

ary, for it contains very good descriptions of the ceremonial, and of the events immediately following. There are several articles by different authors on various topics connected with Washington's inauguration. Read it and be prepared to use your knowledge thus acquired when the U. of N. observes the new national holiday, April 30.

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Frank R. Stockton has written another story. It is plain from reading it that Stockton wrote the story, for no one can imitate his style, half humorous, half-mockingly serious. The name of his latest production is "The Great War Syndicate," and the idea contained in the title is as interesting as the details of the story are ingenious. The story is of an American war with Great Britain, a war that the United States government was anxiously prosecuting. The date of the occurrences was in one of the last years of the nineteenth century. In order to relieve the government, a syndicate of millionaires and geniuses was formed, who, for a certain sum agreed to take the war entirely off the government's hands. A contract was drawn up and the syndicate went to work. They had discovered a new projectile, the "instantaneous motor bomb," and had a new kind of submarine boat, called a "crab." With these the syndicate proposed to subdue Great Britain's mighty naval forces. Stockton describes both these implements of war so naturally that one can almost imagine that the bomb which instantly annihilates whatever strikes, and the "sea devil" or "crab" really exist. The story is made up of the doings of the syndicate's crabs and bombs, and ends with a treaty of peace between the two warring powers. And here is where the Stockton of the story crops out. The war was begun on account of the fisheries question, but the treaty through some oversight did not mention this subject. It is the same Stocktonian fondness for a problem that led to the "Lady or the Tiger," only less pronounced, and it is in this (a trait noticeable in all his writings) that the chief charm of his stories lies.

While the "Great War Syndicate" will not make Stockton's reputation greater than it is, it will make him dearer to all lovers of an idle hour. For there is not much to the story to engage one's thoughts, unless it be the idea of a syndicate's making war. As imaginary as "Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," Stockton's story is less extravagant. It is as ingenious as the "Tale of Negative Gravity" or the "Reversible Landscape" and it is as interesting as "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."

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There is reading and reading. One class of literature we read to forget; another class, we read and remember it whether we will or not, simply because it is worth remembering. The first of these two classes makes the easier reading. If it is the most interesting it is because the taste of the reader is either vitiated or has never been rightly formed. The second class is, of necessity, much harder reading, and consequently the kind one should read most of, on account of its probable excellence and on account of the lasting benefits conferred by it. The same satisfaction that one feels after having done some difficult mathematical problem, or, after having performed a delicate chemical experiment, is felt when one has completed the reading of a "hard" book, and knows that he has grasped the principle and meaning of the story. Such a hard book to read is Arthur Sherburnes Hardy's book, "But Yet a Woman." One undertakes it in the expectation of reading it in a day, when in reality there is something like a week's work on the mere reading.

Before one has read the book, its title is ambiguous, and

after one has read it the ambiguity still remains, but with no inconsistency. While the book is still unread a person supposes the story to be about a woman who is lofty-minded, ambitious for truth, and pure, yet with all virtues and aspirations, still a woman with a warm loving heart; or else it is a story of a woman, bad and wicked, but not incapable of grand actions and heroic deeds. In doubt between these two possibilities one reads the book, and when it is finished the doubt still remains, for both possibilities are the truth. And then to decide which truth it is the author's intention to convey by the story, the descent from loftiness of soul to the warmth of heart natural to woman, or the ascent from selfishness of purpose to the heroism of a true soul. It is a good book for the cynical unbeliever in the nobleness of human nature, and especially feminine human nature.

The story is a representation of French life, a representation that gives the reader an idea of the many sided characters of that life, and of its versatility. Renee, the niece of a somewhat prominent writer and philosopher, was a woman who added to splendid physical beauty, a greater beauty of life and soul. It was her desire to live a life of perfect purity and repose, believing that the surest way to overcome the evils of earthly existence is to shun all temptations. In accordance with this view (narrow-minded on account of her youth and inexperience) she had made arrangements for entering a convent. Stephani Milevski, the widow of a Russian nobleman who died on the road to Siberia, is the aunt of Renee, and half sister of M. Michel, Renee's uncle. Stephanie, like Renee was very beautiful, but her mind was fixed on the advantages of life more than on its duties. Ambitious, keen of intellect, wealthy, influential and popular, it was but natural that she should be one of the leaders in an attempt to establish the French monarchy. Her failure in this was no fault of hers, but of the king she professed to serve. When these two women were thus engaged, one in her ambitious plans, the other in her devout contemplation of a secluded life, Roger Lande, a brilliant young physician appeared on the scene. The result was inevitable. Renee fell in love with him partly because she couldn't help it, and partly led by the superior nobility of his aim in life, which was to live for others. Stephanie fell in love with him on account of his genius and intelligence, as well as the true nobleness of his character. So here was a situation that might have tried the hearts of nobler women than these two. Each had a battle to fight, and each won. Renee submitted, because she perceived because she perceived the higher duty of a life led for others, submitted without a struggle. But with Stephanie it was far different. The conflict she had to wage was against herself, against her destiny, against her training, her ambition and the selfishness of her nature, and these antagonists are very fierce. But she conquered, and in that victory all necessity for it was done away. Stephanie entered a convent, happy in the happiness she had caused to others. Renee and Stephanie are the embodiment of the two kinds of womanhood: the kind that loves and finds its legitimate destiny in loving; and the other kind (not less human because nobler) that sacrifices all for its love.

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