

ily proven by trial. Now, if we have found a good thing there is no reason why we should not make the most of it. There is surely room here for a club of pleasure seekers in literature; and there is nothing which so fixes a subject in mind as making it a pleasure. There are many ways of carrying this scheme into execution. Suppose we were to begin with the drama. We might enact, in our own peculiar way, scenes from translations of the Sanskrit and Greek plays; then try a scene from Ben Jonson or Lyly, and so on down to Browning's dramas and Longfellow's "Spanish Student." Austin Dobson would supply us with an occasional farce. Of course this is but one out of dozens of plans of work. It is not material which line is taken up. Any would be pleasant and profitable.

THE University is well endowed and is ambitious, and the people of the state have shown, by practical proof, that they are willing to aid us when our own funds prove insufficient. It is probable that a year from now the new library building will be in process of construction, and the five buildings that we shall have after its completion ought to be sufficient to supply our needs in the line of room and equipment. But it must not be forgotten that the purpose of these buildings is instruction, and that without competent professors the money spent will be thrown away. Any student would prefer able teachers and poor equipments to the best of surroundings and an incompetent faculty; that is, if there must be a poor provision in one of the two ways. But, we think, there is no necessity for either of the evils. Money will secure talent; the University has the money and ought make as attractive offers to the men that are needed to here as any college or university in the nation can. Yet we lost, in Mr. Geisthardt, a man last year that we find it difficult to spare; and this year we have lost Prof. Wing, and have come very near losing Prof. Bessey and Mr. Brace. There is no telling who is the next one to be taken away from us to a place where he is evidently better appreciated. Sometimes we do not stop to think that our faculty numbers among its members some of the ablest men of the country. We must always be on our guard to keep the talent that we have been so fortunate as to obtain, and always on the watch to secure other men of the right kind when they are needed. This is the only sure way for the University to hold its present high position and to advance to one yet higher.

On Sunday morning, after a night of guard duty, Church ate fourteen eggs and then growled because Fletcher shut down on him. As a contrast to this Eager didn't eat a solitary thing except a ham and three loaves.

## LITERARY.

Occasionally something happens which is a sincere matter of congratulation. The most pleasurable event of this kind recently is that "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Cylinder" is ended. We are utterly at a loss to comprehend why an ostensibly reputable publication will devote its pages to such rot. The public has long been accustomed to having tales thrust upon the market whose only attraction was a rank sensational use of language, but never there has been such a bare faced attempt to make a story stand upon the sensationalism of the illustrations.

The fight waged against the ultra-romance school has been long and severe, but it is totally unnecessary to refer to this, in any way, to condemn "Found in a Copper Cylinder," for even if we admit the legitimacy of this movement, we are still a long way from justifying such a work. "She" with all the faults which have been proved against it, is a classic beside this effusion. There is an occasional idea in "She," and it shows some little originality in handling, even if the larger part of it is plagiarized. "Found in a Copper Cylinder" is utterly innocent of ideas, of skill in treatment, or of originality. In the first place there is a labored but perfectly fruitless attempt to give probability to the yarn by a complicated system of criticisms upon it, made by the various members of the yachting party which formed the cylinder. Archaeology, entomology, philology and numerous other sciences are introduced in a frantic attempt to convince the reader that the tale is true, but so blunderingly, and with such complete absence of art, that each example convinces the reader that the story is not true, and shatters the small feeling of probability which was beginning to germinate. If the writer had left out all attempts to strengthen his story it would have been much stronger.

The two awe-inspiring themes of the novel are gigantic birds, which everyone will remember from the illustrations, but the description of which would be utterly void of force without them, and a community of people who are directly opposite to us in all their beliefs, who love darkness and hate light, exalt poverty and court death as the greatest of blessings. To add horror to the situation the author introduces cannibalism with an air as if the very mention of the name would strike terror to the hearts of humanity. Now I don't know, but it seems to me the idea of cannibalism has become so familiar that but few of us would seriously object to being eaten.

The author adds to our already exalted opinion of his originality by introducing the unheard-of region of the South pole. Of course nobody ever thought, before, of travelers going to the South pole. The idea is fairly dumbfounding in its uniqueness.

The standard which the novel attempts to follow has been condemned and torn down for a hundred years. The novel is a miserable failure, even according to this standard. It is written to be strong, to be hair-raising. It is neither. Take away the illustrations and it would attract not even passing notice. And yet it is given to the public by what professes to be one of the great educational papers of this country.

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This University is so completely non-sentimental, and so totally beyond the reach of the average love story that I almost hesitate to mention one; but "A Love Story Reversed," in the *May Century*, is so in keeping with the spirit of leap year, and on the whole so amusing that I shall attempt to overcome my natural timidity on such subjects and speak of