

lovers and he sends the irate brother on a fool's errand to Chicago. The fearless Rags Raegen becomes lamblike in the presence of the helpless cooing baby. To help her he enters the police station, which is to him as a baseball ground to a minister on Sunday afternoon. The human heart, Mr. Davis evidently thinks, beats about the same tune, whether under the dress coat of a 'German' leader or the flannel shirt of a wharf rat. Yet these very subjects which, treated by him are healthful and pleasant in their effects, are, on the whole, becoming too common. Looking through recent magazines and noticing the number of sketches and novels which deal exclusively with "society," and the number of pictures, of which a display of fine clothes and a resemblance to fashion plates are the chief characteristics, one is apt to think there is a big grain of truth in the saying that the American people are growing frivolous. It is from the middle class that the magazines get most of their support. It is only sensible to suppose they attempt to furnish that kind of reading matter which their subscribers desire. This tendency of magazine literature toward the light, or rather the flimsy side of life may therefore be reasonably taken as a proof of a similar tendency in the desires and ambitions of the readers of that literature. Ten years ago the national ambition was for education. Now it seems to be largely for amusement. Then, we left tales reeking with balls and seaside flirtations to the silly school girls and the weekly story paper. Now we all read them in our staid old *Harper's* and *Century*. They are seasoned, it is true, with a little poor philosophy, but the main idea is the same. They are descriptions of the life of the non-producing class of our population—a life which few of us have experienced and which few more, happily, look forward to attaining. However well fortified we may be with Spencer and Mill, too much of such mental pabulum is apt to be unpleasant. It gives a dyspeptic turn to our thoughts. As the small boy sadly concluded, "too much is too much

even if it is pie." The effect of Boston, Emerson, philosophic lectures and Browning clubs may have been a little unnatural, rather over-cultured for ordinary, everyday people, yet as ideals they certainly were more healthful than New York, Ward McAllister, the Horse-Show, and the Patriarch's Ball.

Time works curious changes! Whether one thinks of its busy hand as that of a Fate—a Destiny—working out what was to be, or merely that it is the instrument of the Nemesis which unerringly punishes the sinner for his sin, the ignorant for his folly—or again as the Divine Workmen who corrects all mistakes, condones all errors and at last evolves good out of seeming evil.

These somewhat serious reflections were suggested by the announcement of a new gift to the University of California, or rather a joint bequest which it shares with the Art Association of San Francisco, viz.: The Mark Hopkins mansion which has stood for several years unoccupied upon Nob Hill, an embarrassment to its owners, a conundrum to all who beheld it.

A friend of the writer recently visited the building with a party of professors from the University and some portions of the letter describing the palatial structure may be interesting to our readers.

"What is most evident at first glance is that money was just plastered all over that house. Built on the slope of a steep hill, it cost a fortune to prepare the ground, wall up the sides, grade approaches and build the foundations before the house was begun. Then the proportions of the building! Too high for a home, its rooms too immense even for an institution—too costly and ornate in decoration and finish were their size more practicable. Colossal balls, banquetings, receptions might be accommodated here, but what else? The interior is marvellous for the quantity of mahogany and tiling, frescoring and tapestried walls, exquisite carvings and fine cabinets built into the walls. Many