

gymnasium, make him drag a cord up—down—back—until given muscles had been developed in a given way, and curves and angles had been altered and modified according to an arbitrary standard. Think of it! Why, it is infinitely harder for that boy to hold his head erect, his chest expanded, his back upright, than it is for other boys. Yet the drill sergeant would torture him into painful symmetry. Thank Heaven the age of barbarism is passing. Thank Heaven for William Hawley Smith.

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There is a girl who is short. Passing by my laboratory table, she furtively whisked my fountain pen into her chatelaine bag. She could not help it. We know all about her. Yesterday my gloves were missing. Today I had bread and butter for lunch. She likes cake and grapes. What's the use though, good folks? In the name of—*Oh*,—(you can stamp your foot yourself)—What's the use?

Do you want to look at some more? Why, we are all born short. Look at yourself. I will look at myself. I am lazy. I can't help it. When the Journal boy leaves the paper, the little Eskimo dog down stairs barks and wakes me up. I think, "Now there is that trigonometry—two hours till breakfast—what a lot I could do in two hours." Then I go to sleep. Pretty soon I hear an alarm clock whizz faintly, and I wonder if it is six or half-past six. I calculate how many of the problems I could work in half an hour. Presently I am half aware of a foot on the stairs. It is the girl who works in the telephone office. She has to be at work at eight. So should I be at work at eight. I fall into a reverie. How much time I waste, every morning. Two hours a day—six days in the week—would—be—Let—me—see—

The seven o'clock whistle blows. I shudder. The breakfast bell rings. You know all about it. You are as grateful as I that William Hawley Smith has said: "Let the hard things go to the seven seas. We

can't help it when we are lacking in some of the lines that go to make up the measure of the stature of the perfect man."

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I believe I said thank Heaven for William Hawley Smith. Heaven might consider thanks gratuitous I am afraid. The people we think about as manipulating the golden harp-strings, earned their right to recreation by discipline more taxing than the study of celestial harmony. It would be very nice if we could make things easier. But life isn't easy and pleasure is not compatible with the highest good.

Why, even Demosthenes, away back in Greece, knew better. Of course Greece and Demosthenes are out of date. They knew nothing whatever about modern methods of pedagogy. But they couldn't be expected to. They had no teacher's institutes, and no William Hawley Smith. So of course, Demosthenes was dissatisfied with his shortness.

But the new era is upon us. All these years and years, we have all been wrong. We have insisted upon setting up standards and trying to follow patterns prescribed for us. Why, when we have succeeded in measuring up fairly well to one arbitrary ideal, we have immediately proceeded to set up another. William Hawley Smith has made out a clear case against the methods by which progress has been trying to run itself. Like one who went before him, he has "changed all that."

February 21st, the new members of the Palladian literary society gave the annual "new members" program before a large and appreciative audience. The program consisted of "The Graduating Exercises of Sleepy Hollow High School" and the tableau "Bluebeard." The successful manner in which all the participants acquitted themselves showed beyond dispute the fact that literary enthusiasm and literary spirit were never more active nor more potent than now.