

## "A PASTEL IN PROSE."

He was a fair youth and of a ruddy countenance like the youths the Bible talks about. His raven hair was brushed back in a careless, impetuous way from a high white forehead such as female novelists love to write of. His eyes were bright, flashing with self-confidence and self-satisfaction. His cheeks were exceedingly rosy and his smile was one melting sweetness. He wore glasses which added to the general clerical air about him. His name and appearance were biblical, and his bearing was one of conscious virtue. He was one of those happiest of all mortals, a genius who was fully conscious of his power. In conversation he was rapid, eloquent, and oratorical. He had that facile mastery of expression, which is the result of years of practice as a University guide. He presented, explained and dismissed literature, art, and the problems in the same pleasant and kindly tones in which he once glibly repeated the well-known phrase, "This is the hall of the Union Society; we have three societies, Union, Palladian, Delian, etc." He is just as gentle and considerate with the problems of the universe as he used to be with his fellow-editors, but the problems see a little more of him than did the unfortunate editors. He did not waste the beaming of his ruddy countenance upon a college paper, he reserved it for Greatness and Genius and Fate and other trivial matters. He was a very pleasant little fellow, particularly sweet tempered when the sense of his own greatness gave him wings. On bright sunlight mornings when he has been much impressed with his beauty of thought, he used to walk rapidly by the stone walks scarcely aware that his feet touched this lowly earth and vaguely wondering why the main building did not literally bow itself down before him and grovel the weather signal in the dirt. It seemed to him that he could hear all future ages ringing with his name. He often wondered when he shook hands with people if they knew how

proud and fortunate they should consider themselves because they permitted to speak to him face to face.

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Such he was before the fall. Since then we have seen little of him. Messrs Dennis, Kier and Van Ness have been working over him since the 19th trying by their united effort to make a hat band big enough to span that noble brow teeming with great ideas. He and all his followers are at present beyond the range of vision, swept under by the awful vortex of vanity, when they rise to the surface again we will strive once more to "mirror passing greatness in the minds of men."

## THE STUDENT AND THE STAGE.

It is passing strange how much students know about the theatre and how very delicate their taste is. The other day I heard one of them decide that Schalcis voice was "cracked" and that Modjeska was not "natural," and I have been pondering over the news ever since. Needless to say, this gentleman was not a regular theatre-goer. He was one of the type who only go to the theatre when Shakespeare's name appears on the bills, who takes his Hamlet and his opera glasses and occupies a seat in the balcony. He studies his Plato between the acts, and watches the play from the standpoint of a superior intellect looking down upon an earthly world. He knows nothing whatever about the theatre itself or about what can be done there. He only goes to see a play that he is sure is sufficiently elevated. He is ignorant of stage possibilities and stage limitations, he has never even been across the footlights. He thinks because he has studied Hamlet he knows how Hamlet should be played. He might just as well say that because he has read the play he can tell an artist painting a Hamlet what colors to use and how to lay them. He knows the main conception, but of the detail of an actor's art he is utterly ignorant.