

mind to spend a vacation in, and unless one can get a large amount of boot it does not pay "to trade self-respect for cheek." However, we have known fellows to make almost enough to carry them through a year of school, at this work and yet be fairly respectable citizens. We have no doubt that many will undertake the work during the coming vacation and desire them to feel that the blessing of the HESPERIAN attends them.

OUR library presents a most dilapidated appearance. The matting on the floor has, a large part of it, been worn out and swept up. The remainder straggles in discouraged strings over the floor and seems to get a little amusement out of existence, only by occasionally tripping people. A table covered more by dust than by the remnants of a once green oil-cloth, bends its weak back, and braces its debilitated legs in a sickly attempt to hold up certain dogs-eared lexicons. An old cloth-bound, backless edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica lops over disconsolately against the sides of an alcove to which it has been banished to make room for its next younger brother "The Ninth Edition." The lower shelf of the belles-lettres alcove is in a very disgruntled condition, and to the left of the librarian's desk is a pile of books waiting patiently to be catalogued, and some government reports that seem to be waiting to be told why they exist. In the study room, torn paper ornaments the floor, and some unpainted pine racks are filled with a disorderly heap of periodicals ranging in value from complete files of the N. Y. Herald and London Times, to sample copies of the Irish World and the state weeklies. Beneath these are alleged files of many unbound magazines piled together in a state of promiscuity fearful to contemplate. A case of pigeon-holes, intended to contain clippings, is partly filled with periodical lumber, cut into scrap-book lengths. The order during study hours is not of the best and those who can find some other room to study in generally do so. The HESPERIAN however, is not a fault finder except when it is greatly in need of "copy" and the editors have to write so rapidly that they have no time to be just. The trouble is that the old appropriation for the library has been used up for some time and the new one has not yet become available. The binding is of necessity a way behind; there is no place where the unbound periodicals can be locked away from the disturbing fingers of restless preps; new matting is as yet unattainable, and the repairing of the furniture waits also till "the root of all evil shall again be getatable." There are to be sure, various incidental evils due to laziness, or lack of sense on the part of the assistant librarians, but in the main the order is as good as can be expected in rooms where fifty or sixty students are

at work, where complete freedom of locomotion is necessary, and where some whispering is inevitable. We can remember a time when no one was in any way disturbed by disorder in the library. At that time the room was only open for a while in the afternoon—we had no afternoon recitations—and once, when a prep went up after a book, he found the professor that had charge of the room sitting on the table and talking with three others about private matters. They all seemed a little surprised and indignant that a student should interrupt them merely to get a book, and he retired feeling as though he had made some kind of a "break" which he did not understand, but yet felt must be truly horrible. In those early days, things were measurably in order in the library, but the profs lugged off and lost more books than under the present regime. When with fairly careful usage a book becomes dilapidated and goes the way of all things earthly, it has accomplished the mission for which it was created and another copy should be purchased without grumbling. The rules of our library are unusually lax, or liberal, and if many of our volumes are wearing out fast it is only because they are used much.

#### MISCELLANY.

M. Taine in his English Literature says of Thackeray's Pendennis "it seems as though the Author had this text. "My dear brothers in humanity, we are rascals forty-nine days in fifty, or the fiftieth, if we escape pride, vanity, wickedness, selfishness, it is because we fell into a hot fever: our folly causes our devotion."

This is the tendency of bitter, serious satire. Whether it exerts a good influence is a debatable question. It certainly inclines one to be cynical and contemptuous when he sees men presented in such a light. He begins to think he is a fool, and all the rest of mankind. This is probably true, but it may not be best to dwell too much upon this conception. When we come to believe our passions, motives, thoughts, feelings are as ridiculous as Thackeray makes them appear, it puts us in no amiable state of mind. We conclude pessimism is true, and the only thing we can do is to sit down and curse humanity the rest of our lives. No doubt it is a fit subject, and yet there is nothing gained, no advance is made by such a negative course. It narrows us, makes us bitter and uncharitable.

With faith in ourselves and humanity weakened, we go about our duties with no hope of attaining better things. Such a philosophy is not one to lift up and elevate men.

Henry James' "Bostonians" which is being published in the Century, so far is very unsatisfactory. It is dry, tedious, dull and devoid of human interest. He describes a class of people spectral, rather than real flesh and blood characters. However good the lesson he intends to convey may be, he cannot expect us to wade through a story so heavy as this. His purpose seems to be to illustrate some phases of the social question. It undoubtedly needs to have light thrown upon it, it is as obscure as the riddle of the Sphinx. But the attempt to solve it: through the novel, in this case at least, has resulted in the destruction of the novel. Whether this is due to the fact that the social