

give way. The ability to do original thinking must necessarily be impaired.

The others are those who come merely for sport or for the name of coming, and manage in some way to pass their examinations with the minimum of solid work. They take their degrees, and may make a success of life; but if they do, it will not be the result of their years at college. These so-called students become the graduates that will tell you how useless is a college education.

ONCE last year, we took occasion to say a few words about base ball. A western inter-collegiate association was advocated, and the scheme appeared to meet with the approval of the students. This was probably because at the time we permitted ourselves to be unduly elated by a few victories; but unquestionably we then did have an excellent amateur nine. It now seems that the glory of the maroon has departed, and that we could hardly hope to make a contest even interesting to players from other colleges of equal rank. The most of the old nine are yet with us, and a number of good players have matriculated; but nevertheless it would be impossible at present to rouse enthusiasm sufficient to take a dozen students down to Crete. The reason is that the nine instead of improving, shows itself to be poorer with every game. Nothing else could be expected. Very few of the boys touch a ball during the entire summer vacation. They play one or two games in the fall, and then patiently wait for the warm weather of the next spring. During all this time the other players are practicing daily. Even in winter they find some place indoors. In the spring they are thoroughly prepared and in good form. Now if this seems to take too much time and trouble, we have little to say. A student's time is precious; but we think he would gain rather than lose by taking a moderate amount of exercise, and this might be taken with the ball as well as in any other way. But if the reward is not sufficient, there is but one course left us. That is, to give up gracefully and at once, and to confess that we can't play ball. Of course we may occasionally find a kindergarden nine that we can impose upon without practice; but no such thing can be done with the leading universities of the west. Now if there is still a longing to try our skill with worthy foes, it might not be impossible for the coming nine to secure the occasional use of the new drill hall, and so train themselves thoroughly for the contests.

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LITERARY.

How many of us look up every word we don't understand in our reading? I may as well begin by confessing that I don't always do it myself, although I try to do so as a rule. Naturally I am not in a good position to urge the rule upon others, but really there are few habits more beneficial or more characteristic of a true student. A college bred man should have a perfect mastery of his mother tongue.

The "intelligent compositor" can stand an infinite amount of abuse. It seems to be his lot in life. But the disdainful, pitying look which the editor of "Sketches" gave him when he discovered three of his articles masquerading under the title of "Literary" in the last issue, completely broke his heart. Then when the Literary editor came in and gently called to mind how, out of the goodness of his heart, he had tried to bribe both the typo of the first and the typo of the second degree, into giving him a clean "proofs" this year and when he saw the aforesaid Literary editor, weeping copiously over the number, he was heard to mutter a resolution to the effect that in future he would stay awake while making up the paper.

Did you ever think how important the perfection of each detail is to a complete work of art? Take for example the rendition of an act of "Faust". No exception could be taken to it from a musical standpoint. The great soprano sang and acted as well as ever before, and as well as could be desired. She was efficiently supported too, considering the fact that only a concert presentation was attempted. But the artistic effect of the whole was ruined—utterly and irretrievably ruined—by the alleged scenery. Everyone in the audience would have been infinitely more pleased had no scenery been put out, but the effort to construct in the imagination, a garden scene, from the meagre basis of a few flower pots and two glaring paste-board vases, or to surrender a mind haunted by such a representation to the seductive charms of Gounod's melody, was too great. A more frequent example of the disregard of harmony in detail is often shown in our societies. Members will present a production, admirably written, it may be, but with such utter lack of care in its delivery that the effect of the whole is ruined. A small detail, which if done properly would hardly attract notice, if improperly, or inadequately done will often utterly spoil the appreciation of other perfect features.

"As in a Looking-glass" is discouraging enough to anyone who has at heart the interests of true culture. But when the story is dramatized and presented by one so thoroughly in the spirit of it as Mrs. Langtry, and worse when the performance is crowded with the good people of an intellectual city, the spectacle is unbearable. In the first place the characters introduced in the novel are far from being desirable ones to meet. An adventuress and especially one with as suggestive a past as *Lena Despard*, is not a savory character. However much prudishness is to be commiserated, it is infinitely better than the *blase* air which tries to establish an utter disregard for and disbelief in, purity of life. No one denies that an evil life will bring its own reward. So a novel which pretends to depict both the life and the reward should do so truly. In "As in a Looking Glass" the life is shown only too truly. But it is absurd to say that after a life of crime and wantonness *Lena Despard* should feel any true, genuine affection for a man apparently better than herself only in degree. Even admit-