

to their houses, and yet everything is in order; one cannot find a squeaky hinge about the house. What the cause of this difference is we shall not attempt to state, though it is not difficult to explain. Lincoln reminds us of a man of the first-mentioned kind. It seems that enough effort is put forth here to accomplish excellent results, but everything goes wrong. It was the general impression that we were to have an electric motor; we got a miniature railway train. We became very much excited over the prospect of pavements. Well, we have them, but it is rather disappointing that, in muddy times, we cannot distinguish between the streets that are paved and those that are not. Lincoln is young, and possibly it cannot learn unless by painful experience.

SOME one has sent us an anonymous communication in reply to our editorial comment on the woman suffrage question. The article is signed "A Crank," and the general tone seems to justify the term. We are sorry that its style is such that we cannot give it a place in these columns, but we wish to say to the author that if she will write again and confine her attention to the subject we shall be truly pleased to resign our space to her. She says that "we but expose our utter ignorance," that we "prate," and then, in conclusion, that she has 'merely tried to show us and those who may have agreed with us what a flimsy foundation our objections possess,' and hopes that we "may live to outgrow such foolishness." Now, in our note we made pretensions neither to discussing the question nor to voicing the general opinion of the students. We merely gave the conclusion we had arrived at, and requested that it be given the same consideration that our opinion on any other subject would receive, and no more. In a humbled and subdued way we would like to remark that everyone ought to be permitted to think on a subject of as great moment as this, and, moreover, without being exposed to the ungentlemanly and unladylike attacks of the "Cranks" who take pleasure in that name. What they wish is freedom,—the very thing they would deny to those who do not stand with them. "Crank" is not a title of honor. It signifies a person whose intellect is so morbidly developed as to prevent thought on more than one phase of a subject. It is not the ideas of cranks that we want, but the solid reasoning of those who are capable of looking at the matter from every point of view. Then the existing circumstances may be radically wrong, but, as matters are, if the women ever receive this privilege of voting it will come through the consent of the men, and we would suggest that such consent is not likely to be won at all the sooner by calling men "brutes" and the like.

## LITERARY.

A writer should consider how far the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand.—*James Russell Lowell.*

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The February *Century* contains an article on "Astrology Divination and Coincidence," which is well worth reading. Superstition seems to be the most difficult of public feelings to overcome. The number of people who still believe that

"Signs, omens, dreams, predictions  
Surely are not fictions;  
And many facts does history cite  
To prove that we are right,"

is more marvelous than any of their alleged prodigies. So many wonderful things are done in the name of science that the people are totally unable to distinguish the difference existing between a scientific prediction of a cold wave and of the end of the world, if indeed there is a difference in value. Probably the most wide spread superstition at present, to again quote our friend Prince Lorenzo, is that: "Thirteen at table's bad sure," than which a more senseless belief was never entertained. From years before the time when the Romans wouldn't fight because the chickens refused to give their approbation, there have been constant attempts to predict future events. The inspired men of the Bible gave this profession a certain amount of prestige. Later people got the idea that the sayings of madmen had some peculiar significance, and since then every inspired lunatic, who wanted to specially distinguish himself, has attempted to foretell future events. The article in question gives numerous examples from Zadkie's almanac, (a publication pretending even now to foretell the events of each year), which have at first glance a strong appearance of probability, but on examination show the absurdity of the whole thing. Under "Coincidences" there are several points worth remembering.

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CARTER.—Have you read *Anna Karenina*?

NELSON.—No, I understand the plot is of the French order and I have about made up my mind that reading such novels is detrimental rather than beneficial.

C.—Well, you can't claim that *Anna Karenina* is over-drawn or not true to life.

N.—Perhaps not, but that there are a great many things in real life that is not best to dwell upon. I like to read a novel which inspires me to do or be something better.

C.—But cannot the same lesson be taught by showing the faults of an evil character or the inevitable result of evil actions?

N.—No, not so well, I think, for while we may feel the full force of an evil character, and on the whole detest the life which it represents, it will, to some extent, shatter our ideal of honest living, and leave us in doubt as to the balance of good and evil in the world. I don't know that I can clearly express what I feel on this matter, but when I read of an evil character, and then reflect that among all my acquaintances there is not one in whom I cannot detect some imperfection, it unconsciously gives me what I must, in more cheerful moments, believe is an exaggerated idea of the evil among mankind.

C.—But when you read one of your ideal novels and then fail to meet anyone as good as your hero or heroine, do you not feel as if the novel had painted too rosy a picture and was likely to delude somebody into thinking the world better than it really is?

N.—No, not exactly, for I still cherish the belief—perhaps