

means by belief acquiescence in some other's view of it, he is right, but if he regards belief as "accepting the affirmations of the soul" which is true belief, we must say he has failed to understand Carlyle. This latter seems to be the trouble with both of these writers. Carlyle's province, most scholars, I think, will agree, is chiefly that of a critic. The function of the critic is not to flatter and condole, it is to penetrate into the beliefs, customs, institutions,—all that bears upon the history of man, and ascertain whether they are true or false. His duty is where ever he perceives error, to deal it a blow. His office to men is to see that the ship bearing them is sound, that it has no weak places, which giving away will submerge all under the waves. In such a position what is most important is, that he should tell the truth whether agreeable or disagreeable. There are times when it is necessary to say no. Every sham demolished, is an advance toward the truth. Carlyle was strong in his denunciations against the weaknesses of his generation, but he nevertheless believed and loved the truth. He hated the superficialities of human nature, but loved and revered what was high and noble in it. These are not inconsistent. Such is this man, he is not Dr. Watts or Bishop of Winchester, but Thomas Carlyle, a worker in the liberation of humanity, who with all his faults, ever struggled toward a higher ideal, and walked across the world, not as a cringing mendicant, but acting from manly, noble principles. No one can peruse his works without becoming stronger and better, this is enough. Judge him for what he is, set aside what he is not. Ascertain whether the teachings bodied forth in his works are for good or ill, whether they keep men "flat in the mud" or incite them to be honest, and true, to act the manly part. This is the only test. If men having no "love or faith in humanity", can do this, let us have more of them. Finally fit your argument to Carlyle, do not attempt to make him fit it. If you do not understand him, do not attach his name to a creation of your own. It is quite a common custom for literary critics to append author's names to conceptions which have no likeness to the owner. The practice may not seem just, yet it is done unconsciously by well-meaning men.

DRIFT.

They have all sorts of flirtations. The latest is the roller skate flirtation. The DRIFTER has collected a few of the most common varieties at a great expense and takes pleasure in presenting them for the careful attention of his readers.

- Skating into a lady and knocking her down means—"We are thrown together."
- Reclining on the floor and permitting seventeen men to sit upon you means—"I am crushed."
- Kicking a friend's skates while he is trying to do the "Philadelphia" means—"Do you tumble?"
- Putting one skate in the mouth and describing an hyperbola in the air with the other means—"I throw myself at your feet."
- Climbing frantically over the railing whenever an awkward skater comes into view means—"You need not attempt to make an impression on me."
- Elevating the skates about eleven feet from the floor

and then rapidly assuming the sitting position means—"Please take me home to mother."

- Running head first into a couple and projecting them in opposite directions means—"I hope I don't intrude."
- Suffering the same individual to fall over one nineteen times in the course of the evening means—"Your attentions are embarrassing."
- Going home in a hack, accompanied by three doctors and a Sister of Charity, means—"My spirit is broken."

A little etiquette is a good thing—in its place. We have always embraced every opportunity given us of introducing principles of politeness into the minds of students. They need politeness, to tell the truth. To understand the ways of society will help us all and, as this is practically impossible without a clear comprehension of the various rules established by universal custom for the government of behavior, we hereby submit to the uninitiated—especially the Preppies—the following short, but compact code of etiquette.

- Never, when ordering "whole stews", wink at the waiter with both eyes at once. Your girl might observe you.
- Never, when undergoing your first experience as escort, insist upon walking upon opposite sides of the street with the lady. You can venture within, say ten feet, without danger.
- Never call a lady by her given name unless you have known her at least a week.
- Never try to tell a Sophomore how to play euchre. He is sure to be either a professional or a Y. M. C. A. member.
- Never offer to help a Senior in his metaphysics lesson. He's past all human assistance; poor fellow!
- Never incur the enmity of a medic. You may die and be buried some time.

Never sit down on a Juniors stiff hat. He might object.

Never attempt to carry more than three unabridged dictionaries out of the library at the same time. You might be taken for a member of the legislature.

—Never leave banana peels upon the girl's stairs. They would resent it.

Finally, never wear a mortar-board to church. You might be taken for an archbishop and be asked to lead in prayer.

The DRIFTER had studied his "Phaedo". He was tired and dreamy. He was sitting in the recitation room of the Greek Professor. The gas burned dimly and the clock in the temple tower beat the hour of midnight upon the frosty air. The sleeping city was still and the ghostly silence of the college halls was unbroken by the faintest echoes of a sound. A strange, unearthly hush pervaded the silent room. The mysterious voices of the past flitted to and fro in far-off whisperings and the sombre influences of bygone antiquity gently drew a veil of oblivion over the weariness of an unvarying present. Soft murmuring tones came floating through the open casement and the slumbering corridors. In the language of prose the DRIFTER was asleep. From their pedestals the busts turned their sightless eyes upon him.

Then the indistinct reverberations became intelligible. From the marble lips of Socrates issued a sepulchral voice.