

together, they summoned to their presence the courtiers and retainers that yet lived; and sent them forth among all the tribes of men that they should accost everyone saying, Is it cold enough for thee? The courtiers and retainers returned within a fortnight and reported ill success. Men, they said, when accosted, simply groaned in their anguish of spirit; but deviated not one hair's breadth from the path of virtue.

And King Hades was sorely troubled but Persephone soothed him saying, Have patience, O King, for we have yet three trials. And Hades summoned his retainers, and exhorted them saying, Know ye that if ye are not successful in three trials in turning men from the path of virtue, we are doomed to eternal solitude. The dog Cerberos will die from inactivity, and the rushing Styx will be transformed to a dried up bed. Go therefore again out among the tribes of men and afflict them with ceaseless questions saying, What dost thou know; and see to it that ye are successful. And the courtiers and retainers when they had traveled—aye, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth—and performed their mission, returned and said, We tremble before thy wrath, O King; but be it known to thee that all the sons of men, when afflicted according to thy bidding, simply said, Get thee behind me, Satan; I have the bulge on thee. So here we are entreating thy clemency.

Then King Hades waxed exceeding wroth; and he swore a great oath—aye, even by the very beard of Zeus that the sons of men should repent them of their folly. His kingdom rocked in its foundations; the mighty marble columns and shining turrets fell with a crash; the cold, misty gloom deepened and settled down over the land in a ceaseless night; the lakes of molten sulphur bubbled and seethed with a sound like a thousand hissing snakes. Aye, even the dog Cerberos awoke from his lethargy and howled with his hundred throats in a noise like crashing thunder. But above it all was heard the resonant voice of King Hades explaining to his servants their new duties. The sons of men, he said, have among them a document which they prize greatly. The document is called the slate, and is of exceeding great interest. They yearly choose from among their number one to keep this slate for the common perusal in which is said to be great pleasure. Go ye therefore forth and afflict this man with numberless evils. Estrange his mind from the document, so that he will forget it in divers places. Instill into him a stubborn nature, that he may refuse sanction to the escutcheons which they wish to inscribe thereon. Fill his mind with forgetfulness, that he may not remember the places where the various escutcheons have been inscribed; and this causes dire dissensions and strife and war and pestilence and famine and death among the sons of men. And Hades gave unto them various style and implements that they should deface the document and cover its pages with illegible hieroglyphics that he told them.

And the courtiers went forth, doing as they were bid; but soon returned saying, O King, thou hast made a grievous mistake, for when the sons of men drew unto the slate bearer that they might do their daily task, and it became known unto them that he had forgotten the document, they were filled with exceeding great joy—Yea verily, with a joy that is not of this world. They embraced each other and fell upon each others necks weeping for joy; and when it was further made known unto them that another had preceeded them, and inscribed his escutcheon in the place where they wished to inscribe theirs they lifted up their voices in thy praise, O King, grasped one another by the hand; and their countenances were suffused with a radiance which is akin, even unto the radiance of Zeus.

And now when King Hades heard these things, he fell

down upon his face; and threw dust upon his head, and the air was rent with his groans. But Persephone called all the retainers unto her and rewarded them for their service, giving unto them rich presents of silver and gold and horses and fine robes and suits of armor; and she sent them unto the most distant parts of her dominions, that they should gather together all her subjects that yet lived, and lo! when they were all assembled, she came down from the palace and spake unto them saying, Go forth among the tribes of men and whomsoever you meet snatch quickly his lead pencil from his coat pocket; and be filled with exceeding care that he recover it not. And they went forth on their errand, an exceeding great number, aye, even like unto the leaves in autumn or unto a swarm of locusts. The air was darkened, and the sound of their flight was as the rush of many waters.

And when Hades discovered what Persephone had done he embraced her saying, O Persephone, thy scheme will be successful: thy expedient will madden the brains of the tribes of men, and darken their intellect with rage. And while he was yet speaking the earth trembled, and he heard afar off the sound of many feet. It drew nearer and nearer; the dog Cerberos awoke and gnashed his teeth with rage. The gloomy portals were filled with a mighty throng of the sons of men that by the expedient of Persephone had been turned from the path of virtue. On they pressed with irresistible impetus, an endless stream—aye, an exceeding great multitude.

Hades and Persephone now reign over a land filled with many people. The hall and plains are once more filled with the shades of the departed. The dog Cerberos with the many heads is weary nigh unto death from work overmuch. But Zeus? Alas, bitterly did he repent his promise; and he now laments daily saying, O Hades, is this the requital of my friendship that all the tribes of the sons of men should come into thy kingdom, and not one soul to the halls of Olympus? Alas would that I were dead. Selah.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

The literary societies have had an unusually big boom this term. Indeed it is not within the memory of the oldest student when such splendid audiences have greeted the societies. This is due almost wholly to the increased interest shown in literary work. Students are beginning to learn that the work afforded by the literary societies is worth more to them than any other study in the University curriculum and are beginning to avail themselves of the opportunities offered. The ability to appear well before an audience is not inherent in man. It can only come by long and loyal training. The literary societies are nothing more nor less than training schools where individual merit rules. They offer to the rich and to the poor equal chances. No cliques, no clans, no factions are there, but all work for the general good of the society. Honors are distributed to those, who, by patient toil, loyally and unflinchingly win them. There is no such thing as covering undeserving members with undue honors and heaping coals of fire upon the heads of the deserving. All work together as nearly as practicable in order that the highest possible degree of unity may be attained. Where unity prevails, there will prosperity be found. All members of the literary societies have reason to congratulate themselves upon past success, but let us not, in the hour of prosperity, become negligent of the duty we owe to their welfare; for by so doing we may impair their growth. Recklessness means adversity and adversity, unchecked, means