

ng that she did feel a genuine affection for her third husband, the moral effects of her continually taking narcotics, and of her final suicide is hardly inspiring. Then, to come to the dramatization of the novel. That is even worse, for the printed page gives one a stronger suggestion of a moral than can be given from the stage. Lena's alleged affection for her husband never suggests itself as in any way a propitiation for her former sins, nor does her suicide seem like a just punishment of them. There is only one more point needed to complete the evil effect of the production. Realism is a grand thing in its place, but hardly when, as in the case of Mrs. Langtry, the inner life of the actress is so in harmony with that of her heroine. Is there not enough true feeling in this country to discourage such exhibitions?

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One of the late additions to the library is a copy of Count Tolstoi's "Physiology of War." Those who merely think of the great Russian as a successful novelist, woefully underrate him and his influence upon the century. "Anna Karenina" is a wonderful novel, and well entitles him to the name of a great novelist, but he is just as distinguished as a great thinker, and if the lessons he points out in the "Physiology of War" are heeded, his influence upon the century will be greater than that of any other thinker. The examples taken to prove Tolstoi's theory are the invasion of Russia, the battle of Borodina, and the retreat of Napoleon. Hero worshippers will find very little to admire in the work, for Tolstoi is directly at variance with their belief—that the invasion was carried on successfully by the genius of Napoleon, that the battles were fought according to his plans. Tolstoi says the orders directing the battle of Borodino, for which Napoleon has had so much praise, were not only not executed but were impossible of execution. In a word, Tolstoi believes that Napoleon had no more influence upon the result than any one of his soldiers, and that the result was what was inevitable from the forces at work, aside from any so called generalship. How he reaches these conclusions is best seen in the work itself. It is not long, and is I should say, absolutely necessary to an understanding of Napoleon's influence, or lack of it.

#### SKETCHES.

This is a very pious institution. At least some very pious students attend school here. The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, may apply very well at this moment. But, however, if all the students who attended prayer meeting Wednesday are pious, there is no need to fear for their eternal destiny. That statement needs to be qualified. If all the students who came on the campus Wednesday evening really attended prayer meeting. If they did an overflow meeting must have been held in the open air.

One young man, a Junior, announced early in the evening that he was going to prayer meeting. I suppose he went. At least I hope so. He was seen and heard during the evening at different times. Once he was heard to ejaculate as he helped pry up a rod of sidewalk. Soon after he was seen pulling his very best as he helped hoist a wagon upon the armory portico. Then he was caught with a can of black paint and a dainty little brush in his possession. At that time he seemed to have a fondness for sitting on clean, white stone steps. It was about one o'clock when he was last seen upon the campus. At three o'clock in the morning he

woke up the house by his entrance. He had twenty-five feet of clothes line wrapped around him, a dark lantern under his coat, a paint brush in his hip pocket, the oldest hat in creation upon his head, and altogether he looked as if he had been born in a cyclone and raised in a saloon. Next morning he was just as elegant in appearance as the foppiest dude. Is there not good cause to hope that he attended prayer meeting?

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A bashful young man is thrice blest. The bashful young man is often a creature of our imagination. It is true that among a hundred young men, one may be found to be extremely diffident by nature. He may blush if a girl glances at him; may tremble and stammer if one speaks to him and may walk five blocks out of his way to avoid meeting any young lady. All this may be true. But it is equally true that though such a young man is often pitied he is seldom scorned. Perhaps he is beneath contempt but I doubt it. The bashful young man is more an object of respect than contempt. He rarely lacks the requisites of decent manhood. As soon as his bashfulness is swept aside, one is surprised to see how much is revealed worthy of admiration. It is not idle to say, natural, genuine bashfulness quite often conceals from view the best virtues of young manhood.

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I know a peculiar young man. He is a student here of course. I met him last Monday morning. He had flunked in three studies. His heart was burdened with trouble.

The night before had been Sunday. The student had made a call. No need to ask where. He had a firm resolve to stay no longer than half past nine. Excellent resolve: Miserable effect: He talked and she listened. She talked and he listened. Time and again he started to leave. He supposed it was not later than nine o'clock. So as often, he determined to stay a few minutes longer.

An incontrollable impulse finally produced a yawn. It startled the student. It surely must be ten o'clock. He left. He lingered at the door. Did you ever know anyone who failed to do that? The door closed. He started for the gate. The town clock began to strike; the student paused, listened, counted. Not ten he counted, but twelve!

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Some people are naturally ironical. During the summer I daily crossed a large grass lawn. Other people crossed it also. The path ran diagonally from the south-east to the north-west corner. As time went on the path became very much worn. While the lawn became greener and greener the path became yellow and dead. The lawn was not made beautiful by the path; not by any means. Why did the owner fail to forbid persons crossing his lawn? He was an ironical man.

While the summer months came and went, the path remained. While the grass grew and the flowers bloomed, people persisted in tramping across the lawn. The long yellow streak across the yard was an eyesore to the neighborhood. How easily would that path have become again part of the green lawn if the owner had prevented pedestrians from crossing it. But no. While it was possible for the grass to grow, he remained inactive. October's frosts came and the lawn put on a shade of yellow. Then the owner appeared. While the autumnal winds were whistling and the leaves were falling, when everything belonging to summer was passing away, then the owner built a fence and stuck up a sign, "Keep off the grass."