

its author is a greater writer than the author of "Robert Elsmere," the only result will be to give an added prominence to an immoral work. While if "Robert Elsmere" is a good book the "offset" has no right to exist, for it is useless. And uselessness is a sin.

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The first volume of Professor Howard's work, "Local Constitutional History of the United States," has been published and THE HESPERIAN is glad to recommend it to its readers, as a book that will certainly be useful in the classroom and entertaining in the library. It would be presumption to attempt to give anything like a sketch of the book, for it is a work that needs long, careful, scholarly consideration to be appreciated; but a word about the plan and method of arrangement may not be out of place, nor wholly valueless.

The author treats the history of local institutions as a whole, and does not confine himself to any particular phase or phases of his most interesting subject. Then too, he has gathered from literature and from other sources a vast amount of fact; the authorities quoted are innumerable and as well known and as trustworthy as they are numerous. As the prospectus sets forth, "it is practically impossible for anyone but a specialist to obtain a clear view on the subject of local constitutional history." Now it is just this clear view that the Professor presents, for he has made a specialty of this kind of work. The author conceives of the local institution, not as mere things, but as living, breathing organisms which have been evolved from the old forms of Greece, Rome, and of the new nations. The subject is treated then as a unity, and as a living unity.

In arrangement the book is admirable. The complete work will contain five parts, two of which will be in the second volume. The division of the first volume is as follows: The Township; the Hundred; the Shire. The two parts of the second volume are, the City; and the Local Magistracies. The first chapter under any one of these major topics is devoted to the evolution of the Township, or Shire, as the case may be. Then follow chapters on the different forms of the same organism and on the rise of the institutions in the colonies and states. A careful study of the table of contents will enable one to comprehend how much has been done to give the reader a clear, concise and logical plan of the book. Sometimes the author has seen fit to take up a seemingly insignificant institution and trace its rise, rightly thinking that they are of interest and of value.

Professor Howard has been writing on his book for the last six or seven years, and of course has been at work long before that. So one may get an idea of how thoroughly the work has been done. The University owes a great deal to Professor Howard, for he has undertaken a work that has never before been attempted; and his book cannot but draw attention to its author, part of whose success the institution that he represents will share, and of which it will certainly be proud.

The *Literary World*, under the date of April 13, contains a review of Arthur S. Hardy's new story, "Passe Rose," a sketch of which THE HESPERIAN presents to its readers. The following is what the *World* has to say about it: "The story of 'Passe Rose' relates to the time of the great Frankish king, Charles; the scenes are in and about the court. The minor characters, the abbot, the prior, the court ladies, and the brave captain Gui, of Tours, are studies from life. The author has not presented us with half living creatures, but with men and women into whose nostrils he has breathed such a breath of life that they have become living souls. I

were an easy task for anyone to copy names and dates and descriptions, but to call back the old heroes and heroines of that most romantic time and make them live again—this is the loving task of a master hand. Mr. Hardy has studied carefully the manners and customs of the eighth century; but others might do that and yet handle them as a pigmy would struggle with the armor of a giant. It is his power and pleasure to wield lightly and gracefully, every instrument he touches."

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Who, that with a deep dislike for mathematics, ever floundered in the deeps of trigonometry or analytical geometry, would have imagined that a mind filled with the horrid combinations of those branches of an education could ever turn itself to anything as pleasant as book writing. Or who would think that a mind being thus diverted would ever wish to return to the straight and narrow way again. Yet this is what Mr. Arthur S. Hardy, professor of mathematics at Dartmouth, does. He is said to spend his summers in writing novels; his winters in writing abstruse mathematical treatises. THE HESPERIAN can not say from examination whether or not the mathematical products of Mr. Hardy's pen are as good as the lighter work he does. But they need be no better to be excellent. Evidently, this writer does not entirely put away his class room methods, even when writing books not dealing with such weighty matters as the higher mathematics. For there is in his writings a conscientiousness, a regard for consistency, a complete working together of all parts, that comes only from the mathematically trained mind. Fact, enlivened with brilliant imaginings is the characteristic of his writings. In "But yet a Woman" this is noticeable, and it is with a grateful feeling that the reader comprehends this fact, that what the author says he has reason for. Hence it must require a vast amount of labor for Mr. Hardy to write a book, because he allows nothing to go half done or poorly done. There is nothing easier than to throw together a lot of statements, or to draw out a certain idea, without caring whether one is consistent or whether one has ground for all he says. On the other hand nothing is harder than to make such writing successful.

What is good in the style of "But yet a Woman," remains in "Passe Rose," Mr. Hardy's new book; though probably "Passe Rose" will have more readers owing to its more romantic character. It is a very charming story, and one can not help wondering where the author got his model for *Passe Rose* herself. The general impression one gets of the book is very bright. There is at first a chaos of pleasant pictures, interspersed with some not so beautiful, a few dark portraits, and behind all the same grand background, human passion. After a time though, a settled idea of the book begins to form in the reader's mind. One character takes pre-eminence—*Passe Rose*. All the beauty and purity of her soul dawns upon the reader like a new light, a beauty and purity rendered only more lovely by the stern and fierce character of the times in which she lived. Unrestrained by parents, friends or occupation, free as the air, *Passe Rose* was yet as true a woman as well could live. Beautiful of face and form, exposed to temptations great enough to try a stronger mind, ambitious and fortunate, she sacrificed her all for her love, and gave up her love for her duty.

The story ends by the return of *Passe Rose* from the king's court to await the time before her betrothal and this apparent neglect of a powerful part in the story is called by some a weakness in an otherwise powerful story; but it would seem to one that in suggesting instead of stating what *Passe Rose's* future was to be the author has done well. It is a