

mystery. Of course, some few women have suffered that much in their lives, but it has come to them slowly through long years. But that any mortal woman can get up and run the whole gauntlet of human suffering in two hours and a half seems incredible. And the kinds and sorts and species and varieties of agony that she does manage to rake into it: There is the physical agony of her disease, the agony of her love, the agony of her self-contempt, the agony of her blasted hopes. It seems as though she fills the play full of the quintessence of all human agony and leaves nothing out. But when we look over the list of her plays and see what she suffers as Cora, as Odette, as Leah, as Miss Moulton, one wonders what she is made of. All the most awful stage suffering, mental, moral, physical, she has presented. It seems as though somebody ought to sit down and invent a new kind of suffering for Clara Morris to suffer. And the strange part of it is she really suffers, her acting is great, not because it is natural, for it is not natural, ordinary normal women do not and cannot suffer that way, but because it is Clara Morris. Of course there is art and labor at the bottom of it all, but one does not think of art when they see her act any more than they stop to moralize on cause and effect when they see real human anguish.

In a sketch written long ago, Mr William Winter says of Clara Morris: "She was mournfully lovely to the eye and her picturesque loveliness was surcharged with passionate tenderness." I say it was written a long time ago, for it must have been many, many years ago that Clara Morris possessed "picturesque loveliness." That she can make one endure her pounds of flesh, her mouth and her unspeakable eyes is the chief proof of her art.

Tally-ho parties from the Palladians, Beta Theta Pi's and the Sigma Alpha Epsilon's "took in" the Kansas foot-ball game. This is an excellent way to advertise it throughout the city.

#### WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

The awkward squad is drilling. At last the poor fellows are learning what to do with their hands and feet, a thing nature forgot to teach them. The captain yells "March." They know that means to move their feet. They move them so fast that the captain has to run to keep up with his squad. They hold their arms down at their sides; they do not let them hang, but hold them as if they were sticks. They turn the palms of their hands out and hold tight to their fingers as if they were afraid of losing them somewhere on the campus. They stretch their necks and hold their heads high and "keep their chins on a level with their noses"—whatever that means. The captain yells, "Halt!" They stop their feet and unscrew their fingers a little. Then the captain teaches them some Delsarte movements, some bending and bowing, some stretching of the arms, some lifting of the feet, some general exercises for the further cultivation of awkwardness. Then they march again and halt again and turn all of the three wrong directions when the captain yells "Face." But they are learning, and perhaps by Christmas they will be as awkward as the most ambitious captain could desire.

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It is time for somebody to write a book on "Cribbing as a Fine Art," and to start to tutoring in the use of the poney. There is no reason why poneying should not be made a matter of systematic mental exercise and development as well as anything else. The only reason that its benefits and advantages have not been universally felt and recognized is that it is not practiced regularly and assiduously enough. In the first place, students must get over the idea that poneying is play. It is not, it is work, work that requires tact and brains and ingenuity. A dumb student can't poney, he has to get his lessons in the old grinding fashion. It takes time and talent and practice to poney.

In the matter of cribbing essays for instance, here are a few simple hints that may