and kindness as well ; a kindness, however, which his cowardice and dissimulation often force to actively cruel thoughts and deeds. These qualities can best be traced in his relations to the other characters of the book, especially Bardo, Baldassarre, Tessa, Romola and later Bernardo del Nero and Savonarola. At the close of the interval of eighteen months which elapses between the first and the second book, George Eliot marks a change in Tito's face—a certain hardening of the expression “ due to the self-conscious adoption of a part in life.” Romola herself first detects this altered frame of mind in Tito's attitude toward her father. It seems that he has disappointed the expectations of the old man, not peevishly or with ill nature, but by simply slipping away from what is unpleasant and irksome, and this failure to fulfill a tacit obligation prepares us for the treacherous disregard of the blind scholar's last and dearest wish, in the sale of his library to secure money for a possible retreat from Florence.

More unpardonable, however, and more important in the development of the story is his treachery to Baldassarre, the adopted father of his youth. In that dramatic encounter on the steps of the Duomo where the long fingers of the emaciated prisoner clutch Tito's velvet-clad arm, and the prosperous Greek, pale with terror, cries “ some madman, surely,” Tito acts out in one impulse the fear and deception for which his previous deliberate choice of evil has prepared him. It is the actual fulfillment of the prophecy of Piero's picture.

But his fear is not wholly of the nature of physical emotion. He has a moral dread ; not of the consequences of wrong doing—for George Eliot distinctly states in the first

book that his mind was destitute of "that awe of the Divine Nemesis which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at anything which is called wrong doing"—but he shrinks from the disgrace of disclosure, from dishonor in the eyes of men.

His instinct, however, is still to please and to win the golden opinions of men. His distaste for what is unpleasant, which lies at the root of all that is bad in him, has also its good side. It makes him uncomfortable under the consciousness of causing displeasure or exciting hatred. His attempt to become reconciled with his father after that visit to Tessa, when he surmises that the strange old man living in the shed is no other than Baldassarre, is very characteristic. But that this softheartedness can under the spur of necessity give place to cruelty, appears in that scene in the Rucellai Gardens where Baldassarre, foiled of his prey by the chain armor or "garment of fear," plans a subtle and deeper revenge,—publicly disgracing the successful Tito in the midst of his prosperity. To quote again: "He (*i. e.*, Tito) had never yet done an act of murderous cruelty even to the smallest animal that could utter a cry, but at that moment he would have been capable of treading the breath from a smiling child for the sake of his own safety."

It has already been observed that early in their married life there was a slight strain in the relations of Romola and Tito resulting from his neglect of old Bardo and strengthened later on the side of Romola by the presence of the chain armor and the discovery of Piero's picture of Tito in an attitude of fear. Tito, too, is conscious of an estrangement, the cause of which is admirably expressed in the following sentence, "The terrible resurrection of secret fears, which if Romola had known them would have alienated her from him forever, caused him to feel an alienation already begun between them—caused him to feel a certain repulsion toward a woman from whose mind he was in danger." The palpitation of the heart and moral dread with which he reveals to

her the sale of the library are the beginnings of that cold dislike and approach to hatred he feels for her later when she surmises his treachery to the Frate and exposes him to the suspicions of Ser Ceccone by publicly demanding assurance of Savonarola's safety. After this there comes no surprise with the information that for the first time Tito thinks of leaving Florence without Romola. It is at this point in his career that the contrast between himself and Gwendolen Harleth in *Daniel Deronda* is most marked. Gwendolen, too, started out to get pleasure for herself at the cost of another's loss. But the self-disapproval aroused in her by contact with the noble and unselfish manhood of Deronda, her open acknowledgment of her worst thoughts, her unconscious judgment of her every act by the light of his superior moral sense so that he literally became a part of her conscience, were the "precious signs of a recoverable nature." In Tito's rejection of Romola's loftier standard of right and wrong, in his refusal by steady concealment and deceit to submit himself to what must have proved a regenerating influence in his life lay the first causes of his subsequent moral decline. Nor was the fault Romola's. Tito's reform was not to be brought about by a love which overrides all sense of justice and right and closes its eyes to baseness, but by his own free confession of error and a manly and repentant appeal to that love for forgiveness. Romola gave him later that opportunity of confession when she pleadingly asked him about his connection with the strange old man Baldassarre, and his answer was a lie. In his mind, safety was to be secured by dissimulation not by truth.

His connection with Tessa on the other hand, although based on deception, is characterized by more fidelity and consideration. To the last, the innocent and childlike little peasant keeps open in him the fountains of kindness and tenderness. Tessa is necessary to the naturally loving, soft-hearted Tito because in her presence alone he escapes from an atmosphere of possible moral censure. The contrast in his feeling for Tessa and his attitude toward Romola is very artistically

managed and emphasizes both the moral force of Romola's character and the inherent weakness of Tito's.

Faithlessness to father, wife, and father-in-law make it easy for Tito to take advantage of party divisions and intrigues to prove false to the state. Into his first deception he had drifted half consciously, but now the soliciting temptations of circumstances find him ready to deliberately adopt a dubious course in politics, although with the same palliating self-excuses. The first suggestion of political intrigue was the result of his success in tickling the ears of the crowd when he played the orator to tell the people how Piero Capponi had, by brave defiance, forced the French King to sign a treaty honourable to Florence. "It was very easy, very pleasant," writes George Eliot, "this exercise of speaking to the general satisfaction. A man who knew how to persuade need never be in danger from any party; he could convince each that he was feigning with all the others." And to convince each that he was feigning with all the others becomes the foundation principle of Tito's political tenets.

His indifference to the prejudices and traditions of parties, like the death of his affection for Romola, does away with any restraint upon his dissimulation in this game of triple political deceit. Everywhere in George Eliot's novels, and especially in *Romola*, the sacred character of the bonds of life is emphasized. Dino, Romola's brother, is censured for being blind in his passionless spirituality to the demands of the simple relationships of life and hence failing his sister in her hour of need. The problem of Romola's history, which coincides essentially with the problem of Savonarola's career, involves faithfulness to early formed ties. George Eliot's ideal is perhaps best embodied in the character of Mordecai, the inspired Jew of her latest novel, who possessed a mind "consciously, energetically moving with the march of human destinies, but not the less full of conscience and tender heart for the footsteps that tread near and need a leaning place," and she gives to Daniel Deronda

himself what she considered the best of human possibilities, "the blending of a complete personal love in one current with a larger duty." So Tito's awful downfall is due, first, to his disregard of personal attachments, and lastly, to his lack of inherited sympathies in connection with Florentine affairs—which lack made it easy for him to prove a traitor to the interests of the state. When he pledges himself, however, to serve the Mediceans as a spy on the Frate's party and the Arrabbiati, he no more foresaw in this step the treachery to Bernardo del Nero and Savonarola it later involved than he had in the beginning a presentiment of the elaborate scheme of lies necessary to escape the consequences of his first silence about the existence of Baldassarre. "But a man's own safety is a god that sometimes makes very grim demands. Tito felt them to be grim; even in the pursuit of what was agreeable, this paradoxical life forced upon him the desire for what was disagreeable." Therefore, when the discovery of a Medicean plot imprisons Bernardo del Nero and four associates and threatens Tito's own security, he secretly gives information of a second plot, and thereby gains immunity from prosecution and a continuance of office for a year. He persuades himself that the suspected men must die anyway and that his act does them no added harm, while it saves his own head. He would still give pain to no one and regrets the necessary destruction of men who have once served his purpose so well. As for Bernardo del Nero, Tito at first deploras his condemnation, but, when Romola's perverse behavior makes it probable that her godfather may be a dangerous confidant of her suspicions, the soft-hearted Greek sees him go to the scaffold with positive relief. This same cool impartiality he manifests in his betrayal of the Frate, whose letters entrusted to his care are by his private orders seized with other correspondence on the Milanese border. These letters told greatly against the bitterly-beset and lofty-minded Frate; on the other hand, Tito Melema had strengthened his favor with the duke of Milan and made his escape from Florence to higher honors an appar-

ent certainty. But that retreat from Florence which was the end and aim of all his elaborate political duplicity so cleverly and skillfully managed was never to be. The shuddering horror of that last scene in the life of the beautiful and false-hearted Greek thrills one through and through. The threatening mob pressing close about him, the heart-leap of cowardly fear, the plunge into the swift flowing stream below, the flash of the olive-tinted beauty against the dark current, the clutch of old Baldassarre's fingers on the rounded throat—there is the grim tragedy of retributive justice in all these, but, as Mr. Dowden says: "The piteousness and terror is not that a young man is about to die, but that now the visible seal of finality is to be set upon that death of the soul which had already taken place." In the contrast the career of Tito offers to the life of Romola, the central moulding idea of the novel is best expressed. In the history of one, the story conveys a terrific warning against selfishness; in the life of the other, it presents a beautiful encouragement of unselfishness. Both characters together exhibit the prime motive of the book from the positive and negative standpoint and offer a good concrete illustration of the author's philosophy of life.

In spite of the stern decree George Eliot pronounces on Tito, however, he is never held up as an object for absolute hatred. His treachery is softened to the very last by his amiability and sweetness of disposition. The writer of the article on *Romola* in *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1874 seems to misunderstand the character when he states that "Tito is in some sort the victim of his creator, of some remorseless theory or recollection in her mind which impels her to repeated demonstration of the insufficiency of amiable qualities and superficial goodness of disposition to stem the strong current of self-regard with which she would have us believe these gentle gifts are closely allied." In the first place, George Eliot's object was not to prove that amiability is closely allied with selfishness. Her dramatic motive she expresses in her own words, "But our deeds are like child-

ren that are born to us ; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never ; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness," and in Tito's gentleness of disposition lies rather the redeeming trait which only the broad sympathy and justice of a George Eliot could develop. "Poverty of nature and the stains of sin cannot alienate the passionate attachment of this heart to all that is human," a famous English critic writes of George Eliot. Amos Barton, insignificant and commonplace, and Tito, capable of the worst betrayals, yet kindly at heart, are excellent illustrations of this quality of the great genius.

Mary Louise Robbins.

Castles in Spain.

A year ago when building high
 Within my vast domain
The castles which are quick to fly
 Away to sunny Spain,
One smiling face looked out on me
From castle, tower, and balcony—
 A sudden scowl would banish pain,
 A snowy shoulder shrug disdain,
 A lifted eyebrow shift the vane—
Oh, she was all in all to me—in Spain—
 A year ago !

A year ago when all was drear
 Within my troubled brain,
How many times, with joy, I steer
 My course to sunny Spain !
And there beneath rich canopy,
With reckless shift or waltzing glee,
 We'd wander o'er the sunlit plain,
 We'd cut the lily pads in twain,
 Then in the twilight, back again
She'd come to turret, tower, and me—in Spain—
 A year ago !

A year ago ! The earth's spun 'round
 Since I, upon the main,
Have spurned the busy world's grim ground
 For sunny realms in Spain—
But now, no longer can I flee—
The days each have a charm for me ;
 The sunlight bright on eastern pane,
 My noonday dreams draw nigh in vain,
 At evening's fireside's hushed the rain—
For she *is* all in all to me—my Spain—
 A year ago !

—B. F. C.

Cornell Student Activities.

VI. LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The benefit to be obtained from membership in a literary society has long been a favorite theme for editorial writers on school and college papers. Great men who owe not a little of their success in life to the training received in their college debating society have been so often instanced, and the benefits of being able to think calmly and speak forcibly while standing before an audience have been dwelt upon to such an extent, that many of us, perhaps, are tired of them and feel they are commonplace. And yet we ought not to forget that the commonplace truths of life are the most important truths, for it is their importance that has made them commonplace. Certainly those who have had any experience with literary societies know that the benefits claimed for them are justly claimed. The great difference between the boy of the preparatory school who, with shaking knees, stammers out a few words to his mates in his first debate, and the polished young orator of the college commencement stage has been wrought, in no small degree, by the literary societies of which he has been a member. So let us encourage our moulders of college opinion to continue their good work of exhorting the younger students to join the societies, for the freshmen of to-day can derive as much benefit from society work as could the freshmen of years ago who are now our governors and senators.

The first students of this University were evidently in no particular need of having the importance of literary societies urged upon them, for only thirteen days after the opening a literary society was formed. That society, the first to come into existence and the last of the early societies to die out,

was the Irving Literary Association. The preliminary meeting which led to its organization was held on October 20,¹ 1868, in room 4, Cascadilla Place, S. M. Coon acting as chairman. By November 7 the organization was complete, with George F. Behringer, '69, as president. At the meeting of that date, several names for the society were proposed, the favorites being the Irving Literary Association and the John Bright Brotherhood. The house was almost evenly divided on these two names, and the meeting was adjourned before a choice could be made. A week later, however, the name Irving was adopted, and harmony brought about by electing John Bright, M. P., of England, as the first honorary member of the society. Whether or not Mr. Bright was ever notified of the honor conferred upon him, the writer has no means of knowing. A member of the society at that time writes as follows about the first debate: "It was conducted on November 21, when the question of the theatre was discussed, *pro* and *con*, and, by a vote taken at the close, that institution was condemned! That ought to have satisfied the enemies of the University, but it did not!" Another fact, which might have surprised the public at the time, was that the meetings of the Irving were opened by prayer.

"Those early days," writes a '69 man, "were not favorable to literary efforts, outside of class-room work in University studies. Many were hard at work during the afternoon and all day Saturday, at manual labor on the University grounds, and were not much inclined to trudge up the hill in the evening to attend the meeting of a literary society." Nevertheless, the Irving was very successful during its first year. On the third of April, the birthday of Washington Irving, the society gave an exhibition which the papers of the time pronounced "a grand success." It took place in Library Hall, and Whitlock's band, which some of the older

¹This is the date usually given, but Mr. Behringer, the first president of the Irving, writes that the first meeting, a very informal one at which only a few students were present, occurred October 24, 1868.

alumni may remember, furnished the music. The University authorities were so much pleased with the event that they placed the third of April in the calendar of the first register as the "Anniversary of the Irving Literary Society." A change in the date of the spring vacation, however, made future observances of the day impossible.

Shortly after the preliminary organization of the Irving had been effected, the Philalatheian¹ Society came into existence. The first meeting was held in the rooms of O. F. Williams, '69, in the south-east corner of Cascadilla Place, second floor, about November 1, 1868. D. W. Rhodes, '69, was its first president. To the Philalatheian Society belongs the honor of giving the first public exhibition at Cornell University. The event took place on December 18, 1868, in the Aurora street M. E. Church, and was worthy of the young institution it represented. Its historical value is sufficiently great to warrant reproducing the program :

Oration :—Stamina vs. Impotency, O. F. WILLIAMS

Debate :—"Resolved, That a two-thirds majority of the Supreme Court should be necessary to annul an Act of Congress."

Affirmative, R. O. KELLOGG

Negative, E. E. QUINLAN

Oration :—Influence of Rome, C. F. HENDRYX

Oration :—Valedictory Address, D. W. RHODES

During the second year of the University's existence, two new societies appear in the *Cornellian*, the Johnsonian and the Adelphi, the latter being a secret society formed January 16, 1870. The Johnsonian lasted only until 1872, but the Adelphi flourished until 1877. It adopted the commendable plan of securing frequent public lectures for Ithaca, and through its efforts many speakers of more or less prominence

¹This is the early, and correct, spelling of the word. It soon became corrupted into "Philalatheian," the form in which it appears in nearly all of the college periodicals.

were heard by townspeople and students. It is interesting to note that one of the first speakers brought to Ithaca by the Adelphi was the eccentric George Francis Train.

In March, 1871, the Lowell Society was organized. There is little of interest in connection with its short history except that it established in the Cornell Library a reading room which was supported by the patrons. Another society, the Philolexian, existed during 1871-72, but no records of it other than the list of its members could be found by the writer.

During these years the Irving and the Philaletheian kept on their way with varying fortunes. The interest which had been manifested by their members during the first year gradually waned, and the fall term of the second year was a critical time for them both. This lack of interest, which seems to have been due in part to the fact that they had no regular place of meeting, was overcome in January, 1870, when President White offered to give one thousand dollars for fitting up a hall for the two societies and the Christian Association, provided that the three organizations would raise three hundred dollars between them for the same purpose. The offer was accepted, and each of the three organizations pledged itself to raise one hundred dollars. Room M, North University, (now called *White 10*), was given them as their common property, and the work of fitting it up was finished in June.¹ Another event that aroused interest was the first public contest between the Irving and the Philaletheian societies, which was held in February, 1870. It was the first of those contests between the different societies which played an important part in keeping the literary society work on a high plane during the first fifteen years of Cornell's history.

The year 1872-3 was the first in which women were admitted to the University. To meet the new conditions, a

¹ The pictures and statuettes given by President White are now in Barnes Hall.

society which should bring the men and women together on the basis of friendly intellectual intercourse was conceived by some of the men who favored co-education, and who wanted to help the women to gain a recognized place in the University. The idea met with favor, and on Oct. 10, 1872, the Curtis Literary Society was formed. The following extract from a letter written by a member of the society during its first year gives a good idea of the work of the society :

“We discussed questions of national and universal importance, as well as some of merely local interest. Essays and criticisms were a part of the program, but we did not descend to the merely entertaining and amusing. Indeed, we felt that our society was one of the important factors which were uniting to determine the result of the experiment of co-education, and we therefore took it rather seriously. We were an open society, and often had non-members as spectators who were ready to criticize from an unfriendly point of view and to interpret unfavorably any speech or conduct which was not in the highest degree dignified and conventional. In spite of the somewhat formal manner of our intercourse, we managed to have a very enjoyable series of meetings, and the objects of the society were fully realized. It was a distinct help to the women, intellectually and socially, and no doubt did the men as much good.”

Following the example of the Curtis, the Irving also admitted women to membership, but the Philaletheian, believing that there ought to be one society which devoted itself purely to debate, remained an organization for men only. It, however, manifested a most friendly spirit toward the women, as, indeed, all the societies seem to have done.

The next dozen years contain little of historical interest. In 1873, the Irving, the Philaletheian, and the Curtis united in publishing the *Cornell Review*, a monthly periodical which lasted, under various managements, until 1886. In the fall of 1878 the name of the Philaletheian was changed to The Cornell Debating Club, there being in the opinion of its members at that time no reason for a classical name for an organization devoted purely to debate. Interest in society work was evidently on the wane during these years. In 1877 the Adelphi ceased to exist, and in 1881 the mem-

bers of the Curtis no longer had enough interest in the work to keep the society going, so that in October of that year the meetings were discontinued. An address by President White about this time attributed the decline in interest to three causes: the growth of the Greek letter societies; the change which had taken place in the estimate placed upon the power of oratory; and the development of seminary work in the University. The Debating Club went out of existence in the fall of 1885. The oldest of the early societies, the Irving, lived on until 1887, the issue of the *Cornell Sun* for May 27 of that year containing the announcement of the meeting which proved to be its last.

Of the societies now in existence the Cornell Congress is the oldest by several years. It was founded February 20, 1885, by a number of students who believed that an organization that combined training in parliamentary practice with debate would prove helpful to a large number of men. T. L. Brunk, '86, seems to have been the man who took the most interest in the new organization. The Congress was modeled closely after the legislative department of the national government, having had at first both a Senate and a House of Representatives with members representing different political parties and different sections of the country. An executive department, consisting of a (hypothetical) president of the United States and a cabinet, was also provided for. As only upperclassmen were eligible to seats in the Senate, that house soon became too small for effective work. To remedy this, senators were allowed to speak in the lower house, a practice which, by the end of the second year, had led to the entire discontinuance of the upper house. The lower house was very popular, and the novelty of the organization served to keep up interest in the work. Political struggles were frequent and sometimes prolonged, because the minority in the Congress have always practiced obstruction tactics to the full extent of their ability. The presidents elected have uniformly been members of the University faculty, and their annual messages have not infre-

quently attracted the attention of newspapers outside of Ithaca. In the fall of 1894 women were admitted into the organization, and some spirited debates on the question of woman suffrage occurred during that winter. Since the formation of the new debating clubs, the Congress has had to cope with rivals in the field of debate, but she is doing it sufficiently well to show that she is not destined to outlive her usefulness for some time to come.

What has frequently been termed the renaissance in public speaking at Cornell began with the organization of the Woodford Debating Club in 1893. Several earnest men of the classes of '93 and '94 felt the need of a debating club of the old type to supplement the work done by the Congress, which was an open organization. A call to all upperclassmen willing to do earnest work in debate, resulted in the organization of the Woodford on February 15, 1893, with a membership limited to twenty-five. The greater part of the members went at the work with a determination to make it profitable, and they succeeded. During the first two years of the club's history, the debates were entered into with spirit and the Woodford did excellent work. The year 1894-95 saw a decline in interest and in quality of work, but during the present year the club has been organized on a new basis, and is again meeting with success.

In the fall of 1893, several members of the class of '96, then sophomores, believing that there was room for an underclass club, interested their classmates in the project, and the Curtis Debating Club was organized December 7. The first year's work was very successful, and when June came the members of the club were loath to give up their organization and hand it over to the succeeding sophomore class, as they had intended to do. They could not enter the Woodford Club, because its membership was limited to twenty-five, and the Curtis alone had that number. The difficulty was solved by the establishment of a chain of Curtis clubs, known as the senior, junior and sophomore clubs, in each of the three higher classes. The three clubs

are now all in existence, and have a combined membership of nearly seventy-five men.

The last club to organize has been the Freshman Debating Union, which was formed during the present year. It is understood that its organization is to be discontinued at the end of the year, the members being free at that time to enter any of the other societies.

The Cornell Union, an organization in which every student interested in debate is eligible to membership, was formed last term for the purpose of taking charge of the University debating interests. Its work is carried on mainly through the Debate Council, which is composed of the president of the Union, faculty and alumni members, and representatives of each of the literary societies.

The present revival in society work at Cornell may be traced to a number of causes, the first of which is the general revival of interest in public speaking which has spread through the eastern colleges during the last five years, the impetus coming largely from the colleges of the west. The activity of the head of the department of elocution and oratory has also been an important factor. He has at all times aided the students in their efforts, and his teaching has given them enthusiasm for the work. The other causes are the establishment of the '94 memorial prize in debate by the class of '94, a class which by its efforts in other directions, also, gave a great impetus to public speaking in the University; and, finally, the intercollegiate debates with the University of Pennsylvania, the third of which is to take place during the present week. So far in these debates, Cornell has not been a winner, and she may not be for years to come, but the aid which these contests have given to the cause of public speaking at this University has been worth far more to her than victory.

F. E. Moyer.

La Pecheuse.

Where breathes the air above the purple sea
There floats my lonely heart. Alas, for me,
Below the crested tide, on unseen sands
My lover lies ; a gentle mermaid's hands
Caress his palid brow—perchance she sips
The heart-ache from his distant-calling lips,
Beneath the sea
Where I would be.

Upon that shining bosom from the shore,
To-day, shall I set forth. Above the roar
Of boisterous waves I hear my lover call,
And I may reach him e'er the evening fall ;
These maiden arms no maiden strength shall spare,
But blest by love, my heart shall guide me there,
Beneath the sea
Where I would be.

* * * * *
Dim grows the tossing waste ; the dying rays
Of sunshine lessen through the leaping sprays ;
The tempered winds grow quarrelsome, and chase
Each other in their noisy, mad'ning race ;
A maiden's cry is lost amid the heartless roar ;
A skeleton imprints the silent floor
Beneath the sea
Where she would be.

Sudden, within the clouded, midnight sky,
Two gleaming stars appear, and from on high
Two trails of silver light sink in the sea,
And mark the spot, from which two souls are free.
Ah, God is good ; and every sailor drowned
Shall be a star, when by his sweetheart found
Beneath the sea
Where she would be. —*N. Hutchinson.*

How Jack Went to the Junior.

Jack Larkin entered the collegiate department of Bonnell University in the fall of 189—. He was older than the average young man entering college for the first time. Until two years previous to this time his home had been in Chicago, where culture, as well as everything else, is made to "hum" when once it is fairly started. The special plant for the manufacture of this commodity had not, however, been operated as yet. Here he had lived until he was nineteen years old, enjoying the comforts of a refined and elegant home.

His family consisted of his father, mother and a small brother ten years his junior. A sister had come into the home, but death had so soon taken her that only a faint memory was left after these many years. Myrick Larkin, the father, was the senior member of the firm of Larkin, Godwin & Co., stock brokers, and one of the best known and most highly esteemed men on the Chicago exchange. Mrs. Larkin was the daughter of the Honorable Judge Penoyer, of the United States Supreme Court. The family had held for many years a prominent place in Chicago society. Wealthy, the best things in literature, art, music, and the drama had been enjoyed by them without counting the cost. Society and social life had been to them much a matter of course. Children reared in a home of this type are singularly enough sometimes modest in their tastes and economical in their habits; but more often perhaps is it quite otherwise. To such the trials that follow a reverse of fortune are indeed severe. The Larkin family belonged to that class of persons in whom are united a combination of qualities not frequently found together, but which when met with make the possessors really worth knowing. Accustomed as they had been always to wealth and refinement,

they had none of that aristocratic veneering, which often so strongly marks families who come suddenly into worldly riches, without having the real high tone which becomes wealth. Their position in society was secure, and they felt no necessity to affect superior airs. To them it was no condescension to speak friendly with an honest laboring man or woman. The poor girl who earned her living in shop or factory was to them a member of the human family of which they themselves were a part. To such a family, extravagance in expenditure was not a wise thing, and consequently, although they lived handsomely, they spent their substance judiciously.

Amidst such surroundings Jack had lived until nineteen years of age. He had, as a matter of course in so far as he considered it, but quite otherwise in the case of his thoughtful mother, been carefully prepared for college. Not hurriedly, there was no reason for this, but wisely and thoroughly. Mrs. Larkin had always held it a grave mistake to send boys away from home and its influences before their minds were sufficiently matured and their character sufficiently settled, to prevent them from being tossed hither and thither morally according as the character of their new found associates happened to be of this or that type. "Give a boy sufficient foundation of character and intellect to enable him to stand by his own convictions and he will not incline to lean on others when he goes out from home the first time" was her philosophy about bringing up boys, and this she sought to carry out in the case of Jack. Along with this went the practice of allowing him to handle certain sums of money given to him monthly, not alone for the purposes of pleasure, but that he might purchase his clothing and other necessaries, and thereby learn to know the value of money against the time when he found it necessary to make such purchases independently.

Thus equipped Jack Larkin found himself in the spring of 188— prepared to enter college. The coming summer was to be a real vacation for him. No further preparation

to make, he planned to give up the coming months to complete rest from study, and in company with his mother and brother and for a portion of the time his father, to spend the time abroad. It was arranged that the family should go on without the father and spend the early part of the vacation in Italy and Germany, and about midsummer Mr. Larkin would join them at Paris and together they would all go about France and England, returning early enough to allow Jack to enter college.

Everything had been carried out as planned, and early in June three members of the family sailed from New York, leaving Mr. Larkin, who had accompanied them to the city, with the assurance that they would all meet again about the middle of July in Paris.

So accustomed were they to plan deliberately and wisely that their plans almost never miscarried and the possibility of this last one doing so had not occurred to any of them. But this was one of the few instances which, controlled by fate, even their thoughtfulness could not have foreseen.

After attending to some business, which partly accounted for his going to New York, Mr. Larkin took the train back to Chicago. During his few days absence a social agitation had developed in his home city, the exact nature of which he had not learned from the daily papers. On his arrival home he found matters in a bad condition. Labor and capital were inaugurating a warfare of huge proportions, and although many thought it would be over in a few days, he foresaw a prolonged strife. Days of agitation grew into weeks and still no change for the better. Capital was sustaining severe losses and business was almost paralyzed. The summer wore on and among the solid firms to collapse was Larkin, Godwin & Co. Still Mr. Larkin kept up hope to the last, intending, until the crisis came, to keep his appointment with his family. He had informed them of the disturbance at home, but did not hint that it was serious enough to prevent him from sailing at the appointed time. When he realized fully that it was out of the question for him to leave Chicago, it was too late for him to write his

family in full and have the letter reach Paris at the appointed time, so he cabled them that important business detained him, and that they should go on without him, carrying out the plans as they had been arranged. This news reached them at Brussels on the eve of their departure for Paris. They began to fear that all was not right at home and Mrs. Larkin found herself worrying not a little as the days came and went. The thought grew upon her from day to day and in the absence of further and more definite news from home, they decided to hasten on and take an earlier steamer back. This they wrote home to Mr. Larkin, but he, poor man, was not in a condition to oppose it.

Worried and troubled as he had been for weeks past the last stroke found him with little strength to withstand it, and when it came it was almost more than he could bear. During these days of anxiety with Mrs. Larkin, he lay prostrate at home, wishing his family were with him yet refusing to allow them to be summoned. This was the condition when two weeks before they were expected, word came from New York that the family had arrived and would reach home the following evening.

The greeting was indeed a sad one. Such a change had been wrought in the father that the family would scarcely have recognized him out of his own chamber. It was then that the mother and son learned for the first, that the social disturbance of the summer had cost them their fortune, and perhaps the loss of the husband and father. The wifely devotion of Mrs. Larkin lavished itself upon her husband, and the increased responsibility prompted Jack to see what might be done, if anything, to mend business matters. Both were unavailing. By the end of the summer the father had succumbed to paralysis and was laid away in the family plot, and it was fully realized that all their large fortune had been swept away.

The beautiful home given up, they removed to Portsoaken, a small town a few hours ride from Chicago, where dwelt some friends of Mrs. Larkin, and where they could await the settlement of the business affairs that was still pending.

It was, of course, out of the question for Jack to enter college this year, that had been given up, at least until all business matters had been settled. But the mother, when she had taken in the situation, returned to the thought of her son's going to college, and while she concluded it would be necessary for him to wait a while, yet she would not allow herself to think of giving up his going altogether.

In the work of adjusting such large business interests Jack found employment that was interesting to him. Interesting in that he could know of every detail in the affairs, and could report to his mother every ray of hope which seemed to shine through the great black cloud that had enveloped them. Two years rolled around ere the affairs were wound up, during which time Jack had lived in the city, his mother and brother in their cottage home in Portsoaken. Nearly every Sunday found Jack at home with them, and his coming was awaited throughout the week by his sad mother. These years were full of tenderness. The mother learned to lean on her eldest son, and he in turn found that genuine love for his mother which had not fully developed before this time. They grew closer together, and every plan for their welfare was freely talked over. It was in one of these confidential talks that Mrs. Larkin brought up, for the first time since her husband's death, the plan for her son to go to college. He opposed it at first, but finding his mother's heart so set on it he yielded for the time, yet not then seeing how it would be possible to bring it about.

When at the end of two years, all the business affairs having been closed up, it was found, by the discovery of some unknown securities, that enough was left to provide for some time to come for the simple needs of the widow, and that Jack had been able, from the remuneration for his services to save a few hundred dollars, the question of his going to college was again urged by his mother and he yielded. He felt at the same time guilty of wrong doing in thus using his time and money, but it was his mother's strongly expressed wish, and there was nothing to do but yield.

Accordingly he had entered Bonnell University in September of the year 189-, and had found himself greatly interested in his work. Each week his letters had gone regularly home to his mother, laden with the accounts of things which interested him, in every detail of which it is needless to say she took great interest. His limited means compelled him to engage modest quarters, but he had fortunately found a home with one of those kind, motherly women, whose interest in her roomers was beyond that of the money interest, who delighted in doing for "her boys" all she could to supply the lack of a mother's care and kindness. Of the good Mrs. Hathaway's thoughtfulness Jack always told his mother, until she had come to bless the good woman for taking such care of her son.

For the purpose of still further reducing expenses he had joined himself to a students' boarding club, where board could be had at the lowest cost. Here he found himself associated with fifteen or twenty young men, most of whom had not been used to anything much better than their present circumstances. With his luxurious tastes he found it sometimes very trying to subsist day after day on the monotonous fare and with these plain simple companions, but it must needs be. How gladly would he go to his room and in the midst of its simple appointments would call up and live over again the delightful days now gone. His thoughts would go back to the friends he had known in those days of prosperity. Friends which knew him no more. How completely he had dropped out of their lives, and they out of his; all, save one perhaps, who might have been more than a friend to him, who was but a memory now, still a living memory. He wondered again and again where she might be this evening or that, as he sat in his room thinking of her. Wondered if she was attending this or that reception, and if she danced as gaily, just as gaily, as when she danced with him. Oh! these memories were torturing to him, and he found balm only in the thought of his sweet, patient mother, and how much harder was her burden than his.

[To be continued.]

The Good-natur'd Man.

CAST.

Mr. Honeywood	H. M. Smith	Dubarbieu	C. M. Howe
Croaker	R. P. Wilcox	Follower	Eugene Ballard
Lofty	J. M. Parker	Miss Richland	H. R. Gabay
Sir William Honeywood, R. A. Gunnison		Olivia	J. F. Goodman
Leontine	Edward Rathbun	Mrs. Croaker	G. W. La Pointe
Jarvis	George Hillyer	Garnet	J. F. Mc Glensey
Bailiff	F. S. Hansell		

The Masque performance of the less-known of Oliver Goldsmith's two famous comedies, *The good-natur'd man*, which was given at the Lyceum on the Tuesday of Junior week, deserves more than a passing mention. The early history of the dramatic activities of Cornell students was given in the January number of the CORNELL MAGAZINE in an article that also summarized the performances of the Masque up to the present time. It was there shown that the amateur actors of the University had always been very modest in their aspirations, and that they had chiefly confined their efforts to performing farces and farcical comedies. It was reserved for the Masque of 1895-96 to attempt a more ambitious flight, and to present before a Junior-week audience a famous but seldom-played eighteenth century comedy. The experiment was a bold one, and that it should have been attempted at all proves a growing literary taste among Cornell students, which cannot be too highly commended. Oliver Goldsmith's play was only decided upon after considerable discussion of other standard comedies, and its selection shows an earnest wish on the part of those students who have a taste for acting to strike at something higher than rollicking fun, and to devote their time to studying classical English in the place of the slangy inanities which disgrace modern English and American farces.

The good-natur'd man was chosen for performance, partly on its merits, as the work of one of the most charming of English writers, and partly because it has not for very many years been played upon the regular stage, and would therefore not rashly arouse comparisons between the student performers and professional actors. It is difficult to understand why Goldsmith's earlier comedy has not retained the popularity of *She stoops to conquer*, his only other dramatic production. The character painting is certainly superior in the earlier play, for Tony Lumpkin, young Marlowe, and the charming Miss Hardcastle have not the striking characteristics or comic traits of Croaker, Lofty, and young Honeywood; the plot in the earlier play is also more skilfully contrived than in the later; and no scene in *She stoops to conquer* is more mirth provoking than the scene with the bailiffs in *The good-natur'd man*. The Masque performance suggested that the unpopularity of the earlier play may be due to the want of action and to the absence of strong situations, "curtains" as the professionals call them, at the end of the different scenes, faults not surprising when it is remembered that the play was Goldsmith's first effort at writing for the stage; but even allowing for these weaknesses, it is surprising that no modern character actor has seen the comic possibilities of Croaker and Lofty.

For the Masque performance the play was considerably cut down in length, for the patience of a nineteenth century audience would be thoroughly exhausted by five long acts. The cuts reduced the play by about one-third, and it was naturally the love scenes between Leontine and Olivia that were most severely pruned. Three acts were made out of the original five, acts I and II being run together to make a first act, and acts III and IV to make a second act, while act V played almost in its entirety became act III. The scene of the first two acts thus made was laid in Honeywood's house and the change to Croaker's house, which would have caused a tiresome change of set, was thus avoided. The cuts and alterations were so managed that the plot in no way suffered, and it may be doubted whether any of the audience,

except those already familiar with the play, would have guessed the extent of the reduction made from the original.

In criticising and appreciating the acting powers shown by the amateurs who presented *The good-natur'd man*, it must be admitted that the playing of female parts by young men seemed far more incongruous in the case of this famous old English comedy than in the modern farces which the Masque has hitherto presented. It was certainly not the fault of the actors who took female parts, for Mr. Goodman had shown real talent in the little curtain-raiser that preceded the play, and the skill of Mr. Gabay and Mr. McGlensey is well known, but the impossibility of presenting old English comedy with an entirely male cast was made abundantly manifest. No one could help pitying the lot of the unfortunate impersonator of Leontine, Mr. Rathbun, and it was not altogether his fault that the love scenes became rather comic than sentimental. It seems absolutely necessary that if in the future the Masque is to follow up its praiseworthy departure from the realms of farce, an arrangement should be made whereby the female parts should be filled in the only proper and natural manner. It may be of interest in this connection to state that when amateur acting was under the ban of the authorities of the university of Oxford, the amateur dramatic club, which consisted entirely of students, used to give its performances some miles out of the city, and was forced by the absence of women to give nothing but farces and burlesques, but that when the late Master of Balliol, Professor Jowett, removed the ban and allowed the undergraduates to perform in Oxford, he stipulated that the playing by men of female parts should cease. From that time the Oxford University Dramatic Club has greatly flourished and no difficulty has been experienced in finding accomplished amateur actresses in the families of the "dons" and professors. To return however to the recent performance of the Masque, the actors who had the good fortune to play male parts, distinguished themselves one and all. The finest actor in the cast was undoubtedly Mr. Wilcox, who played the part of

Croaker ; whenever he was on the stage the amusement of the audience was unbounded, and although at times he exhibited a slight tendency to over-act, it was in the scenes in which he had to carry the whole burden upon his own shoulders. His by-play was excellent and in the famous soliloquy in which he reads the supposed incendiary letter, he brought down the house. As Lofty, the other character part of the play, Mr. Parker was excellent, and both in appearance and manner caught something of the light and airy style in which the part needed to be played. Mr. Smith as young Honeywood was natural and gave evidence of a thorough knowledge of his part, while in appearance and polish he was an ideal representative of Goldsmith's good-hearted and good-natured young spendthrift. In the great scene with the bailiffs Mr. Smith was aided by an excellent sheriff's officer in the person of Mr. Hansell, who played the part with much comic power and had an excellent foil in his follower, Mr. Ballard, as little Flannigan. A special word of commendation should be given to Mr. Hillyer who played the faithful old servant, Jarvis, to the life, while Mr. Gunnison was a dignified and portly Sir William Honeywood.

The presentation of a play like *The good-natur'd man* demands a great deal more work from the performers than a rattling farce-comedy, which plays itself and may be filled up with local hits. The management of the Masque undertook a very difficult task, and the work of Mr. Gunnison, who was stage manager, was exceptionally arduous. That he was loyally assisted by the members of the cast there can be no doubt, but the performance given on February 4, would not have been one-half of the success it was without the perseverance and *bonhomie* of the stage manager.

This notice is intended to deal only with the Masque performance of *The good-natur'd man*, but the writer would not like to conclude without congratulating Mr. Sanderson on the success of his little curtain-raiser of college life, *A bit of acting*.

H. Morse Stephens.

Publications Received.

- VOGUÉ, E. MELCHOIR DE. Russian portraits, translated by Elizabeth L. Cary. New York, 1895. Putnam's Sons. Cloth 50c. (Autonym library).
- LEE, VERNON. Renaissance fancies and studies. New York, 1896. Putnam's Sons. Cloth \$1.25.
- . Regeneration, a reply to Max Nordau ; with an introduction by N. M. Butler. New York, 1896. Putnam's Sons. Cloth \$1.75.
- LAWRENCE, WILLIAM. Visions and service. Boston, 1896. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth \$1.25.

Terence's Phormio.¹

The decision of the editors of 'The students' series of the Latin classics to use, where possible and advisable, German editions as a basis for the American edition was without doubt a wise one. The latest addition to this series is the Phormio of Terence, edited by H. C. Elmer, whose treatment of "The Latin Prohibitive" has recently attracted much favorable attention. Professor Elmer aimed at placing in the hands of American students a suitable American edition, and in this he has admirably succeeded. For his work is always of the most painstaking and conscientious kind, and he has made an honest effort to examine, and use as seemed wise, the results of recent investigation of questions pertinent to the work in hand. But especially is it a helpful volume because it presents in an accessible and attractive form the fruits of the ripe scholarship of Karl Dziatzko, upon whose edition (Leipzig, 1885) the present one is based.

An introduction of 40 pp. is, perhaps, more than is demanded ; yet it should be said that it is a condensed, though

¹ TERENTIUS AFER, PUBLIUS. P. Terenti Phormio, with notes and introduction by H. C. Elmer. Boston, 1895.

otherwise faithful, reproduction of that of the German editor. The summaries and stage directions found in the text will be of real value to the reader, especially if he is having his introduction to Latin comedy. Considerable independence of judgment is shown by the rejection, in many passages, of readings adopted by Dziatzko and others. The German commentary has been modified in certain directions, and considerable new matter has been added, the result being a work more serviceable for college students.

The investigating student will find valuable matter in the appendix of 13 pp., devoted largely to a discussion of variants, and will welcome the bibliography of literature on Terence that has appeared since 1884.

Index Antiphonteus.¹

An index is always a boon to lovers of accurate scholarship; and the scope of Dr. Van Cleef's *Index Antiphonteus* is such that students of Attic prose in general and grammarians in particular, may welcome its appearance with more than ordinary pleasure. It is not merely, or in the first place, a table of forms, but a conspectus of syntactical usage; and this novel arrangement is justified by and in harmony with the modern criticism which recognizes in the remains of Attic oratory the clearest reflection of educated Athenian speech. That valuable body of literature, which was co-extensive with and shared in the most intense development of Greek prose, and which exhibits genius and mediocrity pursuing like aims in a common spirit of obedience to every conventional form, is to the syntactician both a storehouse of precepts embodied in examples and the foundation from which his theories must be built up; and to the trained eye such a compendium as this, much more such a series of similar monographs as Dr. Van Cleef half promises in his preface, is full of suggestiveness and instruction.

¹ VAN CLEEF, F. L. *Index Antiphonteus*. (Cornell studies in Classical Philology, 5.)

One might point out an occasional slip, or disagree with the author's view of a particular construction, might find sometimes an excess of minute classification or require greater consistency in the treatment of similar phenomena ; but all deductions made leave the first sense of gratification unimpaired. Americans do not need the lesson which M. Gaston Paris has sought to impress upon his countrymen, that there are no frontiers in scholarship ; but the most sincere of philological freetraders may permit himself some pleasure at the thought that a work of such happy novelty and solid value should be brought out by an American scholar under the auspices of an American university.

Elm City.¹

Elm City, Pictures and Verse, is the title of a volume by Herbert Randall that makes a charming souvenir of New Haven and Yale. The pictures are a fine specimen of the reproduction of artistic photography and the views selected those that must be recalled with especial pleasure by every alumnus of Yale. The prevailing tone of the verse is sad. Nature is regarded, not as it exists, but as it appears to the observer's mood. The appeal is to the silent sympathy that affords a solace to the sorrowful. The presswork of the book, which is privately printed, is admirably and artistically done. It is in every way a dainty bit of book making.

¹RANDALL, HERBERT. *Elm City, pictures and verse*. New Haven, 1896.

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THE revised edition of the By-Laws of the Athletic Association shows some changes, the most important of which is in the uniformity in the method of selecting the men for the teams and crews. Heretofore an exception to the general rule has been made on this point in the case of the Navy. A writer in the *Ithaca Journal* made a great effort to construe this action of the Council to be a "blow against Courtney," but his effort availed little. All thoughtful persons who are truly interested in our athletics, witness with pleasure every effort made to systematize and harmonize the several divisions. The development during the past years of the different lines of athletic activity more or less independently of each other, naturally brought about varying conditions. No doubt this was for the best so long as those interested in any one branch consisted only of stu-

dents and a coach, but now that older and wiser heads than students or coach can be found to direct the efforts of our athletes it is time to confine each man to his own sphere, and hold him responsible for as much as lies within his sphere. The time when a coach can be expected to train young men in form and methods, and at the same time manage the details of contests as well as act as medical examiner and adviser, is, it is hoped, passed. The first of these duties is all that ought to be expected of any coach. Without any definite knowledge as to what provisions the Council has made for the latter, it might be suggested that it needs to be more carefully considered than it has been in the past. The severe and prolonged training which young men, some of whom are not fully matured, are subjected to in the several branches of athletics, makes it imperative that their physical condition be constantly looked after. It is not enough that they are examined before being allowed to enter upon their training. They should be constantly looked after, and their condition inquired into by a thoroughly competent anatomist, that any harmful tendencies may be checked before going too far. If the action of the Council does nothing more more than relieve the coaches from the responsibility of the men's physical condition, it will have done much. If parents throughout the country knew how much severe physical training their sons underwent in many of our colleges and universities, and oftentimes without being properly looked after by skilled physicians, many more young men would probably be forbidden to engage in athletics, than are now.

THE work of some members of the Masque in presenting Mr. Sanderson's *A bit of acting*, deserves praise. The cast was well selected; the most difficult parts, the impersonation of women, being especially good. Mr. Hays as the real aunt was probably the best work done by any of the men in women's parts. The very features which marred Mr. Goodman's work as Olivia, stood him well in hand in the charac-

ter of the false aunt. Mr. Sanderson's work, as the writer, was very commendable. The local setting gave an appropriateness to the many local "hits," which are altogether flat and disagreeable when "lugged" into a play with a foreign setting.

THAT the Masque performance of the *Good natured man* was not good, must be said. But this is not all that can be or ought to be said. Some are disposed to say the Masque ought not to have attempted anything so classical. To many others this was the thing for which they should be praised. All University people are, or ought to be interested in the work of the Masque, and for this reason sincere criticism may be of service to them in their future work. In the first place several members of the cast were allowed to come on the stage so shaky in their lines that their every energy was consumed in the mere repetition, and nothing left with which to put some action into their parts. The men ought to have been so thoroughly conversant with their lines that no thought need be taken of what was being said, only how it was said and acted. Again the choice of men to take women's parts was not good. More masculine men could hardly have been chosen. Surely there must be men in the University who have lighter voices and who are able to affect to some degree a few feminine mannerisms. If these two important features had been carefully looked after, there is no reason why the Masque performance should not have been very creditable.

The Month.

The young ladies of Sage College gave a successful presentation of a *Box of monkeys*, on Saturday evening, February 8.

The date set for the quadrangular race between Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Cornell is Friday, June 26, between two and six o'clock.

Through the efforts of Professor Benj. I. Wheeler, who is this year acting as Director of the American School for Classical Studies at Athens, the Greek government has granted to the school the exclusive privilege of excavating on the site of old Corinth. The concession is a very important one, and is a decided compliment to the American school.

The program for "Junior week" this year was as follows: Tuesday, February 4, production by the Masque at the Lyceum, of Goldsmith's *Good-natur'd man*, preceded by a one-act college play, written for the occasion by J. G. Sanderson, '97; Wednesday, Sophomore cotillion of ninety-eight at the Lyceum; Thursday, concert, by the glee, banjo and mandolin clubs, at the Lyceum; Friday, ninety-seven's Junior promenade, at the Armory. The usual complement of teas, receptions, and private theatricals added to the enjoyment of the week.

Literary Chat.

In connection with the opening of the University of Athens, it is said that the students were divided into hostile parties, and two students went from words to blows, and finally one shot the other with a revolver, at the entrance to the chemical laboratory.

It is now announced that Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) is the author of the *Personal recollections of Joan of Arc*, now running in the *Harper's*.

The *Critic* of February 1 has the following paragraph: "A banquet was given at the Savoy, January 24, in honor of Judge Francis M. Finch, on his retirement from the bench, under the auspices of the Psi Upsilon Collegiate club of this city. Not only as a jurist, but as a poet, Judge Finch holds a prominent position, his *Nathan Hale* and the *Blue and the gray*—the latter published in the *Atlantic* just after the close of the civil war,—being among our best known patriotic lyrics. His *Storm, the King* is worthy of Poe, and his student songs have enduring popularity. A pretty booklet, printed by DeVinne, containing the student songs, formed the souvenir of the evening. The speakers were the Hon. Theodore Bacon, who presided, Judge Charles F. MacLean, Rev. George R. Van De Water, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Austin Abbott, Prof. George W. Kirchway, Thomas Thacher, Prof. Willard Fiske, George Henry Fox, and Charles Dudley Warner."

It is reported that several poems, amounting to 12,000 verses, two dramas, letters, dialogues and songs written by Margaret of Navarre during the last years of her life, have recently been discovered in the National Library at Paris.

Mr. W. T. Stead's series of *Penny Popular Novels* in which he will attempt to reduce some of the world-famous works of fiction from 200,000 or 300,000 to 30,000 or 40,000 words without losing any of the original flavor, will begin with Haggard's *She*.

The Greek government has granted to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, the sole right of excavating at Corinth, for which the successive directors of the institution had applied for some years in vain. The possible importance of this grant can hardly be overestimated, and it is hoped that the funds required for the purpose (\$10,000) for which Professor B. I. Wheeler asks, will be readily subscribed. Pledges amounting to \$2,000, on condition that the \$10,000 be raised, have been received by President Low, of Columbia.

A movement is on foot to start a memorial library for George Eliot at Nuneaton the birthplace, of Mrs. Cross. All friends and admirers are solicited to contribute money and books to the project. Those interested are asked to address A. F. Cross, editor of the *Observer*, at Nuneaton.

The *London Bookman* is authority for the statement that Thomas Hardy endeavored to withdraw his novel *Jude the obscure* from *Harper's Magazine*, actually requesting the publishers to cancel the contract, but they found it impracticable to do this.

The Cornell Magazine

March, 1896.

To Hiram Corson.

There stands upon a lofty mountain height
A fortress strong and mighty ; long before
The days of Homer did man lay the great
Foundation, through the spirit all divine.
The ages each and every one by means
Of Nature's dearest sons are adding room
To room. The rarest jewels of all the earth
Adorn the walls. Within the purest joys
To man are given. His soul expands in power
Unknown to him before. To many yet
This untold wealth of priceless treasure brings
No joy. The heights are rocky, steep, and hard
To climb. Some workmen, too, who hoped to add
An arch or battlement, have wearied by
The way. For many years I often went
To stroll about the mountain ; would admire
With heart and soul the mighty structure, but
Within I never cared to venture, till
One day, before the portal, stood a calm,
Majestic figure thoughtful, earnest, rapt
With admiration, gazing westward where
The sunset's glory radiance divine
Was shedding. Near and nearer went I until
I stood upon the terrace just below.

Then said he kindly : " Come within
Where I can show thee mortal glories such
As thou hast never dreamed of : God's own thoughts,
But shaped by man."

The power to tell of treasures hidden there
 In rich profusion, have I not. If thou
 Desire to know them, have them, hold them as
 Thy own, go seek this stronghold's faithful guide.
 'Tis he who holds the key to highest realms
 Of Poesy; by voice and spirit he
 Unlocks the inmost depths of poet's mind.
 To him who helps us find much pleasure where
 Before 'twas stony ground, I dedicate
 These humble lines.

M. C. G.

The Character of Hester.¹

However much Mr. Hawthorne looked out over the fields of realities—or as he terms it, “the opaque substance of to-day”—he never entered them. And though he enjoyed the novels of another class he never ceased to gather the “delicate harvest of fancy and sensibility.”

To have done otherwise would have been an injury to his genius. His eyes were better fitted to see things in shadow. Why then should he try to adjust his sight to the blazing light of noonday? He does not see distinct material lines. He prefers, as he says in the preface to the *Blithedale romance*, to summon these creatures of his brain from the mist, to set up for them “a theatre a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where they may play their phantasmagorical antics, without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives.”

They fade again into the shadows, and we are left ignorant as to whither or how long they wander. The author is little concerned about the conclusions of his tales—that is, he does not devote a chapter to a general clearing up of accounts. The reader's imagination may fill out the career of

¹A portion of a paper on Hawthorne's *Scarlet letter* read before the seminary in English novels.

little Pearl, but the *Scarlet letter* has nothing for his curiosity except vague rumors. The future of Miriam and Donatello is hidden as much as were their faces by the carnival mask, from Kenyon. Yet the indefinite element in Mr. Hawthorne's works is not beyond our reach and experience, for "we are such stuff as dreams are made on." Genius makes the indefinite in these fantastic tales touch the indefinite in us, and we get the feeling somehow, without being obliged cumberously to translate it into exact phrases. It is like the coloring of the sky in a picture, suggesting depth and distance by its diffusion of color, compared with the lines distinctly drawn in the foreground, representing the definite.

Hawthorne never uses an intricate plot, for that would involve too many externals. He deals with the tragedy of thought. He sees this inner action so vividly that startling outer action is not necessary to give an interest to the tale. Intense reality of thought and feeling gives to commonplaces a tragic cast, and to ordinary acts, heroic proportions.

In this novelist's world, material things are the unrealities. The only tangible present things are the emotions, the impulses, the struggles of life. Here abstractions become concrete. Love, joy, pride, sin, remorse, are not doubtful shadows, fleeting illusions, they are living personalities, exciting or oppressing by their presence. This writer is like the witches he loved to describe; out of rags and scraps, bits of tinsel and broken sticks, he makes a living organism. Withal, there is something uncanny in his world. It is full of grotesque folk, for here physical forms have been moulded by spiritual characteristics. Those who were but ordinary men and women to the unaided eye, assume forms of unearthly beauty or the most hideous deformity, when seen through his moral atmospheres.

He is a combination of wizard, Puritan, and poet. The history of New England has in him an epitome of its best life—not that it created this genius, according to Mr. Taine's theory, but it colored the fabric of his thought.

There are writers in whose characters there is very little

change. They are finished before they are introduced to the reader. They put on old armor, talk in middle English, to quote a division of the philologists, wear the feudal manners along with the feudal sword and helmet. The thing inside the armorial casing is always secondary to the correctness in shape and detail of the casing itself.

There is another class that places a character in the midst of things—by that I mean scenery, people, customs,—and uses these circumstances to show the different phases of that character. The character is reflected from many mirrors, carefully arranged to show the varying moods that hint of the inner mystery. Completeness is the aim. Shakespeare and George Eliot worked largely in this manner. Mr. Hawthorne is like neither of these. He is preeminently psychological in his treatment of character, but he presents it as seen in relation to a single idea. His unity lies not in a person, but in an idea that has saturated his thought. His characters are seen on the side presented to that idea. Only by implication can the other side be known. He is concerned with the all-around aspect of his idea, rather than that of his subject.

The length of the *Scarlet letter* gives an opportunity to enforce the one idea by means of minuter touches and keener analyses that make the remarkable unity only the more striking. It is especially notable that “nothing walks with aimless feet.”

The opening chapter is short—not quite two pages. Still, it is a door quite large enough to let us into the weird, sad world beyond. It describes a prison-door, heavy, dark, gloomy, already old in a community hardly settled, a suggestion of crime and shame and sorrow. Hovering crime, nevertheless, does not command the senses fully. A rose-bush blooms beside the door, sending its fragrance into the atmosphere and giving reminder that beauty may spring up in the most desolate places, and give the last impression of the scene.

The pillory in the market-place is the center of three

dramatic groupings in the progress of the story. There Hester is punished in the bright morning sunlight; there Dimmesdale keeps his horrible vigil; there he confesses his sin. From it we trace the course of the woman; to it we follow the minister.

Here Hester stands and looks into the present that holds neither pity nor sympathy for her, into the future that promises no softening, and then into the past whence rises her happy infancy, her father's face with reverend white beard, her mother's restraining love, her wandering life with her husband, and then—*this*. There is no finer touch in Hawthorne than this description where he deftly uses contrast to show at once the Puritan background and this woman's seething passion that at last is lulled in reminiscence.

“There were intervals when the whole scene, in which she was the most conspicuous object, seemed to vanish from her eyes, or, at least, glimmered indistinctly before them, like a mass of imperfectly shaped and spectral images. Her mind, and especially her memory, was preternaturally active, and kept bringing up other scenes than this roughly hewn street of a little town on the edge of the western wilderness; other faces than were lowering upon her from beneath the brims of those steeple-crowned hats. Reminiscences, the most trifling and immaterial, passages of infancy and school-days, sports, childish quarrels, and the little domestic traits of her maiden years, came swarming back upon her, intermingled with recollections of whatever was gravest in her subsequent life; one picture precisely as vivid as another; as if all were of similar importance or all alike a play. Possibly it was an instinctive device of her spirit, to relieve itself, by the exhibition of these phantasmagoric forms, from the cruel weight and hardness of the reality.”

As she stands on the pillory, she is a beautiful woman, whose dignity, pride, and but half-concealed passion add to her charm—so sensitive in this callous throng, while so

strong to shield the trembling minister in her love. She has a rich, voluptuous nature, out of keeping with the sable garments, as well as with the cold, repressed natures of the Puritans themselves. She finds expression for herself in the fantastic, yet delicate embroidery of the scarlet letter and in the gorgeous clothing of its living counterpart, Pearl. Her generous strength is shown in the reply she makes when pressed to name her fellow-sinner. There is even the promise that that name, with her repentance, may remove the letter from her breast. But she answers: "Never! It is too deeply branded. Ye cannot take it off. And would that I might endure his agony, as well as mine!"

Here is a soul of great capacity, of fine nobility, entangled in the meshes of evil while trying to seek the good that lies in the sympathy of a kindred, sensitive soul.

The excitement that sustained her in the crowd is not with her when she takes her final departure from the prison to the little cottage on the outskirts of the town. That is the beginning of the daily torture of commonplaces. Thither she retires with the letter and the child, to shun the world and to be shunned by it; to summon none but her own fancies for companions; to lead their multitude in rebellion against the institutions of man. She is a publican standing afar off, who does not so much as lift her eyes towards Heaven, but smites her breast and cries out: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

The first step in her purification takes the form of outward acts—she gives alms; though it is long before she gives herself with her alms and prays for her enemies. Yet spite of dark gropings and the withholding hand of pride, she works out for herself, day by day, "another purity than that which she has lost; more saint-like, because the result of martyrdom."

Her loneliness makes her morbid. It increases the sensitiveness of the antennæ that she thrusts out into the world, only to withdraw them in quivering pain. All nature is full of herself and her sin. She is mocked by innocent things.

The babblings of children wound the more deeply because they are meaningless. Worst of all is that mysterious and loathsome power in the scarlet letter, by which it detects its like under many a fair exterior. She thrusts the hideous power from her. Again her inherent strength saves her womanhood.

What delicate suggestion in this, that when under a stranger's eye, "she could scarcely refrain, yet always did refrain from covering the symbol with her hand." There is something exquisitely touching in her courage, and yet that flaming letter throws its baneful gleam even over pity. And pity, no matter how strong, can not remove it, for it is branded in the flesh. Nay, pity makes the wound even deeper. So she struggles along, while the reader watches sympathetically, feeling sure that her nobility will save her from her enemies.

Responsibility for her child has both a softening and a purifying effect upon every relation of her life, especially that which binds her to her child's father.

The forest scene, though its symbolism is sometimes too prominent, is nevertheless a subtle study. For seven years, the minister and Hester have been to each other as phantoms,—as spirits risen from that other world that they had known.

"Hester! Hester Prynne!" said he. "Is it thou? Art thou in life?"

"Even so!" she answered. "In such life as has been mine these seven years past! And thou, Arthur Dimmesdale, dost thou yet live?"

Not until their chilly hands touch, does each have assurance of the flesh and blood existence of the other. Then through commonplaces they find the old course over which their deeper thought and feeling had been wont to go. One feels a little of her rebellion against the restraining laws of society, when one sees what comfort the clergyman finds in pouring out all his misery before this one woman, and the pleasure that she finds in soothing and strengthening him.

How they supplement and complete each other ! And a deformed fiend stands between them ! But such reflections are dangerous. Perhaps by this way came their first sin, as now comes their second.

It needs but the closer union after mutual injury and forgiveness, to make them once more defiant of the world for the sake of each other. And now, a startling phenomenon ! Once decided that they owe nothing to society, that happiness lies only in their flight together, the physical life and beauty that had before destroyed the more sacred bond between them, flows back. The scarlet letter is hurled across the brook, whose murmurings now are changed from sadness into joy.

“ The stigma gone, Hester heaved a long, deep sigh, in which the burden of shame and anguish departed from her spirit. Oh exquisite relief ! She had not known the weight, until she felt the freedom ! By another impulse she took off the formal cap that confined her hair, and down it fell upon her shoulders, dark and rich, with at once a shadow and a light in its abundance, and imparting the charm of softness to her features. There played around her mouth, and beamed out of her eyes, a radiant and tender smile, that seemed gushing from the very heart of womanhood. A crimson flush was glowing on her cheek that had been long so pale. Her sex, her youth, and the whole richness of her beauty, came back from what men call the irrevocable past, and clustered themselves, with her maiden hope and a happiness before unknown, within the magic circle of this hour.”

Likewise into this magic description what a sweep of things spiritual and physical, of conditions past and present, of impulses of freedom, of hope, of joy's intoxication !

But it is not long that moral restraint can be ignored. The letter will not be cast aside, for the letter is Pearl.

When Pearl compels her mother again to pin the hated symbol on her breast, the gray and sober mien comes back, the sunlight departs. But she feels that she has broken the bond that has held her to this cruel spot of civilization.

The only show of resentment toward the minister comes after this new adjustment of herself to her surroundings—a change that has brought her and the minister into the same sphere once more,—and it is hard to forgive him for going back into that world of processions and honors from which she is shut out. Ignominy for her, reverence for him—never has the injustice of the case seemed so great to her as on the eve of their yielding to fate and the end of the struggle for righteousness.

Confession saves them from such a fall, and for the last time the weary man appeals to Hester's strength—this time to assist him to mount the pillory.

Years of absence from the place remove the bitterness of its memory ; then this barren village, sacred to her love and to her victory, calls her back. The riches of her wisdom and her strength are dispensed generously, and lovingly. The scarlet letter has done its work ; no longer a mark of shame, it is now the badge of a sister of charity. It still illumines, though it has ceased to burn.

Clara L. Myers.

How Jack Went to the Junior.

II.

The Christmas vacation had been spent at college, the distance and expense being too great to justify Jack in going home for the holidays. He had taken advantage of this respite from work to write daily to his mother and had received letters daily from her, and in this way they had been able to get some of the Christmas cheer which they both missed so much. The work of the second term was fairly begun and along with it came the gaiety of the social season.

Among the friends Jack had made, outside of his boarding club, was a young man, a year his junior, beside whom he sat in his lectures on English literature. His name was Anthony Bruce. He was a second year man and a member of the secret society called Omega Alpha. The two found their tastes in literature running along parallel lines, and often, after the lecture, they would walk and talk over the subject about which they had just listened, and thereby found themselves drawn closer to each other. This friendship was almost the only one Jack had formed with those who were on his own plane of thought and feeling. But he felt the great distance that existed between him and his friend. Bruce was a young man of means, or at least the son of wealthy parents. He would sometimes thoughtlessly suggest to Larkin that they do this or that thing, involving little expense, but so much that Jack felt it necessary to decline, and at the same time felt the more deeply his own poverty. Bruce would feel sorry at such times for his lack of consideration and would resolve to be more thoughtful in the future.

His fondness for his friend naturally led him to propose to the other members of the fraternity that they take Jack in.

This they readily consented to do, after they had become more or less acquainted with him, as they did by dropping around to his room with Bruce. Anthony was very much pleased with the prospect of having Jack so closely related to him as a fraternity brother, and entered into the details with enthusiasm when he laid the matter before his friend. Jack heard him to the end, with a quiet manner, and then frankly told him how impossible it was to even think of such a thing.

"Oh! but the expense is not so much as you think," urged Bruce, in reply to the first objection raised by Jack. "You can live more cheaply in the chapter house than you can outside; and besides, the other fellows will be more considerate of you than I am, I am so thoughtless," he went on to say. "We want you for yourself; money hasn't anything to do with the matter; we want you."

"No, Anthony. Don't you see how impossible it would be for me to live with your fellows day after day and not have a part in the many interesting things that must come up? I might, as you say, be able to meet necessary expenses with but little additional outlay, but I should always be a dead weight that must either be carried or thrown overboard; and in the end I fear you would wish to throw me overboard." And then he explained to Bruce his circumstances, told him of his mother and brother at home, and other details not fully explained before.

"Well," said Anthony, "the fellows are all stuck on you, and I'm going to tell them just why you can't come in. I want you to come around to the lodge often, anyway. I want you to come to my room just as often as you can, and the boys will all be glad to see you. Good bye."

Here the interview closed and Bruce went home disappointed, while Jack sat in his room for some time after, thinking over the matter, wishing he might join the fraternity, thinking how much it must add to college life to have for his friends such a lot of fine fellows. "But it cannot be," he said aloud, "and that's the end of it." He did not

go around to the chapter house as Bruce asked him to do, not because he did not like the fellows, but because he could not feel it was a wise thing to do.

Thus the days wore on, and but for the fact that Jack kept ever before him his duty to his mother and to himself, he might have been tempted to yield to the strong temptation to make his surroundings more congenial. The training his mother gave him had not been in vain. She had developed in her son the principles of thoughtful self-reliance, and now in the hour of trial, they sustained him. These days were often lonely for him. He could not bring himself to seek the company of the Omega boys, his pride would not allow him to do it. He found no companionship with the members of his boarding club. They had not been used to the things he had known. His life had been lived in a world almost unknown to them, and so he was compelled to spend many an hour, when free from work, in his own society and solitude. A favorite pastime was to take a turn around the college campus, after dinner was over. The houses of the fraternities and the professors were usually brilliantly lighted, and through the windows of many he could see the warm glow of firelight and silken curtained lamps, around which sat the members of the family enjoying the most peaceful hour of the day. Notwithstanding such scenes made him the more conscious of his own changed condition, he enjoyed them because they helped him to live over again those home days when sorrow was unknown.

The days came and went, and in the course of events the great social week of the college year was ushered in. The week in which the Junior and Sophomore classes give their annual receptions, and the Dramatic and Musical clubs their annual performances. Lack of contact with society young men of the University prevented Jack from knowing much about this coming gay season. True, Anthony had talked to him about the coming events several times of late, but partly from considerations for Jack, and because Bruce him-

self had not yet fully entered into all the gaieties of a Junior week, he had not fully aroused Jack to the splendor of the coming events.

The evening of the Junior promenade came. The night promised to be an exceptional winter's night. The keen air was full of life, the fluffy snow so lately fallen that it was still unsoiled, glistened in the light of the arc lamps, and altogether the temptation to go out for a brisk walk was not to be resisted by Jack. On account of a call from a student, a member of his boarding club, whom Jack frequently helped with his work, the turn around the campus was delayed until about 8:30. Coming back past the Armory where the ball was to be held, it occurred to him to step inside and get a mental picture of the decorated room. He did so and there saw that the barren interior which he had seen lined with ropes, pulleys, bells, and bars only, had been transformed into a fairy land. He mentally took in the different features of the ball-room for a few minutes and then went out and to his own room. As he went along he found himself picturing the scene that was so soon to begin in the place he had just left.

When he reached home he dismissed the affair from his mind, with an undefined feeling of what might be, were matters otherwise with him. He had some work in anatomy to do for the morrow, and applying himself to the task, he found the thoughts of society passing out of his mind in his contemplation of the wonders of the structure and mechanism of the human body. About 11:30, after his work was finished, he prepared for bed thinking of the morrow and its duties, and only once did his mind, and then only for an instant, revert to the gay scene which he knew must be at its height on the hill.

He went to bed and to sleep. He had slept soundly for some time when he became aware of returning consciousness. For awhile he lay in a half-dream-like state, his mind passing lightly from one thought to another without any definite purpose. Then he began to realize that he was in search of

something or somebody. He was conscious of covering great distances without exertion or appreciable lapse of time, but it did not seem strange or unusual to him. He would get an indistinct impression now and then of a place more or less familiar to him, but something seemed to hurry him on, to tell him that what he was looking for was no longer there, that it was only the memory of a former time that lingered about the place.

Presently he began to hear the sound of music, at first faintly then more and more distinctly until he realized that he was listening to an orchestra playing the *Land of dreams*. Nearer and nearer to the music he seemed to come until all of a sudden a vision of dancers came before him. At first the picture was indistinct. Gradually his eye followed around the sides of the room and he saw compartments hung with rugs and tapestries of rich oriental colors, furnished with soft divans laden with downy cushions, upon which here and there reclined a pretty head, the face beaming with pleasure derived in part from the sight before her and in part from the strong manly figure which stood bending over her. Daghtans, Kulahs and Cashmeres, skins of wild animals with their glistening eyes and open mouths, were lying about the floors in profusion and gave a setting to the picture that heightened its effect beyond anything he had seen before on such an occasion. And over it all the many colored lamps, half smothered as they seemed with lace and transparent silks, shed their warm glow, blending the outlines of figures and softening the colors into one harmonious mosaic of rich color effects.

Then his eyes wandered away from the walls of the room to the floor covered with white canvas, over which were moving about, to the rhythm of the dreamy waltz, beautiful women, dressed in the soft tints of varied colors and supported by tall and graceful figures in black, who looked down upon their fair partners with eyes of pleasure and admiration. Gradually the figures became more distinct and he began to recognize friends among them. Here and there

an Omega man. No face of all the ladies seemed familiar to him, until one, which he had not noticed before, faintly reminded him of some one whom he knew. As he drew nearer, which he seemed irresistibly to do, he thought the face resembled strongly a friend of days gone by, Laura Dolliver, she for whom he had cared more than any of his former friends, and whom he had not seen or heard from in two years. Another searching look proved to him that it was Laura herself, and then it came over him that it was she for whom he was seeking. His next impulse was to learn with whom she was dancing. With this impulse came a momentary fading of the picture, together with the sensation which he had before felt when moving through space.

When he again returned to a consciousness of his surroundings, he realized that it was he himself who stood beside Miss Dolliver. No explanation of this singular appearance seemed necessary. Those about him appeared to observe nothing unusual, and so he said nothing by way of explanation or apology for his sudden appearance. After the waltz was over they walked around the hall and stopped at the Omega Alpha box. There he saw his several friends, and seemed to have already made the acquaintance of the young ladies and their chaperons. The fellows treated him as one of their own number, and everyone seemed to regard him as belonging to the Omega party, and he accepted it as a matter of course that he was a member. As the evening wore on, he found himself again and again dancing with Laura. As they glided over the floor in a dreamy waltz or picked their way through the crowd in a rollicking two-step they called up all the old times they had had together in Chicago, and tried to persuade themselves that there had been no break in their friendship.

Weary with dancing, early in the morning, they sat together in the box amidst the bower of pillows enjoying each other's presence in a silence that would have been marred by words. Everything around seemed so ethereal. The dim lights from the shaded lamps softened the outlines and

blended the colorings until they both saw as in a dream, only the present seemed the reality and the past two years but a dream—a nightmare rather, in which each had struggled against the inevitable, but without avail. Now she knew how much Jack's presence meant to her and how empty life was without him. He also felt for a certainty that her interest in him was deeper than that of sordid wealth, and as for his feeling toward her, he had never questioned it. All this was told without words and much more effectively than poor human speech could have voiced it. On and on seemed to glide the dancers and take no note of them.

With the first gray light of morning, the fullness of life pressed upon him, the immediate surroundings began to grow dim and at last they faded away like a dissolving view. He aroused himself and put out his hand, only to become conscious that he was in his own bed, and that the morning sun was creeping in through his east window. He knew that he had dreamed and yet it was all so real, so tangible that he was not quite sure but that his present state was the dream. What it all meant, he could not say, but one thing he did know, that he was just as really present at the party the night before as he was now lying in his bed.

Unable to sleep more he arose and prepared for the day, employing the time until breakfast on the work of the morning. He went about that day with just as real a consciousness of having been to the ball as any man who had been there, and when the college daily appeared he instinctively glanced through the account of the event that he might be reassured that it was not all a dream. Failing to find any mention of Miss Dolliver or himself, he sought to dismiss the subject from his thoughts, but he did not understand how it was until a letter the next day gave him the assurance that the Junior was a reality to two persons, of whom the papers made no mention.

E. L.

Professor Boyesen at Cornell.¹

Back in the seventies, when I was an undergraduate at Cornell University, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen suddenly made his appearance at Ithaca as one of the professors in the German department. I was a member of his classes and soon became quite well acquainted with him outside of the recitation-room. The malady so prevalent among collegians—*cacoethes scribendi*—seized me at about this time, and during the Sundays of a month in my sophomore year I amused myself by preparing a little sketch of Boyesen at Cornell.

One evening last autumn, a few days after Boyesen's untimely death, I met, at the New York Authors' Club, Mr. Howells, who, it will be remembered, was the "discoverer" of the Norse-American novelist. He asked me many questions about Boyesen's six years' sojourn at Cornell, which is, it appears, one of the less-known periods in his short career. It occurred to me, therefore, when, the other day I chanced upon the manuscript of my college sketch, hidden away with other papers in an old box, that it might be interesting to give it a corner in your columns; for many of your readers must have known Boyesen through his numerous books and magazine articles. Here it is, almost exactly as it was written some twenty years ago:

"H. H." once expressed surprise that the author of *Gunnar* could find the atmosphere of Cornell University congenial. But like many others, who form their opinion concerning this institution without visiting it, the gifted poetess does not know that there is that about the young,

¹This sketch appeared recently in the *Open Court*. Mr. Stanton, knowing it would have a local interest apart from its general interest, kindly sent us a copy for republication.

free University on Cayuga Lake which exactly chimes in with the fresh liberal soul of Boyesen. The grand scenery about Ithaca, the many-sided sermons at Sage Chapel, the equality of scientific and literary studies, the union in one faculty of men of letters and men of science, the mingling in the college world of a body of intelligent and cultivated women, a close association of students and professors, and everywhere a general spirit of freedom and independence,—all this produces an atmosphere not to be found perhaps in any other university centre in America, an atmosphere just suited to the intellectual lungs of the Norse novelist.

Boyesen the professor does not differ materially from Boyesen the author. An æsthetic nature, enthusiasm, refined humor and great breadth of mind crop out in his lectures as well as in his romances. To these important parts, so seldom found united in the teacher, is added that substratum of all successful instruction, scholarship. Besides a knowledge of the German language and literature and an imbibition of the Germanic spirit, due in part to membership in the great Teutonic family and in part to a residence at Leipsic University, Professor Boyesen is acquainted with other languages both ancient and modern, all of which are brought to bear on his interpretation of the German. It is this Germanic spirit and a mastery of English which enables him to transmit to his students instruction, artistically interwoven into the dry warp of the recitation, and gives a charm to Professor Boyesen's teaching which can be appreciated only by those who have listened to him.

Professor Boyesen belongs pre-eminently to that very small class of teachers of languages who know how to make grammar secondary to the poetry of speech, so that when a pupil leaves him, he can give not only the principal parts of the irregular verbs, but he has become impregnated with what is much more valuable, a lasting love for German literature. The monotonous, sleepy, antiquated modes of teaching so universal in our colleges years ago and unfortunately still lingering here and there, find no counterpart in

the varied, wide-awake, fresh method adapted by Professor Boyesen. He is all life and his enthusiasm is contagious. There is nothing narcotic in his lecture-room and his students are never drowsy. If he pronounces the German before translating it, the laws of elocution are observed, and the true spirit of the passage given. When a word in the text suggests an idea, Professor Boyesen will suddenly rise from his chair, step from behind the desk and walking the floor or standing on the raised platform, will pour forth his thoughts, his speech at such moments often bordering on true eloquence, and his language always displaying force and grace.

In Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, he will support with great ardor the superiority of the farewell scene between Tell and his wife, to that which follows between Rudens and Bertha. When he would define a lyric, in contradistinction to an epic poet, he employs this beautiful simile: "The lyric poet sings the emotions springing from his own breast; but the epic poet is like the broad river which reflects in its bosom the lofty mountains, branching oaks and tiny flowers that it winds among."

Professor Boyesen has a very refined poetic taste, a most æsthetic mind's eye. *Faust* interpreted by him is a rare treat. Grammatical questions give way to a consideration of the graces of the languages, the rhythm of the verse, and the deep hidden meaning of the poet, while snatches from Goethe's life are dexterously thrown in here and there until the author himself becomes identified with his work.

Professor Boyesen possesses a large fund of humor and *esprit*. He never spoils his *bons mots* and anecdotes with too much telling, but leaves the imagination something to do. He hints at his points. Meeting one day a passage in *Faust* about the rendering of which the critics differ, he remarked, "*Faust*, like the Koran and some other good books, admits of various interpretations." Referring, on another occasion, during the reading of the "Prologue in Heaven," to the suggestions which Goethe had received

from the Book of Job, he observed : " It always seemed odd to me that the Hebraic idea of compensation for long suffering was a wife and seven children." After a spirited analysis of the character of Mephistopheles, Boyesen added : " He is a gentleman who would be well received in New York society, and in Boston he would be lionized."

Professor Boyesen's liberalism also displays itself in the lecture-room, but never in a way to offend the most conservative of his hearers. Though a zealous republican in politics, he is not a Jingo ; though a reformer, he is not a fanatic ; though an independent thinker in religion, he is not an atheist ; and in literature and art, while a worshipper of the beautiful, he is not a defender of artistic immorality. Broad-minded but not extreme in any of his views, his lecture-room is pervaded by an air that strengthens, enlarges, and elevates the mental and moral nature.

The artistic faculty, by which I mean not only an innate love of the beautiful, but also a technical acquaintance with the fine arts, is possessed by Professor Boyesen in a large degree. This is due chiefly to his early association with artists, while a student at the University of Christiania, and to his study, at a later date, of the great masterpieces in the picture-galleries of the European capitals. The grand scenery of his native Norway may have given in youth an artistic bent to his mind. But his critical knowledge of art was acquired as he sat beside the easels of his friends in the University town, or while roaming through the Louvre in company with Tourguéneff. Art had such a strong hold upon him at this time that he seriously thought for a moment of becoming an art critic. He has in his possession several oil-paintings which were given him as souvenirs of friendship, on parting with his Christiania companions, before sailing for America. Some of these pictures are of considerable merit, and one or two of the artists who painted them have now won a European reputation. But they are valued by their possessor quite as much on account of the pleasant memories associated with them as for their artistic worth.

In the South Building of Cornell University, high upon East Hill, is a small room commanding a fine view of Cayuga Lake to the north and the long valley to the south, in the north end of which Ithaca lies nestled. An oaken desk and chair, a dozen comfortable benches, five pictures in black walnut frames on the neatly papered walls,—such are the main features of Boyesen's lecture-room. Three of the pictures are photographs of portraits of Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, another a scene from *Faust*, and the fifth a small likeness of Tourguéneff, bearing his sign-manual, a gift from the Russian novelist to his Norwegian friend.

In "Cascadilla," the University dormitory building Professor Boyesen has his private apartments. From his sitting-room a view can be had of the valley, but not of the lake. On the walls are hung several Norwegian landscapes in oil, and two or three good engravings, studies from characters in German literature. Two busts of Goethe and Schiller, the former from the Trippel cast and the latter from the Danecker, stand on the two bookcases, where is a good collection of American poetry, including several volumes of obscure poets. There is a set of Tourguéneff's writings, partly in French and partly in German, some of the volumes containing the author's autograph. I believe this is the only complete collection of Tourguéneff's works in this country. A set of Heine, Boyesen's favorite poet, is also found on one of the shelves. Many of the books are presentation copies from well-known authors of Europe and America. One shelf is filled with standard works on the literature of all countries, in various languages, forming, as it were, a universal history of modern literature.

Theodore Stanton.

A Business Call.

MRS. DIX was down in the raspberry patch at the end of her garden, picking away furiously. A red slatted sunbonnet was pulled over her face, and her hands, which bore the scars of many a berry patch, were sending a pelt-ing shower into her already heaping basin. "Bessie," she called, without looking up, indeed the sunbonnet made such an effort useless.

"Yes, ma," came through the bushes. Bessie looked for the flaming patch of calico which proclaimed her mother, and then came sauntering along. Bessie was a coquettish young person. She did not hide her pretty face under a slatted sunbonnet; she wore instead a marvelous head-gear, composed of a palm-leaf fan and much pink muslin; and while her hands strayed among the raspberry bushes, her eyes wandered to the turnpike, and her ears were strained for the sound of wheels. Not that she really expected any-one, but there are young and talkative agents for various invaluable articles who come by turnpikes, and there was Addison Collins who always went to the village by this particular turnpike, and—well, surely it is not a sin to look one's prettiest even at ten o'clock in the morning. Whether the stray glances were to blame or the gloves which protected but hampered Bessie's fingers, I cannot say, but what Mrs. Dix said was—

"Gracious Peters, Bessie! What have you bin up to the last hour? Your basin aint more'n half full. I calc'lated we'd have rozberries enough to make a shortcake and for supper, too."

"Never mind, ma," said Bessie, "*raspberry* shortcakes are horrid anyway." But Mrs. Dix had already fallen to

work on her pan, so Bessie sat down to frolic with Speck, the little kitten. Suddenly she seized Speck and held him still. "Listen, Speck," she said, "didn't we hear wheels?"

Mrs. Dix pushed back her sunbonnet. From the direction of the turnpike came a curious clattering and bumping. "Sounds like Sol Fisher's old democrat," she announced. "Yes, there it comes, up out of the dugway. I'd know that waggin if I heard it in Ginny. Its Mis' Fisher all alone. Look at her stick her arms way out like she was a pushin old Fanny along with the lines. Ain't she fit to kill? I guess it's the first time we've seen her since Genie's funeral, ain't it?"

But Bessie had lost interest since she had learned that the wheels belonged to Sol Fisher's democrat, and Mrs. Dix continued:

"I guess you'll miss Genie when you come to give your cantater. My, what a powerful voice that girl had. They do tell that Elder Patterson always wore cotton in the ear that was toward the choir. I guess Add Collins was quite stuck on Gene, as you children say. Well, anyway he took her to all the singin' schools and choir practices." This last in response to a protesting look from Bessie.

"Well, what of that, ma?" Bessie inquired. "He had to drive right by Fisher's, anyway. He used to make fun of Gene just as much as any one, and lots of times I've known him to go home with—with other people, while Gene was waiting for him. I've heard that Sol Fisher used to pay him for taking her."

"Like enough he did. Ther wan't nothin' they wouldn't do for Gene. They must have paid out hundreds of dollars a doctorin' of her. It's a wonder she lived as long as she did through the dosin' she had. Well, I declare! I believe Mis' Fisher's a comin' here. She's turned down by the school house. My, its a pity they wouldn't doctor them wheels, they're so fond of doctorin'."

In a few minutes Sol Fisher's democrat had bumped and creaked and rattled its way down the school house hill, and

pushed fat old Fanny down to the Dix's white picket gate much faster than she had had any intentions of coming.

Mrs. Fisher evidently had not suffered from the family propensity for doctoring. Her plump, merry face was glowing with the excitement of Fanny's unexpected precipitation, as she exchanged voluble greetings with Mrs. Dix. Bessie tied the horse while she laboriously climbed down backwards from the wagon. Then she reached under the seat and after much fumbling among packages of dry goods and aromatic bags of groceries, she produced a rectangular package, wrapped in newspapers. This she tucked under her arm and followed her hostess—not into the parlor, that dark sanctuary was not to be opened at ten o'clock in the morning—but into the sitting-room where the sun could shine full on the rag-carpet without offense. The weather and the crops, the minister and the neighbors, were all discussed one after another, but no reference was made to the object of this morning call.

“Add Collins was a tellin' that the cantater was comin' here to practice to-night,” said Mrs. Fisher finally.

“Yes,” answered Bessie. “We were just saying how much we should miss Genie. We've always depended so much on her for the soprano. Really there isn't anyone can begin to take her place.”

It was the first time Genie had been mentioned, and at the name the brightness faded from Mrs. Fisher's merry blue eyes, and her lips twitched. Mrs. Dix was staring at Bessie in amazement at her hypocrisy.

“Add was sayin' how much you missed her voice,” said Mrs. Fisher with a quaver in her shrill voice which reminded Mrs. Dix of the way Genie Fisher used to sing the solos in church. “Add thought his eyes of Genie. You know they used to go to all the singins' and practisin's together. I guess he feels right bad. It did seem hard to have Genie took away. I told Sol I was afraid it was just because we tried so hard to keep her, and the Lord didn't approve of our interferin' with his plans. Why they was seventeen different kinds of medicine that she tried. I counted 'em

yesterday when I sold the bottles to the rag-man. The wood-shed was chuck full of 'em. The last kind did her such a power of good at first. It was Calthrop's Cranberry Cordial. Mebbe you remember the peddler, agent he called himself. His name was Smith and he druv a white horse, and was dreadful cross-eyed. Genie seemed to improve right along, and when Mr. Smith came last spring she was lookin' so smart that he wanted her picture to publish in the newspapers all over the country. We got forty dollars for that picture and ten more for havin' "Calthrop's Cranberry Cordial" painted on our south barn. It shows off beautiful from the Smith road. But after that Genie wan't never so well again. Sol says —"

Mrs. Fisher was hunting through the gathers of her calico gown for the pocket that held her handkerchief. Bessie's brown eyes were dim with sympathy, but Mrs. Dix was gazing scornfully at her visitor, her lips locked in determination not to express her views on "doctorin'."

"Land o' love," cried Mrs. Fisher suddenly. "Is that 'leven strikin'. I must be joggin' along. Oh, my! no, I can't stay to dinner. Sol 'd think I'd eloped with Nicker-son's new clerk."

Leaving the room she paused by the mantel where stood, among other decorations, a tall beer glass, a veritable schooner, saved from the merry but iniquitous voyage for which Fate had destined it, artistically decorated within and without, and peacefully anchored beside the Moody and Sankey hymn book.

"This is some of your paintin' ain't it Bessie?" inquired Mrs. Fisher, studying this article. "Priscill' Williams had one like it and she said you'd painted some and sold 'em. I thought mebbe I could get you to paint something for me." Here she produced the mysterious parcel, which emitted a faint odor of various drugs as she unwound the Agricultural Guide and brought to view a large rectangular flask of amber glass.

"It's the last Cordial bottle," quavered Mrs. Fisher, "the twenty-fifth. I couldn't bear to have the rag-man

take 'em all, so I thought I'd keep one for a suvenoor, as the minister's wife calls it. She had one of her little baby's shoes painted up, and thought it would be nice to have this bottle fixed up and put where I could see it and remember how much good that Cordial did Genie. It would be such a comfort. I thought I'd have it black, with forget-me-nots or something approp'ate onto it."

Bessie suppressed a shudder. "Don't you think white flowers would be better?" She suggested. "Ascension lilies for instance?"

"Mebbe they would. Then you could put on some of that there sparkly stuff couldn't you. Then I've got some verses too." Mrs. Fisher's voice sank to a semi-whisper, and her expression became wondrously solemn as she went on. "I can't exactly say they're original. I don't know exactly what to think about them verses. I never could make a rhyme myself if I was to die the next minute, but last night I was lyin' awake and a thinkin' about the bottle, and a wonderin' what I'd have onto it, when all to onct I found myself sayin' over some verses. I got right up and wrote 'em down. I had to go clean out into the back kitchen for a match, and I couldn't find nothin' to write 'em on but one of them memorandum almanacs. I read 'em to Sol this mornin' and he said it must be the direct doin's of Providence. I've got the paper in my pocket soon's I can find it. Sol says I ought to put a bell on my pocket. Here it is. I don't know's the spellin's inspired, but I guess you can fix that. There was some more lines but I forgot 'em huntin' for a match."

Bessie read the lines :

"The angel of deth has come our way
And took away Eugenia May
That swete vois wich us on earth did inspire
God wanted for his hevunly Kuir."

"They're lovely, Mrs. Fisher," said Bessie, "but don't you think the meter would be better if we changed the third line a bit. You might say 'That voice which did our souls inspire,' don't you see?"

"I don't know as I'd like to change them words, Bessie. I think I'd best leave them jest as they was give to me. If it's too long you might put the verses on the other side and put just the name and date on the front." And—with some hesitation, "how much would you want for doin' of it? Miss Williams paid fifty cents for the beer mug. Genie had some blue paint that I thought you might use, but if you'd rather make the lilies—"

"O, I wouldn't ask you anything for it," said Bessie. "Genie was a school friend of mine and—O, I couldn't think of it."

After some expostulation Mrs. Fisher consented to the arrangement and soon Fanny was dragging her mistress in the complaining democrat up the school-house hill.

As soon as Mrs. Fisher was out of hearing Mrs. Dix's wrath burst forth. "Well, if that ain't the most heathen thing I ever hearn tell of. After she'd killed that child with her dosin', to make an idol of a medicine bottle and set it up in the parlor. It was just about all I could do to keep from tellin' her what I thought about it."

"Oh ma!" cried Bessie, but Mrs. Dix went on, "And mebbe I wan't ashamed of you, Bessie Dix, a tellin' how much you thought of Gene and a praisin' up her singin'. I didn't know you could be so two-faced. The idee of your paintin' that for nothin' and furnishin' the paint. You'd never have done that for Gene. Them Fishers are tighter'n the bark on a tree. You might have got a quarter for it anyway. It's a pity if anybody wouldn't give that much for them they'd loved. Talk about your bein' a friend of Genie. You never could bear her. Pretty friend she was to you last winter when she was a hangin' after Add Collins."

But Bessie did not seem to hear. She was leaning over the garden fence and calling, "Come kittie, kittie, kittie!"

"You needn't waste breath callin' that kitten," snapped Mrs. Dix, "He's right at your heels."

F. P. M.

The Chimes.

I.

I wake, and through the sleepy air the music voices fall
Upon my ears, more sweet by night. I see the tall, pale tower
Through eyes half-closed, and wonder if the many voices call
To some new task, or one undone. Ah, will it toll the hour,
And with each touch bring on the day, whose shafts of sunny hue
Shall pierce the weighted lid of sleep and kiss the sparkling dew
From night's dark eye with their golden lips? But soft, the echoes
close
On the quarter-hour, and I sweetly sink again to calm repose.

II.

But sleep has an end, and the chimes shall sound, when the hour of
night is done ;
And our dreams shall fade like the shadows at morn, when the sky
is blue and clear.
The chimes shall sound, and the dreamy eyes, that last night loved to
shun
The form of the tower so tall and pale, shall open with hope or fear.
But the soul should sing through the willing lips, when the hour of
day is tolled,
And the clang of the bells should be a song to sweeten as we grow old ;
Ah, fate must be, though we know not what, and the idle her shad-
ows wed ;
But the chimes shall ring an honoring knell when the soul that
toils is dead.

N. H.

Publications Received.

¹ The Arden Shakespeare.

We do not hesitate to say that this edition of Shakespeare is, for the purpose it is intended to serve, the best we have yet seen. An attempt has been made to present the plays rather as literature than as material for the study of philology or grammar. Only so much purely verbal and textual criticism has been included as may serve the student in the appreciation of the higher and more vital aspects of the plays. That young students should begin their studies of the great dramatist from this point of view is a theory which has not always been accepted; and the growing belief in it, as evidenced by the appearance of such editions as the Arden, is an encouraging sign of the times. In accordance with the design of the edition, an important place is given in the notes to the consideration of the dramatic import of each act and scene, and the part which each plays in its relation to the whole. The introductions, besides the usual remarks on the literary history and sources of the plays, contain well written and generally suggestive "Critical Appreciations" of the dramatic movement and the characters, together with careful analyses of the plots. It is these literary introductions and analyses that form the distinguishing feature of the edition. The notes are careful and concise; but we cannot consistently affirm that they are superior to those of the excellent Rolfe and "Falcon" editions. On the contrary,

¹ SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. Julius Caesar, ed. by Arthur D. Innes; Macbeth, ed. by E. K. Chambers; Richard II, ed. by C. H. Herford; Hamlet, ed. by E. K. Chambers; Twelfth night, ed. by Arthur D. Innes; As you like it, ed. by J. C. Smith. Boston. D. C. Heath & Co. (*The Arden Shakespeare.*)

beginners may not perhaps find all the help they need in clearing up some passages. Valuable appendixes treat of such pertinent topics as "Shakespeare and Puritanism" (Twelfth Night), "The First Quarto of 1603," "Dido, Queen of Carthage," "The Poe-Shakespearian Hamlet," (Hamlet), "Shakespeare's Prosody," etc. The glossaries are especially full and, we believe, accurate and scientific in etymologies. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the typography of the volumes. One error, however, has been noticed: the editor's name is spelled "Innes" in Julius Caesar and "Innis" in Twelfth Night. Which is right? On the whole the volumes are worthy of high commendation, reflecting credit upon the publishers and editors alike.

Clark S. Northup.

Physical Geography.

In the *Elementary physical geography*, Mr. Tarr has, as he says, condensed from the material of a more comprehensive work and compiled a book for the use of younger pupils. In doing this, different writers would differ as to the amount of space given to the treatment of the several parts of so large a subject, but the present work succeeds very well in bringing together the important facts of the several divisions. The treatment of the lakes might have been more emphasized, while the treatment of the land is very full and satisfactory. While in the main the illustrations are fair, some of them are so poorly reproduced as to make them almost worthless. The index, which is so indispensable a part of every scientific work, might be improved. It is a mistake to enter lakes Erie, Champlain, etc., under the word 'lake,' and the various mountains under the word 'mount.' There are a few cases where the entry is made under the adjective, when most users would look for it under the noun. But, after all has been said, it still remains true that Mr. Tarr has rendered a valuable service in giving us this manual. We shall expect much from his larger work.

English in American Universities.¹

This book contains twenty reports upon the teaching of English in as many representative American colleges and universities. These reports embody some interesting information regarding the courses in English offered in these institutions and some valuable suggestions of teaching methods. Unfortunately we cannot trust these reports to fully represent the different institutions concerned. One example at least of incompleteness may be cited in the report from Cornell, in which the courses in English literature are made to represent the English department of the University.

The book is distinctly a very much edited work. It contains a voluminous appendix in which is included a suggestive article written from "the standpoint of the growing young mind." Besides this it contains a generous introduction, in which the editor gives expression to the ideas that he has evolved regarding the teaching of English. A few specimen passages will illustrate the nature of the introduction. "The approach to literature is hedged about with so many thorny obstructions, that not a few young persons start bravely upon it only to fall by the way, disheartened at sight of the forbidding barriers erected by historical, linguistic, and metrical science, for the purpose of taking toll of all wayfarers." The value of English literature as a study depends very largely on the teacher. The editor in speaking about the teacher, sums up with the eminently practical suggestion, "He should be, in a word, as nearly as possible such a man as Arnold, or Lowell, or Saint-Beuve, among the dead; or as M. Brunetière, or Mr. Watts, or Mr. Stedman among the living."

¹ English in American Universities. Ed. by William Morton Payne. D. C. Heath & Co. Boston, 1895.

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THE second of a series of character sketches written by members of the seminary in English novels appears in this number of the MAGAZINE. While these sketches are only portions of longer papers dealing with some of the great English novels, they serve to indicate the character of the work done in literary appreciation. For the information of those who are not familiar with this work at Cornell, it should be said that the work here has never included such "stuff" as *Trilby*, *Heavenly twins*, etc., as has been the case in some universities where work of similar character is carried on, but has confined itself to the great masterpieces of the English fiction writers. The work is a study in style only so as far as to determine the particular style which a writer employs for the theme in hand. The work is pre-eminently a study in literary appreciation of the highest character done

at Cornell. It is an effort to get at the spiritual insight of a great literary genius, which is far more important than his style; a study in moral atmospheres and mainsprings of character as portrayed by masters of the art of portrayal. In general this work is done by students sufficiently mature to give a very thoughtful consideration to the subject in hand. Of the advancement of genuine culture which such work brings, there can be no doubt.

TRULY a large number of persons in the United States have gone daft on a certain class of periodical publications, which it seems most appropriate to designate as "stunt" magazines—nonsense magazines. Many persons otherwise sane are found to-day reading *Philistine*, *Bibelot*, *The lotus*, *Chap books* and such, with a satisfied feeling that it is worth their while. Occasionally this class of literature contains something of merit, but usually it is so hopelessly mixed up with such verse (?) as Stephen Crane writes, or such "stuff" as is found in "*Stops of various quills*," that one is poorly rewarded for his labor when it is found.

THE desire on the part of the women of the University to widen their field of physical activity is commendable. That they should consider it necessary, in order to do this, to do as the men do and have a boat crew, is to be regretted. Surely the women must know that what they do in the way of physical development is not so essential as that they do something. Why they should select rowing rather than some other form of exercise which takes less time and skill and gives greater returns for the outlay it is hard to see. However the comprehensive name which the women have selected for their new organization suggests that at least, on the part of those who chose it, there is an appreciation of the true purpose of physical recreation.

The Month.

Some months ago, the Lodge & Davis Machine Tool Company, of Cincinnati, offered to give its World's Fair lathe, valued at \$1,500, to the technical school receiving the most votes before March first. Nearly all of the leading technical schools of the country at once entered into the competition. The friends of Sibley College were somewhat late in getting into the field, but the popularity of that institution was made manifest, a few days ago, when it was announced that Sibley College, Cornell University, had won the lathe with nearly 96,000 votes.

The third annual debate between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania was held in the Lyceum Opera House, Ithaca, on February 21. Lieut.-Governor Saxton presided. Pennsylvania had chosen the affirmative of the following question: "Resolved, That the Federal Government should provide, by general taxation, for the establishment and maintenance of a national university at Washington." The decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of Cornell.

At the dinner of the New York alumni on February 27, Dean White announced that Edward G. Wyckoff, of Ithaca, had promised to give to the athletic interests of the University a building which will be devoted entirely to the training of the Cornell crews. It will contain a rowing tank, and will probably cost about \$8,000. Every friend of Cornell athletics will join in expressing heartiest thanks to Mr. Wyckoff for his gift.

The second non-secret freshman banquet was held on February 28, and was, like its predecessor, a complete success.

The University has again been honored in connection with the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, by the selection of Professor George L. Burr as historical specialist to the commission.

On account of ill health, Professor Prentiss has resigned the professorship of botany, which he has held since the opening of the University. At a recent meeting of the board of trustees, his resignation was accepted, and he was made Professor Emeritus

The senior class has decided to wear caps and gowns during a portion of the Spring term and at commencement. The custom was adopted last year for the first, and the action of the present class will probably serve to establish it.

Miss Hill, Physical Director at Wellesley, recently spent a number of days at Sage College. As a result of her visit, a Sports and Pastimes Association has been formed for the encouragement of out-door sports and pastimes. The management of the affairs are vested in an executive committee, consisting of a freshman, a sophomore, a junior, a senior, a graduate, and a special student, three women outside the University, the instructor in the Sage gymnasium and an honorary member.

The following committee has been appointed. Miss Williams, Miss Connor, Miss Swift, Miss Tierney, Miss Waterman, Miss Kellor, Miss Canfield, and Miss Hill of Wellesley.

President Schurman's Founder's day address on the Venezuelan question has received widespread newspaper comment.

The *Review of Reviews* says of it. "Perhaps no man in the country has expressed himself in a more statesmanlike fashion in support of the American view of the issues involved than President Schurman of Cornell," which is commendation from a source which is well worth having.

The following men have been retained by Captain Freeborn as candidates for the 'Varsity crew: Bently, Briggs, Conard, Cornell, Crawford, Johnston, Jeffers, Kinney, Ludlam, McKeever, Moore, Odell, Roe, Smith, Savage, Slade, Spillman, Sweetland, Troy, Tatum, Taylor, White, Crum, Chriswell, Fuller and Inslee.

Literary Chat.

The war against the three-volume novel in England was brief but decisive. Mudie and Smith, by their refusal to supply fiction in this form to their readers, have compelled authors and publishers to give up this cumbersome and senseless but time-honored fashion.

The bibliography for Knight's final edition of Wordsworth, to be published by Macmillan, was prepared by Mrs. Cynthia Morgan St. John, of Ithaca. Mrs. St. John, who has a most valuable Wordsworth library, has done this as a labor of love.

Macmillan & Co. are now filling the advance orders for Professor Corson's new book, *The voice and spiritual education*. It will appear on the shelves of our local book dealers in a short time.

The Love affairs of a bibliomaniac is the work upon which Eugene Field was engaged when he died. He labored on it unceasingly with a love and interest which he had not felt for years. The last chapter penned by him is the nineteenth, and two days after writing this he died. The work is, therefore, a fragment.

Mr. Richard Mansfield has secured the stage rights for *Macaire*, the melodramatic farce written by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. It is said that the title rôle is admirably suited to Mr. Mansfield.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has undertaken the editorship of a project to be called *A library of the world's best*

literature, in twenty-five or thirty volumes. It will consist of monographs by specialists on the world's great writers, with illustrative quotations.

It is said that Max Nordau considers Alfred Austin, the new poet laureate, the most perfect embodiment of Anglo-Saxonism in the literature of our time.

The papers of ex-President White, on the *Warfare of science with theology in Christendom*, the first of which was given as a Phi Beta Kappa address at Brown University, the others having been published in the *Popular science monthly*, have been collected together and are now issued in book form by Appleton.

The twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Harvard *Lampoon* has just been celebrated. To many it is not known, perhaps, that this paper is the oldest of our present existing funny papers, it having been started before *Puck* and *Life*, the latter being practically an outgrowth of the *Lampoon*.

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April, 1896.

Cornell Student Activities.

VII—BASEBALL.

As Harry L. Taylor has appropriately written, "Cornell has had a base ball team since the first nine men registered." These enterprising enthusiasts, however, did not organize permanently, nor did they consider themselves the official representatives of this University in the National game, for it is not until the spring of 1869 that we find traces of permanent organization.

The town of Ithaca had then, as now, a certain element fond of out-door sports; and among other organizations boasted a base ball team, called the Forest City Base Ball Club. The enthusiasm aroused by this local organization spread toward Ezra Cornell's apple orchard, and as early as February, 1869, we find traces of the base ball spirit stirring within the University. The *Era* of February, 1869, says: "We have several times heard plans discussed for the formation of a base ball club. As yet nothing seems to have been done in the matter. In the absence of other sports, can not Cornell University have a good nine?" Again in April the *Era* remarks, "The last few days of pleasant weather have brought out the National ball. Lively times may be expected next term from the Ball and Boating Clubs. We have in this University a large number of fine ball players,

men who have played in important positions on some of the first clubs of the country. ”

The *Era's* persistent prodding during the University's first winter term bore good results, for in May, 1869, we find this : “ With the opening of spring has commenced the organization of the University Ball Club. Last fall, so late was the session of the University begun, that little or nothing was done toward the cultivation of the National game. But with the return of warmer weather, balls innumerable are seen flying across the campus, thrown by anxious applicants for positions on the ‘first nine.’ Scrub games are contested hotly and ‘practice games are instituted daily.’ ” Perhaps the first match game this year was played by a nine from Co. B. (Corps of Cadets), and a nine chosen from the University at large. The game “ was run into the dark on the sixth inning, and being a tie at the end of the fifth inning, was decided no game by the umpire, according to the rules last year. ”

The first game played by a Cornell 'Varsity team was between the 'Varsity of '69 and the Cascadilla Club of Ithaca. Cornell won by a score of 43 to 26. The scorer of this game enumerates : “ Flys caught, University 4, Cascadilla 2 ; fouls on the fly, University 3, Cascadilla 3 ; fouls on the bound, University 2, Cascadilla 2. Game called after the fifth inning. Time, three hours. ” Our second game was with the Owego Amateurs, and resulted in another victory, score 41 to 40. This was an eight-inning game and lasted four hours. The score keeper tells us there were : “ Home runs, Cornell 2, Owego 0 ; flys caught, Cornell 6, Owego, 3 ; fouls on fly, Cornell 3, Owego 2 ; fouls on bound, Cornell 3 Owego 2 ; flys missed, Cornell 5, Owego 4. We are informed that the first part of the game was “ uninteresting, Cornell at one time being thirteen runs ahead. ” Toward the close, however, the game grew intensely exciting. The critical point of the game was in the last inning when the “ batsman for Owego put a tremendous fly into the center field. Everything depended upon Belden. He caught the

ball and won the day !” It is remarked further that “ Sullivan made the longest bat ever made on the home grounds. The decisions of the umpire, Johnny Smith, of the Forest City Club, though sometimes of necessity very close, were always prompt and generally satisfactory. ”

Thus our first 'Varsity started in the season. Uniforms were secured by subscription, the members of the faculty contributing liberally to make up the necessary funds ; President White and Goldwin Smith heading the list with twenty dollars each. The interest in the game was from the outset very general. We read that “Goldwin Smith went out one day last week to witness a practice game of the University nine. He gave the boys some interesting account of the English games.” After the first game with the Owego Amateurs there was a slight period of depression in Cornell's base ball world which caused the *Era* to come forth again with editorial criticism. The purchase of the new uniforms, however, caused interest in the team to revive. We are informed that these uniforms were somewhat gaudy, and, indeed, a description serves to strengthen this statement. An extract from a local paper reads : “ The shirt is white flannel, with carnelian trimmings, and the pants of light gray flannel. The cap will be white with a carnelian star in the center of the crown. The *tout ensemble* will be very pretty, and may do much toward breaking up the lethargy that now hangs around the Club. ” In all, the 'Varsity of '69 played four games, winning three, and at the end of the season receiving “ the champion bat of three counties. ” Below appears the personnel of the 'Varsity for 1869.

Our First 'Varsity.

M. T. Conklin, Captain.		B. V. B. Dixon, Pres't.
	Conklin, c.	
Platt, 1 b.	Scott, p.	Sullivan, 3 b.
	Lothrop, 2 b.	Headley, s. s.
Dixon, r. f.	Wickham, c. f.	Smith, 1. f.
	Other players—Howe, Castle, and Hurd.	
<i>Record.</i> —Games won, 3 ; games lost 1.		

In those early days base ball was a fall sport, foot ball not

yet having come to claim its proper season. So every fall term found a regularly organized base ball team, playing games as long as the weather permitted. These games were a feature of our local athletic life until sometime in the middle '80s, when they were allowed to die out, all work being concentrated upon the work of the spring term. The team of the autumn of 1869, was largely composed—as most of the subsequent fall-term teams were—of the same men who played on the team in the preceding spring. This team played two games with our friends of early days, the Amateurs of Owego.

Team of Autumn of 1869.

Platt, 1 b.	Conklin, c.	Sprague, 3 b.
	Kirby, p.	Headley, s. s.
Lothrop, 2 b.	A. A. Smith, c. f.	Middleton, 1. f.
Scott, r. f.		

In 1870 the good work of the previous year was not allowed to go for naught. The team appears to have been well managed and to have trained carefully. Besides the 'Varsity's good record the "scrub" of 1870 has a record of five games won out of six played with teams of the neighboring towns. Familiar names will be noticed on the '70 team. Conklin, Kirby, Platt, and others who played on each of the '69 teams, are now, in 1870, holding their old positions.

The Team of 1870.

	G. E. Wright, Captain.	
	Conklin, c.	
Platt, 1 b.	A. A. Smith, } p.	Lothrop, } 3 b.
	Kirby, }	Scott, }
Sprague, 2 b.		Wright, s. s.
C. Smith, r. f.	French, c. f.	Callahan, 1. f.

Record.—Games won, 3; games lost, 1.

In the fall term of 1870, we find several new men on the 'Varsity in the positions of certain old players. This change called forth red-hot editorials from the college press and "communications" were almost as numerous as they have been in recent days. It was at this time, in the latter months of 1870, that Thomas Hughes, that lover of good sport, made

his long-to-be-remembered visit to Cornell University. In order to give him a glance at our National game, two nines were picked, and for eleven innings, down on the Old Willow Avenue grounds, Mr. Hughes was given an opportunity to compare our game with the English game of cricket. It is said that Mr. Hughes in his farewell address to the Cornellians, admitted the superiority of the American game and wished Cornell great success in her future contests.

Like most of the fall-term teams, that of the autumn of 1870 played a limited schedule.

The Team of Autumn, 1870.

Brueggeman, 1 b.	Webster, c.	
	Boone, p.	Brown, 3 b.
	Hayes, 2 b.	Wheeler, s. s.
Rickfellow, r. f.	Phillips, c. f.	Edgerly, 1. f.

Affairs in 1870 had evidently not progressed as prosperously as our local enthusiasts wished, for early in 1871 we find many "urgent appeals" in the college papers. As a result of this agitation, a Base Ball Club or Association was organized with a membership of some hundred odd men. A membership fee was charged to provide for the expenses of the team, for in those days there were no gate receipts. The team of '71 was considered the best team we had sent out up to that time.

The Team of 1871.

M. T. Conklin, Captain.		J. B. Edgerly, Scorer.
	M. T. Conklin, c.	
S. C. Gill, 1 b.	G. W. McKechnie, } p.	Kinney, 3 b.
	A. A. Smith, }	
	H. L. Sprague, 2 b.	E. Jillett, s. s.
G. W. McKechnie, } r. f.	D. J. Callahan, c. f.	T. E. Webster, 1. f.
A. A. Smith, }		
	Headley, Spofford, substitutes.	

The opening of the fall term in 1871 found most of the players in college and the nine reorganized. Only one game was played, however, as the neighboring teams were beginning to fight shy of our 'Varsity. Inter-class games were frequent, one notable game being a victory by the '73 class team over a combination 'Varsity team, score 33 to 18. We are informed that "cigars, beer and oysters" had been wagered on the 'Varsity by "green freshmen and conceited

sophomores." A glance at the 'Varsity shows some of the old '69 men still playing.

The Team of Autumn, 1871.

French, 1 b.	Conklin, c.	E. Williams, 3 b.
Jillett, 2 b.	A. A. Smith, p.	Spofford, s. s.
Clinton, r. f.	C. Smith, } c. f.	Miller, 1. f.
	Brown, }	

The year 1872 was not marked by any brilliant development in the base ball department. Interest was flagging and the team played but two games, these two games however were notable victories over the Normals of Cortland who had always defeated us previously. The team of '72 was strong, especially in the "box." Previous to this year most of the games had been played on the old Willow Avenue grounds. But in 1872 games were played on the Ithaca Fair Grounds, where there was the advantage of a fairly good diamond and the disadvantage of the great distance from the town and the campus.

The trip to Cortland in 1872 was a type of the base ball trips in the early days. The nine accompanied by its followers would go to the neighboring towns by coach, and a good time was always one of the features of the trip.

The Team of 1872.

M. T. Conklin, Captain.		J. W. Hill, Scorer.
	M. T. Conklin, c.	
W. H. French, 1 b.	McKechnie, } p.	Ostrom, } 3 b.
	A. A. Smith, }	S. C. Gill, }
E. Jillett, 2 b.		C. A. Spofford, s. s.
McKechnie, } r. f.	C. Smith, } c. f.	J. N. Ostrom, } 1. f.
A. A. Smith, }	Webster, }	Johnson, }

There seems to have been no regular team in the fall of 1872, and in the spring of 1873 affairs were in little better condition, no games being played.

The Team of 1873.

J. N. Ostrom, Captain.		J. W. Hill, Scorer.
	C. C. Adsit, c.	
J. N. Ostrom, 1 b.	J. D. Upham, } p.	E. L. B. Gardiner, 3 b.
	C. A. Gibbs, }	
H. L. Sprague, 2 b.		W. G. Halsey, s. s.
C. A. Gibbs, r. f.	J. D. Upham, c. f.	W. R. Conable, 1. f.

In the Autumn of 1873 games were played on the campus. The team started in well, but made a miserable record during the remainder of the season. Class games still continued in an irregular fashion, as did also the inter-fraternity games. The history of local inter-fraternity base ball dates from the first base ball season in the spring of 1869. When the depression was greatest in 'Varsity circles, the class and fraternity games were often most exciting.

The Team of Autumn, 1873.

Ostrom, 1 b.	Reed, c. Upham, } Treman, } p. Bruyere, }	Phillips, 3b.
Fisher, } Gardner, } 2 b.		Halsey, s. s.
McGuire, r. f.	Fisher, } Phillips, } c. f.	Noyes, 1. f.

A desperate effort was made early in 1874 to revive the base ball nine. Editorial after editorial appeared in the *Era*, stirring up the base ball authorities, and lamenting the decline from the good old times. But all this stir was of little avail for but one game was played, in which our northern neighbor, Hobart, thrashed us soundly. The autumn team was really the 'Varsity for this year.

The Team of 1874.

Lape, 1 b.	R. B. Finch, c. Treman, } Foote, } p.	Phillips, 3 b.
Upham, r. f.	Tucker, 2 b. Wood, c. f.	Gardner, s. s. Fisher, 1. f.

Record.

Cornell, 16; Hobart, 43.

Under the leadership of that all-round athlete, J. N. Ostrom, the 'Varsity did good work in the fall term of 1874. Its record was not all of victories, but was marked by earnestness which was in contrast to the laxity of the previous year.

The Team of Autumn, 1874.

J. N. Ostrom, Captain.	R. B. Finch, c.	F. C. Reed, Pres.
Ostrom, } 1 b.	Foote, } p.	Phillips, 3 b
Lape, }	Treman, }	
	Lape, } 2 b.	Reed, s. s.
	Treman, }	
Tatnall, r. f.	Boardman, c. f.	Fisher, l. f.

Record.

Ithaca, Oct. 16,	Cornell 16,	Hobart 22.
Ithaca, Oct. 20,	Cornell 15,	Ithaca 20.
Ithaca, Oct. 31,	Cornell 25,	Syr. Univ. 12.
Syracuse, Nov. 7,	Cornell 14,	Syr. Univ. 20.

Ostrom's work on the crew called him from the base ball team in the spring of '75, and his loss was a severe blow to the team. One game was played, in which Hobart, as usual, defeated us. The description of the Hobart grounds as they were at that time recalls the great disadvantage under which the early games were played: "Grounds were on a side hill with third base eight or ten feet above first, and having trees and other objects scattered at intervals throughout the field."

The Team of 1875.

W. E. Lape, Captain.	Tatnall, c.	W. S. Hill, Pres.
Lape, 1 b.	Ballard, p.	Higgs, 3 b.
	Treman, 2 b.	Foote, s. s.
Phillips, r. f.	Boardman, c. f.	Conable, l. f.
	Other players—Baker, McGraw, Warner.	

Record.

Cornell 23, Hobart 25.

Cornell claims this game 9-0, on account of a difficulty arising which stopped game at end of 7th inning.

Team of Autumn, 1875.

Lape, 1 b.	Warner, c.	Knapp, 3 b.
	Finch, p.	King, s. s.
	Treman, 2 b.	
Bickham, r. f.	Foote, c. f.	Boardman, l. f.

Record.

Ithaca, Oct. 11, Cornell 29, Hamilton Coll. 15.

The simplicity of the early day negotiations contrast strangely with the excessive formality and delay sometimes

indulged in by present-day teams. Speaking of the above recorded game a college paper says: "The University nine were somewhat surprised Monday morning at receiving a telegram from the Hamilton College nine saying that they would be in Ithaca that P. M. to play a match game."

The year 1876, which saw Cornell leading in aquatic sports, is almost if not quite a blank in our base ball annals. There is a record of one game, in which the 'Varsity was defeated, 58 to 0 by the Ithaca team. Evidently this ignominious defeat killed all 'Varsity spirit as far as base ball was concerned, for, aside from expressions of regret, we hear nothing more of the nine until the autumn of that year, when three games were played resulting as follows :

Cornell	7,	Huestis Street	7.
Cornell	20,	Huestis Street	6.
Cornell	5,	Ithaca	13.

Among the men who played in '76 were Warner, Pomeroy, Spofford, Treman, King, Farquhar and the famous "Cobb trio"—Cobb, '77, '78 and '80, cousins of our present catcher, Howard Cobb.

In 1877 there was a general revival in base ball throughout all the colleges; and at Cornell the great decline in rowing affairs brought about a corresponding increase of interest in the National game. Faculty members and graduates participated in the game, for in a contest between two picked nines, "the splendid catching of Professor White and the fine pitching of Mr. Ostrom were the noticeable features of the game."

The Team of 1877.

	Warner, } Cobb, } c.	
Farquhar, } Green, } 1 b.	Bailey, p.	White, 3 b.
Treman, 2 b.		Pomeroy, s. s.
Cobb, } Warner, } r. f.	Baker, c. f.	Knapp, 1. f.
Substitutes—Benham, Spofford, Underhill.		

Record.

Cornell 16,	Picked Nine	1.
Cornell 11,	Picked Nine	15.
Cornell 16,	Town	4.
Cornell 19,	Town	1.
Cornell 12,	Syr. Univ.	7.
Cornell 18,	Hamilton	2.
Cornell 25,	Union	2.
Cornell 3,	Cricket	13.

Runs, Cornell 120, Opponents 45.
Games won, 6 ; games lost, 2.

In the fall of 1877 and in 1878 the 'Varsity made regular appearances, making quite a good record in the spring of '78. In the fall of '78 and in '79, base ball declined again, on account of another removal to the Fair Grounds. These grounds were so far away that an audience could rarely be induced to come, while it was often difficult to persuade all members of the team to be present.

Team of Autumn, 1877.

Farquhar, 1 b.	Warner, c.	
	Bailey, p.	Knapp, 3 b.
	Treman, 2 b.	McConnell, s. s.
Smith, r. f.	Adams, c. f.	Baker, 1. f.

The Team of 1878.

	R. H. Treman, c. and Captain.	
Pickett, 1 b.	Bailey, p.	Adams, 3 b.
	Green, } 2 b.	McConnell, s. s.
	Pennock, }	
Newton, r. f.	Kerr, } c. f.	Knapp, 1. f.
	Green, }	

Record.

April 30,	Cornell 16,	'80 Class Team	3.
May 3,	Cornell 23,	Huestis St.	0.
May 10,	Cornell 3,	Syracuse Club	2.*
May 17,	Cornell 0,	Auburn Profess.	6.
May 18,	Cornell 0,	Auburn Profess.	14.†
June 8,	Cornell 12,	Syracuse	8.
June 15,	Cornell 3,	Syracuse Club	7.

The Team of Autumn, 1878.

	Woodard, c.	
Hiscock, 1 b.	Bailey, p.	McConnell, 3 b.
	C. Pennock, 2 b.	Wing, s. s.
Leary, r. f.	F. Pennock, c. f.	Bird, 1. f.

* Only three innings. † Played at Auburn.

The team of 1879 seems to have existed in name only, as there is no record of any regular games. Class games were as frequent as ever.

The Team of 1880.

J. A. Woodard, Captain.	W. A. S. Latham, Manager.	
	J. H. Humphries, c.	
C. C. Chase, 1 b.	R. L. Hunter, p.	E. B. Hodgman, 3 b.
	J. A. Woodard, 2 b.	A. K. Hiscock, s. s.
F. Suydam, r. f.	E. C. Kenney, c. f.	S. P. Sears, 1. f.

In 1881 there was a beginning of the good record which Cornell has since maintained in base ball. The year 1882 shows a much better record, our 'Varsity defeating Hobart which caused quite a demonstration in Ithaca, the smaller college always having defeated us in previous games.

The Team of 1881.

	R. C. Horr, Manager.	
	J. H. Humphries, c.	
C. C. Chase, } 1 b.	J. A. Woodard, p.	F. M. Haldeman, 3 b.
Sears, }	C. Anderson, 2 b.	C. G. Cole, s. s.
	C. I. Avery, r. f., p.	A. K. Hiscock, c. f.
		E. C. Kinney, 1. f.

Record.

Ithaca, Cornell 3, Hobart 4.
Geneva, Cornell 2, Hobart 4.

The Team of 1882.

	A. C. Ely, Manager.	
	J. H. Humphries, c.	
C. C. Chase, 1 b.	C. I. Avery, p.	C. G. Cole, 3 b.
	J. A. Woodard, 2 b.	F. M. Haldeman, s. s.
F. W. Olin, r. f.	C. L. Hall, c. f.	C. H. Anderson, 1. f.

Record.

May 15, Cornell 2, Hobart 4.
May 19, Cornell 11, Union 10.
May 23, Cornell 11, Ithaca 2.
May 24, Cornell 6, Hobart 2.
May 30, Cornell 6, Ithaca 2.

Team of Autumn, 1882.

	Humphries, c.	
Chase, 1 b.	Avery, p.	Anderson, 3 b.
	Olin, 2 b.	Haldeman, s. s.
Sullivan, } r. f.	Hall, } c. f.	Brown, 1. f.
Green, }	Reed, }	

Record.

Cornell 15, Ithaca 1.
Cornell 6, Syracuse Stars 5.

The Team of 1883.

J. H. Humphries, Captain.		G. Bullock, Manager.
	J. H. Humphries, c.	
C. C. Chase, 1 b.	C. I. Avery, p.	C. H. Anderson, 3 b.
	F. W. Olin, 2 b.	F. M. Haldeman, s. s.
W. C. Green, r, f.	E. C. Reed, c. f.	C. L. Hall, 1. f.

Record.

Ithaca,	May 1,	Cornell 14,	Ithaca	15.
Syracuse,	May 19,	Cornell 19,	Syracuse	1.
Rochester,	May 26,	Cornell 3.	Rochester	8.

In 1884 we find our ball tossers permanently located on the campus. What has very recently been christened the "upper parade ground," was during the '80s, the scene of many exciting inter-collegiate contests. With the diamond about midway between Sibley College and the present site of Boardman Hall, the batter faced the south and often sent the ball flying toward the Registrar's office, or even down over the hill where the library now stands. With no high board fence or other means of providing seclusion for the audience, it was often difficult to make a collection sufficient to meet expenses. The "hat" was always passed around and he who contributed was generally marked "paid" by means of a ticket placed in his hat band. The campus games proved a temptation to many of the Faculty, who were often drawn from their books to witness the sport. At first the diamond was used both in the morning and in the afternoon, but the morning games proving too much of a nuisance, were "officially" discontinued.

On these campus grounds were developed Cornell's most famous ball players. Humphries, Hall, Olin, Harry Taylor and Field made their first brilliant fielding records within the quadrangle, and knocked their first home runs over the hillside toward the Cornell homestead.

The Team of 1884.

C. L. Hall, Captain.		W. M. Bering, Manager.
	Hall, c.	
Van Sickle, 1 b.	Hagadorn, p.	Finch, 3 b.
		Emory, s. s.
	Doyle, } 2 b.	
	Dodd, }	
Dimon, r. f.	Smith, } c. f.	Jackman, 1. f.
	Walch, }	

Record.

Ithaca,	May 1,	Cornell 4,	Ithaca	3.
Ithaca,	May 3,	Cornell 2,	Hobart	10.
Ithaca,	May 12,	Cornell 12,	Rochester	7.
Schenectady,	May 16,	Cornell 8,	Hamilton	10.
Ithaca,	May 20,	Cornell 5,	Hamilton	3.

In 1885 Cornell sent out her most famous team. They played—for those days—an extensive schedule and won every game. Cornell was at that time a member of the New York State Inter-collegiate Base Ball Association and most of her important games were with the colleges of this Association. In 1885, however, a most exciting game was played with the Columbia College team which came to Ithaca with a great record. An examination of the press account of this Columbia-Cornell game will disclose the exciting incidents resulting from considerable feeling between the two teams.

The Team of 1885.

Hall, Captain.		Hall, c.	J. J. Nef, Manager.
Smith, 1 b.		Newberry, p.	Taylor, 3 b
	Olin, } 2 b.		Dimon, s. s.
	Ruyter, }		
White, } r. f.		Ingalls, } c. f.	Ruyter, } 1. f.
Aldrich, }		Schreiner, }	Johnson, }

Record.

May 15,	Schenectady,	Cornell 14,	Union	7.
May 16,	Clinton,	Cornell 12,	Hamilton	6.
May 21,	Ithaca,	Cornell 34,	Rochester Univ.	0.
May 23,	Syracuse,	Cornell 9,	Syracuse	8.
May 25,	Ithaca,	Cornell 14,	Hobart	7.
May 28,	Ithaca,	Cornell 28,	Union	2.
June 1,	Ithaca,	Cornell 10,	Columbia	4.
June 13,	Ithaca,	Cornell 13,	Syracuse	11.
June 15,	Geneva,	Cornell 5,	Hobart	0.
Oct. 10,	Ithaca,	Cornell 17,	Waverly	3.
Oct. 15,	Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Syracuse Stars	5.
Oct. 16,	Ithaca,	Cornell 7,	Syracuse Stars	5.
			Cornell	171,
			Opponents,	58.

Concluded next month.

A Mid-Winter Night.

It was a lonely dell on a lonely road. Down by the stream which ran through the meadow stood a large white farm house. The place was a monument of an earlier day. The large elms which stretched their arms over it and powdered the roof with lichens were the growth of more than a century ; while the great kitchens in the rear with wide fire-places suggested a time when a free hospitality awaited many guests. The house with all its marks of age still bore the air of a place whose owner was well to do. The history of the house was the history of the Burlingame family. More than a century had passed since the first Burlingame had here set up his house-hold gods ; and now the last master of the estate was watching out the long winter evening alone—his two retainers fast asleep.

The house within was plain, almost barren, except the hall and the large rooms on either side which were furnished in a way betokening a man of cultured taste, and here by an open fire in his easy chair sat Ethan Burlingame. The light was turned low and flames flapped and flickered, lighting up the ancient room with its dark furniture and glinting on choice pottery, on lines of books ranged along the shelves and on paintings hanging on the wall. Lit up by the changing, dancing gleam was the face of a man, a face with cold, thoughtful brows, a face that asked odds of no man, a face that could fight its own battles.

The occupant of the room was not an ignorant man. Forty years before he had wandered under the arching elms of old Brown, and the quiet streets of Providence had echoed to his student song. He had moderate wealth, but in the eyes of the country-folk he was rich. His modest income, sufficed for all his needs and from time to time a book, a

bit of china, or some etching or color sketch that struck his fancy was brought into the old house. His library was not large but it would have been the envy of a collector, while his few paintings were works of art. They were by unknown artists and were purchased solely because he fancied them. Among them was a bit of swamp with water flags in the fore-ground, a long stretch of desolate moor, and behind it all an angry sunset. There was a crucifixion scene; in the fore, the tomb hewn out of the rock with the rank, waving grave-grasses growing over it, while far in the distance, outlined against an inky sky, stood forth the three crosses, the center one higher than the rest. In contrast to these views was a portrait of a yellow haired grisette, with roguish, speaking eyes, seated at a restaurant table, holding her empty wine glass in one hand and throwing airy kisses off the finger tips of the other.

As for himself, he was a man who was in the community but not of it. As a part of society he had long since ceased to exist and he had resolutely cut himself off from contact with the neighborhood or the church. Two or three curious spirits who had been bold enough to call upon him had been treated with the most scrupulous politeness; but they did not go again. At rare intervals he would be long absent from home but his absence was scarcely noted. He had asked to be left alone and the world had granted his request.

For hours the man looked gloomily into the fire and thought. They were not pleasant thoughts, perhaps, but he let them take their course. He was thinking not of the present or the future but of the dead past. He thought of his boyhood and the mirth which once rang through the old house, of how around that very hearth he had once romped with a sunny-faced New England girl, and to-night the snows of two-score years were on her grave. He thought of his father—a man honored in the state—and of his mother, that gracious lady who was once the mistress of the house. He thought of his early friends in whom he had confided and

whose hand-shake had once been so warm. There was not one of them to whom he could go to-night. When he called the roll of his old associations, there was but one response, "gone." He asked himself if in this whole world there was one being who really loved him, and the answer was "not one."

He arose and paced restlessly through the room. "The blue devils have me to-night," he muttered. He drew on his heavy coat, opened the great front door and stepped out into the winter midnight. Around him were the snow-covered fields and the black woods beyond. In front of him was the pond with its icy surface glittering like steel in the moonlight. The only sound was the soft sobbing of the wind in the pines. He gazed upon the scene until its loneliness so grew upon him that he shuddered. Then an unutterable terror, and yet a fascination came over him. "The night is ghost-ridden" he cried. A spell that he could not resist drew him on. He went out of the gate and up the road until at a gap in the wall he entered the woods. He walked through the snow on what he knew was a gravel path among the trees—the path he had so often trodden when a boy. The woods were open fields then. He passed stone walls laid with care, but the wild grape and sumac had long hidden them. Among the birch were huge apple trees from whose leafless limbs long streamers of gray moss swung to and fro in the winter breeze like the limbs of men hung in chains on the lonely moors of England. The snow crunched under his feet and the icy branches of the trees rattled as he strode forward. Suddenly he emerged into a cleared space in the forest. He stood before the ruins of a country mansion in the last stages of decay. A paling, broken and fallen in many places, still surrounded it. The front door, half fallen from its hinges, shook and creaked in the night wind and as he looked a huge owl fluttered noiselessly forth and wheeled around his head like an evil phantom. Every thing from the foundation to the chimney top bore that look of terrible desolation which comes to every

uninhabited dwelling where men have danced and sung and been merry aforetime. The man passed on beyond the house to the top of a little hill, where there was a high wall around a square of ground ; he went through the gateway and down along a line of graves with the air of a man who is looking for something. At last he turned aside to a stone, knelt down, and scraping away the snow, he read, by the light of the moon, the simple inscription :

ROSE BOWEN,

AGE 19 YEARS.

“ She would have been almost sixty now ” he said.

Then he arose and leaned upon the stone and looked around him and down at the mound with its barberry bushes and thought.

As he stood there, all the weary years which lay between him and the golden past were blotted out and he was a boy again, catching dace in the brook that wound through the pastures. Again—a restless uneasy lad—he was sitting in the little church of his youth. He saw the white haired rector kneeling at the altar and like a forgotten voice came back to him the melody of that old triumph-hymn of the ages,

“ Jerusalem, the Golden
With milk and honey blessed.”

“ Perhaps they were right—at least a little right ” he said. “ Perhaps after we poor devils beat out this play of life—there may be a place somewhere—somehow where things are all made straight again.”

She was a girl brought up to the pride in her ancestry and yet here in this little square of ground, under the scanty turf of a desolate Rhode Island hill-top was all that was left of her race. They had been of the New England aristocracy and now the proudest of them needed no more earth than did the negro servant who stood behind his chair at dinner.

Below him was the simple country church—his church

and hers—which twice in a lifetime, at least, every Bowen entered in solemn state—once as an infant borne in its mother's arms in order that its name and the mystic seal of baptism might be laid upon its brow, and once again with his hands folded peacefully upon his breast before he was carried to his last long resting place in the family plot. And then the bell would toll—sometimes fairly sobbing out its grief upon the air, when a worthy son or fair daughter was cut off in youth—sometimes with a triumphant, almost joyful peal when another Bowen, full of days and honor, came to mingle his own with the family dust.

As for Burlingame, he had always told himself that he was a happy man. If in his life there had been few joys, there had been no great sorrows. He had never pretended to love his neighbor over much, but he was kind to his servants, and never forgot his own conception of a gentleman. So far as creeds were concerned, he troubled himself very little about them. He still treasured his mother's prayer book, yellow with age and worn with use; but the sweet-faced gentlewoman who once coned it had not needed it for many, many years.

A flood of memories (or were they visions?) came rushing in upon him; of his boyhood, of his school days, of his rollicking student years, and through them all ran the memory of a woman; a little girl wading bare-foot with him in the brooks, treating him like a brother when a little older, and demurely coquetting with him in his student days. Once more there came to him like the "touch of a vanished hand," the recollection of one night, one winter night, like this—many years ago—when, under the doorway of the ruined house just below him, he had bent reverently and kissed her face upturned in the moonlight—a very different kiss from that he had given her a dozen years before when they had played or sobbed out their little griefs together.

"Perhaps," he mused, "if she had lived, things might have been otherwise. Perhaps I might have set up a warmer hearth-stone and better household gods. Perhaps there might have been a happier destiny for me."

He was not an emotional man. He had all his life repressed emotion as being unworthy of a man. But tonight he almost sobbed as he realized his loneliness. He thought of his friends ; some of them rested in the kindly bosom of old mother earth ; most of them had children or grandchildren by their firesides. And how with him ? A man in the afternoon of life, without joy in the present or hope for the future, he was trying to warm his heart by the memory of a dead, by-gone past, and keeping a midnight vigil by a sunken grave.

The long, heavy roar of the night express dashing down the grade aroused him, and he saw its lights twinkling for a moment through the trees. He was stiff and shivering with the cold. Then he turned and walked rapidly away until he disappeared in the woods. Faintly borne across the land, came the sound of the clock in the far off factory tower, striking three.

Jared Van Wagenen, jr.

Hope and Memory.

Through all the strife of a changeful life
Two faithful friends have I ;
One walks ahead with a certain tread
And holds a lamp on high,
And one behind with a voice divine
Sings the gladness of days gone by.

And great is my load ! and dark is the road
With the darkness sorrow brings !—
Like balm to the soul comes swift to console
The joy that from memory springs,
And Hope's strong light bears upward my sight
To a vision of better things.

Whitehall Herrick.

Count Rumford.

Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford of Rumford, New Hampshire, a native of Woburn, Mass., was a young man twenty-three years of age at the outbreak of the war of the American Revolution. His studies in science had brought him to the notice of Governor Wentworth, the royal governor of New Hampshire, and he was presented to this official at a military review at Portsmouth. Recognizing the fact that Thompson would probably possess a great influence among his countrymen, the governor sought to attach him to the royal cause, and to this end granted him a commission as major in the militia of New Hampshire. Jealousy arose among the other officers of militia, over whose heads he had been promoted, and through the efforts of these officers Thompson soon became suspected by the people of the colonies of dishonesty and unfitness for office. At the outbreak of actual war, Thompson was known to be favorably disposed to the cause of King George, and was singled out for mob vengeance by the colonists. He was obliged to flee from Concord, then called Rumford, where he was stationed, to his home at Woburn. Here also he was hated as a Tory, and he fled a second time to Boston, which was at this time occupied by a British army under General Gage.

In Boston, Thompson numbered many of the British officers among his friends ; for which he was cordially hated by the Boston Whigs, and was at one time nearly beaten by a mob of citizens who had surrounded his lodging for that purpose. Thompson was at this time loyal to the colonies, however, and showed his loyalty by fighting in the battle of Lexington, and afterwards by asking for a commission in

the Continental army. By the colonists he was still suspected as a Tory, and in spite of the appeals of his friends was not accepted by the colonial authorities. He then accepted the offer of the British general, Gage, and entered the British army. After the evacuation of Boston by General Gage, Major Thompson was made the bearer of the dispatches from the British commander to Lord George Germain, British Secretary of State for the Colonies, and embarked in an English ship for London.

This business brought Major Thompson into direct communication with Lord George Germain, who was soon so convinced of the merits of the American that he gave him employment in the Department of the Secretary of State.

After serving faithfully in the civil staff, at the close of the American war, Thompson was selected for an office which was more to his taste, and was granted a royal commission as major, and soon afterwards as lieutenant colonel of the King's American Dragoons, a regiment of mounted American troops who had fought on the side of George III. in the colonial war. Since the time for active service had passed, Colonel Thompson had begun to weary of his idleness, and though his regiment had not yet disbanded, he obtained leave of absence and traveled in Europe, it is said with the intention of offering his services to Austria, which was then at war with the Turks.

At Strasburg, dressed in the full uniform of his rank as colonel of dragoons, he attended a review of French troops and there met several French officers, among them Prince Maximilian of Deux Ponts, afterwards King of Bavaria, who commanded one of the regiments stationed at Strasburg. Prince Maximilian had just returned from America, where he had served in the army of Rochambeau. Colonel Thompson and Prince Maximilian soon found subjects of conversation in which they were both interested, and the Prince learning of Thompson's desire to serve in Austria, suggested Bavaria instead, and later introduced Colonel Thompson to the Elector Charles Theodore, of Bavaria.

At the first meeting with the Elector Thompson was offered an office at the Bavarian court—which he refused. He visited Vienna, but the Elector continued to correspond with him, so finally, after obtaining the consent of the King of Great Britain to enter the service of the foreign prince, he returned to Munich, the capital of Bavaria.

King George dismissed Thompson with every mark of honor, permitting him to retain half pay of colonel until his death, and conferring the honor of knighthood upon him just before his departure for Munich, which he reached in the latter part of 1784. Here he was appointed aide-de-camp and chamberlain to the reigning prince.

This somewhat lengthy introduction has been necessary to show by what steps a citizen of Democratic Massachusetts, in his youth a farm lad, doctor's apprentice, and dry goods clerk, became at the age of thirty-one an English knight and the trusted minister of an enlightened despot, but still a despot, the Elector of Bavaria.

Charles Theodore of Bavaria was an enlightened prince, and was directing all his efforts to secure the prosperity of his subjects. In these attempts he was hampered rather than aided by the members of his own nobility, who saw that the advance of the common people would be attended by the curtailment of their own little interests and privileges. In Benjamin Thompson he found a sincere and intelligent helper in his plans of reform, which were in many cases brought to successful completion by the executive ability and scientific attainments of Thompson.

The military establishment seemed to be in the greatest need of reform. When Benjamin Thompson came to Munich, the army existed mainly on paper. The troops were raised by conscription, but the system then existing by which regiments and even companies were held as property by their commanders, made the course of the scanty pay from the military chests to the hands of the privates somewhat a devious and problematical one; and in other ways the condition of the private soldiers was so uncomfortable that the

efficiency of the army was impaired. Thompson remodeled the organization of the army so that the troops were paid directly by the state and not through the subordinate commanders, in this way materially relieving the condition of the troops and lessening the cost of maintenance to the state. Improvements were made in the quality of the arms and equipments. The drill system was simplified. Post or regimental gardens were laid out in which the men were encouraged to cultivate vegetables to add to the variety of their rations. The soldiers, thus provided with an occupation which added to their own comfort, gave up many of those evil habits which had been the direct consequence of idleness. They came to have more respect for the citizen, upon whom they had formerly looked with scorn for indulging in manual and useful labor.

Post schools were established for the instruction of the children of the soldiers in elementary subjects and in arts by which they might afterward obtain a livelihood. These schools were so well organized and managed that they neither required appropriations from the state nor made too great inroads upon the pay of the soldier. Thompson devoted special attention to the artillery, and brought his scientific knowledge to bear upon the subject with such success that the plans of gun carriages and equipments introduced by him made the Bavarian artillery superior in material equipment to any in Europe, excepting possibly the French.

The labors of Benjamin Thompson in reforming the Bavarian army were appreciated and rewarded by both prince and people. He was made a member of the Council of State and a major general in the army, and at the request of the Elector, King Stanislaus of Poland conferred upon him the decorations of two of the chivalric orders of that country. The scientific men of Bavaria elected him a member of the two academies of Munich and Mannheim. A few years later he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences in Berlin, and in Bavaria he attained the

rank of lieutenant general, commander-in-chief of the general staff, minister of war, and superintendent of the police of the Electorate. During the interval between the death of the Emperor Joseph and the coronation of Leopold, Charles Joseph, becoming vicar of the empire, made Thompson a count of the Holy Roman Empire. In receiving the last honor, Thompson chose the name of his title from the home of his wife in America, Rumford, now Concord, N.H. He was known thereafter as Count Rumford.

Shortly after the completion of his successful reforms in the army organization, Count Rumford took measures to suppress begging within the Bavarian limits. The evil of mendicancy existed to an almost incredible degree in the Electorate. It had even been rendered in a certain sense respectable. The students in the German and Latin schools, the members of the religious orders, both male and female, and the directors of public hospitals were permitted to go from house to house at stated periods to ask assistance for themselves or their establishments. The alms had become a sort of tax, which few householders dared to refuse. Apprentices to any mechanical trade, travelling from town to town in search of employment, were regarded as worthy objects of charity. They began to travel more extensively after work and overtake it less frequently. Begging had become a trade, handed down from father to son. A class of persons had arisen not only unacquainted with any form of labor but constitutionally adverse to it. Crime and debauchery became their pastime. At one time one-fifth of the inhabitants of Bavaria had no visible means of support. They had become so bold as to enter and rob houses and churches when alms failed to supply their wants. Rumford, who had lived in America where begging was unknown, and in England where it was punished by heavy penalties, looked upon this condition of affairs in Bavaria with astonishment and disgust.

At once he began to cast about for means to suppress the evil. The success of his military workhouse at Mannheim

gave him reason to believe that even the least intelligent persons might become self-supporting if they were compelled to labor and guided in the direction of their labor. The hearty approval and assistance of the Elector was readily secured. A building was found in the suburbs of Munich sufficiently large to furnish work rooms for all the beggars of the city. It was repaired and refitted, separate halls being prepared for the manufacture of hemp, flax, cotton, wool and cloth. While the building was being made ready, steps were taken to arrest all the beggars of the city at a given signal within the space of a few hours, in order to prevent their escape through the country. New Year's day (1790) was selected as the date of the surprise, this holiday being considered by the citizens peculiarly appropriate for almsgiving. Rumford made the first arrest himself, and his example was followed and his orders heartily carried out by all of the military and civil officers. The plan succeeded, and by the following night all the beggars of Munich, except a few who went into hiding, were at work making army supplies in the new state workhouse.

Count Rumford continued to grow in favor with the Elector. But the nobles of the state looked upon his rise with envy. The army officers in particular, cordially hated their lieutenant general. Rumford, still secure in the confidence of his prince, took a third step for the improvement of his country, and established the military academy at Munich. During the six years while this academy was conducted under the auspices of Rumford himself, it was one of the best managed institutions of the kind in Europe.

Count Rumford's next efforts were devoted to improving the breeds of horses and horned cattle in Bavaria. Though great numbers of horses were bred in the Electorate, they were of inferior blood. The wealthy classes of horse-owners imported their animals from Holstein and Mecklenburg. Mounts for the cavalry, and artillery horses were hardly to be procured. Count Rumford proposed to remedy this state of things by importing blooded mares and distributing them

to the farmers free of cost, with the single condition that they might be reclaimed by the government at any time when the army took the field, and that any that died should be replaced by the holders. In spite of these easy conditions the scheme was thwarted by the suspicions of the farmers, and only five hundred mares were so placed, although it had been the intention of the government to import several thousand.

The attempt to improve the breed of cattle was more successful. A small grazing farm of about four square miles was included in the public gardens at Munich. This was stocked with thirty of the best cows that could be procured in Europe, and the stock was kept up to this number by new importations. The calves were distributed to the farmers at the same price which common stock brought at the butchers. The plan was so successful that several of the more enterprising of the nobles sent to Switzerland and Holstein for cows and bulls to improve the native stock.

A work for which the memory of Count Rumford is cherished most among the common people of Munich was the creation of the great public garden, nearly six miles square, on the outskirts of the city. This was one of the first public parks in Europe, and partly because of its novelty was greatly appreciated by the people who enjoyed its privileges.

Rumford had now labored in the interests of Bavaria for the best ten years of his life, and felt his health giving away. He asked and obtained a leave of absence from the Elector and made a tour of Italy, afterwards visiting England, which he reached in 1795.

In 1796 his daughter came from America to join him and he returned to Munich. He reached the capital just as the Elector was making preparations to leave. This he did soon after the arrival of Rumford, whom he had made head of the Council of Regency. A retreating Austrian army was followed by the French under Moreau and after crossing the Lech was defeated at Friedberg. The Austrians again fell back and attempted to retreat through Munich. As

Bavaria was at this time a neutral state, Rumford ordered the gates of the city to be closed. The Austrian commander immediately began to erect batteries on a height commanding the city. He was irritated and threatened to bombard the city if he were not admitted. On the other hand, if the Austrians were admitted, the French would attack the city as soon as they reached it. At this juncture Rumford assumed command of the Bavarian forces and by diplomacy, backed by power, succeeded in persuading the Austrians to withdraw. The inhabitants of Munich attributed their safety to Rumford's personal efforts. The Elector, as a token of his gratitude, permitted Rumford to settle one-half of his pension on his daughter Sarah, and extended it to the term of her life.

Rumford stayed two years longer in the public service of the Elector and then asked permission to return to England. The Elector wished to send him as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary near the Court of St. James. The King of Great Britain, however, refused to accept him in that capacity, as under the rule of unalienable allegiance he was still a British subject. Notwithstanding this disappointment, he remained in England where he was looked upon as one of the foremost scientists and was for a time president of the Royal Institution. He then went to France, carried on scientific experiments, married a second time, quarreled with his wife, and finally died at Auteuil, August 21, 1814, in the sixty-second year of his age. What he had attempted to do for Bavaria may be briefly stated in his own words:

"I have been employed by his Electoral Highness in various public services, and particularly in arranging his military affairs, and introducing a new system of order, discipline and economy among his troops.

"In the execution of this commission, ever mindful of that great and important truth, that no political arrangement can be really good, except in so far as it contributes to the general good of society, I have endeavored, in all my operations, to unite the interest of the soldier with the interest of

civil society, and to render the military forces, even in time of peace, subservient to the public good.

“To facilitate and promote these important objects, to establish a respectable standing force, which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country it was necessary to make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers. To this end, the situation of the soldier was made easy, comfortable and eligible as possible; his pay was increased, he was comfortably and even elegantly clothed, and he was allowed every kind of liberty not inconsistent with good order and due subordination; his military exercises were simplified, his instruction rendered short and easy, and all obsolete and useless customs and usages were banished from the service. Great attention was paid to the neatness and cleanliness of the soldiers' barracks and quarters, which extended even to the external appearance of the building; and nothing was left undone that could tend to make the men comfortable in their dwellings. Schools were established in all the regiments for instructing the soldiers in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and into these schools not only the soldiers and their children, but also the children of the neighboring citizens and peasants, were admitted gratis, and even school books, pens, paper and ink were furnished for them at the expense of the sovereign.

“Besides these schools of instruction, others, called schools of industry, were established in the regiment, where the soldiers and their children were taught various kinds of work, and from whence they were supplied with raw material, to work for their own emolument.

“As nothing is so fatal to morals and particularly to the morals of the lower class of mankind, as habitual idleness, every possible measure was adopted that could be devised to introduce a spirit of industry among the troops. Every encouragement was given to the soldiers to employ their leisure time, when they were off duty, in working for their own emolument.”

Buried at Sea.

Oh, the battleship comes o'er the shining bay
With her broadsides flecked by the ocean's spray ;
And her white sails curve in the summer wind,
Or impatiently flap, as if they pined
For home once more ; and the crowd on the pier
Cares not for the widow, nor sees her tear,
As she waits for her boy,
Ahoy, ahoy !

And the ship drops chain in the harbor deep,
And the people cheer, and the sailors leap
Into the arms of the ones they love ;
And the captain throws a kiss from above
To his wife and child,—while the widow, alone,
Struggles for hope, and stifles her moan,
As she waits for her boy,
Ahoy, ahoy !

* * * * *

And night comes on, and the shore grows still,
For sailors and lovers have climbed the hill
To the old brick church ; and the good may prays,
And thanks the Lord for the many ways
Of danger and strife that the ships come through ;
But the widow, alone, kneels down in the dew,
And sobs for her boy,
Ahoy, ahoy !

Oh, the morning frowns o'er the moaning bay,
For the air is misty, and cold, and grey ;
And the sailors that laughed in their sweetheart's ears,
Are sober and sad, and they think of the tears
That the mother shed for her sea-rocked son,—
And gently they raise the widowed one,
Who died for her boy,
Ahoy, ahoy !

N. Hutchinson.

The Truant.

“Golly!”

I was just focusing a pretty bit of meadow landscape, with a quaint red farmhouse in the foreground and a slender, pink-clad young girl tiptoeing under the clothes-line, but at this outburst, I threw back the focusing cloth and turned to look for the author of the interruption.

Only Bobby Randall. I was not surprised; I am never surprised at seeing the ubiquitous Bobby. There he stood bare-legged and impish, a fiery lock of hair escaping from his wide straw hat between the brim and crown, his face illumined by a smile which extended far away into regions of dimples and freckles, and his eyes distended with insatiable curiosity.

“Golly,” he observed, eyeing my operations carefully, “Didn’t expect to find you here.”

“Oh, it’s you, is it Bobby? Playing truant again?”

“Nope, I ain’t no truant. Cad’s got the measles. Have you ever had ’em? ’Cause if you hain’t you’d better keep away from me. I’m likely to come down any minute.” Meantime he drew closer.

“I just come down here to get some polliwogs,” he observed shortly, staring into a swarmy pool.

“For dinner?”

“Nope,” seriously. Then with a shriek of impish laughter, as he realized what I had said. “O, rats, polliwogs ain’t good to eat. They’re good for, for—well they make frogs. What’s frogs good for? I got mor’n a million polliwogs down here once and put ’em in a pickle bottle, but they all died. Guess ’twas cause I didn’t know just what to feed ’em.”

“Say, whose picture you takin?” inquired Bobby sud-

denly, turning his attention to the camera. "Flo Billingses'? Lift me up so's I can peek through. Say, she'd be awful mad if she knew you took her in her wash-day dress. Don't she look like the old scratch though? Say, I'll bet she's mad 'cause she aint got the measles."

"Because she hasn't them?" I asked, slightly bewildered.

"Ye-ep," answered Bobby deliberately. He was shuffling over with his toes a heap of pine chips, from which he selected one, then climbing onto the stump from which it was chipped, he drew out just such a dear, frightful, old jack-knife as I used to delight in myself, and commenced his fascinating work. "Ye-ep," he repeated, "Cad took the measles from Walt Clapper, and she says Flo Billings'd be glad if she could get that much from him. Him and Cad's keepin' company. He comes Sunday an' Wednesday nights, an' sees her home from prayer meetin'. I found the notes he wrote her one day, but I couldn't read the written ones very well; grown folks writin' is awful hard to read. One of 'em was in printin' on pink paper. It said:

The moon shines bright

May I see you home to-night?

If not, may I sit on the fence an' see you go by?"

"Burt Thompson and I used to foller 'em 'till pa made us stop. Everytime there's a mud puddle, or a stone or anything, Walt, he takes her by the crazy-bone—"

"He does what?"

"Takes her by the crazy-bone, an' pushes her along. Say, you ain't agoin' to take my picture?" I had put a fresh plate in the camera and turned it around. "'Thout'n any shoes on? I ain't very pictureskew."

"Never mind that. You'll make a good study for a brownie."

"Huh. Don't think much of them brownies. They're too grinny. I like Injuns better—if they're real fierce. Oh, are you all through? I winked; couldn't help it."

"How do you like your new teacher, Bobby?" I put this ancient query, as I folded my tripod.

"We-el, I dunno. I don't care so much for women folks. For honest, I ain't been to school much yet. Burt an' me played hookey the first week an' most of last week."

"You're a scamp, Bobby," said I, "to cut when you have such a pretty teacher. I'd be glad to go to school if I were in your shoes."

"Well, you can be in 'em, for all I care," and he waved his bare and dirty feet. "I heard you was struck on the teacher," he continued, with a knowing chuckle. "So's Ben Holly. He stays in an' talks with her most every recess, and waits for her after school. I've got to go reg'lar after we get through with the measles. We've all had 'em now but Minnie, an' Will, an' Dwight, an' me, an' Kate,—an' the hired girl. You see, the trustee caught me an' Burt playin' hooky last week, an' he said he'd send us away to a truant school, if we didn't behave. Say, you just ought to seen me an' Burt fool old Stivers, that's the trustee. Burt's folks have got measles, too, so he don't have to go to school, and we was playin' miggles in front of our barn door. We saw old Stivers comin' along, so just for fun we ran into the barn—"

"Bob-ee," a shrill, anxious voice came from somewhere above the bank.

A hush came over Bobby and his face fell. Then his voice rang out cheerfully, "What-ee?"

"Come right straight home to dinner this minute, or you'll get the worse tannin' you ever had yet. Didn't I tell you not to go out of the house, an' there you be down in that everlastin' polliwog pond, an' you a comin' down with the measles!"

"All right ma, I'm comin'." and then turning to me, Bobby said confidentially. "She don't mean nothin'. They can't nobody lick me but dad, an' he don't try it often," and he drew himself up to the full measure of his four feet. But he skipped up the bank with suspicious alacrity, and disappeared through the maples, and the polliwogs wriggled on undisturbed.

Publications Received.

PUTNAM, G. H. Books and their makers during the Middle Ages. Vol. I. N. Y., 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

ARMSTRONG, EDWARD. Lorenzo de' Medici and Florence in the 15th century, N. Y., 1896. G. P. Putnam's Son. \$1.50. (Heroes of the nations series).

Renaissance Fancies and Studies.¹

The author of this volume is an enthusiastic student of Italian renaissance, and has published other books on the same subject. The present work is a sequel to her *Euphorion*, and is a study of the life and religion of the period, as shown in its art and architecture. The first chapter, "The Love of the Saints," which is the key to the whole book, sets forth the tendency of religious thought, under the influence of such men as St. Francis of Assisi, to cast aside a merciless theology based upon fear in favor of a more natural religion based upon love, to replace "the terror of a divinity, who was little better than a metaphysical Moloch , by the idolatry of an all-gracious Virgin, of an all-compassionate and all-sympathising Christ." The course of this revival of religious feeling is traced in its effect upon art and literature. The book will be of interest to the general reader.

Russian Portraits.

The last volume of Putnam's Autonym library which has come to hand is called *Russian portraits*, a translation by Elizabeth L. Cary of some of the finer specimens of word portrait painting by Vicomte Melchoir de Vogüé. These sketches all appeared in magazine form before M. de Vogüé was elected to the French Academy in 1888. In the change from French to English the light grace of the idiom is lost to a considerable degree, but the translator has succeeded admirably in giving the original flavor, as far as possible, to the various sketches. The contents comprises; Winter's tales, Uncle Fédia, Petrouchka, the fifer, Varvara Afanasievna and Days of serfdom.

¹ LEE. VERNON. Renaissance fancies and studies. New York, 1896.

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THE recent vacation, the shortness of the spring term, the strong probability of warm weather coming before the heavy work of the year is ended, all raise the question whether a more convenient arrangement of the college could not be found. In the first place there is no real reason why there should be a vacation at Easter time, except to break what would otherwise be a long term. Under the present arrangement there are thirty-four weeks in the college year, with about three weeks vacation. If the University year began with September 1 and continued to May 15 with a vacation of four weeks at Christmas time there would be many advantages over the present system. There would be as many weeks of work, with a generous vacation at Christmas time, when a cessation from work is most desired. The warm weather would come at the beginning of the year before real hard work has been fully entered upon, and the hard

work would be finished before the warm days of spring come. Again this arrangement would do away with one examination and one registration season, and this would be agreeable to student and professor alike. Finally, the first of September is the time when the whole country begins to bestir itself. Business opens up, public schools are begun again, and everybody takes a new lease of life, and for this reason it seems the most natural time to begin college work.

REV. C. F. DOLE, writing in the March *Harvard Graduates Magazine*, advocates the merging of the Divinity School in the general courses of the University. He practically says there are no courses which should be for the minister alone. This is the strongest word yet spoken in favor of the abolition of special schools for Divinity, but it voices the feeling of many who have long since ceased to regard any special preparation, other than work in philosophy, history, sociology and economics, necessary to fit a young man for the ministry. Mr. Dole boldly asserts that as for Hebrew scholarship "the average minister, both for training his mind and for practical benefit and helpfulness, had far better make a study of music." The world has little use for the minister whose preparation for his work has been mainly in Greek, Hebrew and study of the Bible.

The Month.

The senior law class has adopted cap and gown.

The following seniors have been chosen by the faculty to compete for the Woodford prize in oratory: W. H. Edson, W. H. Glasson, M. G. Kains, H. L. Powers, C. H. Rammelkamp, F. P. Ufford.

W. H. Woodruff has been appointed professor of law, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Professor H. W. Hardon. Mr. Woodruff was a member of the first class graduated from the Cornell Law School, that of 1888.

Mr. E. P. Gilbert, who has been business manager of Sage College since 1882 has been compelled to resign his position on account of failing health.

The death, on March 22, of Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's school days*, will be felt as a personal loss by many of the older alumni. In the early days of the University, Judge Hughes took an active interest in the Cornell navy, and the "Tom Brown cup" presented by him did much to stimulate rowing interests here.

The death of William Boardman Tobey, '90, occurred recently in Guayaquil, Ecuador, where he held the position

of general manager of the Ecuador General Electric Company. While in the University, Mr. Tobey was a prominent athlete, and his scholarship won for him an election to Sigma Xi.

Owing to pressure of executive duties, President Schurman has been obliged to discontinue the course in elementary ethics, which has been so popular since his connection with the University. The work in ethics next year will be under the charge of Professor James Seth, who has been appointed professor in the Sage School of Philosophy. Professor Seth, who is now at Brown University, is well known as the author of *A study of ethical principles*.

The base ball management has arranged for a game between the 'Varsity team and a team composed of graduates, to take place during commencement week. Arrangements have also been made for a game with Pennsylvania at the quadrangular race, June 26.

Literary Chat.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are about to issue in the Riverside edition the complete works of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe has already written her firm and handsome autograph for a large paper edition.

It doth now appear that the model for Charles Dana Gibson's American girl, who is regarded as the "epitome of all that birth and breeding gives to an American girl," and who has been imitated by the belles from Maine to California in the arrangement of the hair, the poise of the head and slope of the shoulder, is the daughter of a Frenchman and a Cuban woman, and more than all, a lady's maid. So says the *Critic*.

An interesting case concerning reviews and criticisms of published works has been tried in the courts of Michigan recently. An author placed a copy of his book into the hands of a newspaper for reviewing. The book was reviewed and severely criticised. The author sued the journal for libel. The circuit court rendered a verdict for the author and fixed damages at \$500. The supreme court reversed the decision. Critics take warning.

So much has already been written by literary critics about Mrs. Ward's *The Story of Bessie Costrell* that there seems little to be said at this time about the book. Comparing this story with previous work of Mrs. Ward, *Bessie Costrell* does not deal with theological problems, as does *Robert Elsmere* and *David Grieve*, and judging from the way this last story has been received, the theologian element is the most interesting feature of Mrs. Ward's fiction. There are per-

sons, real or imaginary, whose lives are worth the telling, and such persons need not be good and virtuous to entitle them to this. There are also many more, good, bad and mediocre, whose life is not worth the telling, and Bessie Costrell belongs in this number. If Mrs. Ward had not already made a name for herself before this story was written, there is a serious doubt whether it ever would have been published.

The spirit of Thomas Hughes, whose memory is so fondly cherished at Cornell, because of the interest he took in the early life and activities of the institution, is so beautifully shown in the following letter, written to an American boy, that it is worth reprinting in these pages :

“Dear Boy (for you must be a boy still) : You ask whether Tom Brown was a ‘real boy’ as ‘it would be so much nicer to think that he was a real boy than to know that he only existed in a story.’ No, he wasn’t a real boy (unless, indeed, on your side ‘boy’ is a noun of multitude.) He was, (and I hope is still, and so far as an old boy of seventy-three can judge, certainly is) at least twenty boys, for I knew at least that number of T. B.s at Rugby, and there were no doubt as many at a dozen other of the public schools. What I wanted was to draw the average English boy, who came from a good, pious English country home, not particularly clever or studious, but with a good church catechism training, which wouldn’t let him be an idle loafer, though he might look on the masters as the ‘other side’ in the education game, and so long as they played the game fairly would respect and like them as he did the ‘other side’ at foot-ball.

If you want to meet a specimen on your side you will find one of the type at Hymen ranch in the Pan Handle of Texas, where our youngest boy is the managing partner of a cattle ranche. He never could take kindly to Latin, Greek, or mathematics, but learned ‘to ride, shoot, and tell the truth’ which was (according to Herodotus) considered the best result of the higher education amongst the persons of 2,000 years ago. Almost all of such boys get fond of good healthy literature later on, and regret that they didn’t ‘sap’ at school, but I doubt whether they would have made half as good Englishmen even if they had learned to turn out good ‘longs and shorts’ or Greek alcaics before they left school.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS HUGHES.”

“CHESTER, 3-11-'95.

Footlights says: Anthony Hope Hawkins—though he does'nt use the Hawkins—wrote *The prisoner of Zenda* and then helped dramatize it. The lady who plays the role of *Princess Flavia* in London is Miss Evelyn Millard, and Mr. Hope has fallen in love with her, and she's to be the future Mrs. 'Awkins. Pygmalion fell in love with Galatea in the old, old days just because he made her—for men are a conceited lot. And now Anthony Hope falls in love with a lady who speaks the words his brain has wrought. Mr. Hope says that Miss Millard's love-making is the grandest he has ever seen—on the stage of course. And Miss Millard says Mr. Hope writes perfectly lovely love scenes.

Lovers of short stories will be interested to know that Scribners are about to issue another ten volumes of short stories, this time by English authors. The stories will be grouped by the scenes in which they are laid, volumes being devoted to England, Ireland, London, Scotland, Italy, France, etc. Some of the very best writers of short stories are numbered among the authors from whom the stories are selected.

The Cornell Magazine

May, 1896.

The Assassins.

The middle ages have always been pointed to as a time when human life and liberty were held in small esteem, and therefore it is not altogether surprising that we find during this period a society organized for the purpose of gaining political power by means of wholesale murder. This society was known as the Order of the Assassins and it presents an interesting and valuable study of one of the developments of oriental character.

At the time of the founding of the order the church of Mohammed was divided into two large bodies, the Soonees and the Sheähs. Their ground of difference was the descent of the temporal and spiritual authority embodied in the person of the Prophet, who died without naming a successor. The quarrel, which arose on his death, lasted many years and led to much bloodshed; but at the time with which we are concerned the Soonees held the upperhand. The Ismaëlites, the most powerful sect of the Sheähs, suffered in silence the oppression of the house of Abbas, then the leading dynasty, waiting for a favorable moment to reassert their rights. As early as the ninth century a secret doctrine was taught among the ranks of Islam, by Abdallah, a man of Persian lineage. This theory was comprised in seven degrees, the sum of which was the vanity of all religion and the indifference of human action. He died before

he was able to accomplish the overturning of the Khalifs, but the work was carried on by his son and grandsons, and among the converts was one who was destined to bring the system into active operation.

This man was Karmath, a native of Koofa. He enlarged on the original doctrine of Abdallah, maintaining that the right to earthly domain lay with an invisible spotless ruler, and that consequently the reigning princes, on account of their vices and imperfections, were usurpers. He also taught his disciples to understand the precepts and observances of Islam in a figurative sense. For an entire century Karmath and his followers, as champions of the Imam Maäsoon (*spotless prince*) waged war against the Abbaside Khalifs who reigned at Bagdad. The Karmathites were finally overcome, but their doctrines continued to spread among the Ismaëlites.

During the war between the Abbaside Khalifs and the Karmathites, a *dai* (missionary) of the latter, liberated from the prison of the Khalif Motadhad a real or pretended descendant of Fatima, daughter of Mohammed, and succeeded in establishing for him a dominion in the north of Africa.

This man, Obeid Allah, derived his pedigree from Ismaël, whom the Ismaëlites considered the rightful descendant of the Prophet. In order to further the spread of the Ismaélite religion, a secret institution called The Grand Lodge, was founded at Cairo, at the head of which was the Fatemite Khalif. This society comprised both men and women. It met on Mondays and Wednesdays and was presided over by a Chief Missionary (*Dai-al-Doat*), who was always a person of importance in the state. Under the Khalif Hakem-bi-emrillah (*Judge by the command of God*) it attained great splendor. He built for the society a stately edifice, styled the House of Wisdom, and furnished it with libraries and mathematical instruments. Professors of law, mathematics, logic and medicine gave instruction, and at the disputations, which were frequently held in the presence of the Khalifs, these professors appeared in robes very similar to those worn at some modern universities.

One of the members of this secret society at Cairo was Hassan ben Sahab, who later founded the Assassins. He was the son of Ali, a resident of Rei in Persia. Ali was a Sheäh, but for political reasons found it expedient to conceal his faith. In order to convince the Soonites of his orthodoxy he sent his son to Nishaboor to be instructed by the Imam Mowafek, who was celebrated all over Persia as a teacher of the Koran. At the school of this man Hassan Sahab met and became intimate with Omar Khâyyam, the Persian poet, and Mizam-al-Moolk, later vizier to the house of Seljook. Mizam-al-Moolk relates the following incident which occurred one day while the three friends were together: "It is the general opinion" said Hassan, "that the pupils of the Imam are certain of being fortunate. This opinion may be verified in one of us. So come, let us pledge ourselves to one another, that he who shall be successful will make the other two sharers of his good fortune."¹ The agreement was ratified by the three in the most solemn manner. Mizam-al-Moolk, on leaving the school of Mowafek, entered the field of politics and rose gradually to the position of vizier under Alp Arslan (*Strong Lion*) of the house of Seljook. He remembered his promise to his two friends and exerted himself to further their interests. Hassan Sahab, being an ambitious man, tried to supplant Mizam-al-Moolk in the favor of the Khalif. He failed, however, and fled from Nishaboor in order to escape the vengeance of his former friend. After some delay he went to Cairo and became a member of the Grand Lodge.

While Hassan was in Cairo civil war broke out, and he was so unfortunate as to be on the losing side. He escaped from captivity and made for Baghdad. His membership in the Grand Lodge suggested to him the use which might be made of a secret organization to attain political power and to further his schemes for vengeance on his enemies. He determined to conceal his true purposes by a religious mask,

¹ T. Keightley. *Secret Societies of the Middle Ages*, p. 46.

and in order to appeal to the superstitious oriental mind formulated a series of seven articles of belief. And thus was formed the organization which from its character came to be known as the Society of the Assassins. He busied himself secretly making converts to his doctrine, which was a modification of Ismaëlite tenets, and in 1090 judged that the time had come for him to assert himself openly. He saw the necessity of attaining some stronghold from which to control the movements of his disciples and in a characteristic manner secured the fortress of Alamut. The governor of the fortress, Ali Mehdi, agreed to give to Hassan, in exchange for 3000 ducats, as much land as could be measured by an ox-hide. Hassan thereupon cut the ox-hide into thin strips and surrounded the fortress with it. Mehdi refused to abide by the agreement, but as his soldiers were secretly in league with Hassan he was unable to offer any effective resistance.

Hassan, now that he had control of the fortress, began to put into practice his terrible precepts. His followers were divided into seven groups. These were: the *Sheik-al-Jebal*, or Chief (improperly translated Old Man of the Mountains); three *Dai-al-Kirbal* (Great Missionaries); the *Dais*, comprising the large majority of the members; the *Refks*, who later became *Dais*; the *Fedavies* (devoted ones) the blind instruments of the *Dais* and to whose hands the actual work of assassination was intrusted. These *Fedavies* were uninitiated and their advancement depended upon their fearless and unquestioned obedience to the orders of their superiors. The sixth degree was known as the *Lasiks*, or Aspirants, and the common people formed the seventh.

Hassan was too cunning to proclaim openly his disregard for religion. Therefore he held his followers to the most rigid observance of the Koran while they were in the lower degrees. As soon as they came to be *Dais* they were taught to interpret the Koran according to their own desires. The chief, or *Sheik-al-Jebal*, received the most implicit

obedience on the part of the *Fedavies*, but the exact method by which this obedience was secured is not known. Many fanciful narratives are at hand in regard to the devices employed to gain the mastery over the candidate for admission. Marco Polo, in the account of his travels,¹ writes the following: "In a beautiful valley, enclosed between two lofty mountains, he (the *Sheik-al-Jebal*) had formed a luxurious garden stored with every delicious fruit and every fragrant shrub that could be procured. Palaces of various sizes and forms were erected in different parts of the grounds, ornamented with works of gold, with paintings, and with furniture of rich silks. By means of small conduits contained in these buildings streams of milk, wine and some of pure water were seen to flow in every direction. The inhabitants of these palaces were elegant and beautiful damsels, accomplished in the arts of singing, playing upon all sorts of musical instruments, dancing, and especially those of dalliance and amorous allurement." He goes on to tell how young men were introduced into these gardens, under the influence of *hasheesh*, (an intoxicant brewed from hemp) and made to believe that they were in paradise. They were allowed to remain there four or five days, when they were again put under the influence of a drug and taken away. They were then told that the joys they had experienced were to be the reward of faithful service to the prophet whose wishes would be communicated to them by the Sheik. Whether such means were actually used to gain submission of the *Fedavies* may be questioned, but the coarse nature of the Asiatics makes it probable that their senses were powerfully appealed to.

Hassan Sahab, in order to impress an envoy from the sultan, Malek Shah, who demanded the submission of the sheik with the obedience of his followers, ordered one of them to throw himself from the ramparts, which command was instantly obeyed, and Hassan, pointing to the mangled corpse,

¹ Marsden's translation.

said to the envoy, "I have seventy thousand followers who obey me after this fashion. This be my answer to your master."

Until 1256 the Assassins continued their work of destruction with very rare interruptions. Thousands fell under their daggers and their name inspired terror all over the world. They were implacable in their desire for blood and few who were pursued by them succeeded in evading their doom. It was only after long and bloody wars that they were suppressed. And so firmly established were their teachings that some remnants of the society are actually found to-day in the mountains of Syria. They have lost their terrible character, and serve only as a reminder of that organization, the name of which has become synonymous with the most abhorrent of crimes.

Clement A. Lawler.

Cornell Student Activities.

VII—BASEBALL.

The Team of 1886.

H. C. C. Taylor, Manager.		
	H. L. Taylor, }	c.
	C. R. Edgerton, }	
E. L. Smith, 1 b.	R. T. Newberry, }	p.
	B. S. Aldrich, }	
	F. W. Olin, 2 b.	H. G. Dimon, s. s.
J. C. Schreiner, r. f.	W. W. Parshall, c. f.	S. L. Etnyre, 1. f.
	W. Z. Morrison, sub.	

Record.

April 16,	Cornell 7,	Syracuse Stars,	5.
April 24,	Cornell 7,	Rochester	14.
May 1,	Cornell 13,	Toronto	23.
May 3,	Cornell 12,	Toronto	20.
May 6,	Cornell 15,	Toronto	17.
May 11,	Cornell 27,	Syracuse Univ.	0.
May 18,	Cornell 24,	Union	4.
June 1,	Cornell 4,	Columbia	6.
June 5,	Cornell 27,	Waverly	3.
June 9,	Cornell 12,	Union	1.
June 10,	Cornell 17,	Hobart	1.
June 11,	Cornell 11,	Syracuse Stars	12.
June 14,	Cornell 12,	Hobart	5.
	Cornell 9,	Hamilton	0.*

Cornell 197, Opponents 111.

Games won, 8 ; games lost, 6.

* Forfeited to Cornell by Hamilton.

The team of 1886 had kept up the good record established by the '85 team, but things did not go so smoothly in 1887. Out of ten games played Cornell lost eight. A glance at the schedule shows that we were meeting with much more able opponents than in previous years. We were reaching out into the world. We had met Harvard, Yale, and Amherst for the first time and we had made a creditable showing.

The Team of 1887.

H. G. Dimon, Captain.		Horace White, Manager.
	H. L. Taylor, c.	
W. Z. Morrison, 1 b.	R. T. Newberry, p.	J. Wilkinson, 3 b.
	J. C. Schreiner, 2 b.	H. G. Dimon, s. s.
S. L. Etnyre, } r. f.	W. W. Parshall, c. f.	E. N. Sanderson, 1. f.
Rackerman, }		

Record.

Cornell 7,	Rochester 13.
Cornell 3,	Rochester 15.
Cornell 3,	Rochester 15.
Cornell 1,	Elmira 9.
Cornell 31,	Ithaca 0.
Cornell 3,	Elmira 9.
Cornell 8,	Williams 3.
Cornell 8,	Amherst 12.
Cornell 1,	Yale 9.
Cornell 5,	Harvard 6.

Runs, Cornell 70,	Opponents 91.
Games won, 2 ; games lost, 8.	

The '88 'Varsity, under the guidance of Harry L. Taylor, made a good record. Newberry did most of the pitching, although Taylor did good work whenever called from behind the bat to go into the pitcher's box. This year we found new opponents in Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania.

The Team of 1888.

H. L. Taylor, Captain.		E. E. Johnson, Manager.
	H. L. Taylor c.	
W. W. Parshall, 1 b.	R. T. Newberry, p.	J. Wilkinson, 3 b.
	S. L. Etnyre, 2 b.	J. T. Young, s. s.
W. P. Sands, r. f.	Herrick, c. f.	J. L. Dowling, 1. f.
	E. A. May, substitute.	

Record.

April 21, Cornell 4,	Elmira Profess. 14.
May 4, Cornell 15,	Lafayette 8.
May 5, Cornell 11,	Lafayette 8.
May 11, Cornell 17,	Hobart 3.
May 19, Cornell 0,	Princeton 4.
May 21, Cornell 5,	Pennsylvania 20.
May 22, Cornell 10,	Pennsylvania 8.
May 23, Cornell 13,	Lafayette 2.

Cornell 75,	Opponents 67.
Games won, 5 ; games lost, 3.	

In 1889, the loss of Taylor's skill and generalship weak-

ened the team somewhat but the record was fair. The schedule shows victories over Hobart, Lehigh, and Lafayette, with defeats from St. Johns and Lafayette.

The Team of 1889.

J. T. Young, Captain.		H. S. Bronson, Manager.
	Herrick, } Cadmus, } c.	
Kerr, 1 b.	Cornell, } Hanson, } p.	Sands, } Burroughs, } 3 b.
Dowling, 2 b.		Young, } May, } s. s.
Houghton, r. f.	Cadmus, } Herrick, } c. f.	Hanson, } Cornell, } 1. f. Semple, }

Record.

April 13, Geneva,	Cornell 2,	Hobart 0.
April 20, Rochester,	Cornell 1,	Rochester 10.
May 3, Ithaca,	Cornell 22,	Lehigh 1.
May 4, Ithaca,	Cornell 18,	Lehigh 11.
May 7, Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	St. Johns 6.
May 10, Ithaca,	Cornell 3,	Lafayette 4.
May 11, Ithaca,	Cornell 4,	Lafayette 10.
May 16, Auburn,	Cornell 5,	Auburn 17.
May 22, Ithaca,	Cornell 15,	Highlands 13.
May 25, Ithaca,	Cornell 12,	Elmira 19.
May 31, Ithaca,	Cornell 9,	Toronto 10.

Runs, Cornell 96, Oppon'ts 101.
Games won, 4; games lost, 7.

Ninety's team was ambitious and although handicapped by certain adverse circumstances, made a good record. Field, Priest and Rich made their first appearance in the 'Varsity of 1890, and helped play through that long schedule. We lost to Lafayette, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, but won from Hobart, Rochester, and the professional teams.

The Team of 1890.

J. J. Herrick, Captain.		F. R. Benton, Manager.
	J. J. Herrick, } A. C. Field, } c.	
Field, } Davenport, } 1 b. Herrick, }	C. B. Semple, } A. B. Priest, } p. Hanson, }	H. K. Spencer, 3 b.
	B. L. Burrows, 2 b.	C. A. Rich, s. s.
May, r. f.	Hanson, } Davenport, } c. f.	Craig, } Black, } 1. f.

Record.

April 12, Elmira,	Cornell 7,	Elmira League	3.
April 15, Ithaca,	Cornell 19,	Rochester Univ.	3.
April 19, Ithaca,	Cornell 17,	Hobart	3.
April 22, Ithaca,	Cornell 17,	Colgate	1.
May 3, Ithaca,	Cornell 16,	Clinton Lib. Inst.	1.
May 10, Ithaca,	Cornell 1,	Lafayette	8.
May 14, Ithaca,	Cornell 2,	Ithaca	1.
May 16, Ithaca,	Cornell 1,	Michigan	2.
May 17, Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	Cortland	5.
May 24, Ithaca,	Cornell 3,	Elmira League	5.
May 27, Easton, Pa.,	Cornell 1,	Lafayette	13.
May 28, Philadelphia,	Cornell 8,	Pennsylvania	13.
May 29, Philadelphia,	Cornell 1,	Pennsylvania	13.
May 30, Staten Island,	Cornell 10,	Staten Island A. C.	9.
May 30, Staten Island,	Cornell 7,	Staten Island A. C.	8.
May 31, New York City,	Cornell 6,	Columbia	8.
June 7, Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Ithaca	1.
Cornell 129.		Opponents	97.

Games won, 8 ; games lost, 8 ; games tied, 1.

Arthur C. Field led our nine to victory for two years, through the seasons of 1891 and 1892. Captain Field officiated behind the bat and gave excellent support to Priest who played his most consistent game during these two years. Both the teams of '91 and '92 played through long schedules and made a good record. The '91 team scored a greater total of runs, and kept down the opponents' score better than did the team of '92, yet the '92 team won the greater number of games.

The Team of 1891.

Arthur C. Field, Captain.	A. C. Field, c.	R. C. McCormick, Mgr.
J. W. Taylor, 1 b,	Priest, } P.	Cadmus, } 3 b.
	Cadmus, }	Miller, }
C. A. Rich, 2 b.		B. L. Burrows, s. s.
Towle, } r. f.	Dowd, } c. f.	Herrick, 1. f.
Dowling, }	Black, }	
	Dowling, }	

Record.

Ithaca,	Cornell 3,	Rochester, East. League	7.
Ithaca,	Cornell 12,	Rochester, East. League	12.
Rochester, N. Y.,	Cornell 2,	Rochester, East. League	6.
Ithaca,	Cornell 6,	Syracuse Stars	12.
Syracuse, N. Y.,	Cornell 6,	Syracuse Stars	5.
Ithaca,	Cornell 27,	Syracuse Univ.	6.
Ithaca,	Cornell 29,	Rochester Univ.	6.

Ithaca,	Cornell 13,	Stevens Institute	0.
Ithaca,	Cornell 22,	Stevens Institute	0.
Ithaca,	Cornell 10,	Elmira, N. Y. Penn. League	1.
Ithaca,	Cornell 9,	Union	3.
Oberlin, O.,	Cornell 6,	Oberlin	2.
Detroit, Mich.,	Cornell 6,	Michigan	8.
Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Lafayette	2.
Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Lafayette	7.
Philadelphia,	Cornell 2,	Pennsylvania	6.
Charlottesville,	Cornell 0,	Univ. of Virginia	1.
Princeton, N. J.	Cornell 2,	Princeton	5.
Fordham, N. Y.,	Cornell 3,	Fordham	4.
Bethlehem, Pa.,	Cornell 5,	Lehigh	7.
Easton, Pa.,	Cornell 2,	Lafayette	8.
Ithaca,	Cornell 12,	Louisville Olympics	3.
Ithaca,	Cornell 11,	Louisville Olympics	3.
Ithaca,	Cornell 9,	Seneca Falls	1.
Ithaca,	Cornell 19,	Syracuse Mikados	3.

Runs, Cornell 232, Opponents 118.
 Games won, 14; games lost, 10; games tied, 1.

The Team of 1892.

A. C. Field, Captain.		F. M. Black, Manager.
	A. C. Field, c.	
	Priest, }	
J. W. Taylor, 1 b.	Calthrop, }	
	Sumner, }	E. Young, 3 b.
	Morse, }	
	Sumner, }	B. L. Burroughs, s. s.
	W. Young, } 2 b.	
Miller, r. f.	J. W. Towle, c. f.	Ferris, }
		Morse, }
		W. Young, } 1. f.

Record.

Ithaca,	Cornell 10,	Binghamton League	3.
Ithaca,	Cornell 10,	Binghamton League	4.
Ithaca,	Cornell 3,	Elmira League	6.
Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Syracuse League	9.
Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Syracuse League	5.
Ithaca,	Cornell 9,	Binghamton League	7.
Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	Binghamton League	9.
Ithaca,	Cornell 9,	Seneca Falls	8.
Ithaca,	Cornell 12,	Cuban Giants	4.
Cambridge,	Cornell 0,	Harvard	3.
New Haven,	Cornell 1,	Yale	5.
Providence,	Cornell 3,	Brown	15.
Fordham,	Cornell 9,	Fordham	4.
Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	Brown	4.
Ithaca,	Cornell 6,	Brown	6.
Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	Univ. of Vermont	1.
Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	Univ. of Vermont	9.
Ithaca,	Cornell 9,	Lehigh	1.
Oberlin,	Cornell 7,	Oberlin	5.
Cleveland,	Cornell 9,	Cleveland A. C.	8.
Detroit,	Cornell 7,	Michigan	4.

Toronto,	Cornell 9,	Univ. of Toronto	3.
Ithaca,	Cornell 1,	Pennsylvania	11.
Ithaca,	Cornell 2,	Lafayette	0.
Ithaca,	Cornell 7,	Lafayette	2.

Cornell 154, Opponents 136.

Games won, 16 ; games lost, 8 ; games tied, 1.

With Harry L. Taylor again at the helm, our 'Varsity made a good record during the season of 1893. In fact, judged from the standpoint of games won and lost, the team made the best record of any of our recent teams. The return of Priest gave the team a good pitcher, while Taylor's catching was beyond criticism. J. W. Taylor, Rich, E. P. Young, and Johnson made up an in-field somewhat better than the average college in-field. We lost to Binghamton professionals, to Princeton in a twelve inning game, to Harvard and to Brown. We had no trouble in beating Michigan twice and taking three straight from Pennsylvania.

The Team of 1893.

H. L. Taylor, Captain.	H. L. Taylor, c.	B. Strait, Manager.
J. W. Taylor, 1 b.	A. B. Priest, } p.	C. P. Johnson, 3 b.
	H. Cobb, }	
	C. A. Rich, 2 b.	E. P. Young, s. s.
E. T. Hamlin, r. f.	J. W. Towle, c. f.	W. E. Best, 1. f.
Subs.—G. P. Diehl, M. O'Connor, H. L. Harrington, T. McNeil.		

Record.

April 18, Ithaca,	Cornell 21,	Syracuse	0.
April 21, Ithaca,	Cornell 10,	Binghamton	2.
April 22, Ithaca,	Cornell 1,	Binghamton	2.
April 26, Ithaca,	Cornell 12,	Williams	7.
April 30, Ithaca,	Cornell 2,	Princeton	3. ¹
May 6, Ithaca,	Cornell 7,	Lehigh	3.
May 8, Ithaca,	Cornell 4,	Clinton Lib. Inst.	0.
May 11, Philadelphia,	Cornell 5,	Pennsylvania	2.
May 12, Washington,	Cornell 4,	Georgetown	2.
May 13, Bethlehem,	Cornell 7,	Lehigh	4.
May 15, Ithaca,	Cornell 7,	Colgate	3.
May 20, Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Michigan	2.
May 22, Cambridge,	Cornell 3,	Harvard	20.
May 23, Providence,	Cornell 2,	Brown	10.
May 24, Williamstown,	Cornell 16,	Williams	4.
May 29, Allegheny,	Cornell 12,	St. Bonaventure	1.
May 30, Detroit,	Cornell 7,	Michigan	5.
June 8, Ithaca,	Cornell 7,	Pennsylvania	5.
June 9, Ithaca,	Cornell 6,	Pennsylvania	3.

Cornell 141, Opponents 78.

Games won. 15 : games lost, 4.

¹ 12 innings.

One of our base ball critics has termed the '94 'Varsity "a well balanced team." Only in the pitcher's box was the '94 team at all weak. Smith was then pitching his first 'Varsity game and Cobb had been disabled at the very outset of the season. The in-field was strong, while Johnson, Towle, and Best completed an out-field, the equal of which is seldom seen in college teams. In '94 we won from Pennsylvania, Michigan, Lafayette, Virginia, Williams, and Amherst, but lost to Princeton, Brown, Pennsylvania, and the Syracuse Professionals.

The Team of 1894.

E. P. Young, Captain.	E. P. Young, c.	A. H. Place, Manager.
T. McNeil, 1 b.	H. Cobb } p.	F. O. Affeld, jr., 3 b.
	W. F. Smith, }	
	C. A. Rich, 2 b.	H. W. Harmon, s. s.
W. E. Best, r. f.	J. W. Towle c. f.	C. P. Johnson, 1. f.
	Substitutes.—G. P. Diehl, J. R. Wilson.	

Record.

April 16, Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Syracuse League	7.
April 17, Ithaca,	Cornell 3,	Syracuse League	15.
April 21, Ithaca,	Cornell 10,	St. Johns	3.
April 28, Hamilton,	Cornell 11,	Colgate	2.
May 1, Ithaca,	Cornell 10,	Hobart	2.
May 5, Ithaca,	Cornell 13,	Pennsylvania	10.
May 8, Princeton,	Cornell 7,	Princeton	17.
May 9, Providence,	Cornell 6,	Brown	15.
May 11, Amherst,	Cornell 7,	Amherst	2.
May 12, Williamstown,	Cornell 12,	Williams	7.
May 16, Ithaca,	Cornell 18,	St. Bonaventure	12.
May 19, Scranton,	Cornell 7,	Lehigh	0.
May 22, Washington,	Cornell 4,	Georgetown	7.
May 23, Charlottesville,	Cornell 4,	Univ. of Virginia	3.
May 26, Ithaca,	Cornell 15,	Univ. of Michigan	1.
May 30, Philadelphia,	Cornell 0,	Pennsylvania	6.
June 1, Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Lafayette	0.
June 16, Buffalo,	Cornell 9,	Buffalo Pastime A. C.	3.
June 18, Ithaca,	Cornell 17,	Buffalo Pastime A. C.	2.

Cornell 169,

Opponents 114.

Games won, 14; games lost, 5.

The season of '95 is barely history. The team made a good record but not as good as had been expected. A strong fielding team, they did not show an equal skill in batting. We lost to Princeton and Brown, and "broke even" with Pennsylvania and Michigan.

The Team of 1895.

C. P. Johnson, Captain. H. Cobb, c. C. S. Young, Manager.
 T. McNeil, 1 b. A. B. Priest, } p. F. O. Affeld, jr., 3 b.
 W. F. Smith, }
 G. P. Diehl, 2 b. H. W. Harmon, s. s.
 E. T. Hamlin, r. f. A. Bassford, c. f. C. P. Johnson, l. f.
 Substitutes—E. L. Aldrich, J. W. Beacham, jr., J. R. Wilson.
 Cobb also pitched against Oberlin and Orange, Hamlin acting as catcher.

Record.

April 16, Ithaca,	Cornell 6,	Syracuse East. League	4.
April 18, Ithaca,	Cornell 0,	Toronto East. League	2.
April 23, Ithaca,	Cornell 16,	Elmira Profess.	1.
April 25, Ithaca,	Cornell 27,	Trinity Coll.	11.
April 29, Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	Princeton	6.
May 5, Ithaca,	Cornell 2,	Michigan	1.
May 10, Ithaca,	Cornell 11,	Virginia	2.
May 11, Ithaca,	Cornell 6,	Virginia	0.
May 18, Ithaca,	Cornell 5,	Pennsylvania	1.
May 21, Ithaca,	Cornell 26,	Crescent A. C. of Toronto	1.
May 23, Princeton,	Cornell 3,	Princeton	13.
May 25, Philadelphia,	Cornell 8,	Pennsylvania	14.
May 29, Oberlin,	Cornell 1,	Oberlin	0.
May 30, Detroit,	Cornell 0,	Michigan	11.
June 1, Ithaca,	Cornell 16,	Columbia	1.
June 15, Orange,	Cornell 0,	Orange A. C.	4.
June 17, Ithaca,	Cornell 8,	Brown	9.
	Cornell 140,	Opponents	71.

Games won, 10; games lost, 7.

Now what is our record summarized? We have never yet defeated a base ball team from Harvard, Princeton, or Yale. With Pennsylvania, Georgetown, Lehigh and Lafayette, we are about even. Brown has a balance of games won against us, as has also Hobart College, for in the early days Hobart drubbed us year after year. Against Michigan we have the balance of victories.

Thus Cornell's base ball interests have developed from the crude, untrained teams of the early years to the carefully selected and trained organizations of the present day.

We have developed the game from free, happy-go-lucky sport to a scientific pastime requiring on the part of the players constant and careful practice. Like all other colleges, we have tried to keep pace with the standard which is set and is constantly being raised by the professional teams.

Contrast the present situation with the condition of affairs in the early seventies, when we had among us an organization called the "Flap Jack Nine" and when "The Early Birds" defeated opponents styling themselves "The Unfortunate Worms." As far as real sport goes, does the present situation compare with those days when our 'Varsity toyed with the "Alerts of Dundee," to the tune of 65 to 20? What sport is there in the desperate fight of to-day as compared with former times, when "the players played with heavy shoes, and many times with coat and vest on as though it were not of the slightest importance whether they made errors or not?" Those of us who see evil in the present system will doubtless give a most emphatic negative to this query. But would the old rollicking game be considered sport to-day? Would it *be* sport to-day? Has not our higher development along all lines changed our interpretation of the word sport? While there is undoubtedly a certain invigoration in the old go-as-you-please style of athletics, the modern American—and this includes the collegian of to-day—demands the more highly developed style. Even in "play" he has grown to expect the perfect. In our athletics, be he spectator or participant, it is the highly developed game which is to him real sport.

Edward Davis.

The Elf in the Time-piece.

The elf in the time-piece tolls my knell,
But I close my ears to his hateful din,
For he never, no never, will treat me well,
When the heart of my Tessa I seek to win.

But I close my ears to his hateful din,
And I sing a song with all my might,
When the heart of my Tessa I seek to win ;
And I care not the hour of the waning night.

And I sing a song with all my might
To drown the voice of the elfin bell,
And I care not the hour of the waning night,
For my Tessa loves me far too well.

To drown the voice of the elfin bell
I sing a song of the deepest love,
For my Tessa loves me far too well,
To think of her waking sire above.

I sing a song of the deepest love,
And heed not the time, when my cue should be
To think of her waking sire above,
For the elf in the time-piece bids me flee.

And I heed not the time, when my cue should be
To take my kiss, and to close the door,
For the elf in the time-piece bids me flee,
And he knows of trouble that's happened before.

To take my kiss, and to close the door !
Oh, her father is coming, and I lose my smile,
And he knows of the trouble that's happened before,
And I hide behind Tessa all the while.

Oh, her father is coming, and I lose my smile,
For he never, oh never, will treat me well,
And I hide behind Tessa. All the while
The elf in the time-piece tolls my knell.

N. Hutchinson.

Roger Chillingworth.

The character of Roger Chillingworth is perhaps as potent a type of the principle of revenge as the world of literature affords. He comes to the reader's knowledge first in the glimpse which Hawthorne gives us of Hester's thoughts as she stands upon the scaffold ; and, although we see in him a man most deeply wronged, he does not from the outset appeal strongly to our sympathies. It does not seem to be without moral signification that his body is misshapen, a fact which the author never allows his reader to forget ; and side by side with this is the mention of the scholar's eye, dim and bleared, but with a strange penetrating power when it is the owner's purpose to read the human soul.

Our first sight of Roger Chillingworth tends but to confirm our pre-conceived opinion, and to remove him still further from our sympathies. It is with a writhing horror twisting itself across his features, like a snake, and finally subsiding into the depths of his nature, that he beholds Hester upon the scaffold platform. Yet the emotion is not, apparently, the shuddering horror at the sight of sin, nor yet a feeling of horror at the open ignominy of the sinner. "A wise sentence" remarked the stranger gravely bowing his head. "Thus she will be a living sermon against sin until the ignominious letter be engraven upon her tombstone. It irks me, nevertheless, that the partner of her iniquity should not, at least, stand on the scaffold by her side. But he will be known ! he will be known ! he will be known !" And in the avenging *shall* that we read behind the uttered *will* is sounded the keynote of the character of Roger Chillingworth.

In the prison scene between Hester and her husband,

Hawthorne brings to the front all the circumstances that could arouse our sympathies in behalf of the physician, yet they finally serve but as a foil to deepen the blackness of his scheme of vengeance. He is the man of thought and study, whose life has been spent among his books ; who, as the author elsewhere says, " has so cultivated his mental part that it could not fail to mould the physical to itself and become manifest by unmistakable tokens. " Revenge with him is not the outcome of unguarded passion ; it is the deliberate and foreseeing resolution, the calm choice of one who knows full well the consequences of his choice, and who employs the fullest and ripest powers of his mind in the recognized service of evil. " I shall seek this man, " he says, " as I have sought truth in books, as I have sought gold in alchemy. There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him ; sooner or later he must be mine. " And again, when Hester, troubled at the expression of his eyes and the oppression which the oath of secrecy has placed upon her, asks, " Why dost thou smile so at me ? Hast thou enticed me into a bond that will prove the ruin of my soul ? " " Not thy soul, " he answered with another smile, " No, not thine. " The downward course thus entered upon, the physician throws his life into his fiend's office, and his downfall is marked and rapid. Yet, though it is certain that he was led on, step by step, to ever deeper degradation, and that he would not, at the outset, have been capable of the fiendish delight which he afterward took in the torture of his victim, it seems equally certain that he realized from the first the enormity of his course, and that there never was for him, so far, at least, as the narrative goes, a time when " vicious crawling things were pretty eggs. "

He had started to seek the man as he would seek truth in books, desirous only of truth ; even, as he tried to persuade himself, " as if the question involved no more than the air-drawn lines of a geometric problem, instead of human passions, and wrongs inflicted on himself. " But the truth whose search compels the violation of the sanctity of a hu-

man heart, which keeps the eye turned down instead of up, and this only to find mortality and corruption, is not the truth to set one free. Thus it is that, having succeeded in his search for the man who had wronged him, having found the sin he had set himself to seek, he proceeded next to apply the rack. The repentance of his victim does not arouse his forgiveness, does not make him pitiful. It is not, moreover, with the severe and stern integrity of a judge that he inflicts the torture, but with the smile of exultation, the pure enjoyment of direst revenge.

It is just at this point that we have most clearly presented to us the reason for the possibility of Roger Chillingworth's deep downfall. Up to the time when he undertook the office of a fiend, he had been, in his own words, a life made up of earnest, studious, thoughtful, quiet years, bestowed faithfully in the increase of his own knowledge, and faithfully, too, though this latter object was but casual to the other, for the advancement of human welfare. This life, apparently, with the exception of his love for Hester, which seems to have been more a kindly feeling than a deep affection, seems to have been his all, and he was now in the autumn of his life. What preparation had such a life offered for a conflict of human passions! The air-drawn lines of a geometric problem afford a poor palestra, for the raging conflict of the soul's emotions. It is such a man upon whom is now inflicted a grievous wrong, to him there comes the desire, the instinct of revenge; and, armed with the weapons of a keen discursive intellect, he meets for mortal combat a foe who can be vanquished only by the power of an understanding heart. His fall is instantaneous. He does not, apparently, seek to make use even of the weapons at his command. He yields to his foe. More than that, he dons the livery of his opponent and concludes, at the very outset, willingly, eagerly, and with open eyes, a treaty of alliance with the Prince of Evil. Henceforth, there is but one course to be pursued. Each additional step brings its own reason for the next.

Finally, therefore, in his interview with Hester upon the sea-shore, we find that he has gone still lower. He has seen himself in the full horror of his degradation: "A mortal man," he says to Hester, "has become a fiend for his," referring to Dimmesdale, "for his especial torment." Far from deterring him, however, the sight of his evil nature yet spurs him on to added vengeance, to deeper degradation. "Hast thou not tortured him enough," said Hester, noticing the old man's look, "Has he not paid thee all?" "No, no, he has but increased the debt," answered the physician.

And in the latter part of the same chapter, the final and irrevocable seal is placed upon his doom. "Peace, Hester, peace!" replied the old man with gloomy sternness. "It is not granted me to pardon. I have no such power as thou tellest me of. My old faith, long forgotten, comes back to me and explains all that we do and all that we suffer. By thy first step awry thou didst plant the germ of evil; but since that moment, it has all been a dark necessity. Ye that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a kind of typical illusion; neither am I fiend-like, who have snatched a fiend's office from his hands. It is our fate. Let the black flower blossom as it may!"

Such is the final conclusion of one who entered upon his course with open eyes. Thus does he build for himself an insurmountable barrier against return. With such a conviction in his heart, with the towering wall of necessity against which he may hurl his sin and his despair, surely, for him, as for the sinful king of Israel, there can be no repentance, though he sought it earnestly, with tears.

Clara G. Rowley.

A Group Picture.

The school house was a bare little white building on a bare little knoll. As I whirled under the ink-stained windows Bobby Randall's unkempt head flashed out at me, and curious eyes appeared above the successive sills.

"On the north by the Arctic Ocean, Baffin's Bay, Hudson Bay—" came in a shrill sing-song voice, and I knew that this was the portion of the day sacred to geography.

Just half past three. I leaned my wheel against the stone wall amid a hedge of fragrant tansy and sat down to wait, but time crawled slowly, and clumsy spiders tumbled down from the apple trees onto my neck, so at last I stepped up to the open door and knocked determinedly.

Miss Heath came, and made a dainty picture as she stood with the big red geography supported against the waist of her blue gown, while with the other hand she closed the inner door on her snickering, peeping charges. She flushed slightly, but she pressed her glasses firmly on her little nose and looked at me sternly through them. It must have been a trick of the glass that made me think I saw a twinkle behind it.

Humbly I presented my card and explained myself. That I was an amateur photographer in search of prey, that I craved an interview with her flock as soon as ever they might be freed from their present bondage, that I had been minded to wait, but had wearied of a solitude infested with spiders, and begged her hospitality. I did not explain further that for weeks I had watched her going to and fro with her adoring body-guard, that I had sat all through Elder Williams's longest sermons just to hear and see her sing the closing hymn, that I had plunged madly into the

social whirl of Millville in the hope of meeting her, and that I didn't care a cent whether the edges of my pictures were focused or not so long as the center was all right, and she in the center. I did not say this but I think she knew it.

Meantime the flock were seizing the opportunity. Violent warfare was waging within, missiles were flying, and voices were rising from husky whispers and gurgles to smothered grumbling.

"That photography man'll cut you out, Ben, if you don't look out." I heard Bobby Randall's unmistakable voice. Ben's reply was fierce but unintelligible.

"He *is* struck on teacher," Bobby chuckled again. "Told me so himself 'tother day. He said he thought she was awfully pretty an—"

Miss Heath certainly was blushing violently, but she struggled to look unconscious as she tucked the gold chain of her glasses back among the gold of her hair, and preceded me into the school-room.

"Bobby is a wretched confidant," I said as I followed her.

There was a death-like silence in the room, and every eye was riveted to some ostensible work—all but Bobby Randall's, who was making frantic gestures of greeting to me. Ben Holly looked red and sullen.

Geography was resumed and five classes, all interested in different parts of the world, rattled off about mountains and manufactures, capitals and capes, population and products, more than I ever hope to know. There was a slight hiatus when a big blundering boy was sweetly requested to "name the exports of New Zealand." The book gave the answer in black and white "Gold, lumber, dried fish, feathers, and wool."

"Gold," said the boy, staring thoughtfully at me, "and wool, and—and—oh yes, dried fish-feathers!"

Then came the second of the great "Rs," and at last after much spluttering and grimacing, the copy-books were put away and Miss Heath said to me smilingly, "Wouldn't you like to make a few remarks to the school, Mr. Wickam?"

The school took this as a great joke ; however, I rose to my feet.

“ I have little to remark I said, except to thank Miss Heath for allowing me to visit you, and to say that your knowledge of geography is most amazing, and that if you will wait a few moments in front after you are dismissed, I should like to take your pictures.”

It was a tumultuous group that gathered in front of the steps. Ben Holly, as he came out snatched his hat and dinner pail and strode down the road. “ He said he wan't goin' to have no dude tellin' him where to stand and look pleasant,” Bobby confided this to me later.

I had just got the small fry down in front and the ends closed up, when mutiny arose among the girls. “ Jennie Tice's goin' home to put on her pink dress,” complained one, “ an' I think it's mean, just 'cause she lives acrost the road.”

“ Why Jennie, —” Miss Heath started to remonstrate, but the exultant Jennie was already half way across the road, sending up clouds of dust.

Whereupon the plaintiff remarked that if Jen Tice was going to be all dressed up she wouldn't be in a picture with her, and the other girls flocked to her standard.

“ Well, Jennie isn't going to be in this picture anyway,” said I. “ Bobby go and get one of those big geographies for Miss Heath.”

“ For me?”

“ Yes, if you don't mind holding it—just as you did when I came. You see you must have some insignia to distinguish you from your pupils.”

That was effective. Miss Heath took the geography under her arm, and stepped to the middle of the group. I moved my tripod to about five feet in front of her, and made great show of grouping the turbulent swarm.

“ Just turn a little to the left please, Miss Heath. That will do.” Never did I feel the inadequacy of the camera so much as when I looked at that pretty miniature in blue and gold on the ground plate. I had thinned out the group in

the center so that she stood against the background of white wall.

"All ready. Keep perfectly still."

There was wild scrambling at the ends. Bobby Randall and Burt Thompson were engaged in a fierce struggle, and just at the moment of exposure, Jennie Tice in a shrieking pink gown, swooped down on the left centre and spread confusion among the girls.

"That's all," and I put on the cap. "Now shuffle yourselves for a new deal."

"That must have been a horrid picture," said Miss Heath. "Those children behaved abominably."

"I think perhaps I was too near," said I, moving the tripod back several feet.

With the next picture I was very exacting. I grouped them all down to the center of the steps with the biggest sitting down, and the little ones grouped about like pickets, while Miss Heath, in the middle, held a wriggling youngster in each hand.

It was a fine picture and I gave every youngster a blue-print copy. Jennie Tice's finery showed up beautifully, though no photographic plate could reproduce the gorgeous pink of that dress. Indeed photography is a poor art, as I realize when I look at the little platinotype on page thirty-six of my scrapbook, and know that I have not the skill to paint the delicate blue of that gown, the gold of the sunny hair and the deep red of the big geography. But one thing my plate caught—the dainty grace of the girlish figure against the back ground of white clapboards, though various distorted shadows blot the margin, and in deference to these shadows I have labelled it *A group picture*.

My First Patient.

[From the German of Marc Bohlen.]

I had now been a week in my new dwelling. One week, a short time, and yet it stretched itself out to me as an endless succession of days, each one of which had brought the fancies and the hopes of a whole lifetime. Down on the house door and above, near the glass door of my neat little story, the white door-plate, which ordinarily indicates the residence of a practicing physician, had shone for a week. For a week my little reception and consultation room, with the dark curtains and the straight-back chairs, had been waiting for the patients who should come to seek the advice and help of Dr. Max Erhardt. That my room remained empty for the first few days, I had no reason to be surprised, as I said to myself for consolation. The neighborhood must become accustomed to the idea that it could find as good medical assistance here as elsewhere. If I were only fortunate enough to send away my first patients cured, then the case would be different. Then when my increasing reputation had been made known to the neighborhood, then to the whole city, by means of the rush of the public to my hours of consultation, as well as by means of a small neat equipage with a dark brown horse, which a coachman of respectable appearance should drive through the streets, then, yes, then—. I had again returned to the thought, which was, indeed, my ruling thought, I was again in spirit with cousin Marie, who, surely, would make the prettiest "Frau Doctorin" that one could ever imagine.

I loved my blond little cousin. As a boy, I had performed for her all the knightly services demanded in house and garden by the more violent games; as a junior, I had dedi-

cated my first poem to her ; as a senior, I had badly injured my voice, just then changing to barytone, by singing incessantly, *The flaxen haired girl*. When I came home after the first examinations, happily passed, then the student noticed for the first time that the "Flaxen haired girl" was as fond of him as he was of her, but they no longer spoke of their affection. The time at the university passed soon, and when I triumphantly passed the troublesome struggle with the state examinations, the dear eyes of Marie, of whom I was obliged to think in all cases, seemed to have the greatest interest in the successful accomplishment of all my endeavors. And when cousin Marie, greeting me at my home coming, said softly "Herr Doctor Erhardt," and when I looked deep into her lovely eyes and said still more softly, "Frau Doctor Erhardt," I saw the bright blush come over her face as she quickly drew back into the window-seat.

I had opportunity during the next few days to speak to Marie of all the air-castles which the young physician in his empty rooms found abundant time to construct ; only of my dream in reference to the future "Frau Doctorin," I did not yet dare tell her ; there was, in the blue eyes of my darling, an expression which forced back the words even when they were on my lips. I did not on this account doubt that Marie loved me. No, it seemed as if a lack of confidence in my ability as a physician lay in her glance, and that induced my pride to be silent, and to await the time when a report of my first entirely independent medical activity should at last call forth from Marie the fullest approbation and unlimited confidence.

Absorbed in all my thoughts, I was sitting, now, in the afternoon of this gloomy November day, in my reception room and had heard the soft ringing with which one asked entrance. I arose to open the door in place of my little errand boy whom I had sent to make a purchase.

I own that, while taking the few necessary steps, I was overwhelmed by a flood of strange thoughts ; the caller was

seeking my assistance, it was a matter, surely, of patients of high standing, of clinking fees, of renown—ah, there I had again returned to the thought of my “*Frau Doctorin.*”

I opened the door. In the dusk of the late afternoon, there stood before me a poorly clad woman. Out of a haggard face, blackened by coal dust, looked beseechingly at me a pair of large dark eyes. “*Herr Doctor,*” said the woman in a trembling voice, “*Herr Doctor, be pitiful, please, my little Marie is so sick.*”

The name atoned for the unpleasant impression which the poor appearance of the woman, so little in accord with my newest dreams, had caused.

“*Who are you? Who sent you to me?*” I asked.

“*No one sent me,*” said the woman quickly, and in a low tone: “*O, Herr Doctor, I beg so earnestly! I’ve been carrying coal from the wagon into the neighboring house since morning. I live opposite here on the court. The child’s been sick since yesterday. I found it so much worse when I went back to it just now for a minute.*”

I hesitated somewhat, the disillusion was too great. The woman passed her blackened hand over her face which already showed furrows from the falling tears.

“*I ought to go to the poor doctor,*” she sobbed with difficulty, “*but your servant, Herr Doctor, is a child of the shoemaker on our court, and he has told everyone you are so good. Oh, help my little girl!*”

Very well, the woman should be helped; after all, one is a human being, and a human being who has learned to know his own. I went off with the woman, after I had picked up the most necessary instruments of a physician, with a pomposity which surprised and half shamed me.

Across the street, in a large court lying behind the rows of houses, up five flights of stairs, each darker and more steep than the one preceding, through a badly fitting door into a little room with a slanting roof and a very small window, she led me; there, on a poor but neatly arranged bed,

lay a child about fourteen months old, with limbs hot with fever, and wandering dull eyes.

The woman knelt down by the bed. "It doesn't know me any more!" she cried.

The child coughed, groaning; it was a croupous cough of the worst kind. I tore a leaf from my pocket book, and wrote my first prescription as an actual doctor. "To the nearest apothecary," I said.

The woman, perplexed, looked at me, "May I take it to the Königstrasse apothecary?" she asked.

"By no means," I exclaimed, "here there is need of the greatest haste. Why will you not go to the apothecary in this street?"

The woman blushed, visibly, in spite of the coal dust. "I think," she said, "that at the Adler apothecary's they know me perhaps, I carry coal there, and perhaps they would—I have no money." A large tear fell on the paper in her hand.

"These people, who can pay for no doctor and no medicine," I said, angrily, but inaudibly. I took out some money and said aloud, "Here take this, and hurry."

The woman kissed the child's little hand, and then, before I could prevent it, my hand, and hurried away.

I looked around the room for a chair. A plain stool, a rough chest, an old table, a few poor cooking utensils on the low cold stove that served as a hearth; hanging on the wall in a corner, a black threadbare woolen dress, together with a child's dress and a little hat with a blue ribbon the width of a finger wound about it; near the little window, on a bracket, a crisp myrtle plant, a red geranium, and a hymn book with offensive yellow edges, that was all that the dwelling contained.

I drew out the stool and sat down near the little sick one. The child was apparently well attended to, the little limbs round and pretty, the golden hair soft and curly. The child was suffering much. She was unconscious, the blue eyes stared before her, as if looking into far, unknown space. It

was cold in the room ; I went to the stove and found only a few pieces of wood, the scarcity of which restrained me from the attempt to build up a fire. So I sat and waited for the woman and the medicine. Again and again, my glance wandered around the needy room. A poor, hardworking woman, who carried coal on the streets while her child lay in sickness and need, and yet she loved her child tenderly.

Presently the thought shot through me, I would not be able to save the child, for I had been called too late. I was, perhaps, not determined enough to risk, on my own responsibility, the last energetic attempt to snatch the child from death. My heart beat rapidly, I sprang to the door, and listened for the woman's footsteps.

There she was at last ; she met my reproachful glance submissively : " There were so many people at the apothecary's. People like me can't force themselves forwards."

An hour of torment followed. There was no help, little Marie could not swallow the prescribed medicine, it also was of no avail that I, with trembling heart and steady hand, put the knife, for help, to the little helpless throat. The fair haired child died, died before my eyes, on the lap of the mother, motionless from grief.

The woman looked up at last as if frightened. A tear had fallen on her hand, yet she had not wept—" you are weeping, Herr Doctor ?" she said softly, " Ah, do not weep, you will stand at many sick beds as here where our Heavenly Father may not help." She looked fixedly at the little corpse. " I have loved it well, I have done for it what I, in my poverty, could do. When I came home from my sooty work, here I found it, so pretty, so delicate ; for hours it would sit on the bed or on the floor and would play with almost nothing, and it laughed for joy when I came home. God has taken it from me, He has loved it more than I, but—ah it will be so lonesome for me now !"

I pressed the hand of the woman ; speak, I could not. I laid some money on the table and went out quietly. At the house, I laid away my case of instruments, and sat down,

exhausted ; I could eat no supper ; I went to bed, and hoped to be able to sleep. But the picture of the dark room, the dead child, the submissive and enduring woman induced slumber as little as did the tormenting self-reproach with which I thought over all that was my share in what I had just experienced. My first patient ! I groaned, and the words of the poor woman came to me again : "Do not weep, Herr Doctor, you will yet stand at many sick beds as here, where our Heavenly Father may not help."

I had been called to the child too late, I could not then be of any assistance. "Stand at many sick beds as here !" — I hid my face in the pillow. It was a terrible night ; the tormenting thoughts that made me restless had nothing in common with the bright dreams that were wont in waking and sleeping to find me and to make me happy.

Early on the next day came an old university friend who, while passing through the city, had looked me up. He dragged me through the streets, into the museums, into restaurants of various kinds ; he complained of my silence. I feigned a headache, and so escaped at last the necessity of seeing a sensational performance at the Residenz-Theater. Tired and worn out, I went at last to my dwelling. As I passed by the window of a brightly lighted conservatory, I stepped in and bought a costly white camelia and some sweet smelling violets. I went up the five flights of stairs to the dwelling of the poor woman. I found the garret unlocked and dimly lighted. In the middle of the room stood a little coffin in which lay the child in a white dress. The ribbon from the hat on the wall had been used for two little knots, a myrtle cross lay on the blond hair, the geranium blossoms were scattered over the child. On a table near by stood a lamp, and near it the woman's opened hymn-book.

I placed the beautiful white flower in the little still hand, laid the bunch of violets on the breast of the little sleeper ; then I looked into the open book. "*Ich habe Lust zu schießen,*" that old song ; I had learned it in school and had soon forgotten it."

*“ Euch aber, meine Lieben,
Die Ihr mich beweint,
Euch hab' ich 'was verschrieben ;
Gott, Euern besten Freund.”*

Sighing, I laid down the book ; the words, the solemn stillness, the peacefully resting child oppressed my heart. I went home, after I had asked in the house about the time of the burial.

I went early to bed. I was tired, and every feeling of restlessness had left me. And, as if called out by strange power, the words of a passionate prayer pressed over my lips, a prayer that God might bless my difficult office, and might change my conceited reliance on my own skillfulness into submissive hope in the protection of God where my own little knowledge and true desire would not suffice, hope in the consolation of God at all sick beds where I must, as yesterday, stand helpless, without being able to help.

Early in the morning, I awaited the little coffin in the yard of the house ; a man carried it before him, the mother, in her plain black dress, following. She pressed my hand with a grateful look when she saw that I joined the little procession. The way was not far, the streets almost deserted, the air milder than is usual in November.

As the iron gate of the burying ground appeared, the weeping woman lowered her head still further. At the open grave stood a young clergyman. “I have made it a principle, as far as I am able, to pronounce here over all the sleepers of my parish a last blessing,” he said in a low tone, as my astonished look encountered him.

Dear, kind preacher, you did not know what a comfort to the poor woman and to me were the simple words of blessing which you spoke over the little coffin.

“Given back into God's hands for eternal peace.”

“I know it, I know it,” sobbed the woman and bent her pale face over the hand of the young clergyman.

In the evening of this day, I went to see my relatives. I

did not find the elder ones at home, but cousin Marie was there and received my visit. We sat at the window and let the moonlight shine in on us, and then I told her how I had come to my first patient and what I learned from it for my vocation. Marie said nothing to my confession, but suddenly I felt myself entwined by her arms. She looked at me with moist eyes.

“Do you see, Max,” said she, “now you know what has before been lacking to you in your calling; thank God that this knowledge has come to you with your first patient; now I believe that you will be a worthy physician who always does good, even where his own unaided strength cannot avail for help.”

I kissed my little love. “And now,” I asked, “what do you think, have you the courage to be the wife of such a doctor?”

She smiled in happy tears; we were at last engaged.

It chanced that on the next day I was called again to a child who was very ill with croup. I was fortunate enough to be able to save it. Much mercy to the ill and needy ones, since that time, has God given through my hand, and ever has my calling been dearer to me. The mother of the child who was my first patient, however, soon after moved into my house to take charge of my domestic management until my heart's dearest became my wife, and then remained as cook until, later, she resolved upon another change of occupation, that is, to take charge of our eldest daughter Marie, and to weep for joy over her, and in thankful remembrance of her own blond little girl, who had made me a physician, such as I am, and who had been the cause of a happy change in the condition of life for the bereaved mother.

H. E. W.

Publications Received.

Architects of Fate.¹

This is a companion volume to *Pushing to the front*, by the same author. It is intended to be a book of inspiration to character-building and self-culture, and it may safely be said that it will take front rank among that class of books. Mr. Marden has evidently spared no pains in the collection of biographical data, anecdotes, and historical incidents to enforce his teaching. In fact, these are so numerous that on account of them the author's style frequently has the appearance of being too abrupt. The twenty-six portraits of famous men which adorn the work are unusually good, while the book has also the merit, too rare in books of this kind, of possessing an excellent index. Altogether, it is to be commended to every young man who wishes a good didactic work in his library, to which he may turn from time to time for inspiration and help.

¹ MARDEN, ORSON SWETT. Architects of fate; or, Steps to success and power. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1896.

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MR THEODORE STANTON contributes to the May *Lippincott* an article which sets forth the comparative conditions of the representatives of the different nations at European capitals. The text of Mr. Stanton's criticism of the way in which the United States treats its official representatives (for that is what the article does) is taken from the recommendation made by President Cleveland in his annual message to Congress last December, in which he strongly urges that ambassadors and ministers to foreign courts be provided with official residences in addition to their salaries. It is shown by a statement of facts, how shabbily, comparatively speaking, our ambassadors and ministers are treated by the government which they represent. It is only when a man with a large private income is sent abroad that our government makes a showing at all in keeping with its

dignity. And the condition of a man entirely dependent on his salary, coming after one who has used his private means to eke out his allowance, is indeed pitiable.

It appears that many countries own their own official residences at foreign capitals, and if they don't own them the custom of leasing for a long term of years gives to their embassies a permanence which is of great importance.

At first thought one might think Mr. Stanton is in favor of the United States, because of her greatness as a nation, being second to no other country in point of luxury and extravagance which is indulged in at some of the foreign capitals. But this he does not advocate. He asks only that our government see to it that its ambassadors and ministers be provided with permanent places of residence, which shall be in keeping with a great democratic nation.

IN tracing the history and development of baseball at Cornell Mr. Davis concludes by showing how the game has changed from the happy-go-lucky sport of years ago to a game so scientific in character that a considerable technical knowledge is today essential even to understand the game when played by others. The question is asked "would the old-time game *be* sport today?" It would indeed be pitiable if we had reached a point when we preferred to take our recreation vicariously. Nothing could be more disastrous to the physical well being of our college students than that they be content to allow a score or more men to do all the playing, while the others sit on the bleachers and watch them. The curse of athletics today is that in so many directions they are developed to such a high degree that experts must be employed to give their whole time to coaching, and the ordinary young man is ashamed to try his hand for fear of being laughed at. What we most need is a greater variety of sport that everyone can find something to his taste, and a more healthy enjoyment in playing the games himself. No physically strong young man ought to be willing to sit and watch others play a game if there is any possibility of his getting into the game himself.

W. C. ABBOTT, now studying at Oxford University, has outlined in the *Nation* of April 23, some important changes that are taking effect at this venerable seat of learning. It is interesting to note that the University has but recently created the degrees of bachelor of letters and bachelor of science. Foreign students are admitted to the University and become candidates for these degrees without, as heretofore, taking an entrance examination and in other ways being treated as freshmen. In other words these "new degrees are established to encourage research in Oxford by men already trained and even advanced in specialization." To those contemplating a course of study abroad, Mr. Abbott's article will be of special interest.

INSTEAD of progress toward a uniformity in the matter of granting degrees, the whole subject appears to be getting into more of a jumble than ever. While some of our American institutions are abolishing the degree of bachelor of letters, Oxford has just established such a degree, but with them it is to be given for advanced work, similar in some ways, to work done for the doctors degree in this country. The bachelor of arts degree, which has stood so long for a certain amount of work done in Greek, has ceased to have that significance in some institutions and others are likely to take the same step. All this raises the query whether it is any longer worth while in collegiate work to attempt to indicate by the degree the character of the work done. The great expansion of the college curriculum gives so wide a choice in studies, that scarcely any two persons pursue exactly the same lines of work. In view of this condition would it not be wiser to fix upon some one bachelor degree that would stand for a certain degree of attainment in intellectual pursuits, let the studies pursued be what they may. The time has ceased to be when any teacher can claim that his particular line of work is more essential to intellectual development than another, and for this reason degrees should stand for the quantity not the particular elements entering in to make up the whole.

The Month.

H. N. Crosby, '96, has been elected president of the Cornell Union for the coming year. J. T. Newman, '75, and W. P. Chapman, '94, were chosen by the Union to represent the alumni on the Debate Council. The faculty will be represented by Professors Lee, Willcox and Woodruff.

During the last week in April, Prince Sergé Wolkonsky, son of the Russian Minister of Education, delivered a course of five lectures on Russian Literature, in the library lecture room.

The executive committee of the Board of Trustees has approved the action of the Law School Faculty in deciding that in September, 1898, and thereafter, the standard for admission to the Law School shall be the same as for the entering class in arts, philosophy, and science. It will be remembered also, that the Law School course will be lengthened to three years at that time. Cornell is keeping abreast of the times in increasing the standard of admission to her professional schools.

On April 28, the seniors defeated the faculty at base ball by a score of 23 to 9. The proceeds of the game were added to the navy fund.

Following is a record of the baseball games played by Cornell thus far this season : April 15, Buffalo 7, Cornell 4 ; April 16, Buffalo 17, Cornell 2 ; April 17, Rochester 8, Cornell 15 ; April 18, Rochester 1, Cornell 19 ; April 21, Cornell 7, Hobart 2 ; April 22, Cornell 5, Syracuse Stars 20 ;

April 23, Cornell 5, Syracuse 21; April 30, Vermont 8, Cornell 7; May 2, Princeton 10, Cornell 12; May 6, Pennsylvania 9, Cornell 10.

The following members of the Junior class have been chosen to compete for the '86 Memorial Prize in Declamation: Aldrich, Connolly, Esmond, Evans, Ingersoll, Langdon, Miss Laurance, Odell, Peirce, Snow, Tobey, Vandewalker.

On May 6, the ladies of the University presented a play entitled *A Scrap of Paper*, for the benefit of the students' ward of the City Hospital. The play was unusually long for an amateur performance, three acts, but it did not grow tiresome. The cast was unusually well chosen and notwithstanding the difficulty of getting so many together for frequent rehearsals, the final performance was very creditable indeed. It is not too much to say that it was as well done as anything in the way of dramatics that the students have ever attempted.

Literary Chat.

Stella is a romance by Charles S. Hinton, the plot of which is based on the power of light to penetrate the human body. This in itself is not remarkable since the recent revelation of the cathode rays, but the novel was published before Prof. Roentgen made known his discovery, so that at the first appearance of the book, the central idea of the story seemed only a wild conjecture. Truly the dreams of today become the science of tomorrow.

In these days when so many persons are on the lookout for rare and curious volumes, it is seldom indeed that any work of great value lies hidden very long. The finding of the rare old Caxton by William May, librarian of Brinkenhed, is for this reason the more remarkable. The volume found proves to be the *Speculum Vite Christi*, printed by Wynkn de Worde in 1494, and is the more rare from the fact that it is the only book in which Caxton's "No. 7" type was ever used. Only one other copy is known to exist.

Lounger in the *Critic* writes: It seems to disturb the British reviewers that *Life's* genial "Droch" should be named Robert Bridges. They have a Robert Bridges of their own in England and resent ours. They want him to indicate by some means, when he publishes a book in England, that he is not their British Bridges. Unfortunately he is not a woman, or he might change his name to oblige them. I really do not see what can be done about it, unless he has printed on the title pages of his English editions—Robert Bridges: "Made in America."

The latest information about the *Chap-Book* is to the effect that it is not to go to New York with Mr. Kimball after all, but is to remain in Chicago, and now all Chicago begins "to breath easy again."

The chapters on the warfare of science written by President White, have appeared from the press of D. Appleton & Co., and make two handsome octavo volumes.

Following closely upon the track of the one volume edition of Browning's poems comes the announcement of a two volume edition of the poet's complete works "containing historical and biographical notes of the author that are included in no other edition."

The course of a "stunt" magazine does not always run smoothly. Following closely the announcement that the *Chap book* has at last decided to remain in Chicago comes the startling announcement that Walter Blackburn Harte, and wife, after nineteen days experience on the consolidated *Philistine* and *Fly-leaf*, have severed their connection with that publication. They allege that Mr. Hubbard, latterly wanted them to be his hired servants and not joint proprietors, according to the original understanding. Thus the effort to establish at East Aurora a printing shop that should rival William Morris's press, has gone up in smoke, unless Mr. Hubbard succeeds in getting some one who will not balk as have Mr. Taber and Mr. Harte.

The Cornell Magazine

June, 1896.

A Nobody and a Somebody.

Miss Justin, as she rocked slowly back and forth, realized that now, when things were nearly over, she was wretchedly tired. Likewise she was thinking. Four years of university life had taught her many things, some bitter, more sweet, but somehow she had failed to grasp the fact that one should never think when weary. Even in the most buoyant moments there are always mistakes enough to rise up and accuse, but when one is tired they multiply in a fashion, fairly crushing. She was far too sensible to indulge often in idle introspection, and then there were always people, and her work. Someway, the last year, she could not understand just how, her work had claimed the most of her energy, and her interest in people had grown gradually less. That very thing she had always found difficult to pardon in some of the women about her; and to realize to-night, at the end of it all, that perhaps she had made the same mistake, was bitter. She slipped from the low chair to the floor, by the window. The light breeze bent the delicate maiden hair on the sill until it touched her face almost as a caress. From over the way sounded the voices of men, softly singing, while here and there on the lawn below the fireflies already showed faintly in the early evening light.

“Why did one have to make so many mistakes anyway,” she asked herself drearily, as her thoughts went back in a broken train over the last swift years.

Perhaps only because she was tired Miss Justin had forgotten the farewell scrawl which she had found on her desk from two of "her freshmen," and the helpful, hopeful words of Professor Thurber that morning when she had surrendered her seminary key, and the friendly grasp of faded Miss Lawson, the missionary, as she said good bye, flushing faintly lest she seem too bold as she turned at the door to add gently :

"You have helped me often, child, by just looking fresh and sweet." Perhaps she would recall them all in days to come when they might help more.

A gay little laugh and the sound of voices in conversation floated up from the walk below. Glancing down she could easily distinguish the group as they strolled along. The girl in front, with the frilly summer frock and shimmering ribbons, was Worthington Knox's sister, and the man at her side, with the athletic shoulders, was Truxton, the "faithful retainer," as the university annual had dubbed him. A few paces behind came Knox himself with his mother on his arm. As she watched them down the bend of the walk, she recalled her first senior ball. There she had seen him with his beautiful mother where, as always, he was her devoted cavalier. Thereupon Miss Justin became prejudiced in his favor and in the three succeeding years, when there came vague reports of his carelessness or worse, she had recalled him as he was that night, and believed him capable of nothing base. Wherein Miss Justin was neither wholly right nor wholly wrong.

Then, too, that same night she had met the nobody. What was his name—Brainerd, or Barnard, or something of the sort—and he had insisted on sitting out both dances—because she was tired, he had not hesitated to say. And one of them was a glorious two-step. Anyway, what right had he to think, and worse, to say, that she was tired, she had argued hotly, if silently. Certainly if she were tired she could not be expected to talk, but he did not seem to notice her silence, as he arranged the cushions, so that her eyes

should be away from the light. After all the cushions were rather comfortable, and he knew how to use a fan without making one's hair stand on end. Before the second dance was over she was talking gaily, and was half sorry as he gravely said good night. When it was all over and she was home again, she had stolen into Miss Newton's room. Miss Newton was a senior, and people called her a success because she managed to do her work in a fairly satisfactory manner and went to numerous dinners and dances.

"Who is he?" repeated Miss Newton, carelessly loosening the roses from her gown. "O, he finished last year. He's one of the numerous nobodies here. You know we have a great many," and Miss Newton smiled a little at her own bright reflection, as she drew off her long gloves, twisting a flashing solitaire into place.

The younger girl flushed hotly. "Good night," she said in an odd strained voice, slipping from the divan. The words would have hurt anyway but coming from Miss Newton— How could she speak so! There is no such thing as a nobody.

Miss Newton looked at her for a moment. "He belongs to one of the best old Southern families," she hastened to add, "and he has a fine face, and there was something about his not caring to join any fraternity, I believe."

A few moments later as she carefully drew the blind to shut out any wandering ray which shortly might attempt to disturb her morning sleep she decided that little Miss Justin had become too tired at the ball. "Poor child, she's not used to it," with a swift review of her own four years' triumphs, while two doors down the corridor little Miss Justin was staring blankly out at the gray line of hills fast becoming rosy capped in the early dawn. Hot tears burned on her cheeks, but she had quite forgotten the nobody in her thought of the other girl, realizing fully that her idol was hopelessly wrecked.

Three years ago, and it might have been yesterday. The

deeper shadows of night had settled over the valley. Far away the lights of the city twinkled in the slowly rising mist. The men were still singing. For a long time she listened as one after another of the old glees rolled out and when at last she arose, there were cold tears on her cheeks. Why, she could not have told.

The next morning as she entered the assembly hall, slender and fair, in cap and gown, the class were already in their places and she noticed, with a shade of annoyance, that the only vacant seat was next Worthington Knox. Until the exercises were formally opened, she devoted herself to the girl in front, so that after a quizzical glance or two Knox turned to the man at his left, to whom he had probably never spoken a dozen words, for all they were in the same class.

Miss Justin's thoughts were strangely wilful that morning, and after a few ineffectual attempts to force herself to give attention to the opening address she let her mind wander at will. Strangely enough most of her thoughts were of the graceful, careless fellow at her side. All the four years they had been good friends and in various ways had seen much of each other, so that from time to time, when people had nothing else to occupy their minds, they wondered, rather disappointedly, if nothing more interesting than a mere friendship were to come of it all.

What if the things that people had thought and sometimes said were true? Then there would be no more worrying about the foreign fellowship and expenses. One could wander at will through all longed-for crannies of Italy and across into Spain and then when tired of it all, one could rest. How grateful the thought seemed!

For a moment her glance rested on him. Surely he was very manly looking and he always did the correct thing and everyone said that he was clever and kind, and it was so easy to say a man was wild if he were jolly and handsome and careless with twenty thousand a year.

"The Phillip's Oration—Eleanor Justin" came in the

clear, even tones of the President. And then with a sickening flash she realized what her thoughts had been. What right had she to speak to all those people the words of her oration? It would be only a mockery. As she went down the aisle the girls noticed how white her lips were, and whispered that it was not at all like her to be afraid. But as she went on some of her old faith in herself came back. The words had been full of meaning to her once. She would make them so again, and her voice after the first few words sounded clear and true. There was much about "the ideal" and "the noble life" in the oration which is not at all new but it was all expressed in a graceful original way, and the evident earnestness of the speaker counted for more than all else. The girls listened with growing pride, and Knox, who kept his eyes steadily upon her, decided once more that she was the finest looking girl he knew, and what was better she had plenty of spirit and "go" about her. He had no use for a girl who hadn't "go" which after all is rather an indefinite term—not to say worse.

At the alumni dinner that evening among other things Judge Arnot said gravely that it had never been his pleasure to listen to such a worthy commencement address, but even a judge sometimes may make slightly erratic statements, while the spell of a beautiful face and a glorious voice is still upon him.

As she finished there was a little hush before the applause broke and Knox, who was sitting very erect wondered vaguely if he had ever really known her before. As she turned to descend, for a moment her glance went out over the applauding multitude and fell full upon the face of the nobody, sitting perfectly quiet, she noticed, among all the whispering, rustling throng, looking squarely at her. The words of the oration assumed an added strength for her, for there before her was the noble life. There could be no mistake so clearly was it stamped on every feature of the strong, high-bred face.

For an instant she faltered and Knox, still watching her,

wondered if she were going to fall, but the next instant the color rushed back to her face, and she was smiling brightly in answer to the friendly grasp of the hand of the girl just in front.

Then came a moment's lull in the proceedings. Knox turned and spoke. There was much of admiration in his look and voice. "I suppose it is quite idle now to tell you how proud we are and how deeply indebted"—he broke off shortly as she looked at him, and added with a short little laugh—"And,—and 'I'm going to be a better boy' as I used to say when a small child." There was just a trace of bitterness in his tone as he ended.

Just then the sunlight streamed broadly over him bringing out mercilessly every line of the heavy handsome face. She shivered slightly even as she smiled and he, because he could not see his face nor read her thoughts, wondered why.

Miss Justin had paid the full measure for her momentary aberration. And people, when they stopped to think about it, were disappointed, but it was not the fault of Worthington Knox.

Lillian Constance Swift.

To Mabel.

Two eyes of a tender, restless blue ;
Souls' windows where lovelight shining through
Makes my heart sing a song of sorriest pain
When it flies—until it comes again.

Two lips that would put a rose to blush,
Two lips that Cupid fain would—hush !
Nothing on earth would restrain, not fear,
If dangerous roses came too near.

Tresses like—well like—let me see—
Lock of a—Hm—a—Oh, dear me !
A figure that Venus might wonder at—
(Now what in the deuce will rhyme with *that*).

Oh the—I—We! That is—Her!! I mean—
er—er—Oh, D——.

*A man might go to his desk and write,
A man might scribble and scribble all night
Of lips like roses and eyes of blue,
Yet I'll swear he could never do justice to you.*

J. G. S.

Cornell Student Activities.

VIII.—CORNELL NAVY.

Quoting the words of one of its founders, "The Cornell Navy like most of the other institutions which have fought their way to fame, had a small and humble beginning." Much of the early interest in rowing is due to the visit of Thomas Hughes in the fall of 1870. The first boat club, the Undine, was organized in the spring of 1869, and its existence though brief, laid the foundation for those that followed. The call for the meeting which resulted in the organization of the Cornell Navy was posted on the bulletin board in Morrill hall by J. W. Shackelford, twenty-five years ago. April 17, 1871, a hundred students formed the University Boat Club. The active workers in this movement were Shackelford, Pike, the first Commodore, Moses, Youngs, Edgerly, Smith, Lawrence, Hurd, Warner, Iselin, Sprague, Clark, Sawyer, D'Autremont, and Stoddard. The name of the Club twice underwent a change, the final name, Cornell Navy, being adopted in the following May. So energetic were these founders of the Navy that in six weeks they had built a boat house on the inlet, and had purchased three boats, the *Buffalo*, the *Cornell*, and the *Striped Pig*. History tells us that the *Buffalo* capsized on her maiden trip, and that a few days later she collided with a tug boat, though which sustained the greater injury seems to have been a question.

The University Boat Club, organized a month previous to the Navy, was an elective organization and in consequence had considerable difficulty in getting on. Its members, however, were determined and aggressive. By the middle of May it placed on the water the six-oared outrigger, *Green Barge*. Having no boat house, the boat was kept under an old barn near the corner of the lake. At the suggestion of Goldwin Smith, the club took the title of The Tom Hughes Boat Club. Mr. Hughes nicely acknowledged the compliment by the gift of a handsome challenge cup known as the Tom Hughes Cup.

In the spring of 1872, mainly through the efforts of J. B. Edgerly, Secretary of the Navy, Cornell was admitted to the Rowing Association of American Colleges. Immediately following class crews were organized as a part of the Navy, and boating interests were further strengthened by the Tom Hughes Club becoming, May 2, 1872, a part of the Cornell Navy.

For many years the Navy held fall and spring regattas in which the various club crews, class crews, and occasionally visiting crews, competed. The first regatta on Cayuga lake, open to all clubs and individual oarsmen, was held May 10 and 11, 1872. The principal event was a two mile race between the University and Springport fours. The former consisted of

Bow	Bean	3	Dutton
2	Goldsmith	Stroke	Dole

The latter, stroked by C. E. Courtney, won in 16 minutes and 54 seconds.

A Freshman crew consisting of

Bow	Knight	5	Walters
2	Nichols	6	Millspaugh
3	Gardner	7	Montague
4	Ostrom	Stroke	Schuyler
					Kiersted, Coxswain.

rowed against and defeated a "picked crew selected on the spot from the crowd on shore."

A number of men were then placed in charge of Dole, a professional trainer who had been engaged to select and coach a crew for an intercollegiate regatta at Springfield, Mass., in July. Though much interest was shown in boating, financial encouragement was lacking and the crew disbanded at Commencement.

In the spring of 1873, Mr. James F. Cluck,¹ '74, presented the Navy with a silver challenge cup to be rowed for annually by the class crews, and held by the winner. This, it was hoped, would be the means of giving a renewed impetus to boating. A wave of enthusiasm was started, helped on by the realization that Cornell must send a crew to the intercollegiate regatta this year, or cease to be a member of the College Rowing Association. In one week fifteen hundred dollars was raised to defray the expenses of a crew. A few days later President White gave the Navy a Blakley cedar shell.

Harry Coulters the coach, selected the following crew :

Bow	R. Anderson	4	C. C. King
2	J. N. Ostrom	5	F. B. Ferris
3	J. H. Southard	Stroke	C. S. Dutton
	Substitute, E. L. Phillips.		

The new men went through a course of training that would now be deemed ridiculous. It consisted of a daily row of twelve miles, an equal distance walking or running, dressed in heavy flannels and sweaters, and early to bed under winter coverings. At Springfield the crew was favorably spoken of by the press and considered, with Harvard and Amherst, the favorites. Cornell was unfortunate in the drawing of position, as it was conceded that no crew could win on the shallow east course. Until shoal water was reached Cornell led all, but in crossing we fell from first to ninth, picking up after regaining deep water, finishing fourth

¹James Fraser Gluck.

behind Yale, Harvard and Wesleyan. Under the circumstance a creditable performance.

The following year, the regatta was held on Saratoga lake. The 'Varsity crew for this year was :

Bow	J. N. Ostrom	4	M. M. Garver
2	L. F. Henderson	5	R. W. Corwin
3	P. Clark	Stroke	C. C. King
	Substitute, J. N. Southard.		

We finished fifth in a field of nine starters, Yale bringing up the rear. E. L. Phillips was defeated in the singles. E. R. Copeland saved us from total defeat by winning the one mile run ; foot racing being, at that time, a feature of the regattas.

In September, 1874, the four class crews united under the name of the Sprague Boat Club. The management of the Navy was now in charge of a board of directors representing equally the Tom Hughes and Sprague clubs.

In 1875 our great series of brilliant victories began. The work of training began in the gymnasium and the men were in excellent physical condition before going on the water. Excepting Captain Ostrom, the crew were all novices. The seats were filled as follows :

Bow	J. S. Waterman	4	J. L. Jarvis
2	D. O. Barto	5	C. C. King
3	A. R. Gillis	Stroke	J. N. Ostrom, Cap't
	Substitute, E. LeB. Gardiner.		

The success of the freshmen in the regatta in the fall of 1874, decided the class to send a crew to Saratoga, July 13, 1875. This was the first freshman crew sent out by Cornell and won for her her first inter-collegiate victory, defeating Brown, Harvard and Princeton. Simultaneous with this aquatic success, the Cornell slogan burst forth for the first time. The freshman crew was made up as follows :

Bow	Lynde Palmer	4	J. L. Camp
2	A. W. Smith	5	H. I. Carpenter
3	V. DeL. Grove	Stroke	John Lewis, Cap't

The following day the 'Varsity won from twelve contestants. The Cornell contingent went wild with enthusiasm. Congratulations were showered on the crew from all parts of New York state. Senator Wagner placed a palace car at their disposal. The homeward journey was one long triumphal march. At every station the boys were given an ovation. At Ithaca the climax was reached, men, women and children turned out to do honor to the victors. They were paraded through the streets, under a triumphal arch, to DeWitt Park, where President White and prominent citizens addressed them. In the evening they were given a supper.

In 1876 the regatta was a tame affair compared with that of 1875. Yale, unable to stand continued defeat by the crews of "upstart" colleges, had withdrawn from the association. Everyone predicted victory for Cornell. The crew took up its quarters at Snake Hill, the same as the previous year. This year we won a triple victory. Cornell took the lead soon after the start and were never headed. The 1876 'Varsity Crew :

Bow	J. S. Waterman	4	J. L. Jarvis
2	D. O. Barto	5	John Lewis
3	A. W. Smith	Stroke	J. N. Ostrom, Cap't
	Substitutes, Lynde Palmer, D. W. King.		

The single scullers from Harvard, Columbia and Pennsylvania were all vanquished by C. S. Francis.

The freshmen crew fairly ran away from their opponents Harvard, Princeton and Columbia. The last, Columbia, being out of the race before two miles were traversed. The trip home was styled by a friend "Cornell's annual parade."

The 1876 freshman crew :

Bow	F. N. Wilcox	4	E. W. Gregory
2	G. T. Baker	5	J. W. Warner
3	William Daggett	Stroke	J. P. Mason

This was the last regatta of the Rowing Association of American Colleges. Cornell was now the unchallenged American champion.

In 1877 and 1878 no 'varsity races were rowed. Oxford and Cambridge were challenged to a four mile race over the Putney-Mortlake course, but both declined. Ostrom, King, Mason and Lewis with White, coxswain, were considered invincible. Failing to get a race abroad attention was turned to Yale and Harvard. A challenge was sent to each, in February, 1877, for a race in eights with the winner of the annual dual race. "The time, place and distance to be conformable to the convenience of the challenged." Both declined though in a widely different manner. Harvard was courteous, stating the reason for her action, while Yale wrote "Your challenge is received and refused."

In the spring of 1878 Harvard challenged Cornell to a freshman race in eights at New London. A long discussion ensued as to place, boat, etc. Our conditions were finally accepted after the crew had ceased to practice. Enthusiasm was such that they went to work again coached by Gardner, Lewis and Smith. The race came off on Owasco Lake, near Auburn N. Y. Though the press predicted an easy victory for Harvard the race was a procession with Cornell in the lead. This was the first race rowed by Cornell in an eight. The 1878 freshman crew :

Bow	F. C. Curtiss	5	J. G. Allen
2	E. C. Foster	6	D. L. D. Jaynes
3	H. T. Waterbury	7	E. H. Cole
4	A. H. Cowles	Stroke. J. N. D. Shinkle, Cap't	
		Coxswain, Elstun.	

In the fall of 1878 a challenge was sent to Harvard. It was accepted, but as no official notification ever reached Cornell the challenge was finally withdrawn.

In the spring regatta, 1879, the 'Varsity was defeated by a crew from Watkins. Excellent excuses were abundant and no one took alarm. In July on Lake George we were defeated by Columbia and Wesleyan. The 1879 'Varsity crew:

Bow	J. W. Warner	3	J. N. D. Shinkle
2	J. G. Allen	Stroke	John Lewis
		Substitute, H. L. D. Jaynes.	

The opening of the season of 1880 was unauspicious for rowing. The majority believed Cornell's racing days were over, while only a comparative few exhibited even lukewarm interest. Under the most unfavorable circumstances Messrs Cowles, bow, Lewis 2, Allen 3, and Shinkle, stroke, went into training and taught themselves to row. On Lake George they defeated Pennsylvania and Columbia. The latter, the favorite, securing a poor third. A Pennsylvania paper commenting on the race says: "It was a glorious victory for Cornell and a crushing defeat for Columbia."

The victors at Lake George, with J. E. Read as substitute, were sent to the Henley Royal Regatta in 1881. The crew was undoubtedly exceptionally fast. Three races were rowed in England and one at Vienna. In the contest for the Steward's Cup at Henley, Cornell was unfortunate in the drawing for position and lost to the London and the Thames Rowing Clubs. Erratic steering lost the race with the Hertford College Rowing Club. Over the Putney course for the Thames Challenge Cup, Cornell did her best work though defeated by her opponents in the first race. At Vienna, stroke Shinkle fainted when victory was assured. Of the alleged treachery of Shinkle enough has already been written. The less said the better for the fair name of Cornell. It is difficult to believe that one of her sons could fall so low as to betray the confidence placed in him by his Alma Mater.

The fall of 1881 was the darkest period of the Navy. Besides Shinkle's betrayal, the Navy was hampered by a heavy debt. Unsuccessful attempts were made to secure a freshman race with Yale, Harvard and Columbia. Toronto and Pennsylvania were tried with no better success. As a last resort Cornell entered a four in the Lake George Regatta six weeks before the race. The crew practiced in an eight, the four not arriving until ten days before the regatta. July 4th Cornell met Pennsylvania, Wesleyan, Bowdoin and Princeton, Cornell took the lead to three-quarter mile point where lack of practice began to show, and she lost ground, finishing fourth. The 1881 freshman crew:

the Child's Cup against Pennsylvania, who had held it for the three years previous. The crew won in eight minutes and fifty-one seconds the best time ever made in these races. At Worcester, Cornell finished first but was ruled out because of fouling Bowdoin. Pennsylvania was also ruled out, and the other contestants Brown and Bowdoin ordered to row over the course again to decide the race, the former won. The crew of 1885 :

Bow	H. S. Howland	3	E. M. Olmstead
2	S. S. Holman	Stroke .	F. G. Schofield, Cap't

Cornell did not send out a 'Varsity crew in 1886. Her prestige on the water was, however, upheld by H. S. Howland, '86, who won the junior singles in the National Association Regatta, and by C. G. Psotta, 88, who finished first in the junior singles in the Passaic River Regatta.

The 1887 crew was made up thus :

Bow	W. Stranahan	3	W. H. Peck
2	G. L. Fielder, Cap't	Stroke	A. C. Balch

The professional, John Teemer, coached the crew. In her first race on the Passaic river against the Trenton and Eureka crews, Cornell won an easy victory, even finding time during the race to stop and repair a broken seat. At Worcester we met Brown, winning in the last 200 yards by two and one-half feet. Both crews were thoroughly pumped. At Philadelphia the crew won the Child's Cup from Pennsylvania by default.

In the following season Cornell rowed her last race in a four. The 1888 crew :

Bow . .	N. B. Tobey, Cap't	3	G. H. Thayer
2	W. M. Dollar	Stroke	R. L. McComb
	Substitute, J. D. Ross.		

The race for the Downing Cup at Philadelphia was rowed in heats. In the first heat Cornell, Pennsylvania and the New Yorks contested. At the signal Pennsylvania and New

York shot over the line, but McComb had slipped his seat and Cornell was five lengths behind when she got away. The crew settled down to a steady stroke and at the half mile had closed the gap, finishing three lengths to the good. In the final, with Pennsylvania and the New York Rowing Club, all got off together. At the half mile the college crews were on even terms, with New York a length behind. Then New York attempted to foul Cornell, getting within a few feet of them when Courtney from the shore suggested "git out of that." The crew did "git out" and finished first.

Commodore Psotta, after seeing the crew through the season, won six races, including the National amateur championship. Defeating this year such oarsmen as Donohue, Ryan and Corbett.

The following year, 1889, Cornell abandoned fours in favor of eights. At New London we met Columbia and Pennsylvania. The entire course (four miles) Columbia and Cornell rowed side by side, the latter winning by a length and a half. The Columbia crew made a gallant fight, collapsing as it crossed the line. Cornell, after a few minutes rest, rowed back to their quarters at the starting point at a stroke of thirty-six, apparently as fresh as ever.

July 4th, at Philadelphia, Cornell won the Sharpeless Cup and the following day defeated Pennsylvania for the Child's Cup in record time. This year C. G. Psotta contested for the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Henley. He was out of condition, but won the trial heat though defeated in the finals by Guy Nickalls, the English champion.

For the first time since 1875, Cornell met Yale in 1890, in a freshman race. The crew was constituted as follows:

Bow	G. W. Symonds	5	G. V. Fowler
2	F. W. Kelley, Cap't	6	C. J. Barr
3	C. B. Hadden	7	W. Young
4	A. T. Baldwin	Stroke . . .	G. P. Witherbee
Coxswain, E. P. Allen. Substitutes, E. A. Griffin, M. H. Brown.			

Cornell won, followed by Columbia and Yale. Earlier in

the season Bowdoin was vanquished by the 'Varsity on Cayuga lake.

At New London, two days after the freshman race, Cornell and Pennsylvania met. Entering on the second mile two lengths in the lead, stroke Dole's oar struck a wave, flew from his grasp, striking him on the chest and knocking him backward on Upton, who rowed one stroke directly over him and at the next pushed him back in place. Dole seized the oar and rowed on as usual, the men in the bow being ignorant of the occurrence. The 1890 'varsity crew :

Bow	W. D. Osgood	5	A. W. Marston
2	H. A. Benedict, Cap't	6	P. Hagerman
3	J. M. Wolfe	7	D. Upton
4	T. W. Hill	Stroke	W. S. Dole
	Coxswain, L. W. Emerick.		

In 1891 both 'Varsity and freshman crews were up to the usual standard. At New London the latter defeated Columbia by two lengths. The freshmen crew :

Bow	R. B. Daggett	5	A. H. Place
2	W. H. Dole, Cap't	6	T. Hall
3	F. S. Root	7	E. G. Gilson
4	W. H. Dunham	Stroke	W. G. Kranz
	Coxswain, T. S. Clark.		

Four days later the 'Varsity established a world's record of 14 min., 27½ sec., for three miles in eights, defeating Pennsylvania and Columbia. The 1891 'varsity crew:

Bow	W. Young	5	G. F. Wagner
2	F. W. Kelley	6	G. P. Witherbee
3	J. M. Wolfe Cap't	7	A. W. Marston
4	T. W. Hill	Stroke	H. A. Benedict
	Coxswain, E. P. Allen. Substitutes, C. J. Barr, E. A. Griffin.		

In 1892 both 'Varsity and freshman races were rowed on Cayuga lake. The Columbia freshman showed great pluck, but were defeated by three lengths. The 1892 freshman crew :

Bow	A. C. Freeborn	5	H. C. Pitcher
2	P. A. Robbins	6	H. C. Troy, Cap't
3	E. C. Hager	7	R. L. Shape
4	W. B. Sanborn	Stroke	G. W. Collins
Coxswain, N. N. Sherman. Substitutes, Nichols, Heitman, Zaldvondo.			

The Pennsylvania crew trained at Glenwood. We won an easy victory. 'Varsity crew consisted of the following:

Bow	F. W. Kelley	5	A. W. Marston, Cap't
2	C. J. Barr	6	G. P. Witherbee
3	G. F. Wagner	7	E. G. Gilson
4	W. S. Dole	Stroke	T. Hall
Coxswain, E. P. Allen. Substitute, F. S. Root.			

The following year the freshman won from Columbia by eleven lengths. A head wind alone prevented the making of a new two-mile record. The 1893 freshman crew :

Bow	F. B. Mathews	5	H. L. K. Shaw, Cap't
2	E. A. Bingham	6	W. Howard
3	E. F. Guilford	8	F. C. Slade
4	G. P. Dyer	Stroke	R. B. Hamilton
Coxswain, L. W. Hatt.			

The 'Varsity met Pennsylvania in a four-mile race—the first ever rowed by a Cornell crew—on Lake Minnetonka, Minn. The start was made after eight o'clock and finished in darkness amid a large fleet of boats. The 1893 'Varsity crew :

Bow	A. W. Freeborn	5	R. L. Shape
2	C. J. Barr, Cap't	6	H. C. Troy
3	E. C. Hager	7	E. G. Gilson
4	P. A. Robbins	Stroke	T. Hall
Coxswain, N. N. Sherman. Substitute, G. W. Collins.			

The 'Varsity race of 1894 was the hardest ever fought between Cornell and Pennsylvania. It was rowed at Torresdale-on-the-Delaware. Cornell won by five lengths.

The 1894 'Varsity crew:

Bow	...	A. C. Freeborn	5	...	T. N. Carver
2	...	T. Hall, Cap't	6	...	F. W. Freeborn
3	...	E. C. Hagar	7	...	R. L. Shape
4	...	G. P. Dyer	Stroke	...	P. A. Robbins

Coxswain, E. P. Allen. Substitutes, H. C. Troy, R. B. Hamilton, L. L. Tatum.

The freshman crew won an easy victory from the Dauntless Rowing Club crew on Cayuga lake. The 1894 freshman crew :

Bow	...	J. H. Taussig	5	...	D. C. Scott
2	...	W. B. Chriswell	6	...	L. Kinne
3	...	C. A. Louis	7	...	L. Dillingham
4	...	E. A. Crawford	Stroke	...	E. O. Spillman, Cap't

Coxswain, F. D. Colson. Substitutes, W. H. Squires, J. W. Beacham.

Last year Cornell suffered her first defeat in eleven years. The race was rowed at Poughkeepsie on rough water, Pennsylvania sinking at the three mile point. Columbia finished five lengths ahead of Cornell. The latter sank before reaching their boat house. The 1895 'Varsity crew :

Bow	...	F. C. Slade	5	...	C. H. Smith
2	...	W. B. Chriswell	6	...	W. B. Sanborne
3	...	C. S. Moore	7	...	L. L. Tatum
4	...	E. Johnson	Stroke	...	H. C. Troy, Cap't

Coxswain, R. T. Richardson. Substitutes, E. A. Crawford, J. H. Taussig, F. A. Briggs.

The Freshmen met Pennsylvania on Cayuga lake. The crews got off well together. Before many strokes No. 2 in the Pennsylvania boat caught a crab and continued to do so at short intervals throughout the two miles. Cornell won by eight lengths. The 1895 freshman crew :

Bow	..	E. J. Savage, Cap't	5	...	E. Johnson
2	...	C. Conard	6	...	J. C. Inslee
3	I. C. Ludlam	7	...	C. S. Moore
4	...	J. Fuller	Stroke	...	F. A. Briggs

Coxswain, E. A. Boyd.

At Henley, Cornell was defeated in her second trial heat by Trinity Hall, who finally won the Grand Challenge Cup. The 1895 Henley crew:

Bow F. B. Mathews 5 T. F. Fennell
 2 E. O. Spillman 6 G. P. Dyer
 3 E. C. Hagar 7 C. A. Louis
 4 F. W. Freeborn Stroke T. Hall
 Coxswain, F. D. Colson. Substitutes, Captain R. L.
 Shape, W. Bentley, R. B. Hamilton.

Mr. Charles E. Courtney has been identified with Cornell's success almost from the beginning of her career on the water. He coached C. S. Francis in 1875 and until 1883, when he located here permanently, he gave a number of the crews the benefit of his advice and coaching.

To date Cornell has rowed forty-seven 'Varsity and freshman races, winning thirty-three (two by default). Thirty-four inter-collegiates have been rowed, of which twenty-six were victories, and to-day Cornell stands with the balance of victories in her favor in respect to each of the eastern colleges now supporting a crew, as the following table will show :

	Yale.	Harvard.	Columbia.	Pennsylvania.	Cornell.	Style of Boat.		
						4	6	8
Cornell defeated	3						2	1
“ “		5					4	1
“ “			10			1	4	5
“ “				14		5		9
Yale “					1		1	
Harvard “					2		2	
Columbia “					3	1	1	1
Pennsylvania “					3	3		

Space has not allowed a recital of the interesting incidents regarding the races and the oarsmen with which our crew history is plentifully supplied. Only a statistical outline has been attempted.

CORNELL NAVY RECORD.

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Contestants in order of finishing.</i>	<i>Time.</i>	<i>Dist.</i>	<i>Boat.</i>
1872.				
ITHACA, May 11—Springport, Cornell		16.54	2	4
1873.				
SPRINGFIELD, July 16—Yale, Wesleyan, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Dartmouth, Amherst, Bowdoin, Mass. Agriculture, Trinity, Williams		16.59	3	6
1874.				
SARATOGA, July 18—Columbia, Wesleyan, Harvard, Williams, Cornell, Dartmouth, Princeton, Trinity, Yale		*16.42	3	6
1875.				
ITHACA, May 22—Cornell, Union Springs		11.14	2	6
SARATOGA, July 13—Cornell, Harvard, Brown, Princeton, (Freshman)		17.32¼	3	6
SARATOGA, July 14—Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, Yale, Amherst, Brown, Williams, Bowdoin, Hamilton, Union, Princeton		16.53¼	3	6
1876.				
ITHACA, June 12—Cornell, Watkins		13.30	2	6
SARATOGA, July 19—Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, (Freshman)		17.23½	3	6
SARATOGA, July 19—Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Union, Wesleyan, Princeton		17.01¼	3	6
1878.				
OWASCO LAKE, July 17—Cornell, Harvard, (Freshman)		17.13¾	3	8
1879.				
ITHACA, May 30—Watkins, Cornell		13.25	2	4
SARATOGA, July 9—Cornell won by default		9.15	1½	4
LAKE GEORGE, July 18—Columbia, Wesleyan, Cornell		8.26	1½	4
1880.				
NORTH HECTOR, July —Cornell wins				
LAKE GEORGE, July 16—Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia		9.12	1½	4
1881.				
HENLEY, ENGLAND, June 30—London, Thames, Cornell		8.56		4
HENLEY, ENGLAND, July 2—Hertford College, Cornell				4
LONDON, ENGLAND, July 14—London, Thames, Cornell		8.19	1¾	4
VIENNA, AUSTRIA, August 11—Cornell defeated				4
1882.				
LAKE GEORGE, July 4—Pennsylvania, Wesleyan, Princeton, Cornell, Bowdoin		9.35	1½	4
1883.				
CAZENOVIA LAKE, May 25—Cornell, Elmira, Syracuse		11.35	1½	4
LAKE GEORGE, July 4—Cornell, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Wesleyan		11.57	1½	4
1884.				
SCHUYLKILL RIVER, June 19—Pennsylvania, Cornell, Princeton		9.06¼	1½	4
SARATOGA, July 6—Pennsylvania, Cornell		8.39¾	1½	4

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Contestants in order of finishing.</i>	<i>Time.</i>	<i>Dist.</i>	<i>Boat.</i>
1885.				
PHILADELPHIA, June 19—Cornell, Pennsylvania, (real 8.39),		8.51	1½	4
WORCESTER, MASS., July 4—Cornell, Brown, Bowdoin, Penn- sylvania. †.....		*9.10½	1½	4
1887.				
NEWARK, June 11—Cornell, Triton or Eureka,.....		8.13½	1½	4
WORCESTER, MASS., July 5—Cornell, Bowdoin,.....		9.38¾	1½	4
PHILADELPHIA, July 9—Cornell won by default,.....				
1888.				
PHILADELPHIA, July 4—Cornell, Pennsylvania, New York Rowing Club.....		8.19½	1½	4
1889.				
NEW LONDON, June 27—Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania,...		*15.30	3	8
PHILADELPHIA, July 4—Cornell, Crescents, Fairmounts,.....		7.03	1½	8
PHILADELPHIA, July 5—Cornell, Pennsylvania,		†6.40	1½	8
1890.				
ITHACA, June 18—Cornell, Bowdoin,.....		17.30	3	8
NEW LONDON, June 24—Cornell, Columbia, Yale, (Freshman),		11.16¼	2	8
NEW LONDON, June 26—Cornell, Pennsylvania,		14.43	3	8
1891.				
NEW LONDON, June 20—Cornell, Columbia, (Freshman),.....		10.38	2	8
NEW LONDON, June 25—Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, ...		†14.27½	3	8
1892.				
ITHACA, June 9—Cornell, Columbia, (Freshman),		10.56	2	8
ITHACA, June 15—Cornell, Pennsylvania,		17.26	3	8
1893.				
NEW LONDON, June 20—Cornell, Columbia, (Freshman),...		10.08	2	8
LAKE MINNETONKA, July 8—Cornell, Pennsylvania,.....		23.40	4	8
1894.				
TORRESDALE, June 16—Cornell, Pennsylvania,.....		21.12½	4	8
ITHACA, June 18—Cornell, Dauntless R. C. (Freshman),.....		11.15¾	2	8
1895.				
ITHACA, June 14—Cornell, Pennsylvania, (Freshman),.....		11.18 3-5	2	8
POUGHKEEPSIE, June 24—Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, ..		21.25	4	8
HENLEY, ENGLAND, July 10—Trinity Hall, Cornell,.....		7.15	1¾	8

J. W. McCulloh.

* Unofficial.

† World's record.

‡ Cornell ruled out on account of foul.

Little Nell.¹

All of Dickens's novels have a few main characters, who merely drift along and whose final elevation or downfall is due, not so much to their own efforts as to the intervention of Providence in the form of numerous subordinate characters. There is always an antithetic relation between the good and the bad characters. Individuals who play the heroic or uplifting parts are invariably weak, as strong characters, while the disturbing elements are equally strong, as weak characters. Both are alike out of proportion and while none the less interesting and probably more valuable as character studies, are distinct creations in literature.

The hundreds of characters that grew out of Dickens's fancy, stand out in thought, action and even appearances, as a separate colony of people. The villainous characters have misshapen forms, and creeping names that accentuate their evil actions and photograph the working of their minds; the humorous personages have such oddities and eccentricities that we laugh every time they appear; and as for the noble characters, they are always drawn against a background of villainy and so stand in outline against the plots and machinations of evil doers, that no matter how little they actually do, they are continually surrounded by a golden halo.

There is ample reason. The successful mimic is not the one who exactly imitates another, but he who puts in enough reality to deceive and enough exaggeration to please. It is the same with a cartoonist. He does not portray accurately but exaggerates peculiarities. The result is that a good cartoonist is never a good artist. If he tries to portray accurately, the unconscious desire to exaggerate rules his pen.

¹ Extracted from a paper on the *Old Curiosity Shop* read before the *Seminary* in English Literature.

Dickens was essentially a mimic and a literary cartoonist. He had almost the sensitive consciousness that Goethe possessed and at his beck the children of his fancy would march before him. They talked to him, they went over their parts again and again, and allowed their features to be molded and remodelled until the mind and body assumed the same characteristics.

Strong as Dickens was in mimicry and the drawing of literary cartoons, he possessed a higher power in another direction. Somewhere in his own history there had been an experience or trend of circumstances that made him understand to a remarkable degree the powers of love and pathos. In neither was he an analyst and he rarely traced their origin or necessity. The background of his pictures is at times weak, but it is the face that speaks of the master. He leaves the details, particularly the reasons for love, to the imagination and begins with its acknowledged existence. So far the background is commonplace. But from that point the master hand predominates, and paints in tones and tints so delicate that the reader forgets all but the sublimity of the love or pathos pictured. Here there is no exaggeration, because the unfathomable depths of love and pathos can not be overdrawn.

Old Curiosity Shop deals with the love of kindred, and two devotions are intertwined until each stands out the stronger for the light of the other. They are compared and contrasted day by day, each new comparison adding to the sublimity of both.

The earlier history of Little Nell and her grandfather must be imagined. Such devotion does not spring into existence in a day. The little girl had lived with him almost from infancy, and the oft repeated kindnesses which secure a child's love had been showered upon her. She grew to idolize the gray locks, the wrinkled face and the bent form.

A characteristic of childhood is genuineness. There is no hypocrisy in a child's love and none can win it. Men can seldom peer through a mask of villainy but a child's intuition is unerring. Whomever a child loves must deserve that love.

The same genuineness is true of childish grief. Children think and feel with more intensity than they are credited with doing. Their suffering is not pique or fancy. They cannot see the justice nor understand the reasons for restraint and discipline. Too often they peer through the injustice of their parents, and all this tends to rob childhood of its brightness.

It is in thus dealing with the pathos of childhood childlife, that Dickens's accuracy is at its best. It is instanced in all of his novels and can seem exaggerated only to those who have forgotten the sensitiveness and depth of the griefs and loves of childhood. Dickens knew the intensity of a child's love as only a child knows it; that it is always reaching out like the creepers of a vine to attach itself; that it is ever ready to give returns a thousand fold for each evidence of love and affection.

Little Nell's love had grown day by day under the nourishment of a reciprocal love until it became her existence. Throughout her little life there was one theme whose music thrilled her; it was to raise the shadows and let in the sunlight upon her grandfather's life.

The love of the old man for little Nell was equally strong, although brought about by entirely different emotions. Sympathy is a characteristic, possibly more developed in man than in woman. The more weak and powerless the object, the more strongly it appeals to his nature. The fury of the soldier is banished when he gazes upon the wounded enemy lying at his feet. When little Nell came to the old man, there was a feeling of pity on his part toward the helpless and motherless little child. She needed protection in a thousand ways and his heart grew softer as he gave that protection. Unconsciously sympathy deepened into love, as it felt the inspiration, until it became a ruling passion. As she grew under his guidance, her happiness and her future absorbed him. Riches are one of the ways of showing love, and he longed to lay gold at her feet—to make her the queen he fancied her—a queen in reality. Greedily he counted over his

savings of years, but they looked insignificant. If he could only put them at interest where they would reap a thousand—a million fold—his dream might be realized. He knew that sometimes the turning of a single card, or the play of a moment, might net a threefold return, and he had days, months, and years if necessary, to keep rapidly turning over that money by minutes until it became so great an amount that it would almost measure his love for her. A younger man would not have been led away by such golden dreams. Young men become gamblers not through a desire to gain riches but through the hopes of recouping losses. But the old man became a gambler because of his love for little Nell, and to make real the golden illusion that was always before his eyes. It would have been unnatural for him to have confided his secret to her. He wanted to wait until he could bring all that gold and lay it at her feet and say: "That is how much I love you."

But that night his gold vanished. None but a gambler could understand that disaster. A sudden disappointment, like a physical blow, at first deadens the senses. There is little pain at the instant. It is in the slow hours of recovery that the real pain comes. Almost blinded by his losses, each morning the old man sought his little shop, there to have his brain maddened and tortured by memory, until finally the golden dreams lured him again to the gaming table.

The mental anguish of little Nell, during the periods that her grandfather gambled away his savings and the little shop, must be imagined from after developments. It doesn't take a person long to recognize the troubled look in a friend's face. Little Nell's eyes pierced the forced smiles of the old man and his simulated happiness, and she knew that something was troubling him. She did not like those long journeys out into the night nor was she at all quieted when he told her that he had business to transact and that it would some day bring her wealth. But her nature was not to command, nor were her pleadings of avail. As she sat by the window of the lonely shop and peered out into the darkness

at the weird shadows that her imagination twisted into threatening monsters, her only thought was of her grandfather and the mysterious cloud that was growing darker around their quiet life. Her mind was filled with forebodings that had no definite shape, but which terrorized her, and when the final blow came—the blow of poverty—it may have been a relief that it was nothing worse. At least suspense is only a blow prolonged. The happy little shop was turned into a place of torment because of the knowledge that they must soon leave it. There was a longing desire to get away from the phantoms that had caused their wretchedness, out somewhere into the wide world where they could live unmolested and happy,—suffering privations if necessary, but still in each other's companionship. In the old man's mind there was the thought that the gold had been snatched from his grasp just as it had come closer to him than ever before.

When little Nell and her grandfather crept away in the darkness, on the night of their flight, it was with one object, to get away from the cloud which had caused them suffering and which promised still greater unhappiness. Had she known the old man's secret she would have had less terror, but ignorant of it, there was always that feeling that those who had caused their misfortunes would pursue them, to inflict increased misfortunes, and it was because of this that she trembled at approaching footsteps and cast uneasy glances behind, as they trudged along hand in hand. After many weary miles, they came to the open country and rested in the inspiration of the fresh air, the green grass and the singing birds. The change and freedom brought peace to both. It lightened the old man's burden and made him say: "No—never to return—never to return. Thou and I are free of it now, Nell. They shall never lure us back—I shall never feel ill again, now that we are once away. Let us be stirring, Nell. We must be further away—a long, long way further. We are to near to stop and be at rest. Come."

The old man's strength had returned, but the inspiration that caused it was little Nell's love. "I can do nothing for

myself, my darling" he said after she had bathed his brow at the springside. "I don't know how it is, I could once, but the time is gone. Don't leave me Nell, say that thou'lt not leave me. I loved thee all the while, indeed I did. If I lose thee too, my dear, I must die." But if the old man had known the depths of little Nell's love, his plaint would have been unnecessary.

In the country churchyard, where they stopped to rest and wandered among the tombstones, they gained an inspiration. How many people, when lonely and troubled, have sought the inspiration of the churchyard. The silent marble slabs have a comforting sermon for the unhappy, and perhaps it lies in the thought that all sorrows will sometime cease and the oppressed will be at rest.

* * * * *

A new life came to little Nell among Mrs. Jarley's wax-works and her ability to gain a livelihood for herself and grandfather, by rattling off the histories of the waxen personages, was a genuine pleasure. They might have been almost as happy there as in the old days had not a long walk for recreation led them to the "Valiant Soldier." It was there the old man heard again the clinking of coin on the table where the rough men were gambling. In an instant his brain was on fire. Fortune again dazzled him with her golden visions. Instead of poverty, he could see riches within his finger's reach. He thought he had conquered those feelings, but no, they had been slumbering to gain new fury for an outburst—in which their surroundings, their poverty, and little Nell's pale face, only increased the mad passion. He seized her purse and with a new energy started for the table.

It was the same old story—fortune's promises again shattered—those heaps of gold nothing but ashes. The little savings fell into the greedy clutches of those who took not money alone but the life's blood of the innocent. But the greatest sorrow of little Nell's life was yet to come,—sorrow which made her cling the more closely to the old man. That

night his secret was unfolded to her. Visions haunted her as she lay restless in her little bed at the "Valiant Soldier." Then something came that was not a vision. A strange form crept noiselessly into the room,—groped for the little dress hanging on a chair; she saw the hands moving towards the pockets; then came the clinking of the money that remained from the piece of gold she had sewn in her dress—all that stood between them and want—then the figure crept noiselessly away like a nightmare. But no, it was not a nightmare. The creaking stairs told her that it was a robber. Her grandfather slept down stairs and perhaps he too would be visited. Terrified she crept to the stairway, and—yes, the strange form was going toward her grandfather's room. It softly entered. How her little feet hurried along the hallway: How she pushed open the door, ready to give her life to save her grandfather: But there was no struggle within the room, no blood creeping along the floor as she feared. Sitting in a chair, counting greedily the stolen coins was the strange figure—her grandfather.

It is hard to picture the anguish which the discovery of the old man's secret caused little Nell. There are scenes before which, even so relentless a pen as Dickens's stops and says: "I can go no farther, and I would not if I could."

Little Nell's love was an ideal love. As the need for it grew, it increased apace. More than ever before her grandfather's life became her own existence and she struggled to save him. But even so great a love could not quench the gambler's fever. Fanned by the unscrupulous men of the Gypsy camp, it burned brighter until it compelled him to urge Nell to give him every penny of her earning, and until finally it led him to plan to steal from Mrs. Jarley's treasury.

From that robbery he was rescued by little Nell, who again gave up all hope, but that of leading her grandfather among new scenes where the golden dreams would cease to come and that awful passion would slumber again.

It is the kindly school master who comes upon them in their wanderings and saves them from starvation. It is his kind-

ness that secures for them the old church parsonage and it is his earnings that are shared with them. There is a brief return of the old time happiness amid the new surroundings, and new friends. But hour by hour little Nell grows weaker while the great love that burns within her grows brighter, until its radiance is divine.

Who can describe the setting of the sun except to say that the golden rays grow fainter until they melt away in the horizon? Who can picture the fading of a flower after its beauty and fragrance have brightened the world, except to say that the petals droop and fall? It was thus that little Nell died. With her arms clasped around the old man's neck and her face illumined with a smile that seemed a glimpse into heaven, her life closed like the sinking into peaceful slumber. Wealth and friends came, but in time only to pillow her head in flowers and lay her away in her favorite nook in the old church yard where she and her grandfather had spent so many happy hours. But to the old man little Nell was not dead. Her voice was still ringing in his ears, her sweet smile ever before his dimmed eyes. The great love that impelled his mad struggles for wealth had made him insane—but blessed insanity. In their trysting place he still chatted with her and told her that he lived only for her. One summer's day they found him dead upon her grave, but the smile of happiness was upon his face.

—*Lillian de Groff.*

The Political Shirk.

There are two classes of politicians, the emotional and the practical. The emotional is the romantic school whose patriotism bursts into flame in the torch light procession, the war scare, and the national election; but flickers and dies away under stern reality. Its love of country is aroused only by martial music; and it recognizes no civic virtue unless arrayed in trappings of war. The practical politician, stern, staunch and true, plods earnestly on in storm and in sunshine; sensitive to the demands of humanity, and loyal to civilization, offers himself in the municipal battle as he would in the armed conflict of state, and believes with Lowell that a country that is worth saving is worth saving all the time.

Security and prosperity have fostered an apathy in American civic life; political indolence and indifference have taken hold of the people and selfishness has followed with its baneful influence, until the world is asking, "Why do Americans stand aloof from public affairs?" Not alone with the lower classes but especially with the better classes, where opportunity is greater, is the sense of personal responsibility in government sorely lacking. In other countries men of exceptional power have threatened the permanence of government by reason of their inordinate passion to control; in this country security is menaced because of their inordinate unconcern.

The duties of private life such men scrupulously observe, those of public life they neglect; they accept the privileges and rights of citizenship, but do not fulfill its obligations; they censure existing evils, but forget that our government rests upon the idea of the participation of the individual.

They have turned their attention so little to public affairs that they are often without conviction ; and the final flower of their devotion, into which flows the whole patriotic vitality of the soul, is the casting of a ballot. A man of this order is a laggard, a drone, a political shirk.

Selfishness is the curse of politics. It is not only the main spring of political action from boss to venal voter, but it also plays its part with him who withholds his influence from political affairs. When corrupt forces are attacked they strive earnestly, for they strive for personal interest, while the soldier of reform finds the sacrifice too great, for successful opposition means labor, trouble and expense with little personal profit in the end. Selfishness actuates the shirk as well as the professional politician. And how much better is he who avoids his duty on account of self interest or indolence, than he who is faithful on account of spoils. Business men have no time for public affairs, and rather than bravely and openly contend with evil forces in politics, they pay tribute to the very machine which controls and threatens their interests, and buy as a commodity the legislation which should be the property of no one. Who divide with the assessor for the false assessment? Who pay the aldermen to vote the franchise or the mayor to withhold the veto? Who are the greatest factors in the corruption of municipal affairs to-day? Who, but the wealthy, influential, enterprising, but selfish men of our better classes? There are also those wholly lost in commercialism, who estimate national affairs by their effect on the money market, who value their citizenship by the profit they make out of the country, and who say with the French orator "Where we prosper, there and no where else is our country." Such men as these oppose the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, frown on the independence of Cuba, and look with disfavor on every appropriation for the navy, because these may check their gain getting.

Look for a moment at that class of citizens of good intentions without deeds. Here belongs the individual over whom machine politics has thrown an overwhelming sense of his

insignificance and limitations. Discouraged and disgusted with the experience of a caucus, constrained, with no alternative, to support a poor candidate whom he had no voice in nominating, he throws off all responsibility in public affairs, and justifies himself with the thought that he is powerless to influence. But what an unwarranted conclusion ! His complaint is but the petulant cry of "too late." In his sloth he sat idly by, while the machine was being carefully constructed and the bonds of bossism were being firmly welded about him, forgetting that the evils which produce the crisis are long formative, and that in the germ, opposition could have checked their growth. The danger is not in the defiance of the enemy, but in the traitors of the camp ; not in the strength of the corrupt but in the sloth of the pure ; for there is no subtle or corrupt device of the politician which truth and manhood cannot conquer. The sympathies of the majority of our people are with the right ; but strong in social intelligence, they are weak in conviction, and political salvation must come not through intentions but through work.

In a democracy the call for practical, high-minded men is most urgent. The intelligent and law-abiding are needed to offset the vicious and illiterate. If all the energies of education and culture go only to the development of science, and business, and individual betterment, neglecting social and political questions, we shall have a one-sided national life. Above wealth or science or any one interest is the general welfare.

The duty of citizenship rests primarily upon the educated. "Every educated man," says Mr. Roosevelt, "who puts himself out of touch with the current of American thought, is doing what he can to weaken the influence of educated men in America." In the past they have been recreant to political duty. Largely as a result of this has grown up an unjust contempt for education. It is said that educated men are visionary recluses, useless for practical matters ; and that our colleges and universities fit men rather for the cloister

than for public life. The New York *Sun* said recently, "Whenever in the settlement of international disputes there is a call for special knowledge whether of international law, history, topography or anything else, the college professor will be heard. But he will not be heard when on questions of national policy or honor he undertakes to play the censor of the nation, to control its policy, rebuke its aspiration, and lay the chilling hand of scholasticism on its heart." Such is the prejudice arising from the political torpor of educated men. Nor is the fault with the University. What England owes to Cambridge and Oxford for a Pitt, a Burke and a Gladstone, America in like measure and to no less degree owes to her colleges and universities for such men as Samuel and John Adams, Hamilton and Jefferson, Choate and Webster. It cannot be said that our universities cultivate the intellect while paralyzing the sense of public duty; it is rather that educated men themselves become political drones.

But the neglect of public affairs is not merely a passive condition, resulting in the loss of the force for good; it is more, it is active, a positive evil, and reacts against reform by discouraging those who watch on the battlements for the dawning of a new day. Neutrality in civic life is impossible; and he who does not perform his duty towards the state is an enemy to the state.

In New York City not long since a committee of five hundred was called into being in order to sweep corruption from the Republican machine. What was the difference between those men in private life and as members of the committee? Only that they had been awakened and inspired with a purpose. The duty of that committee of five hundred rests upon every citizen of the United States. Let but the better element assume its responsibility and we shall have not a committee of five hundred, but of five millions.

We need a mighty revolution in the ethical conception of individual responsibility, an infusion of life into the inactive members of the body politic, a wide spread determination, which will invigorate indolence, forget selfishness, encourage

the disheartened and rise above prejudice. We want a patriotism which can live in spite of prosperity and peace, which does not require the smell of powder and the sight of blood to arouse, which consecrates wealth, talent, education and leisure to the cause of the state, and shrinking from no sacrifice, counts no effort too dear which will elevate character and secure the general welfare. Let the work of the good government clubs of the United States be our inspiration—

“God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.”

Harry L. Powers.

NOTE.—This oration was given honorable mention at the Woodford Prize contest, held Friday, May 8.

Publications Received.

A Book of College Sermons.¹

Visions and service is made up of fourteen discourses delivered in college chapels by William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts. The appearance of this volume at once suggests the question, Why have not more volumes of college sermons been published in America? The success of such volumes in England has demonstrated that they will be read, and it is hoped that Bishop Lawrence's volume will be followed by others of the same kind, as America is not lacking in preachers who know how to reach young men. The present little volume is admirable in tone, and cannot help proving a source of helpful inspiration to every thoughtful college man who takes it in hand.

¹ LAWRENCE, WILLIAM. *Visions and service*. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1896.

Books and their makers.¹

George Haven Putnam has continued the historical sketch begun in *Authors and their public in ancient times*, in the first volume of a two-volume work entitled *Books and their makers during the Middle Ages*. This volume is larger and handsomer in its typographical appearance than the first work, and is a specimen of book work that reflects credit on the publishers. The bibliographical study covered in these works grew out of the material which Mr. Putnam collected for a history of the copyright or ownership of literary property, which history, we are assured by the author, will come later. The subject treated is not new, but it is treated in a fresh and original way, giving more about the makers of and dealers in books than about the books themselves. The first volume is divided into two parts, part one dealing with books in Mss., and part two with early printed books. The discussion of the Mss. books falls into the divisions of making books, housing and caring for books, or libraries and private collections, and the book trade. The topical treatment of the subject together with the admirable arrangement and grouping of kindred topics makes the volume specially desirable for reference as well as a most interesting and readable narrative.

¹PUTNAM, G. H. *Books and their makers during the Middle Ages* Vol. I. New York, 1896, G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.50.

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THERE may be, and probably are, differences of opinion in regard to the efficacy of cheering at athletic games, but by no means are those who know most about the games of the opinion that continuous and purposeless cheering is advantageous. Some of the players themselves have emphatically said that it is no help, but a hindrance to them. Only one opinion, however, can prevail among those who go to Percy Field primarily to witness a game of baseball or football as regards the kind of yelling that prevails, and other distractions allowed on the grounds. To fully catch and appreciate all the fine points of a game of baseball as it is played today requires more attention than can be given when such a din of yelling is kept up, interspersed with the grotesque groups of Theta Nu Epsilon candidates who force the audience, whether they will or no, to look at them. If the cheering could be restricted to the natural spontaneous applause which follows a good play, whether by the home or

visiting team, and the society caricatures allowed to display their "fine figures" only "between the acts," it would add immensely to the enjoyment of the game by those who go principally to see a game of baseball. Perhaps a large part of spectators care more for these side issues than they do for the game. If this is the case then the management is justified in permitting them, otherwise they should be declared a nuisance and stopped.

AMONG the recommendations made by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in the 42d annual report, is one to the effect that teachers in all city schools should be subject to examinations prescribed by the Superintendent. This applies to all teachers even those who have had a college training and have proven once for all that they have intellectual capacity. It would seem as though such proof would be sufficient to satisfy any demand as regards mental training and discipline, however little it may argue as to the capacity for imparting knowledge to pupils. This system of examinations for teachers prevails in some parts of the West where teachers with a University training are required to take examinations, in some places every year, in a large number of elementary branches, many of which they have not studied since their preparatory days, and are not expected to teach, only to pass an examination in. This means that prospective teachers must waste time and energy to get up a number of subjects in which they are no longer interested and which they do not expect again to have need of. But supposing they are expected to teach a number of those subjects? Have they not demonstrated by their college work that they have capacity for grasping a subject when the necessity for it arises? Even if called upon to teach some subject they have never studied, is it fair to doubt their capacity for mastering the elementary part of any subject, and for teaching it, if they have the qualities of a teacher, even more successfully than some others, who although able to pass a much better examination,

in any particular subject, have never gone beyond the required grade in their intellectual pursuits.

How many of the college professors in the country would be able to take the examinations given by Superintendents and School Boards, with any credit to themselves, without wasting more time on cramming up than they would care to take. One of the best known college presidents in the country once said to an entering class that he could not pass the entrance examination in mathematics, notwithstanding he had fitted himself, when in college, for a teacher of mathematics. If this case be typical, college professors would one and all be rejected, if they applied for positions as teachers in the public schools. One cannot help asking whether a Superintendent himself or other examiner would be able to take with credit examinations similar to those given to the applicants for teachers' positions, and yet there is just as much reason why he should be required to take the examination, as any other college graduate. If it were possible to devise some test whereby the ability of a person to teach could be determined, the school system would be greatly benefitted by the application of such a test, but to ask a college graduate to give proof of his knowledge of arithmetic, geography, grammar, etc., is an insult to his intelligence. If proof must be had of an applicants honesty of purpose to prepare himself to teach such subjects as he will be expected to teach, then examinations might be given in just those subjects as evidence that he has done this work, and this should stand as a proof that he is capable of doing likewise with any other subject which he may thereafter be called upon to give instruction in. The whole system of examinations is much abused and in no place is this abuse more flagrant than in the use made of it by school boards and other educational bodies in selecting teachers for public schools.

The Month.

The twenty-sixth annual contest for the Woodford prize in oratory was won by C. H. Rammelkamp, H. L. Powers receiving honorable mention. Mr. Rammelkamp's oration was entitled "Truth and Dogma—The Irrepressible Conflict in Massachusetts."

George L. Fielder, '89, has recently accepted the position of business manager of the *New York Times*.

The tenth annual contest for the '86 Memorial Prize in declamation was won by Irwin Esmond. Mr. M. F. Connolly received honorable mention.

The debate between the Freshman Debating Union and the Sophomore Curtis Club was won by the former. The Raines Law was the subject under discussion.

Mr. E. G. Wyckoff has cancelled his offer to build a rowing tank for the Cornell navy. Mr. Wyckoff explained that his action was occasioned by several misunderstandings which have arisen concerning the location of the tank building. The entire sum pledged, however, is to be given to other University interests, and \$2,000 have already been pledged to the geological department for the purpose of a scientific expedition to Greenland during the coming summer.

Professor Charles Babcock, the head of the present department of architecture, has been elected director of the new College of Architecture, established by the recent action of the board of trustees.

Poughkeepsie has finally been selected as the site for the quadrangular race on June 26.

The athletic meet between Cornell and Pennsylvania, held on Percy Field on May 9, was won by Pennsylvania by a score of 73 to 53.

The baseball scores of the month have been as follows:

Pennsylvania 11, Cornell 6; University of Virginia 6, Cornell 5; Georgetown 11, Cornell 1; Harvard 15, Cornell 6; Cornell 8, Wisconsin 7; Chicago 3, Cornell 2; Princeton 22, Cornell 0; Pennsylvania 26, Cornell 10.

On May 22, the Faculty of the University enacted one of the most important pieces of legislation in the history of Cornell. As a result of discussion which has been in progress since last November, it took action providing for a single degree, Bachelor of Arts, for all students in the courses of liberal arts and sciences, irrespective of the studies elected, instead of A. B., Ph. B., and B. S., as at present (or B. L., as heretofore). The only specified requirements for graduation will be military drill, physical culture, and thesis, all the remaining work being elective. The advanced entrance requirements will be divided into three groups, of which one will be required of each student. The groups are to be as follows: (a) Latin and Greek; (b) Latin and two years of either French or German; (c) Two years of French, two years of German, and one year of advanced Mathematics, solid geometry, advanced algebra, and plane trigonometry.

Literary Chat.

The fourth volume of Herbert Tuttle's *History of Prussia*, which was left by the author at his death in manuscript ready for the printer, contains a biographical sketch by H. B. Adams and a very excellent portrait. Professor Tuttle's plan extended beyond the period covered by this last volume, but death prevented him from carrying out his plan. It is something to be grateful for that he had finished the fourth volume before he was compelled to lay down his pen. The bibliography of his writings covers a period from 1870 to 1888 and reveals the fact that most of his writing has been done for magazines and newspapers. The biographical sketch is largely colored by extracts from the testimony of good and great friends as to his ability as a journalist, teacher and historian.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons have issued in a separate edition Thomas Paine's *Age of reason* extracted from the larger edition of Paine's works edited by M. D. Conway. This makes a very handy volume of this the best known work of the man who dared to voice his convictions at a time when it required greater moral courage than is required today.

By a recent purchase Charles Scribner's Sons have become the owners in this country, of all the books written by Robert Louis Stevenson, and lovers of Stevenson will be able to get his works in a uniform edition hereafter.

One of the latest issues from Putnam's Son's press is a sea yarn of the war of 1812, written by Robert Cameron Rogers and called *Will of the Wasp*. The story is cleverly told and interesting throughout. The volume is a good specimen of the fine work which Putnam's Sons are doing now, and carries with it an evidence of the superior skill which they bring to bear upon their publications.

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This is a work of remarkable value and interest. It includes the chapters of autobiography which Dr. Holmes wrote, and not only gives such facts of his life as readers desire to know, but enables them to see the "admirable doctor" as he was. Mr. Morse has performed his task very skillfully, and Dr. Holmes's letters are as original and charming as anything he ever wrote.

The first volume contains portraits of Dr. Holmes and his father, a facsimile of the almanac page in which his birth is recorded, views of the "Gambrel-roofed House" and a magnificent pinetree at Pittsfield, and two pictures of the Saturday Club—a notable group of Boston and Cambridge literary celebrities.

The second volume has a portrait of Dr. Holmes in middle life, a view of his Beacon Street home with the Doctor in front of it, a portrait of his mother in advanced life, and a facsimile of three pages of his famous poem "The Last Leaf."

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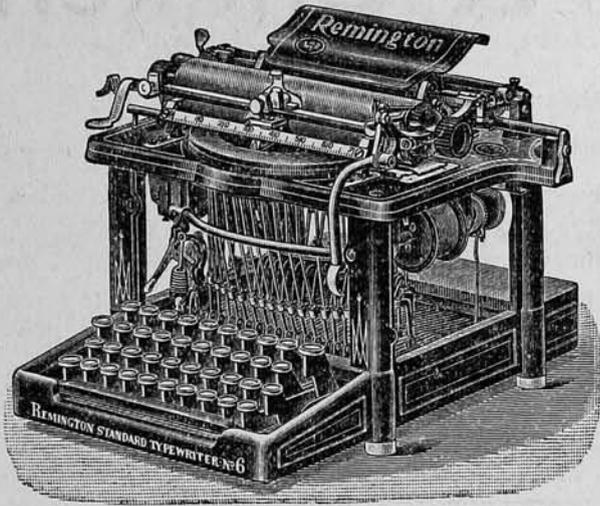
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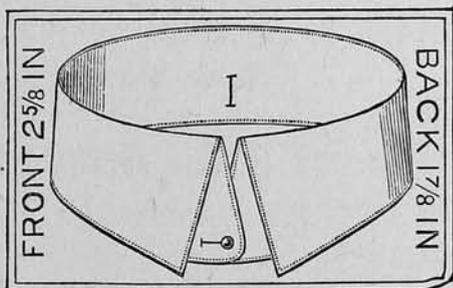
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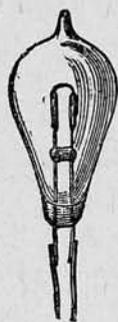
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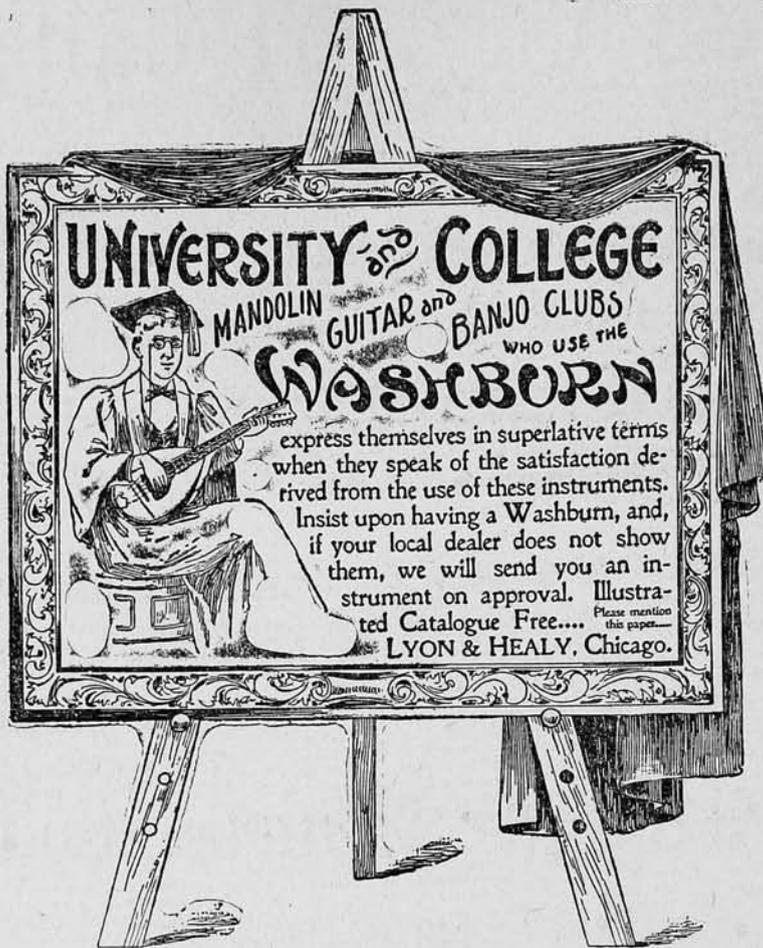
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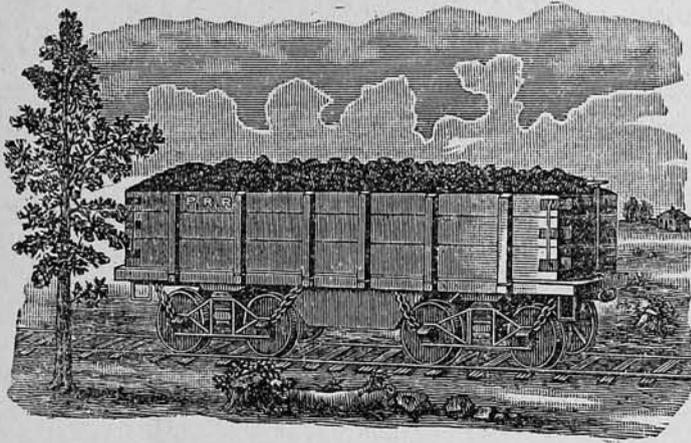


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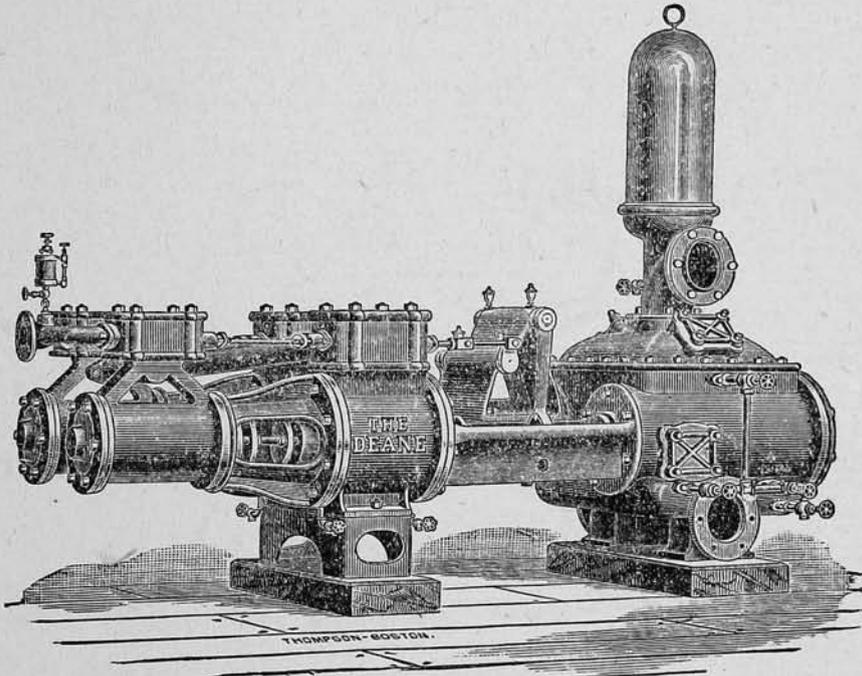
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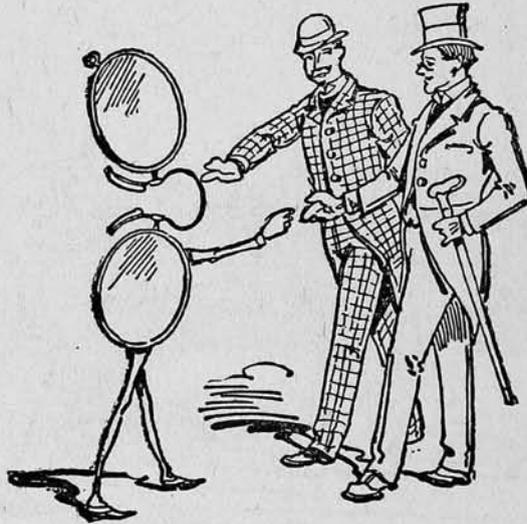
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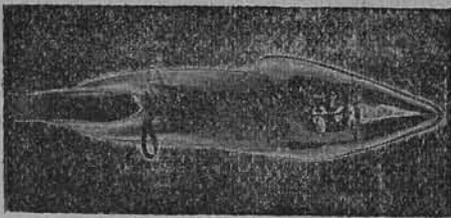
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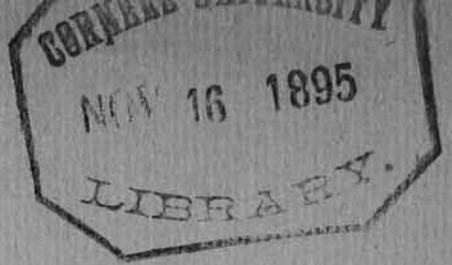
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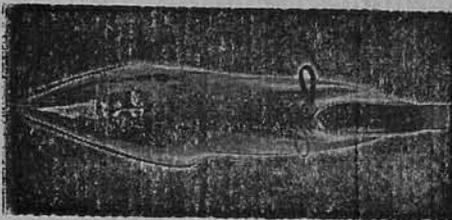
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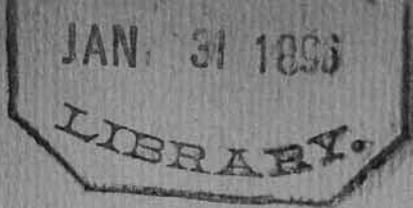
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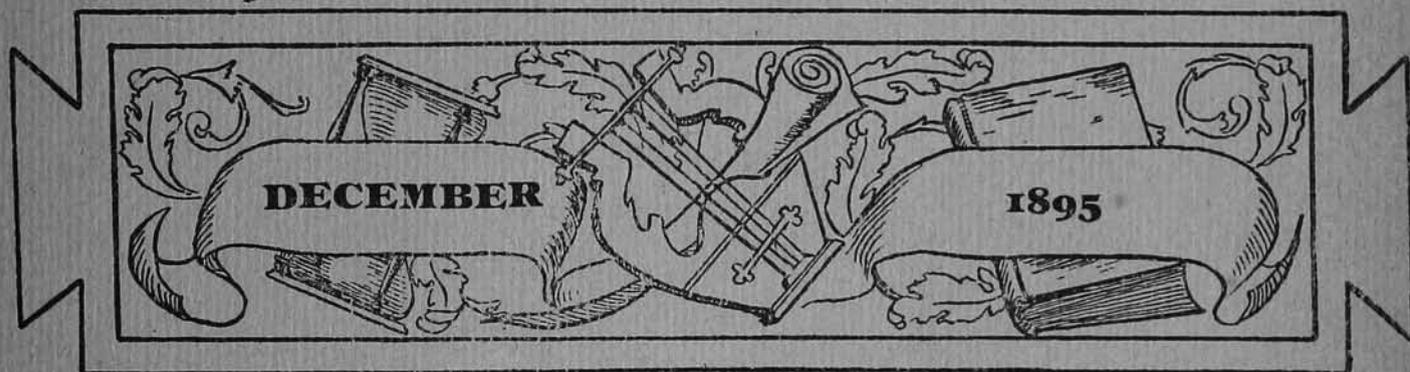


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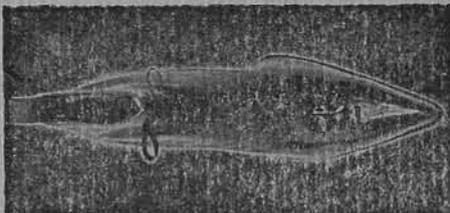
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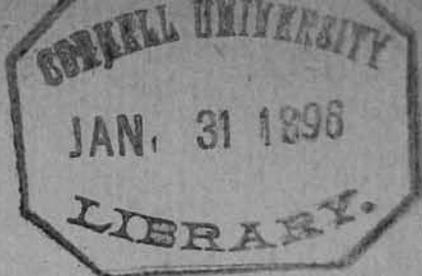
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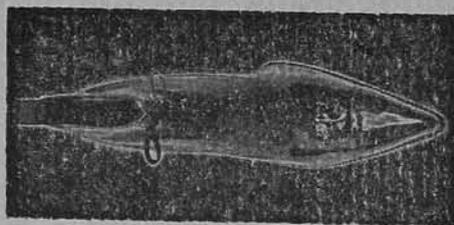
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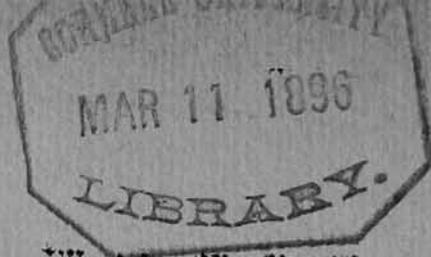
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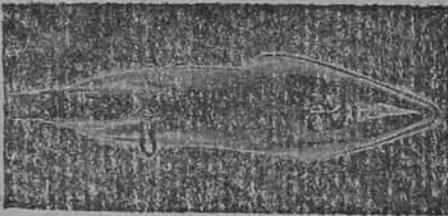


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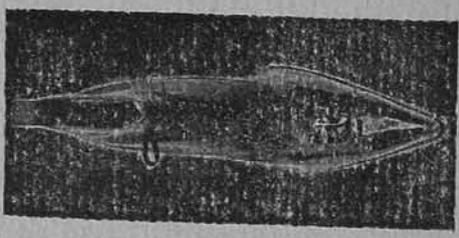
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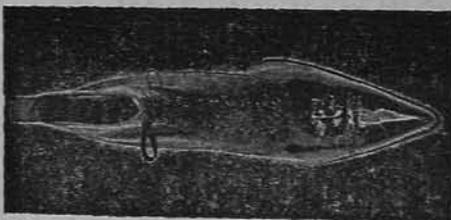
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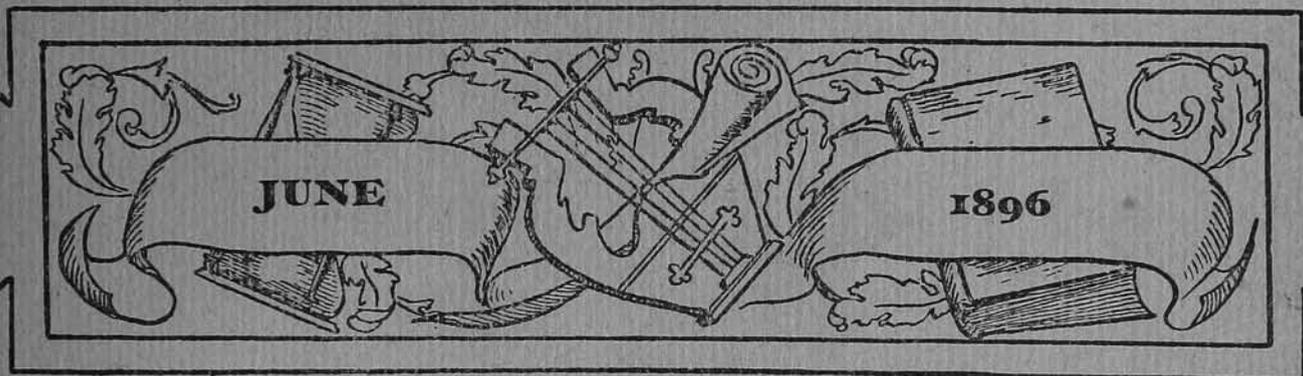
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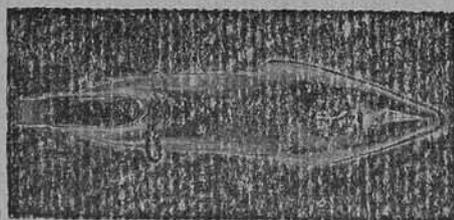
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