

prove useful. If you want to be perfectly safe, go to the files of some newspaper and get your article from some old number. But why need you be niggardly? If you crib, crib something great, crib in a masterly, artistic way, crib like a scholar and a gentleman. There is no need of your taking anything poor, you have centuries of great literature before you, you have all the genius of all the ages to select from. It does not pay to cull from "Pansies" or "Tulips" or "Blossoms" when you can just as well have Shakespeare or Browning or Thackery.

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There is one person about the University who needs to be suppressed, and that person is the twenty hour student. He goes about with hollow eyes and pensive brow, carrying a large pile of books which he never relinquishes for a moment. He delights in running you up into some corner and freezing your blood by the most awful stories of studying all night with his head tied up in cold water, of retiring at three and rising at five. Not that he has to carry twenty hours. O no! But it shows such studious inclinations, such devotion to culture. It is nonsense for anyone to carry twenty hours, it would spoil the best digestion in the world. The twenty-hour student has no business to exist; but he does exist, and everybody knows of his existence. He does not believe in hiding twenty hours under a bushel, he takes care that they shall be both seen and heard of men. If he is asked to attend society, he gravely refuses, he has twenty hours; if he is asked to play foot ball, he has twenty hours; if he is asked to do anything for anybody, he has twenty hours. He expects to succeed in the world and get into heaven on twenty hours. My friend, you are altogether wrong. Ninety-six hours can't make one popular or celebrated or beloved. If you can do nothing more for yourself and your fellow-man than carry twenty hours, even if you carry them well, you will go back to the dust from whence you sprung in the usual Byronic manner.

It was my misfortune to sit near some University students at a play last week. It was my misfortune to hear them long to see Clara Morris in one of Shakespeare's plays because Camille had no "art" in it. Yet those same students sat and wept quarts every act. If a play can interest you, move you, hold you spell-bound, what more art does it need? All the art under heaven cannot save a play if it has not a vital interest, and if it has, no lack of art can spoil it. The gentlemen seemed to think that the play should contain fifteen or sixteen minor characters whose business should be to "prepare" us for the stars. That Armand should be introduced by his friends, that Camille should come in attended by her mother and nurse, that the 1st and 2nd and 3rd gentleman of Paris should come in and talk, that in the country the gardeners should come in and talk, that Camille's doctor should come in and talk, that Camille's undertakers should come in and talk. Now that sort of thing may have been good art in the sixteenth century when people went to the theatre to spend the night, but we have not time enough for it. If art can't give us a play in two hours and a half, why something else must. It is indeed sad if a student can't see a play without suffering over its "situations" and "effects." Speaking of "situations" and "effects," though, it is strange they did not find any. There is, for instance, the close of the fourth act, where Armand pelts Camille with bank notes which almost deserves to be called a "situation." As to "effects," I do not see how the fourth act could well contain many more of them, unless, of course, the 1st and 2nd and 3rd gentlemen of Paris were brought in. I do not remember having seen any greater "effects" than Gustave's watching by Camille's bedside, or than that idea of bringing the bride with her veil and flowers in where the woman of the world lay dying, and at the time I wondered if I had ever seen so great an "effect" as when the dying woman staggered to the window and