

outing. Sunday afternoon we had many visitors. The Hastings boys did not bring the young ladies out to visit the camp, oh, no, they were dead; but the ladies were there, nevertheless, and were quite interested in the camp. The remainder of the time passed quite pleasantly. Monday morning everybody in Hastings—in whom the battalion had any interest—was at the depot to see us depart. A button collecting craze took possession of the ladies and now the boys wear four buttons in front instead of five; it is also a popular fad to wear only one or even none upon the sleeve. As the train finally pulled out from the depot the last tribute of the battalion to Hastings and her people was three groans for the board of trade, and three cheers for the ladies "Tiger!"

NOTES.

"We came, we saw, we conquered."

The ladies' band is all right; at least a few of the members of our band seemed to think so.

The following is Reese's order for supper Friday, after the ball game:—"One umpire—RAW!"

The Hastings boys played dead while the battalion was at camp, but Tuesday was resurrection day.

"This, ladies, is the quartermaster's headquarters"—within, a wild, desperate leap toward oblivion.

It was really amusing to see Pollard lead her kid brother by one hand while he held her parasol with the other.

The board of trade was right; there was plenty of water in the park. It came down in daily installments.

Yes, it was real army life. No one could eat a meal at that restaurant without thinking of the loved ones at home and wishing they had sent him a box.

The young ladies of Hastings are enterprising, they are our kind of people, they wear a smile for their military friends. The Hastings boys wear, or should wear, yellow roses.

The ball was a grand success. One hundred cadets, disgusted with Hastings and her deceitfulness, attended the dance and returned to camp thoroughly convinced that a corner in hades had "busted" in Hastings.

THE LIFE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

As we take a rapid survey of history we seem to discover a certain regularity in the recurrences of social restlessness. The progress of society resembles the flowing of a river. Here the current flows calmly and majestically. The brightness of heaven is reflected from its surface. All the slime and dirt are hidden in its depths. Vonder as it flows over half submerged rocks it seethes and boils. All its placidity is turned to tumult and all the baser elements come to view. This is a period of turmoil. The lower strata of society have appeared at the surface. The cries of "corporations," "monopolies," "railroads" mingled with the explosions of anarchist bombs and the clamor of rioting strikers are the roar rising from the social rapids.

That there is much misery and wretchedness among the laboring classes of the east; that considerable tyranny is exercised by the rich over the poor; I admit. That there is much injustice in the present social relations, I deny. The laboring man, no less than any other man, is in the end responsible to himself only for his condition. You who so enthusiastically favor certain plausible plans for the regeneration of mankind, who are so desirous of elevating the laboring classes, forget, in your zeal, several important facts. It is impossible to

cure any disease by treating the symptoms. It is impossible to reform the world by any artificial arrangements of condition. The condition of society at any period of the world's progress is as good as the rate of progress will permit. Last and most important of all considerations, no one can reform the world until he has first reformed himself.

The fragmentary statues that remain from the departed glory of Greece show the grandeur of the physical development of man. The intellectual achievements of the last and the present century, the *Principia Naturalis*, the *Critique of Pure Reason*, the *Origin of Species* show the grandeur of the intellectual development of man. It remains then for the twentieth century to see the third and last phase in this course of evolution, the grandeur of the spiritual development of man. The present social disturbances are but the symptoms of a general disease. That disease is the lack of a higher spiritual life in our age. The intellect has already passed the perihelion of its influence. Men are beginning to see that progress, that social harmony, that civilization are the results, not of intellectual, but of spiritual activity. The world is waiting for the time, so faintly foreshadowed by the closing years of the nineteenth century, when the allegiance of humanity shall be transferred from the brain to the heart, for the time mankind shall reserve its brightest laurels for the man that feels most deeply for the time when the life of the world shall become a life lived in the spirit.

The progress of the individual soul in its effort to reach perfection is an epitome of the future development of the human race. The highest development of the spiritual life as manifested best perhaps in him who has been called the Son of God is characterized by an infinite love and sympathy for men as they are. This is pure realism. Realism in art and in literature will one by one be paralleled by realism in society and in politics. When this social and political realism shall have been wrought out in the general soul of the race, the regeneration of man will be accomplished. From fastidiousness through impatient dissatisfaction to the quietude of realism is the path that humanity must travel. The path is ever the same, but the times of travel are many. You who so earnestly desire the elevation of the human race reflect a little upon the eternal fitness of nature and of life. Of what avail are the processes devised by human intellect in a lifetime, when placed against the processes devised by nature in an eternity? The world cannot be regenerated in a day. The laws of human development were established before the foundations of the earth. Think you that humanity raised suddenly from the selfishness and vanity of common life to an ideal spiritual existence would survive the change? Remember that the mountain top above the clouds and in the glory of the sunshine is barren. Remember that from the protozoon to man are several eternities.

The spiritual life of the twentieth century will mean the appreciation of the sacredness of every living thing. It will mean the complete submission of mankind to established truths. Through past centuries the spiritual has lain hidden beneath the intellectual and the physical; yet, though men knew it not, their life was ruled and their destiny moulded by this weak spiritual force. In spite of their best efforts, in spite of cross and stake and inquisition, the spiritual life, working in secret like the forces of nature, has wrought out the destiny of the human race. To-day in spite of the denials of colleges and churches the spiritual life is the true life of man. Against this spiritual life the intellect avails nothing. The character of man is moulded more by his feelings than by his thoughts. In every conflict between the intellectual and the spiritual, the spiritual ultimately triumphs. To live in the