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The passion for pigeon-holing is the craze of the human mind. The little labels that are so convenient, the graded nitches that prove so tangible and so easy to defend—they are the delight of mankind. Even poetry has been condemned to this classification, and generation after generation of critics has attempted to rank in due order the poets of the world. Perhaps no one, of late years, has become so popular a votary of this judicial attitude towards poetry as Matthew Arnold; especially in his essay on The Study of Poetry he has sketched the systematized science of poetry. We feel beneath his theories the cold gradings of per cents, the hard inflexibility of invariable laws.

The classification, he says, of the really excellent poetry must be the fixed aim of all study of poetry. This really excellent poetry is distinguished by its high poetic truth and seriousness of manner and substance. Its high truth is given by a large, free, sound representation of things; high seriousness springs from an absolute sincerity, and, he mentions later in passing, it gives something for our spirits to rest upon. It is just this last quality of high poetic seriousness in manner and substance that Matthew Arnold denies to the poetry of Chaucer.
The quality of high seriousness is extremely difficult for us to consider, because Matthew Arnold has so consciously refrained from explaining or interpreting it. Homer and Shakespeare, he tells us, among those who tell of the relations of man to man, possessed this high seriousness. The presence of it, he says elsewhere, is shown in Dante's line,

“In la sua volantade è nostra pace;”

and the lack of it in Chaucer's line,

O martyr, souved in virginitee.”

But this is nearly all the help he gives us.

Exactly what did he mean by this high seriousness? Did he mean the exclusion of all humorous or trivial aspects of life, and the conscious selection of only those which bear on the deeper, more serious significance of life? Dante certainly chose thus consciously the tragedies, the Nemesis of life;—but Shakespeare? No; and even Arnold does not deny to Shakespeare the high poetic seriousness. It is not enough, therefore, that our interpretation of Arnold's idea of high seriousness, should comprehend the Hell and the Purgatory of Dante; it must rather be large enough to contain also even the Midsummer Night's Dream and the Twelfth Night of Shakespeare. His idea of it is, perhaps, just that view of life which regards it, not as a monstrous joke whose end is “To eat and drink, for tomorrow we may die;” not as

“a walking shadow,—a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing;”

not as a bitter farce with

“— its hero, the Conqueror Worm;”

but as an action, instinct with meaning, where every situation is full of stirring or impressive possibilities. The poet's worth then—if this is indeed the true meaning—will depend upon his power to see and interpret these dramatic possibilities of life.

Accepting, therefore, this interpretation of high seriousness, was Arnold right in denying this to Chaucer?

Let us consider first Chaucer's power of high, serious perception of life in his lighter, more humorous moods. Take, almost at random, these lines from the description of the Frere in the Prologue
"For unto swich a noble man as he
Accorded not, as by his faculte
To have with sike lozars acqueyntance.
It is not honeste, it may not avaunce
For to deelen with no swich poreille,
But al with siche and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, then as profit shoulde arise
Curties he was and lovely of servyse,
There was no man nowher so virtuous."

Under the humor, the spirit of poking fun in these lines, there is the keen sense of the serious significance of the picture. The honesty of his "frere" is the honesty that "avaunces;" his curtesy, his virtue are all "then as profit sholde arise." No keener picture could be painted of that goodness which springs from evil motive.

This same serious insight into character is shown beneath the humorous, genial manner, in his character of the five-times married wife of Bath. She is an uncultured, animal character; apparently without a moral scruple, and yet she bursts out in her prologue with the exclamation,

"Alas! alas! that ever love was sinne!"

And again in the midst of her bravado and gayety, in that line,

"And yet to be right merry wol I fonde."

Chaucer proves that he realized that her life was not genuinely happy, that it was but varnished with a forced gayety.

So, too, in all his humorous characters, there is this same serious perception of their significance;—in the "gentile Pardoner," with his relics of "Riggés bones" and his "feigned flattery and jokes;" but yet

"He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste;"

in the Doctour of Phisik with his "mantel"

"Lyned with taffete and with sendel,"

"And yet he was but esy of dispence,
He kepte that he wan in pestilence."

It is in dealing with avowedly tragic characters and situations, however, that the high seriousness of poetry would naturally be most perfectly expressed, and whenever Chaucer deals with the tragic, he shows
his possession of the high poetic seriousness. Take, for example, the old
man in the *Pardoner's Tale*, painted against a vivid background of the
terrors of the plague and the horror of a drunken search for death. He
tells the "riotoures,"

"Ne Death, alas! ne wol not han my lyfe,
So restless I wander, and on the ground, which is my mother's gate, all
day I knock, and cry to her, 'Dear mother, let me in! Allas when shall
I be at rest! All I have would I give thee, mother. Yea, for a
shroud to ways me in'!"

This same serious conception of a life whose every situation is in-
stinct with possibilities stirs us too in the *Franklyn's Tale*. The dark-
ness of the night, the terror of the journey, the utter injustice of the
deed—they all thrill through that cry of Dougenis,

"And she answérd half as she were mad,
Unto the gardyn as myn husbonde bad,
My trothe for to kepe, allas! allas!"

Perhaps the finest example of Chaucer's high poetic seriousness
in dealing with tragic subjects, however, is his description of the death
of Arcite. Arcite is dying in Emelye's arms. "Allas!" he cries,

"Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye!
Allas, departynge of our compeignye!
What is this world? What asketh men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave,
Allone withouten any compeignye."

This last line bears indeed in its form and accent the high poetic
stamp of diction and movement. This accent, Arnold has said, is un-
attainable by the author of

Oh martyr souded in virginitee,"

and yet if in Dante's line,

"In la sua volante é nostra pace,"

he has confessedly chosen Dante at the height of his poetic earnestness
of diction, would it not be fair to take from Chaucer's poetry this line
for comparison,

"Allone withouten any compeignye?"
The strong flow of the sound and the exquisite lonesomeness of the melody make this line a fit proof of Chaucer’s power in serious diction.

High seriousness permeates other provinces besides character drawing; it must be revealed also in the moral teachings of the poet and in his conception of the purpose of his art. Moral teachings are not Chaucer’s distinctive province, yet every line of his well-known “Ballade of Truth” has the ring of sincerity:

“Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste out of thy stal,
Know thy countree, look up, thank God of all”—

This, too, is his message to King Richard—strange advice, surely, for the court poet to give the king—

“O prince desire for to be honourable,
Cherish thy folk, and hate extorcioun.
Dred God, do law, love trouthe and worthynesse,
And dryve thy folk’ ageyn to stedfastnesse.”

Had Chaucer likewise a high earnestness in the aim and purpose of his art? Was it merely for praise and acclamation that he wrought? He is standing before the throne of Fame.

“Artow come hider to han fame?”

he is asked.

“‘Nay, for-sothe friend!’ quod I,
I cam noght hider, graunt mercy!
For no such cause, by my heed!

I know best myself where I stand, both in what I endure and in which I think—it is all for me alone, and even more, everything that I can do in my art.”

Did he write lightly or aimlessly? He has written at the end of his great work, his Canterbury Tales,

“My wyl wolde ful fayne have seyd bettre if I had had konnynge, and our book seith, ‘al that is written is for our doctrine,’ and that is my intente.”

His aim also, therefore, was distinguished by high poetic seriousness. We can truly understand now perhaps those lines of Milton’s in “Il Penseroso:”
"But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower!
Or call up him who left half-told
The story of Cambuscen bold,
Of Camball and of Algaisfe,
And who had Canace to wife."

We have read these lines often, carelessly or perhaps with a half-conscious wonder that they should be in "Il Penseroso" and not in "L'Allegro." For Chaucer has seemed to us so distinctively the genial poet of mirth. We have thought it strange that it should be the "Sad virgin" that Milton invoked to raise again this spirit of Chaucer. Perhaps now we can understand. For throughout Chaucer's poetry we feel his perception of a serious life about him, instinct with meaning, and filled with stirring and impressive possibilities; and we recognize in Chaucer the high poetic seriousness of a great poet.

Ruth Fulton, 1909

THE GIPSY TRAIL

Mr. Spingel pulled to his roll-top desk with a rattley-bang, peered over the top of his spectacles at the wrong side of the inscription "Private Office" on the ground glass door, as if he were looking into infinite space, and stood in shuffling uncertainty for the space of three minutes. Then as if making up his mind, on a sudden he dived for his hat, jammed it down on his ears, and dashed precipitately out. The stenographer looked up in mild surprise at Mr. Spingel's unwonted haste, glanced at the clock—twelve-thirty—brushed a lock from her eyes, and went on clicking the keys. By and by the telephone rang. The stenographer answered it wearily. It was Mrs. Spingel, and would Mr. Spingel please remember to bring home the wrapping paper, and be sure and order the flowers for Sina's birthday. Mr. Spingel was out to lunch, Miss Carter replied, but the message would be delivered to him as soon as he got back. Somewhat later, the office boy came in with word that a "Gent outside wants to see Mr. Spingel."

"Mr. Spingel's still out," replied the stenographer, with a pucker-ing of her brows at the clock. One-thirty. Mr. Spingel was the soul of method, he never failed to be back by one. "Well, I'm going anyway," snapped Miss Carter, rising with the first briskness she had displayed.

By two-thirty, mild consternation ruled at the offices of "A. Spingel
& Co., Hardware.” For fifteen years the head of the firm had never deviated from his fixed hours of coming and going unless leaving behind him full instructions. By four-thirty, his one club, the restaurant where he always took his lunch, various offices with which Spingel & Co. were closely connected, all had been rung up, but none yielded any information as to his whereabouts; he had not entered the doors of any of them. Lastly they called up his residence. His spouse answered that he was not there; she hadn’t any idea where he could be, but he was probably enjoying himself somewhere, and she only hoped he would come back in time to get the brown paper and order the flowers. By closing time there was still no word from Mr. Spingel, and the employees wound up their work, and departed in a state of perplexity and subdued excitement. All sorts of conjectures were in the air from the opinion of the office boy that the “boss flew de coop to see de game,” to the stenographer’s languidly launched bomb-shell that it was her belief he had disappeared altogether and had perhaps committed suicide.

Without following minutely the history of the next few days, suffice it to say that Mr. Spingel did not return to his home nor to his office; that all investigation by detectives private and public and by newspaper reporters failed to unearth any trace of him; that, in a word, Adolph Spingel seemed to have disappeared completely from all commerce with his customary world, that the vortex of molecules, energies and social relationships which had borne the name of Spingel seemed to have disintegrated into the elements from which it had been created. As time went on the circle of his influence on the thoughts of men diminished like the converse of the pebble in the pool. For awhile the whole reading public was busy conjecturing as to the whereabouts of Adolph Spingel; then, when memory of him and his mysterious disappearance had faded from the minds of the many, the business world with which he had had dealings still displayed agitations of his causing, which finally dwindled in radius to members of his own concern, and lastly to his family and his few friends.

The stenographer often told the story of his mad rush from the office that last day, now grown portentous in her eyes; and Mrs. Spingel mourned him sincerely after her fashion. “He was always so dependable,” she said, but she never quite forgave him, I think, for neglecting that last errand. With her re-marriage to a Mr. Cutes Brown, a prosperous broker, the memory of Spingel within her breast may be said to have flickered very dim, so that perhaps the last person to recall him poignantly and vividly was Hans Christiansen as he sat on the dock at Inhambain and read a five-years-old American newspaper one lazy day in June.
Hans had found the paper wrapped around a pair of boots he had repaired, and was reading it idly for lack of anything better to do, when his attention was caught and held by these headlines:

**MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A PROMINENT MERCHANT**

**Adolph Spingel Thought to Have Committed Suicide.**

Something about the name seemed vaguely familiar, and as he read the article remembrance rushed over him of when he had met that man, and where and how.

Five years before, back in the States, in a large Western City, a little, preoccupied, bespectacled gentleman was one day crossing the street, when a large automobile whirled suddenly round the corner and all but dashed over him, so unexpected was its onslaught. But the driver, who was alone in the car, swerved instantly to the right and crashed into a lamp-post, thereby just escaping the little gentleman, wrecking his engine and gaining for himself a nasty fall. The usual crowd swarmed in on all sides, hemming in the shattered car, the prostrate chauffeur and the unnerved little gentleman. In due time came the doctor and the ambulance which carried away the injured man: the crowd thinned away though a good many still hung around the wrecked car, fingering its various parts and explaining the accident with avidity to new-comers.

But the man whose life had thus been spared was not ungrateful, so he called at the hospital, provided that every attention be bestowed on the injured man, and even went in to see him while he was recovering.

This blond giant propped up his pillows, greeted his visitor with a merry flash in his devil-may-care blue eyes, which shone strangely bright in his pale and unshaven face, waved aside all thanks, turned the whole matter into a jest, and before he had been talking three minutes had fairly captured the other’s heart. His English was good, but, now and then, a broadened “A” or a hardened “the” betrayed his Swedish origin. The two men exchanged names; learned that one was Adolph Spingel, the other Hans Christiansen; exchanged callings, and learned that one was a dealer in hardware, the other, a sailor, a rover, a soldier of fortune, and lately a chauffeur; exchanged views on life, and found that one regarded it as a routine of duties, a series of obligatory observances, a grind for daily bread; the other, as a glorious game in which to take many a hazard and play for the joy of playing, as a Gipsy trail over which to wander, free, irresponsible, following the fancy of the moment.

Of course they did not learn all this about each other at their first meeting, nor in so many words; but they met three times while Hans
was in the hospital and once later, when they had a farewell dinner together, and at the end these were the fruits of their acquaintance. Spingel had never felt himself so drawn to anyone in his life as to this gay, reckless fellow, so different from himself in every way. At that last dinner over their wine, with a sudden impetuosity, he offered Hans a place in his store.

"It is not much now, but you have brains, you are young, full of life—you will succeed, you will make a name for yourself. Think! How would Spingel, Christiansen & Co. sound, eh?"

"No, my friend, no! What do I care about my name on a sign over a couple of store windows, when I have the whole wide world to roam over? In Sweden, where I was born, my father was a carpenter. He had me apprenticed when I was young, and for five years I worked for him. But one day it came to me that I did not want to be a carpenter, to live and die in that trade, and in that one town, to marry and bring up children, to succeed to such a heritage. So, I ran away. Since then, I have been here, there, everywhere! Germany, Italy, China, and Japan. All over South and North America. On many lands and many seas, speaking many tongues, following many callings, but always, when I got tired of one scene, one circle of faces, so! up and away! That is life, my friend. Now I am off for South America again. Ah, that is the country of the future! There the new and the old are side by side, the new ever growing, ever calling for fresh life. It is a land of contrasts, dreams and traditions, side by side with promoters and machinery. A railroad, a revolution, a coup d'etat! What matters? now and then, a fiesta, too! At night a band in the Plaza, a guitar in the patio, and up above the southern cross! eh?"

Hans leaned across the table, eyes glowing, face eager with life, and half whimsically put the question, "why don't you try it?"

Little Spingel leaned forward, too, with a sudden lifting of his whole soul. Something wild, reckless, young as the breath of spring, which he had not felt since he was a boy, gripped him and he answered those shining eyes across the table with eyes as bright. Then the next minute, Hans laughed, the spell was broken.

So they had parted, each going his separate way; and for Hans, the incident was soon forgotten, till this old newspaper in far-off India brought it all freshley to consciousness once more.

"Poor little devil," he muttered. "I wonder if he could have. Perhaps he did have the Gipsy blood! But no! he must be dead. Why did I meddle. It is all my fault, all my fault."

Marjorie Lane, 1908
STUDENT LIFE IN THE EARLY UNIVERSITIES OF ENGLAND

It must always be a matter of interest to the students of one age to know how students lived and worked in generations before them; and the student of today who looks back to the early days of university life in England from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, is struck at once by the mixture of familiarity and strangeness which he encounters. That so many ideas and customs are familiar to the modern student is due, as Mr. Rashdall points out, to the fact that the University with the principles of education on which it is based is a distinctly mediaeval institution which the modern world has retained practically in its entirety. And just because the large features of mediaeval university life are analogous to our own, we too often accept them in their significance to us, and do not attempt to translate them into terms of the Middle Ages. This article will attempt to point out a few of the features of early university life which are already half familiar to us, as well as some to which there are perhaps no present-day parallels. Exhaustive treatment of this subject would fill volumes, so that this article must be but fragmentary at best.

The relation existing between the mediaeval university of England and its college or faculties was a unique one in its nature and in its effect on student life. The University, as the corporation of Faculties, prescribed lines of study, the length of courses, conditions for entrance and for taking degrees, but university discipline, as we understand the term, was unknown in the early history of that institution. Each college governed the social life within its own jurisdiction, so that this curious situation was evolved. A student though without the pale of one college, was at perfect liberty to take up his course in another, and to continue to be a member of the university; or even if expelled from the university might still remain a member of a college. The fact that each hall had rules of its own without regard to those of others, further complicated the situation; though in later days when the organization of the university became more compact, discipline became a university function. Over each hall or lodging house there was a principal, usually a student, but occasionally a master. He was elected by the residents of his hall and it was his duty to preserve order and assume responsibility for the financial administration.

Into this sort of community the grammar school boy entered at the age of from thirteen to sixteen. He had already been taught reading, writing and enough Latin certainly, to enable him to understand the lectures of the teachers and to converse with his associates. Herbert of
Norwich was a staunch believer in Latin verse as educational discipline and provided his boys with “tables prepared with wax, and made them repeat declensions and conjugations by heart.” “Donatus and Servius I taught you all that year, sitting on the low form at your elbow,” he says, writing to an old pupil. No written examinations were required of the candidate for entrance apparently, and he was probably admitted on the oath of his Grammar Master. This gentleman, by the way, became Master in Grammar in quite a distinctive manner. At his “Inception” he received as a badge of his office a “palmer” and a birch—masters of other Faculties received a book—and was immediately required to flog a boy “openlye in the scholys.” This boy was drafted from the general population of the town and received a groat “for hys labour.”

The first social event to which the Freshman or Bejaunus was summoned was his initiation, a ceremony which came to have a rather stereotyped character as time went on. Bejaunus was mistaken by his comrades for a strange wild beast which must be caught and tamed before becoming a bona fide member of the community. He is provided with a pair of horns which are dangerous and must be sawed off, and his ears, hair, nose and claws must go too in the interests of greater safety. Some one suggests that so much surgery is like to prove fatal, and another immediately offers his services as priest to shrive the dying Bejaunus. His confession, in which he has to accuse himself of divers fearful crimes, is repeated aloud by the priest who then declares him absolved if he will provide a banquet for his new masters and associates. Practically this same ceremony was gone through with twice, once as a rehearsal, again as the Public “Deposition,” administration of salt and wine being added to the latter ceremony. Following this came the banquet, which was as elaborate as the means of the student permitted; though the evils of compelling poor students to expend more than they could afford, to satisfy the appetites of their fellows, soon brought about regulations restricting this part of the custom.

Feasting, however, could not be thus ruled away, especially since there was so little in the nature of amusement which was legitimate in the eyes of the authorities; and the banquet was a feature of graduation as well as of matriculation. William Paston in a letter to his brother, Sir John Paston, says:

“And yl ye uryl know what day I was maad Baschyler, I was maad on Fryday was seynt, and I mad my fest on the Munday after, I was promysyd venysyn a geyn my fest of my Lady Harcourt, and of a noder man to, but I was desoyyd of both; but my gests hewld them plesyd with
such mete as they had, blyssyd be God, Hoo have yow in Hys kepyng. Amen.

Wretyn at Oxon, on the Wedenysday next after Seynt Peter.

N. Paston.”

There is a strangely familiar strain in other letters from the same young man to his mother and brother, in which he tells of the “costes” of his Oxford life, and the number of unexpected expenses—to meet which he “beseeches” that money be sent him by the next messenger coming to Oxford. The following extract from a letter of May 22 is delightful, and its application to modern student life need not be pointed out.

“And yl ye know not whath theys term menyth, ‘Incepton,’ Master Edmund, that was my rewler at Oxforth, berar here of, kan tell you, or ellys any oder gradwat.”

Besides feasting there were scarcely any amusements in which the student could indulge without breaking the rules of the college. Athletics were unknown. “Playing with a ball or bat” is classified among the “insolent” games, though if the ball be soft and the sport be kept within the college court, it is allowed. The apparatus for tennis is declared “indecent instruments” which must not be brought within college precincts lest scandal be brought upon the institution thereby. Football was unknown up to the sixteenth century and even then was confined to the court of the college. Dancing was likewise a forbidden pleasure, but the existence of a rule forbidding “dancing in the chapel,” suggests that perhaps the more sweeping regulation had not proven effective. Rashdall quotes a statute which prohibits “struggling, chorus-singing, dancing, leaping, singing, shouting, tumult and inordinate noise, pouring forth of water, beer, and all other liquids, and tumultuous games.”

In the face of these sweeping limitations the question of what recreations there actually were for the mediaeval student presents itself. The legitimate evening amusements authorized by the colleges consisted in a few more liberal cases of walking about in “discreet company” until eight or nine o’clock,—walking alone was considered undignified, and bad form—though the more general rule was that supper was followed by disputations or playing on the lute. Sometimes these occasions were enlivened by the “honest jokes” of the tutor. The day closed with a “drinking” or “collation” and evening prayer.

It is hardly conceivable that such a routine would satisfy the demands of some hundreds of boys and young men, and one is not sur-
prised to learn that sports of various kinds were indulged in by the students. Hawking, poaching, all sorts of practical joking, and even highway robbery, were carried on to an extent that made the title "scholar" an epithet on the tongues of the townsfolk, and probably helped in a large degree to aggravate many of the struggles between Town and Gown. Matthew Paris' account of a similar struggle indicates that they were of sufficient frequency not to occasion surprise or merit a detailed account. Of the year 1236 he says:

"In the same year, a quarrel arose between the clergy and citizens of Oxford, and it was with difficulty, and after a long time, that the strife was lulled to rest by the interference of the king and nobles, the bishop and other men of rank and authority, and the university restored to its former state."

Sophia Grummond, 1908

MUSIC AND CHILDHOOD

Whenever our old music box tinkles out "Hail, Columbia," and "The Last Rose of Summer," I see in a flash a picture of the nursery as it used to look after we children were put to bed. The room is not altogether dark, for a lamp in the street below makes a soft radiance through the falling snowflakes. Our rocking-horse glimmers spectre-like in the bay-window, his fore-feet lifted in a ghostly prance. The long sofa shows dimly and the space beneath it is fearsomely black. A big arm-chair looms up near the bed. In the darkest corner of the room is a tall stove. Its little red windows blink like fiery eyes out of the gloom. The whole place is strangely quiet; the familiar objects seem unreal in the faint light, but through the shadows comes the thin, plaintive, reassuring tinkle of the unseen music box.

This, I think, was our earliest association with the idea of music. Music was a pleasing presence which soothed and quieted one and kept night terrors at bay. It took the place of mother and a light in the room. In those days the grand piano was simply a good thing to crawl under; we played bears there, or lay in wait to surprise father when he came home, and sometimes bumped our heads very badly as we sprang out upon him. Later the piano meant washing our hands, no matter how recently we had performed the operation, and toiling through wearisome five-finger exercises. There was no music connected with that. Even when Aunt Emily played for us we ignored the sounds that she brought forth, and were instead lost in admiration of the way
her fingers skipped about on the keys. Our highest ambition was to be able to work our fingers as fast as Aunt Emily worked hers.

As I remember it we had very little music in our souls at that early period—we enjoyed our school songs and the hymns at Sunday-school simply because we liked being together and making as loud a noise as possible. We used to come down the street shouting "My Country tis-o-tee" at the top of our voices, or

"Barnum's circus sendeth
Us our daily bread,"

which was our perfectly innocent rendering of "Bounteously He sendeth." Most of the games that are played in the school-yard were set to monotonous, meaningless tunes, but I remember just two that affected me. The first was somehow associated in my mind with golden sunlight in late afternoon and green lawns, which certainly could not be found in a city school-yard.

"Go in and out the windows,
For the highland gates are closed."

The words, except perhaps the word "highland," suggested absolutely nothing; the whole joyous sense of romance and beauty lay in the little tune. There was another play-song, besides this one, which seemed real music to us,

"Off to prison she must go—
My fair lady O!"

It is impossible to describe the vague, sweet melancholy that this strain could arouse. Years afterwards when I read the lines,

"Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,"

I thought instantly of "My fair lady." It was the shadow of old, unhappy, far-off things that had stolen upon us for a moment as we romped in the school-yard.

One sort of music was never to be resisted—that of a brass band. The first distant note set our hearts thumping with excitement, and we always rushed out into the street pell-mell, to await its approach with breathless eagerness. The rhythm and swing of the martial music were intoxicating. We loved to stand on the very edge of the curbing, so that the band would pass directly before us and we might be thrilled through and through by its powerful vibrations.
Up to this time we considered that a hand-organ without a monkey had absolutely no excuse for being. Now on certain spring evenings when we sank down on the stoop, hot and breathless after a game of tag, the hand-organ became something more than a curiosity. Spring twilight lent the city street a sort of alien beauty. The harsh outlines of the buildings were blurred and softened; a few trees rose in dim clouds of young foliage; the street lamps glittered out of the gathering dusk with strange brilliancy, and a distant hand-organ playing "Way down upon the Suane River," seemed part of the enchantment. I think it was the hand-organ that first made music for us, music pure and simple. We began to enjoy the melody in itself, quite apart from its associations.

I cannot recollect when we first stopped singing at our play. Our games became quieter and the neighbors must have rejoiced. At school we sang as lustily as ever, but the songs had a new meaning. The music at church was an especial delight. Sometimes a voice of such heart-rending sweetness would ring out from the choir gallery that not all the admonitions of our elders could keep us from wriggling about in the pew to gaze at the singer. Later we heard a few fine concerts, which haunted us for days afterwards, and then we confessed to each other in great secrecy the astounding fact that we really liked to practice, and at last we realized with horror that we were growing up.

"When half-gods go
The gods arrive."

Now, if music is mentioned, we think of the "Symphony"—Children's play is just so much noise in our ears, and we are rather proud of our inability to get any pleasure from a hand-organ. Yet the half-gods serve their turn, and somehow they become very dear. I am sure that we shall never be able to hear "The Last Rose of Summer" without seeing that picture of the shadowy nursery, where we used to be lulled asleep by the silver tinkle of the music box.

Elizabeth Schneider, 1908

THE ESCAPE

With unwonted haste, John Morley shut the gate that led from the lane into his pasture, and waved his hoe violently in token of summons to a man tramping across the field beyond. Tom Lantry, thus accosted, turned and came back.
"Land's sake, John!" he exclaimed, "what's up? Nobody dead, air they? You look like the last judgment."

"There'll be a judgment on some in these parts, Tom Lantry." Morley ran one large hand up through his shock of sandy hair and fixed his hard gray eyes solemnly on the man in front of him. "Ned Trent's engaged to Molly Wilson!"

Tom Lantry's mouth opened but he said no word; he stared at Morley in helpless astonishment.

"And there," continued Morley, "is an end to all Walt More's friendship for the Trents and all his hopes for Janet. Ain't she been as good as engaged to him ever since Walt died last year? And mark my words, Tom, she don't know any more of this than a babe unborn!"

"But—but where'd you hear it?" gasped Lantry.

"Where? Ned's been up in Tracton this month on that fool lawyer business of his, and Molly Wilson was up there visiting. Jane Smith—she's working at Wilson's now, you know—heard the letter read from Molly last night." Morley shouldered his hoe again and prepared to move on. "I'm goin' to do some hoein' in the corn. Ned's a mighty taking sort of fellow, but I thought a heap of Walt and knewed him mighty well, too, considerin' he was a city chap, and his daughter's just like him. Something in the business ain't straight."

"I wouldn't be the one to tell her," said Tom in an awestruck voice. "Nance'll have to do it," replied Morley gloomily as he tramped away.

"Nance! poor Nance!" said Tom Lantry.

II

Up in the old More homestead on the hill, a tall angular woman, with thin gray hair and thin pale lips, was cooking Janet More's late breakfast, and pondering the question which agitated the whole village. And her anger was greater than John Morley's, by as much as her knowledge of the situation was greater than his. She had kept house for Walt More since his wife had died, and the love which had grown up in her for the girl had become her whole life after Janet had been left alone by the death of her father. A tender memory known only to Walter More had made Ned Trent dear to him, and both the man and girl knew, when he died, that his desire had been to see them marry. A year had passed since his death and in that time there had been few days on which Ned had not been at the More home. Janet, now twenty-two, had refused more than one man in the country round, and Nance had
daily expected the news of her engagement to Ned Trent. In spite of
the girl's gay temperament, a certain reserve, never far beneath the
surface, had made Nance unwilling to broach the subject to Janet. Now
in a bitterness she had not known for twenty years, she brooded upon
it. Janet would have to learn the thing from some one and Nance knew it
should be from herself. How would the girl take it? Nance had heard
people say that Janet had a talent for happiness. Even the shock of her
father's death had left her, if more serious, still with her buoyant gaiety
and without bitterness. But if she had come to love this man—how
would she take this news?

Nance lingered over the breakfast preparations till there was no
slightest excuse for further delay and then went through the wide rooms
slowly, pausing to pick up things here and there on her way to the door
above the garden. The upper half of the great double door was open;
she swung the lower part in and went out upon the stone porch.

"Ja-net! Ja-net!" she called.

The rambling, eastern garden was filled with glorious, morning
light. Under its magic, the heavy summer dew was silently devoured,
and the weathered gray of the low stone house quickened into warmer
tones. The air was full of the perfume of many flowers, and the faint
clear odor of pines. Nance had long since almost lost the little sensi-
tiveness to beauty she had once possessed, but as Janet More turned a
distant corner and came up the path, even the worn woman in the door-
way was vaguely conscious that the light and color of the scene were a
perfect setting for the girl. Her chestnut hair was almost bronze in
the sunlight, her blue-gray eyes were laughing, her arms were full of
poppies.

"The largest vase in the house won't hold them, Nance," she called
gaily. "Am I late?"

"Your breakfast is getting cool this minute," Nance said reprovingly.
Janet laughed, but attempted no defense and went ahead into the house.
While she began her meal, Nance arranged the flowers.

"You don't know I suppose whether Ned Trent got home last night,
do you, Nance?"

Nance bent carefully over the flowers. "O Lord! and it's me that
has got to tell her," she thought.

"Did he expect to come home yesterday?" she asked.

"Nance! you're getting them so tight! Wait and let me fix them.
Yes, he was to come last night. You say you haven't heard?"

"Well no, that is, no, Janet, I haven't heard he was back."

The room was silent a moment and Nance twisted nervously at her
apron-strings. The silence seemed to annoy her, for she reiterated almost angrily.

"No, Janet, I haven’t heard anything of his coming." She did not look at the girl.

Janet laid her fork down slowly and stared across at the woman.

"You’ve heard something you don’t want to tell me, Nance," she said quietly. She leaned forward and smiled with a too great cheerfulness. "Out with it, now!" Then, as Nance fidgeted silently, "Nance!" she cried sharply.

"Aw, I heard a fool tale from Jess Meads, Janet, but I don’t believe a word of it. It was—" she hesitated, but Janet's silence wrung it from her, "that—Ned’s engaged."

"Ned’s engaged!" Genuine astonishment and little else was in Janet’s voice. "To whom?" she added sceptically. "To Molly Wilson," the woman blurted out. "Molly Wilson!"

"Yes, that’s what Jess said. I told him he was a goose and to go about his own business, but he said if I didn’t believe him I could ask old Mrs. Wilson. But mercy, Janet, I guess you’d be the first to know it."

There was no reply and she finally went on weakly—"Molly Wilson’s been up in Tracton, too, hasn’t she? But pshaw! He’s only been gone three weeks. Every soul in this village has had him engaged to you for two years, Janet," she finished sharply but with an undertone of pleading that was too much for the girl. She caught her breath with a quick, audible gasp. At the same moment the door opened and a small boy looked in.

"Letta Morley wants to see you, Miss Nance," he said.

"Go on, Nance," Janet said dully, and the woman went. Outside the door she stopped and wiped her eyes with her apron. When she came back ten minutes later, Janet was not there.

III

In her room above the garden, Janet sat very still and tried to realize that she was not to marry Ned Trent. She had known him since they were children together and although there had been no definite understanding between them, he had made love to her since they had climbed the apple trees together. He had had no money and was just beginning to make his way in the profession he had chosen. Pride, so Janet had thought, had heretofore made it impossible for him to speak. From her desk, his face looked down at her, his handsome likable face
with its merry eyes and sensitive mouth. If there was a little weakness in the lines about the mouth, Janet had never seen it.

Near his photograph was one of a small and pretty girl with light curly hair and big eyes; it was the latest picture of Molly Wilson. She had been Janet’s best friend for years, but Janet stared at the pictured face as if she had never seen it. Molly, Molly, was to marry Ned Trent. Surely Molly had not known when she had come to say good-bye three weeks before; and in this Janet was right. Molly Wilson had not known. “It is Ned’s doing,” Janet thought. But there was no anger in her against him. He had always been a brilliant but, at the same time, rather irresponsible person; she had known it and it had been, perhaps, part of his charm for her. “But sure, he could make a stone love him!” a servant of his father’s had once said. The girl remembered the speech as she walked over and faced his photograph. “I shall love him always, if I never see or hear of him again,” she said. She slipped to the floor and buried her head in her arms. So she stayed, a long, long while. When she rose she put away the photographs on her desk—all except her father’s.

IV

The summer passed quietly. Neither Molly nor Ned Trent came home. They were married hastily a week after the news of their engagement reached the village in order that Molly might accompany him on a business trip south. He had found a fine opening in Tracton, so Mrs. Wilson said, and old Mr. Trent had given them a house he had long owned, just within that city’s limits. There was a short note from Molly for Janet, along with the announcement. She was “wildly happy.” Janet must come to see them when they were settled. There was no allusion to Janet’s previous intimacy with Trent. She would write later, she said. Janet did not try to answer it. Gossip in the village centered around her all summer, but even Nance could not detect that she was conscious of the fact. One night in the last of August, Janet came in rather late to supper and with an open letter which quite evidently filled her thoughts. Nance, too, seemed preoccupied and disturbed and, after waiting on the girl and wandering restlessly about the room, finally cleared her throat suddenly and said with elaborate carelessness—

“Janet, they’re saying down in the village that you’ve applied for a teacher’s position in Benton and would probably get it.”

Janet looked up and laughed in apparent amusement. “How did that get out, I wonder. Yes, it’s true. But what a horrid wretch you must have thought me, Nance, not to tell you myself! I have the offer
of it here,” touching the letter. “I wanted to be quite sure of it before I told you—even you, Nance. But you must stay here in the house, you know. Father would want you here always, Nance. You will, won’t you?”

“If you want it,” said the woman grimly. “You—you’re sure you want to go?”

“Yes, sure, Nance.” She was silent a moment and in that instant she gathered all her forces of reserve and strength and pride for a last touch to the matter; gathered them consciously because she longed to throw aside her composure and let loose the turmoil of emotion within her. But an instinct born in her cried, “You shall not.” Her eyes as she raised them were strangely like her dead father’s. And it was with his name that she ended the discussion.

“I don’t think I could stand another winter here without father, Nance,” she said.

V

On an April afternoon, two years and a half after the marriage of Molly Trent, Janet dressed with an air of some excitement for a drive with Dr. Brand. The doctor had practically told her what he meant to ask her on this afternoon, and as she dressed she assured herself that she knew quite well what she would answer him. She had thrown herself into her work at Benton, almost three years before, with a feverish abandon. She had taken the place of assistant in the small town high-school and she had tried to fill every nook and corner of the day with some part of her task. At first it had almost seemed that she would succeed. Her position had been one to which she was utterly new and with which it took long and hard work to make herself familiar. She had been given a class of her own shortly after the beginning of the term. She had liked her work; her days had been full, and for the first few weeks she had been too tired at night to do anything except fall asleep as soon as her tasks would permit it. But thought had been, at best, only postponed and her day of reckoning, when it had come, had been harder, not easier, for the unnatural absorption of the previous weeks. One night in the October of that first year every task she could find had been done by nine. She had not been tired and, suddenly and completely, her work dropped from her, as if a cloak in which she had tried to wrap herself had been snatched away, and the past had risen up and proclaimed itself her master. From the clear-sighted misery of that night, Janet had known, the next morning, that she must enter the life as well as the study of the town if she were not to give
herself up utterly to misery. She had met many people and she had made herself, after that night, accept every invitation given her, a hollow pretense at first, but a task that had grown easier as the months went on. The long northern winter with its months of skating and sleighing had helped fill in the gaps left in the day by her work; gaps that she had found must be left in order that she keep her health. Although she was profoundly unconscious of the fact, she had become very popular in Benton. She had been offered the place of librarian that first summer, and so had spent most of her vacation there; going home for only a week or two to see Nance, who regarded her with a baffled and rather miserable air which was occasionally so evident in her eyes that Janet was glad to go back to Benton, where none so nearly understood what she was trying to forget. She had gone out more that second year, been more successful in her work, and left Benton the second summer with at least a slight interest in a young physician there, who had been very attentive during the year. The self-repression of these two years often seemed horrible to the girl. In spite of her innate control her nature was one to seek passionately after happiness. Her desire for the vanished joy of life and youth was so great that she sometimes told herself, and at last really almost convinced herself, that she had been only in love with love and that if a readjustment could but take place, she would grasp again the elusive treasure, which, especially when her splendid health made her feel the physical youth within her, seemed so rightfully her due. With this hope strong in her, she allowed herself to see more and more of Dr. Brand, stifling determinedly the recollection which would still sometimes trouble her, the recollection of a far different man. Now, as the doctor drove up for her, she felt excited, and yes, surely she was happy.

They had hardly passed the outskirts of the town, when the doctor said—what she had known he meant to say. She had known, and yet she heard him with a confusion of feeling unexpected, humiliating, overpowering. It became greater and greater as he talked on, and finally she begged him to wait until the next day for her answer. She went up to her room after leaving him, angry at her hesitation, but half afraid to face it.

In the small hours of the next morning she sat down and wrote the doctor a sad little refusal that begged his pardon for the encouragement she had given him, and asked him not to see her again. She would have been glad to tell him her true reason, but she felt that not even to this man whom she had wronged could she make so great a confidence.
She went through her work mechanically that day, but was sharply aroused from her lethargy by a telegram that came that night, reading, "Nance very ill. Come at once."

She took the midnight train and during the hard, slow journey all thought of Harold Brand was lost in a flood-tide of remorse for the few times in the last years she had seen the woman who had loved her, and in a great longing to break the restraint between them before it was too late. A hired man of John Morley's, who knew only that Nance was still living when he had left, met her at the station; they drove the long four miles in utter silence, except for the occasional cracking of the whip. Letta Morley was standing in the doorway of the stone porch and as the girl came up the steps she began brokenly "Janet"—then dropped her face in her hands and sobbed. And Janet knew.

"I want to be alone," she said in a stifled voice, and went swiftly by the woman and up the winding old stairs. From a room at the right of the hall, the doctor was just coming out. "I want to be alone," Janet said again, and went in and shut the door.

The light was burning low. She crossed the room. At sight of the worn, still face, all the emotions pent up in her through the night's journey, all the unhappiness of the past three years, that she had kept from the woman while living, broke forth. The last barriers of her spirit went down. She dropped by the bedside, and in the death stillness, the room was filled with her weeping.

The barriers went down; and for a while it seemed that even Janet's wonderful courage could not raise them again. Never before had Janet so feared her own thoughts. Her breakdown on the night of Nance's death had revealed to her the depths of abandon open to her. The knowledge which had come with Dr. Brand's proposal, and the death of Nance, had overthrown all the hope of the previous winter and seemed to say, "You thought you could love again; you thought you could win happiness again. You cannot. The past is not so weak." An ironical fate had made her lovable, and then thrown back to her as worthless but indestructible the one love she gave, and closed every door of escape from the unhappiness thus caused. Little wonder Janet feared her thoughts. The bitterness and despair which would long since have swept into and taken for their own a nature less strong, came very near to possessing her. Yet they did not win. The barriers were raised, although slowly; she forced herself into her work again and went on.

It was the June of her fourth year at Benton that Janet received a letter asking her to accept an interesting and rather important position
in a large school in the western part of the state. Its principal was an old college friend of the Benton Academy’s principal, and Janet realized the source of the offer and was glad. She wrote and accepted at once, and felt that night happier than she had been in four years. Dr. Brand had left Benton for Tracton the fall before; she had been greatly interested in her work that year, and this offer opened many possibilities. She acted as librarian again that summer and planned many plans for the next year. In August a letter reached her from an old friend of her mother’s who had been living in New York, but was spending a few months in Tracton, where her husband had a temporary engineering task. Mrs. Woodbury had not seen Janet since her father’s death, and she urged the girl to come and spend a few weeks with her. Janet considered long. She needed a rest; she would be glad to see the Woodburys; and she must pass through Tracton on her way across the state. Moreover she had been told the year before that the Trents were about to move from Tracton further south. It was this fact that finally decided the question, for she did not mean to stir into life old memories. She wrote Mrs. Woodbury that she would spend the first week of September in Tracton.

VII

“Janet, you’re the most refreshing sight I’ve met with in years!” Mrs. Woodbury poured herself another cup of tea and glanced across her luncheon table at Janet with her keen, good-humored smile. She was a small, plump woman, insignificant till one caught the humor in her gray eyes and firm mouth. That so bright a temperament could exist with so sharp a sense of the absurdities and incongruities of life was a perpetual fascination for Mrs. Woodbury’s many friends. Janet thought as she looked across at her that the struggle of the last years would not have been so hard had this woman been by.

“I’m amazingly glad I came,” she said.

“I thought, Janet, we could have this afternoon, at least, to ourselves, but Jim came in last night with the most forlorn tale about the Trents, and there’s nothing for it but to go over there this afternoon.”

“They’re not living here?” cried Janet.

“Yes—didn’t you know? O there has been some talk of moving, but it hasn’t come to much more than most of Ned Trent’s schemes have lately, I fear. At present the older child has typhoid, they think, and Molly, you know, is almost a hopeless invalid, and they really haven’t money enough for ordinary running expenses, and Ned’s away half the time, no one knows where. That’s all, I think,” she concluded sarcastically.
"Molly an invalid!" gasped Janet. Her mind was in a confused whirl and she grasped at the item that stood out clearest in this bewildering summary, with a faint hope that she had not rightly understood.

"Practically so—for the last two years. I've been meaning to go over there for several weeks, and now there's illness, I really must, though what we can do, I don't know. But Molly will be tremendously glad to see you."

"I—I'm not sure," Janet stammered.

But Mrs. Woodbury had left her home town ten years before, and had heard little of its gossip since. She was completely unconscious of the part that she was playing.

"Indeed, but I'm sure," she said. She sipped her tea and leisurely imparted the rest of her not very detailed knowledge of the Trents. There were two children, boys of three and two. Ned had a fine opening and had at first done well. Two years or so before, he had begun to drink, to speculate in stocks, to be absent in New York or elsewhere for weeks, sometimes months at a time. Molly had a small income of her own, kept a servant or two for the house his father had given them, a house too big for them, but fortunately owned in her name. The children had managed to exist thus far, but how, no one exactly understood. Molly's mother was dead, she had no near relatives to whom to go, and in her husband's increasing absences she struggled on alone, contriving to govern her household from the couch which she was seldom strong enough to leave.

"If we were to live here, I might do something, you know," Mrs. Woodbury continued, "but Jim has arranged to leave for St. Louis only next week. I am thankful you can come with me today. I really know Mrs. Trent very little and that is so hard in a case like this."

They had finished luncheon, and the carriage had been ordered, when Mrs. Woodbury came back from answering a telephone call, with a rueful twist to her mouth.

"Janet, you'll have to go without me," she said. "Jim wants me down town as soon as I can get there—some business that he needs my signature for, as far as I can make out. But you'll go, won't you? Only come back to dinner, for Jim is refusing a club invitation just to see you."

(To be continued.)

Helen Chapman Wilcox, 1908
A QUIET SUNSET

A clear, pale light that lingers on the leaves;
An instant’s stilling of the breeze’s play;
Hushed twitter of the swallows in the eaves;
A shadow, and a calm; the end of day.

Beatrice Daw, 1909

FIRE AND SNOW

Gliding easily along on the level by the margin of the frozen stream, you presently turn away, with the stream at your back to begin the toilsome ascent. Slowly but steadily you make your way up the slippery incline, fighting surely against the tendency your skis have to slide backwards, nearing always the summit.

At length you stand upon the top of the hill and, pausing for breath, look about you, drinking in the keen, frosty air and following with anticipatory thrills the line of the slope far, far down to the little brook whose location you can only guess, and out beyond, straight into the great red sun now low on the horizon. The hills behind you look cold and bleak as you turn from the glory of the sun. The pine woods far off to the right look forlorn and old. The air is thin and blue and, in the east, the grey clouds of night are forming. The eternal solitude, the desolateness of the hills, for a moment tend to oppress you and make you shiver with dread. Then the blackness awakes in you a fierce joy. And straight ahead are the glowing embers of the sun, red gold.

You poise yourself lightly on the bits of wood beneath you. A gentle, forward movement, and you are off. For a few moments there is a slow, quiet descent, as though your skis are gathering their forces; then, suddenly, they are live things, bounding, racing, surging beneath you, responding lovingly to each undulation of the icy slope. Faster! Faster! A rushing fills your ears. It is the wind, moaning, dying, as you leave it behind you. The snow is blood-red, the air is blood-red, the heavens are one fiery mass. On, on, with scarcely a sound, except far behind you your own frightened breathing. You are not your own, but a thing of these demons beneath you. There is nothing; there never was anything but you and the cold and the snow and the fiery sun—and ever those fiends leap and shoot beneath you.

And now your precipitous speed slackens almost imperceptibly.
while near at hand is the steel-grey line of the frozen brook. On the instant you are lifted far up into the air, while your very soul seems to leave its body and soar through countless icy fathoms above. Up! Up! Then, with a graceful, undulating movement that makes your head swim with giddiness, you sink downward, striking the icy crust a full fifty feet beyond the stream and, with the immense impetus gained from the fall, on and on, through eternity you travel into the heart of the sun, until at last, as the light sinks away in the west and the blazing ball drops behind the line of purple hills, your skis become lifeless once more and bring you to a gentle standstill.

Marguerite Arnold, 1909

AN EXAMPLE

The back parlor was an awful word to every little girl in the lower preparatories. “Miss Spenser will see you in the back parlor right after luncheon,” sealed anybody’s doom. And there came the day when Miss Spenser would see me in the back parlor right after lunch.

I came breathless to the door and there was no Miss Spenser waiting for me. But the black marble mantelpiece and the patient palm in the corner were as evilly potent as rumor suggested. Then the rustle of a silk dress—a black taffeta silk dress I knew well enough—and the roots of my hair seemed fairly to pull me to my feet. Miss Spencer, smiled her “a-school-for-young-ladies” smile, secret, powerful, pitying.

I pride myself now as I look back upon the little talk, or monologue—for I said nothing—that one little phrase remains to give me a clue to what the good lady meant to tell me. That phrase is, “You must learn to concentrate your mind.” But that meant nothing to me then but a thread which I could not follow. There was one, however, which I could follow.

“And you see, my dear, if you don’t learn to concentrate your mind, you won’t have a good one when you grow up. You will see a robin in a tree and say, ‘Oh! there’s a robin! A robin has two legs! But a snake hasn’t got any legs!’”

Oh! the horror of it! Always to see a robin and think that a snake hasn’t any legs! I glanced wildly around. Miss Spenser with that dramatic capability that lies in everyone had assumed an idiotic, loose-lipped expression—my expression for the future!

I stumbled out, thanking her brainlessly, as I had been taught. She smiled magnificently.

“Nothing can make a stronger impression on a child than an example.”

Ruth Presley, 1909

A CONFERENCE OF PLAY

When people gather from all parts of the country to study for a few days one distinct subject, it is a demonstration of seriousness of purpose. But when that subject is “Play,” pure and simple, a marked
progression in the attitude of Americans toward the broad, free education is evident.

Last June in Chicago there was a conference which is worthy of notice. Its members were those interested in the problem of play, in the city and in the country, for children and for men and women. Some were there who had done much for the cause of recreation in many cities, some who merely hoped to do something in the future through the inspiration and suggestion of that conference.

The lectures given were of the vigorous type, which mingles well-defined theory with successful practice, and which is of direct and immediate value to the social worker. The broadness and variety of these talks are shown briefly by the titles of some of them: "Play and Democracy," "Play as a School of the Citizen," "Health, Morality and the Playground," "How to Secure a Playground."

The lectures, however, were but one part of the conference. One entire Saturday was given to actual play; on the broad common of one of the new recreation centers, four thousand people were the spectators of a day of games. The festival of play started with three hundred kindergarten children who, coming in groups from settlements and schools in all parts of the city, played and marched and sang to their hearts' content and to the joy of the onlookers. Games for the schoolyard, gymnasium and playground followed, illustrated by older children. Then there were national games and dances, which proved that the people from other countries are not wholly bereft of a sense of play when they come here, even though it may be crushed out of them by hard work if no chance for its natural expression is given. Exhibitions of more difficult gymnasium work and games demanding mental and physical alertness to a greater degree concluded the day.

But almost the best thing about the work was the spirit of hearty cooperation and good fellowship and serious desire to teach or learn which seemed to envelop everyone present. It was that spirit almost as much as the actual events characterizing the work, that made the Playground Conference a success, and that promises well for each succeeding one as interest and experience increase and problems multiply.

Katharine Taylor, 1910

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION IN ENGLAND

There are two political bodies of women in England who avowedly want, and are working for, the franchise. They are the Women's National Liberal Organization (W. N. L. O.), and the Women's Social and Political Union (W. S. P. U.), and both are carrying out a defined policy, the latter perhaps, a trifle more actively than the former.

The W. N. L. O. has been in existence a number of years, and has for its members such conservative and energetic Liberals as Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Lulu Harcourt (an American, by the way, and a daughter-in-law of the late Sir William Harcourt), Lady Bamford- Slack, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Asquith, etc.
As a body they have been working quietly for the extension of suffrage to women from the beginning of their career as a political, or so-called political, unit. They have organized branches in various towns and villages of the country; they have delivered lectures, conducted meetings and printed a certain amount of literature on the subject. At the last general election to Parliament, or rather just before, they interviewed the Liberal candidates for office, and received a promise from four hundred and twenty of these—a large majority—that they would favor, support, or not oppose a bill for woman suffrage. This number included the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In return for this promise the organization agreed to support these Liberal candidates in their forthcoming campaigns.

It was at this time that the W. S. P. U. just came into prominence, distinct from the N. L. O., and yet at one with them in their policy of putting a believer in woman's suffrage into Liberal office. The members of the Woman's Social and Political Union are not Liberals through tradition or because their husbands are—though this is not altogether true of the members of the National Liberal Organization—but by conviction. The majority of them are Socialists and, having realized in one way or another the very great need of the larger part of humanity, they have become advocates of woman suffrage, as a necessary preliminary step toward meeting this need.

Among them are such women as Mrs. Fisher-Urvin and Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, the daughter of Richard Cobden, Mrs. Despard, sister of General French, a vehement and most able radical, in spite of conservative army traditions; Mrs. Pankhurst and her three talented daughters, one of whom, Christabel Pankhurst, passed brilliantly her law examinations, but was, in accordance with English custom, refused admission to the Bar. Miss Pankhurst, a slight, sensitive, little figure, addresses the general public on woman suffrage every Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park. At first, she was refused a hearing, was insulted and hooted at by numerous East End roughs; gradually, her personality, reason and eloquence won them and now they will listen attentively as long as she chooses to talk, still firing questions at her, of course, but heeding and discussing her answers. It is remarkable to see this seemingly little girl handle this enormous crowd. Then there is Miss Annie Kenny, a Lancashire factory girl, who felt directly the handicap of no vote, and set herself to work for it; she is now one of the principal speakers of the Union. Mrs. Pethick-Laurence, Lady Harbold, Mrs. Snowden and Mrs. Wells are the names of other prominent speakers and writers.

After a Liberal government was returned to office and had been in almost a year without introducing any question regarding woman suffrage, the W. S. P. U. members began to agitate. They demanded immediate fulfillment of the promise by the four hundred and twenty members, on the ground that one of the first principles of Liberalism, that of universal suffrage, was being violated, and that the government was sailing under false colours. No attention being paid to this protest,
they agitated rather more vigorously and gained for themselves the name of "suffragettes."

Meanwhile the government declared, and in this the N. L. O. reluctantly agreed with them, that the liberal work, which had accumulated in the twenty years of conservative régime, should first be attended to, and that this must necessarily be the work of many months, if not years. "Give us time," said the Prime Minister, "and we will eventually come to your question." The Union's reply to this, of course, is that this liberal work must be done by a liberally representative government.

The N. L. O. had firm faith in the Liberal members' promises, until a woman suffrage bill was introduced by Mr. Dickinson a few months ago. This bill from the point of view of both women's unions was unsatisfactory, if not inadequate, but both agreed to it in the hope of a division on the question in the House. Instead, however, of "dividing"—that is coming to an official conclusion—the bill was simply "talked down," which means that it is impossible to bring up the bill again until its turn comes around after hundreds of others.

Whether it was wholly the fault of the Liberals or not, the action disgusted the N. L. O. and made the W. S. P. U. very angry and determined. Since that time they have sent delegates to every bye-election in the country to work against the Liberal candidate, whether he has declared for woman suffrage or not. Their object, like that of the Irish Home Rulers, is to support that government which will give them what they want, whether it be Liberal, Conservative or Independent Labor. In all bye-elections where an Independent Labor candidate is running, they support him by canvassing on a large scale, holding meetings for women and men, breaking up the meetings of the Liberal constituents and distributing pamphlets. If the only opponent of the Liberal is a Conservative, they even support him.

Lately at the Jarrow election, there were four candidates, Liberal, Conservative, Independent Labor and a demagogue Socialist. Jarrow constituency has been notably conservative, until last election, when a Liberal was returned with overwhelming majority. The W. S. P. U. supported the Independent Labor candidate, Pete Curran, and, to the surprise of the country and the discomfiture of the government which had been sure of Jarrow, he was returned.

Still more recently at Colne Valley, a staunch Liberal constituency, two candidates, a Liberal (Philip Bright, a son of John Bright) and a Conservative were running. Colne Valley is a mining district and the miners belong, for the most part, to the Independent Labor Party. For this election, however, they put forward no candidate.

At the beginning of the contest, a young man, Victor Grayson, presented himself as a candidate, independent of any party, and invited people, Liberal, Conservative, and Independent Labor, to vote for him because of what he stood for. He called himself the member for the starving child; and personally canvassed the whole rough, hilly and separated mining district. His energy and purpose were unheard of and quite extraordinary for you must remember he was backed by no or-
ganization, money, influence or sympathy (he is a Socialist), aside from what he gained for himself. The W. S. P. U. supported him and, to the surprise of the whole nation, he was returned.

This event was of varying significance to different people. Some celebrated it as the welcome beginning of the end of party government; others as a hope for a closer relation between representative and represented; others as a menace to the existing order of things; and still others as the first movement in the advent of revolution, anarchy, mob rule, etc. As one old bluehat Tory put it, “I shall not be surprised to see, in my own day, the guillotine in Trafalgar Square.”

It would be interesting to speak of Victor Grayson in Parliament; of his maiden speech, and the commotion it stirred up, attacking, as it did, institutions considered almost sacred by long use; of his very just, stinging and stimulating criticisms of Parliamentarians and their working methods. But it is enough to say, that up to the present he has quite fulfilled the expectations to which his election program gave rise. He is a man of the people and for the people.

But this is all aside from the suffrage question, except for the fact that the new member for Colne Valley supports it as strongly now as before election, as he does all other social reforms.

The woman suffrage work is still going on as actively as ever—more so in fact, judging by the program laid out for the fall and winter. It makes us a bit ashamed of our indefinite attitude on this side of the water. Victor Grayson’s election has been an inspiration to them. May it be the same to us.

Ines Milholland, 1909
EDITORIALS

CATCH IDEAS

College is the place above all others where we seek after and meet new ideas. They are crowding to us on every hand. Our instructors, our acquaintances are eager to introduce to us their particular friends in the realm of thought. Often we hurry on with an unobserving nod. We have missed the possibility of widening our intellectual horizon, but our sin is purely personal in its results. Often, however, we are struck with some new idea and take it up with equal thoughtlessness. Suppose it is a new movement in philosophy. We pick up what artists call its “patter” and proceed to bandy words on the subject as though thoroughly at home with it, when perhaps we have not the barest inkling of its real significance. Its catch words stand to us merely for “catch ideas.”

Perhaps our fancy goes deeper than this and we are interested in the newcomer as an intellectual problem, a fine game of thought to be played out in talk with our friends and yet to have no further value than as a subject for conversation. We are not bashful before it. Indeed we become woefully glib and assured. Yet the new idea means to us nothing vital, nothing applicable to our daily thinking and our daily living. It is this absolute lack of vital connection that makes it possible for us to dispose with careless arrogance of problems that epitomize the whole life of our fellows. And instead of liberal friends of the new truth (as we fancy ourselves), our flippancy makes us its worst enemies. We discredit it with others. We lose depth and honest vigor in our own thinking and are ready to skim lightly from one intellectual fad to another. By making of such conceptions as those of the socialist or of the pragmatist meaningless toys in an idle game, we lose that wholesome awe of truth and of experience which will enable us to incorporate in our own lives the stimulus we derive from them.

SENIOR AUCTION: AN OPPORTUNITY

Just now as we are discussing the matter of Senior Auction in junior and senior class meetings, it seems well to consider first the evolution of that entertainment. It grew originally out of a practical need, and fulfilled a twofold purpose in disposing of the furnishings of the departing student and thereby raising a fund against the rather heavy expenses of Class Day. In the Miscellany for July, 1880, we read for the first time of an auction on “Third South” where “cash girls arrayed in chemistry aprons rushed hither and thither. Auctioneers exhorted eager spectators and knocked down all kinds of articles at ‘ruinous prices’.”
In 1905 the suppression of sales in the gymnasium eliminated entirely the *raison d'être* of the auction as such. But meanwhile the impromptu stunt party, accompanying the earlier sales held in Main, had been steadily developing in importance; the hasty impersonation of individual students and members of the faculty had become a more elaborate but too-personal satire. In 1902 the caricaturing of individual members of the faculty was discontinued and the entertainment assumed the form of a comic opera satire on the college régime in general. Finding this material a trifle worn, in 1907 a new departure in the form of a light romantic opera was attempted. The labor and time expended upon this production even in the the light of its success, were, we believe, disproportionate—indeed work was begun in the spring of 1906 and was continued until the final production in June, 1907! But the greatest strain, that of constant and repeated rehearsals, came, as it always does, during Senior week, a period supposedly devoted to leisurely preparation for Commencement.

Now it is manifestly desirable to change the existing order, since the entertainment in its present form with elaborate scenery, costuming and drilling has got beyond us.

By doing away with that noisy and useless performance, the Howl, and its boisterous accompanying supper, we shall gain a good deal of time and incidentally save some expense. The entire elimination of the Senior entertainment, would, on the other hand, be a loss both to the class and to the college as a whole. The original impulse, the necessity to raise funds for Class Day, is as imperative as ever. The tax for each individual girl already burdensome for many would be considerably increased were the function to cease. But this is not the sole, nor do we believe the most vital reason for its continuance. Senior Auction whether as embryonic stunt-party or elaborate operetta is primarily the composition of the students—and as such affords a valuable opportunity for the voicing of original ideas and the trial of talent in many directions. And finally it is the last manifestation of the *esprit de corps* of any class.

With such vital reasons for its existence the question reduces itself to a consideration of judicious modification. Several suggestions, each with its particular drawback have been made. In citing them our idea is not to impose a particular plan but to consider the various possibilities.

One idea is to elect the committee two weeks before the time for the production of the play and to leave the whole matter of choice with them. This would do away with the long drawn out committee work, but would be open to criticism on the grounds that the final effort might not be representative of the class.

Another plan is that of giving an out-of-door pageant. Even if this should assume the form of an old miracle play, an early comedy or a more modern masque it could not fail of being more worth while than the emulation of frothy music-hall productions. Better still it has been suggested that the final choice of a senior play rest upon the result of competition; that the students themselves write and submit dramas or librettos during the year to a committee.
This would not be demanding an impossible grade of work for a good many of us are doing advanced work in writing, and any dramatic attempts could be incorporated into the output for the course. In regard to the subject; it has been suggested that we retain the modern satire but direct it so as to shed light upon our own hobbies and theories. For example the plot might cluster around an attempt to impose some of our pet fads upon the South Sea Islanders. Whatever the subject, the play should not be so elaborate as to require many rehearsals. Above all the composition of a good play would mean a hopeful and practicable increase of our “intellectual initiative.”

POINTS OF VIEW

Philaletheis In thinking over ideals for the year, it seems that Phil can best help us to reach those towards which the college as a whole aims, by recognizing and then, as far as possible, fulfilling its own sphere of activity. This has been formulated as “an endeavor to provide a much needed change from the routine of college life.” It is, then, recreation in the true sense of the word. The difficulty lies in realizing the breadth of this aim in our work. It must be accomplished through the Dance and the four Hall Plays.

First of all comes the choice of plays. They must be, primarily, such as will be enjoyed by the audience. This means that they must be within our scope of presentation. No matter how great a play is, there can be no pleasure in seeing it badly performed, and I believe that only harm can result from the belittling of the characters that necessarily follows such a performance. We must, therefore, bear in mind our material; our very scanty mechanical devices, and the fact that no girl in college can possibly have had the experience of life or training in dramatic technique that would enable her to portray certain parts. We want to choose plays that the girls, after only three weeks of rehearsal, will be able to give to us with real force and meaning, and not as a nervous straining after an impossible ideal. But we want to be sure that the plays we choose have real force and meaning, and are not the sort of amusement that evokes merely a contemptuous smile, and cannot at all develop a fine dramatic taste. It is not fair to put in so much work for such a result. Our aim, then, on the side of the audience is recreation through a selection that will enable us to give adequately plays that will be of real pleasure and interest to them.

On the side of the actors and committee also we want the work to be recreative, and not a severe strain. Besides through the choice of plays, this can be accomplished through the spirit of good-fellowship and enthusiasm in cast and committee, all working toward a common end, with real delight in all that it offers in its work, its fun and its friendships. All the parts in each play will be open for trial, and until everyone who wishes to has tried, no one will be asked to do so. This
will, I hope, insure absolute fairness in the assignment of parts. The critical committee of three members will perform the same function that it did last year, coming once a week to rehearsal, and inspiring us by the freshness of its outside viewpoint when we are tempted to lag.

The chapters, I hope, can be made more efficient in discovering and developing material for the Hall Plays. There will be some changes in their organization which will have to be worked out during the year. At present, we are trying to make the entrance trials more just. Suggestions along this line would be of especial value, for the need of a closer correlation between the chapters and the rest of the organization is great. I wish that we could write our own chapter plays. Last year it was suggested that the girls try to write a Hall Play. That seemed a large undertaking, but I see no reason why some of the dramatic situations that are constantly confronting us in books and in life could not be converted into a one act play. It would mean a lot to all of us if we could provide the material for our own chapter plays here.

These are our ideals for the year; to make Phil. play a vital part in realizing the highest aims of the college, through giving good plays, well, with the spirit that means most to us in our life here. They can only be achieved through the earnest co-operation of every member of the organization. Let everyone be quick to see the faults, to criticise, to suggest. Phil. is neither for the pleasure nor the work of a few people. It is for us all, and it can achieve its best results only when everyone feels a personal interest in it and gives to the people who are working hardest at it the benefit of their ideas. I should be more than glad for suggestions about any part of the work, and above all do we need the spirit that will carry on the work with enthusiasm, that will forgive mistakes, and through a spirit of broadening, discerning, appreciative criticism make it possible to do what would otherwise be utterly impossible. With this working all together, I think that we can make the year a very successful one.

E. B., 1908

Breadth

You remember the mob in "Julius Caesar," how it was swayed by the last wind, how it supported Brutus and then Mark Antony. We call it the "fickle" mob, and "fickle" is the fairly just criticism we pronounce upon all mobs, the people from the slums, paupers, loafers, the vicious and the unfortunate.

Pardon my taking the long jump from Julius Caesar to Professor Zeublin, but the connection will appear in a moment. You may remember his saying in one of his lectures last winter that the child of the slums has one great advantage over the country child in that his enforced contact with other people gives him a remarkable mental breadth. This breadth then must be a prevailing characteristic in an assembly of these people from the slums. It is the connection between this breadth and this fickleness which I am trying to establish. When a person is persuaded by another to a different point of view, it means that his ideas concerning the subject discussed have acquired the same balance as the other person's. It argues a power of sympathetic ad-
justment, to shift ideas so that they correspond exactly with those of another person. When a person is persuaded by every person he talks with to the point of view of each in succession, it argues besides a very remarkable power of sympathetic adjustment a lack of control. He can take the point of view of all sorts of persons but he cannot hold the former points of view while he is seeing the new. And because of his lack of control over his ideas his breadth has become fickleness. But the essence of the fickleness is a rare and valuable mental quality, a little more of which would add greatly to our college life and growth. Here, with our continual contact and our varied population, is our chance to train our minds to this sympathetic adjustment. But whether because we are so accustomed to suppressing feeling, or because we are unsympathetic through lack of experience, this power comes to us very slowly. When we come to college radical changes begin to work in us, probably because we begin to think more than we ever have before. This frightens us so much that we immediately grip our principles and ideas with both hands, and refuse to let go till they have been in the same position so long that they cannot move. We are afraid to think. Why should we be? We are all on the search for truth, and we are nearer it with two ideas than with one. Why should we be afraid to explore new regions? A college girl once refused to read an essay I offered her because it might shake her religious belief. I have heard that girls sometimes refuse our splendid biology course for the same reason. Is it because we are afraid of a truth or an untruth? If what we find is untrue, then just so much material is eliminated, if true, then so much useful material is gained. But why are we afraid? The soldiers who rush to arms to defend their fortress upon the approach of a stranger must fear for the strength of their walls. If our walls were rubber instead of adamant we inside could be much more comfortable. I was told by a college girl that I believed the theory of evolution because I liked to think I descended from a monkey. There is nothing in the whole vast theory which says I descended from a monkey. And yet, knowing no more than that, she had condemned the theory as worthless. Another college girl declared her idea of socialism as an exact division into rectangular lots of all the land on earth and corresponding division of all wealth, so that every man would have an amount of land and wealth exactly equivalent to his neighbors. Socialism, as far as she was concerned, was of course useless. I do not mean that we should take ourselves strictly to task for not knowing these things, but to condemn them without knowing anything about them, shows an almost fatal inflexibility of mind. It looks as though we were afraid to explore these subjects for fear of finding the truth; for surely we cannot be afraid of what is false. It is just this fear which makes the world movements in civilization come so slowly. People were just as afraid to break with the Roman Catholic church in the twelfth century as they are to endorse woman's suffrage in the twentieth. We hang back when the leaders of civilization beckon us, and say the time is not ripe. The time is always ripe but the people are afraid. If advancing civilization makes the world better—and only confirmed pessimists believe the con-
trary—why should we hold back? Of course every new idea would not, if adopted, advance civilization, but they are all worth exploration to avoid the risk of losing valuable material. If we might learn in the college, where there is so much opportunity to open our minds fearlessly to every new idea, always keeping our former ideas till we have weighed and valued all our material, if we could be broad-minded without being fickle, the ranks of the vanguard of civilization would not be so thin.

M. O. T., 1909

The Spirit of Athletics

Why do we have athletics in college? We have them primarily for fun and exercise. Many of us never seem to appreciate this. We think of them purely as another opening for the all-important competition between classes or as another opportunity to excel. In this spirit we make the teams and play match games. Winning becomes a business and the actual playing, tense and straining. No wonder some of our friends think we overdo it. The main trouble with us is, that we put the emphasis in the wrong place, we make the winning the important feature rather than the playing. Inasmuch as athletics are sports why not go into them in that spirit? Then we would never make ourselves go to hockey, basket-ball or track practise as though conferring a personal favor upon our managers. The circle would be filled with girls who go there because they thoroughly enjoy it and because they find the exercise and sunshine exhilarating. No one should stay away because she thinks that she cannot do anything. Each one has an equal right to the sport. If we can only bring ourselves to look at the matter in this light, athletics will soon be of interest and benefit to every girl in college.

C. G. S., 1908

"An Apology for Idlers"

Have any of us had an attack of conscience since we returned to college because on looking back at our summer's vacation we see that the twelve hours of almost every day were spent in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of pleasure with no thought of doing the things usually considered worth while? If so we have only to turn to Stevenson and find justification for ourselves in that comforting little essay "An Apology for Idlers."

The apology is not made for all dissipations of time, but for the excusable, even commendable, kinds of idleness that bring about a more intimate acquaintance with nature or with our fellow men; an apology for the occasional neglect of the flight of time that makes for long life and happiness. Stevenson says that "your truant may learn some really useful art; to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men;" and excuses him on the ground that he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind. "Mayn't we then go with the truant once in a while to listen to the tune of the water on the stones while we "fall into a vein of kindly thought and see things in a new perspective"?

But besides the idleness of out-of-doors there is a sort to which per-
haps a greater number of us are prone—the sort which leads us by a pleasant by-path to find the intimacies that can’t be reached by a close adherence to the path of duty. Is there no place for idle talk? Why, Stevenson can find apology even for Falstaff and several other gentlemen of a like stamp, on the ground that “good fellowship goes far to offset a multitude of sins.” And how better can good fellowship be gained than by idling away an occasional hour in each other’s company, on the strength of that charmingly Stevensonian philosophy of life which holds that “it is not by any means certain that man’s business is the most important thing he has to do,” and that “pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained and they are twice blest.”

“A happy man or woman,” says Stevenson again, “is a better thing to find than a five pound note.” Surely happiness is a worthy goal and if for us the idleness for which Stevenson apologizes is a step toward happiness let us appropriate his apology for ourselves, and let our moments of happy idleness bring us nearer to the spirit which prompted him to write at the end of his life,

“Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.”

L. M., 1908

The purpose of college is to teach us to think, is to produce men and women who can form opinions of their own and not be slaves to the theories of others, so we learn in our several English classes Freshman year. This idea of individual thought opens entirely new fields, fields which stretch out to infinity and we find ourselves instinctively beginning to think of things which previously we had accepted much as we accept axioms in geometry. The majority of girls in preparatory school follow more or less closely the opinion of parents, friends, or teachers. College therefore, is an entirely new experience where one must stand alone.

Before wandering far afield for elementary experiments in thinking, one looks round for something near home to practice on. The subject which naturally presents itself at college is human nature, for here many people from widely separate places are thrown into close contact; type meets type, and goes off wondering. We wonder, begin to think, and often rush to conclusions—which we repent at our leisure—and turn to ourselves as a basis for comparison. And here begins the deplorable introspection of college. Theoretically, introspection is good, but college introspection becomes not an examination of one’s self with the hope of eliminating undesirable qualities, but an absorbing egotism. “Souls” are brought out and paraded up and down in false lights for the delectation and criticism of some other Freshman or good natured upper classman. Theorizing and philosophizing over every sensation, every action becomes the vogue. The result is a morbid self-analytical Fresh-
man, and therefore one to be tolerated only because of the hope that some day she will regain her balance, and with it see more squarely the relation of things one to the other and the fallacy of her former behaviour. But this ability to see more clearly is bought at too high a price. Couldn’t this same result be obtained in a safer way? Let us try to find another basis of comparison for our impressions and stop filtering them all through our own personalities, referring them to ourselves, giving them a one-person tint which divests them of all variety and interest. Let us make our basis more objective, more intellectual. The change will result in a more fair and just criticism of others.

M. T. R., 1910

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A Students’ Exchange

From outsiders one often meets the question, “how can students work their way through Vassar?” And then it has to be admitted that to do this there are very few ways. If there were more such opportunities, would it not be well, not only for the individual students who would like to do this, but for the college as a whole? It would give Vassar a chance for more democracy, for it would bring to us a class of girls of whom now we have but a few, a class who would be likely to add fresh vigor and interest to our college life. It would make us more representative of all classes and this might help to remove the idea from the minds of some outsiders that Vassar is an aristocratic college.

A suggestion comes from another woman’s college of a means to bring this about. This college has a students’ exchange where all articles manufactured by the students can be brought to be sold. Could we not find some convenient room for such an enterprise? Different students could be put in charge of the exchange, each taking charge for an hour or so as she had time to spare, and receiving a commission on each sale.

This plan would also have the advantage of doing away with chairs of candy in the corridors and plates on the window sills. It would mean an opportunity, not as at present for a limited number, but for everyone who desired, to help out her income.

H. W., 1908

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Choosing the Daisy Chain

Some people have expressed, and more people have felt, a dissatisfaction with the present system of choosing the daisy chain. For several weeks in the spring, it changes the entire atmosphere of chapel, and brings in an element of self-consciousness on the part of some, and idle curiosity on the part of others which together create a general air of excitement altogether out of proportion to the thing itself. The whole Sophomore class is made more or less self-conscious. Those who have a certainty of “making the chain” are apt to be self-conscious. Those who are on the ragged edge have almost a defiant air, and those who haven’t a chance rather wish to show that they don’t care anyway. In a word, they are nearly all thinking about themselves—unless they have a marvellous self-control and lack of self-consciousness which it is not the good fortune of the average college
girl to possess under such an ordeal. For ordeal it is. The Sophomore, on leaving her seat, searches diligently for the Senior president and the chairman of Class Day, then assumes her expression, and stalks or dashes down the aisle, amid the comments—sometimes audible—of her own class, or of the freshmen, who are all agog to see "how the Sophomores are taking it." Even the upper classmen condescend to take a blase interest, and sometimes sit in the back of chapel expressly to see the Sophomore class walk out.

It has been suggested that instead of this—yes, let us frankly call it a pernicious custom, a secret committee be appointed for choosing the daisy chain. This committee would make a list of girls whom they consider possible for the daisy chain, and would be willing to receive written suggestions through the chairman of Class Day. It can easily be seen that by this method, the daisy chain could be chosen quietly and in a dignified manner, with as much probability of getting the right people as in the chapel method. Nobody would know who was choosing the chain, and nobody could know that anybody had been chosen positively, and it is hoped, nobody would give it very much thought until the day on which it is announced.

K. K. M., 1908

BOOK REVIEWS

The Miscellany used to include a department of book reviews, but it seemed not to be fulfilling any definite purpose and so for the last few issues has been omitted. There is, however, a purpose which book reviews may serve here and we wish to revive the department in a form so changed as to fit that purpose.

According to a recent discussion in the New York Times it is an open question as to just what type of book review is most valuable. Some say that the spirit of the book must be given and a suggestion of the ideas it arouses in a reader's mind, that its purpose is to lure one into reading the book itself. But on the other hand it is insisted that a review is devoid of utility unless it gives a fairly accurate idea of the contents of the book and if its relative rank among similar works, its purpose being to save one the effort of investigating and, possibly, of reading the book.

It is probable that in college some one person reads every new book of importance published in this country. It must often happen, too, in our constant reading that we come across some older book that is not apt to fall into many people's hands and yet which gives us pleasure great enough to make us wish to share it.

Reviews of old or new books and of whichever kind it is agreeable to anyone to write, the Miscellany will gladly receive. And it hopes that taking them altogether, the reviews in this department will form a trustworthy guide to the new books of importance.

MOTHER, BY MAXIM GORKY

To anyone interested in realism this book—it can hardly be called a novel—will make a strong appeal. But, though much can be said for the clear-cut style
and the marvellous wealth of detail, it is to the student of social developments in Russia or anywhere else in the world that it will be of deepest interest.

The scene is laid in the grim and sordid ugliness of a factory town in Russia, and the story is of a Russian youth born in an atmosphere of degradation and brought up in a social life where drunkenness and wild dances were the only conceivable pleasures. From this spiritual and material mire, he raises himself by sheer power of will and intellect, through contact with a force mysterious and terrible, a force which may be called by the name of Socialism only among friends and with bated breath. Gradually the boy's mother, bent and broken with sorrow and work and abuse, comes to understand the meaning of the strange books Pavel reads and the secret meetings he holds in the living-room. The new teaching is a wonderful revelation to the old woman of the possibilities of life, and when her son is arrested by the gendarmes, she enters into the work of distributing propagandist literature among the factory hands and the Muzhiks with magnificent courage and sympathy.

The portrait of the group of workers for "the cause" is made with the hand of a master. Each one is as simply individual as the men and women we all meet every day and yet in all there glows this tremendous sympathy for the cause of the laboring people of Russia that binds aristocrat and peasant into one firm-knit fellowship of work and struggle. It is a struggle that is just now fighting its hardest battles and the heroes engaged in it are obliged to face the most terrific hardship, persecution and death. Gorky shows us Socialism as giving to the peasants their only means of education and to factory workers and peasants scattered in field and forest their only means of union through which to fling off oppression, improve their fearful conditions of living and gain that freedom of opportunity that is the social ideal of every civilized country of today.

J. E., 1908

GEOL O GICAL RAMBLES NEAR VASSAR COLLEGE

A little book entitled Geological Rambles Near Vassar College, by Professor George Burbank Shattuck, has recently been published. Its nature, as may be gathered from the title, is rather that of a handbook than of a formal geological treatise. It includes descriptions and explanations of interesting geological phenomena to be found within walking distance of Poughkeepse, and excellent photographs of the different subjects have been placed throughout the book. Even to readers who have no technical knowledge whatsoever of geology it will prove interesting, as the subjects are simply and clearly explained.

M. C., 1909

COLLEGE NEWS

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

A Bible Study Rally was held on October 3. Speaker: Rev. W. B. Wallace, D.D., of Utica, N. Y.
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association held a meeting on September 27. The appointment by the chair of Mary Childs as chairman and Harriet Swift as Freshman member of tennis committee, were ratified. Margaret Bronson 1908, Polly Root 1909, and Helen Dwight 1911, were elected as members of the tennis committee.

MISCELLANEOUS

The college feels that it will be hard to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Dr. Bawden who has been professor of Philosophy since 1901.

Dr. James M. Taylor has printed a Syllabus on Ethical Systems.

Associate Professor Macurdy has published an article on The Mutilation of the Heraclidae of Euripides in the English Classical Quarterly for October, and has reviewed Decharine's Euripides and Loeb's Translation in the first number of the American Classical Weekly.

Lecturer J. M. Williams has published An American Town: a Sociological Study.

Associate Professor Mary W. Whitney and Miss Furness have published an article on Observation of Comets and Minor Planets in the Astronomical Journal.

A special pamphlet issued by the Astronomische Nachrichten in Kiel, Germany, contains a publication of the Vassar College Observatory entitled The Definite Orbit of Comet 1826 II. The work involved in this investigation was carried out by Elizabeth B. Cowley, 1901, and Ida Whiteside, 1904, while graduate scholars in astronomy.

The Sunday morning services have been held as follows:

September 29: Dr. Donald S. Mekey. John xi: 9.

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY

Among the gifts to the library since May the following may be noted: from Professor Hill nearly a hundred volumes for the Department of Bible, among them a copy of Mir'at as Zamân, in Arabic, edited by James Richard Jewett; from Professor Bawden, three volumes; from Mrs. Dimock, Maeterlinck's Measure of the Hours and Pryor's Birth of the Nation; from Miss E. G. Houghton, '73, Fogazarro's The Patriot and The Sinner; from other alumnae: J. F. Wheeler, '82, Trumbull's History of the Discovery of America; Mrs. Katharine Drexel Penrose, '89, Letters to Washington, 5 volumes, and Lambert's Story of Pennsylvania; D. E. McCarthy, '03, Hill's Sources of Greek History; Blanche Martin, '99, Reye's Geometry of Position; Jane Torrance, '07, 7 volumes on various subjects.

From the French Club the library has received 15 volumes on French literature, and from the fund by the Class of 1900, a set of George Eliot's Works has been purchased.

To the Alumnae library have been added: Beatrice Leigh at College by
Julia A. Schwartz, '96; Polly Pat's Problem by Winifred M. Kirkland, '97; two reprints of biological articles by Helen D. King, '92, and published as a Supplement to Astronomische Nachrichten; The Definitive Orbit of Comet 1826 II by Elizabeth B. Cowley, '01, and Ida Whiteside, '04.

The Vassar Alumnae Historical Association has added Votes and Proceedings of the New York Assembly, 1780; Rider's British Berlin; volume 9 of the Mississippi Historical Society Publications; Collection of the Acts of Parliament relative to Friends; Ames' State Documents on Federal Relations, the last gift from Anna Justice, '01, also from her a letter of introduction written by Garibaldi, his photograph and signature, and a letter from his son.

CONCERTS

An organ recital was given in the chapel by Prof. Gow on Sunday evening, September the twenty-ninth. The program was as follows:

Second Prelude in Fugue in G major............................Mendelssohn
Pastorale .................................................................Chaminade
Mennetto .................................................................Moskowski
Lento Sustunte ..........................................................Chopin
AT RANDOM

THE BEAR

(With apologies to Wm. Blake.)

Teddy bear, he sees thee!
Dost thou know who made thee?
Made thee common as a weed,
In the street and on the mead?
Gave thee coat of dark or light,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a high-pitched voice,
Gave thee lineaments so choice?
Teddy bear, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Teddy bear, oh, tell me,
Teddy bear, oh, tell me,
Tell his name through whom you came
That we may know whom to blame.
He was wicked, he was wild
Who first gave thee to a child.
Yet he needs no paltry blame,
Dreadful, retribution came.
Teddy bear he sees thee!
Every where he sees thee!

A. S. C., 1909

SONNETS FROM THE PORT-OF-GEESE

A MATHEMATICAL APPEAL

"O'er ancient books I've pondered"
(Pondered as well as I can)
Still I can't find, tho' I've wondered
What is a square all-round-man?

A NATURAL QUERY

Said a Freshman of wit quite vivacious:
"Will you pardon a question audacious,
Behind your North Hall
Can you tell me at all
What that high building is?—Oh, good gracious!"
At Random

A PLEASURE TRIP

A maiden whose name we must hide,
On the ninth floor of North once was spied.
When asked: “Have you friends here a few,
Or did you come for the view?”
Said “No, I just came for the ride.”

A. de L., 1908

THE MIND OF AN AUTHOR

Yes, I’m to blame for “Charity,”
But in the fire I’d fling it
If I but could, for heartily
I hate you when you sing it.

R. M. W., 1908
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

For some time the Miscellany has felt that it lost not only in interest to alumnae but in helpfulness to undergraduates by becoming too exclusively an undergraduate publication. We hope that in opening a monthly alumnae department in the Miscellany we can make up this deficiency by getting in touch with alumnae along as many lines as possible. To this end any stories, poems, essays, sketches; any report of work in which alumnae are engaged, stating openings for college students and telling if possible how the college has prepared or failed to prepare for it; points of view on matters in or out of Vassar; reviews of interesting or significant books; and all sorts of news items will always be welcome.

LOVE

Love sometimes fills a brimming cup
   With hand so shy
We drink it with unheeding lips,
   Or pass it by;
But love is humble, patient, full
   Of tenderness,
And knows no importunity,
   No bitterness.

Elsie M. Rushmore, 1906

DRAMATIC CRITICISM: A SUMMARY

It occurred to me before college closed last June that a summary of general conclusions from the dramatic criticism of the year might be of interest to those who expect to work in Philaletheis this year. The following point of view is by no means authoritative, comes from no committee or group of persons, and yet is more than personal since it is the result of many deliberate conversations and discussions on the subject.

The main point of criticism was the lack of unity, of any central idea about which each play might group itself. This doubtless went back to the lack of critical study of the play as a whole by the committee, as well as by the cast, but on the stage showed itself definitely in the lack of interaction among the characters and in a general tendency toward caricature. There were few parts played last year that left with the audience any sense of reality. Most of them stood out as clever histrionic creations, or else as the actress herself, her college self, under somewhat altered conditions. This mild caricaturing, this unreality can also be traced back to definite causes. There were few actors who realized the value of pauses and quiet on the stage. As a result, to fill in their lines and
to express themselves fully, they needed in each scene every gesture at their command. Sometimes, even, the same group of motions was carried over by an actor to an entirely different part in another play. Caricature as the result was inevitable, since a perfectly well meant, explanatory gesture soon, to the audience, became a mannerism, and an intelligent lift or drop of the voice, merely an annoying trick.

To say that the college actors lack repose on the stage is merely to say that we are amateurs. But just since that is so, we need to guard particularly against faults prevalent among amateurs. From last year’s criticism, both negative and suggestive, and the results or lack of them obtained, there come a few suggestions as to methods. First, that Phil write over its stage entrance “Unity,” and that every member of both committee and cast know the play as a whole and agree upon some central idea around which the play may pivot. There are many who have taken part in the plays the last night without ever reading the “book” through for the sake of intelligently considering it as a whole. Such a consideration, and the fixing of a pivotal point would help towards placing the various characters and their relation to each other and the play and so toward more interaction on the stage, and more subordination of one part to another. It would, for instance, make impossible the overemphasis of the comic element that has often been felt in the Hall plays.

Then for those who take the dramatic work at all seriously there must be “line work;” a careful weighing of each line by itself and of the words in the line—a thoughtful study of the part in itself. All this can be done in learning the part and so would not take too much time even for a college girl! There are teachers of the dramatic art who say that if the accentuation of a word is doubtful, the surest way to find the true accent is to give it to each word of the phrase in turn. The true stress then becomes self-evident. For the right and natural use of pauses, and in order to be able to stand quietly on the stage without uneasiness, some such study of the lines is necessary. With the understanding thus gained the college actor might find it easier to economize her gestures, to express herself fully without caricature, and so to add to the reality of her impersonation.

The lack of unity in the play and the lack of reality in the characters, these are the most conspicuous pitfalls of both casts and committees. Possible remedies have been given for each. But these remarks are in no way meant as final. It is only hoped that they may be suggestive.

Adelaide Draper, 1907

ALUMNAE BULLETIN

'78

Died, August 1907, Mary P. Root.

Published, by Jane E. Davis, “Round About Jamestown.”

'92

Born, to Lucia Wood Miller, a daughter, Margaret.
'94
Married, June 12, Irene Brown to William Jenkins.

'99

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Leila Durant McLeod, who had served the college as an instructor in English since 1904. Miss McLeod died in Devonshire, England, August 10.

'03
Born, to Ingeborg Kähler Henrich, a son, John William.
The following alumnae visited college during the past month:

'05
Helen Kenyon, Emeline Street, Alberta Wandel, Elsie Pitou.

'06
Elsie Rushmore, Julia Searing.

'07
Marjorie Wentworth, Gertrude Lockwood, Elinor Conover, Martha Gardner, Ruth Wilder, Margaret Shaw, Katharine Tucker, Eleanor Brinsmade.

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