

she is also very good-tempered. She joins the "Won't Perform Club" because life is short and too full of committees, deputations, secretaries, etc. In Europe there are retreats where the over-worked and over-entreated can retire for contemplation and real repose. No callers are allowed to see the fugitives who place themselves "in retreat." They are not disturbed by bills, death notices, invitations or demands of any kind. It is as good as being dead without the uncertainty regarding that state or its irrevocableness. Not having any "retreats" here, the next best thing is to join the "Won't Perform Club."

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Morgan and Lucullus

When the schoolgirl on commencement day or Mr. Bryan on a stand hastily erected for "The Matchless" to stand on wish a terrible example of extravagance, they use Lucullus and the feast he gave, which, reckoned in our money, cost about eight thousand dollars. That is not much. You could not get up much of a banquet for that sum in New York now, and chickens and eggs are cheaper there than they were in Rome at the time which orators have subsequently selected as a period of horror and a sufficiently bad example for all time. They date Rome's downfall from the Lucullus banquet. All the leading men were guests and from that time on they were out of health and got more and more degenerate and hard to please. Unhealthful diversions tempted them and when the hordes of husky Germans, Norwegians and Danes came down upon Rome there was no one strong enough to protect the gold plate and the beautiful women.

But since the banquet given by Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his friends to Prince Henry, the schoolgirl and Mr. Bryan will not have to travel back to Rome for an example of a feast that cost more money than an ordinary laborer can earn in ten years. The blasé spendthrift, Lucullus, had neither the daring, the invention, nor the determination to show Germany a good time possessed by the American with an imagination and an execution that includes the world in its victorious sweep.

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University Literature

The freshman classes in the Nebraska university are not obliged to study literature, English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. Undergraduates of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Michigan, Minnesota, the university of Chicago, Stanford and the university of California are still drudging away studying literature as a whole and in its various national expressions.

Nous avons changez tout cela in the university of Nebraska. It is taken for granted here that the boys and girls directly from the prairie high schools of this state have a comparative, comprehensive knowledge of English and foreign literature. The favored students of this institution study short stories like "Five Hundred Dollars and other stories." The department of English thrusts aside all other masterpieces which have survived the refining processes of time and devotes several months to the consideration of a book of short stories whose title is unfamiliar. I have searched in vain among the lists of the hundred best books offered from time to time by savants for this book on which hundreds of Nebraska students are compelled to spend so much study. But apparently the fame and value of "Five Hundred Dollars" is confined to the limits of the Nebraska university, for general literature is silent concerning it.

Although Nebraska graduates are obliged to obtain their knowledge of literature as a whole outside of the university, the method of teaching it in vogue at the university is said to develop critical acumen and a power of appreciation and insight into an author's real meaning unmatched by any other method.

Professor Sherman, who has been at the head of the English department

for perhaps a score of years or more, is the inventor of the unique system applied to Nebraska undergraduates. Until they are graduated and go to some other school or are abruptly brought face to face with what they do not know about literature, the students are content with the system which has a sign language of its own not spoken or written outside the university.

It may be that the inventor is right and that in time all other universities will adopt his method of inoculating students in their freshman year with literature rather than attempting first to give them a view of literature as a whole. The system has been in force for a matter of fifteen years and hundreds of graduates of the English department have left the university as innocent of the knowledge of the Elizabethan period as when they matriculated.

In response to the trust reposed in them by the people who elected them the regents of the university have doubtless examined the method of imparting knowledge in the largest department in the institution. The object of studying literature is inspiration: inspiration to life and further creative effort. If a student is graduated from a department as cold and indifferent to its meaning as when he entered it, his class record of how much he has absorbed and recorded is valueless. After fifteen years of trial the testimonials of those who have been educated by the system are worth consideration. If the students who have taken postgraduate courses in literature in other colleges are convinced that the foundations were well laid by the instruction which they received in the Nebraska university, their testimony is a tribute to its soundness. Because the method is unique and since it has been adopted by the university has made no converts in other universities and because in order to spend a semester on Browning or "Five Hundred Dollars" it is necessary to dispense with the study of general literature, the subject is worth the attention of Nebraska people and of those to whom they have given the university in charge.

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Bad Advice

When Mary Anderson was starring in this country, when she was young, very beautiful and graceful, when the world was at her feet, when the perfervid imagination of young genius was stimulating her to do her best, and her best was just this side of the greatest acting we know anything about, the wiseacres, the dried-up old hyper-critics dinned into her ears that her work lacked esprit and supreme force because she had not been in love. They advised her to fall in love, and they harped about it so much that she decided to quit the stage even before she made up her mind to marry. She was a better actress than Maud Adams; she had a larger original endowment of genius than Modjeska. There is no actress on the American stage today whose work is of so high a character as Mary Anderson's. Yet the chorus of disapproval because her words, her voice, her movements were virginal finally drove her from the stage. She thought her critics knew more than she did and that she would never succeed in reaching the high-water mark of her art and humbly she withdrew from a field which the critics insisted she could never conquer.

They are writing the same thing about Jan Kubelik now. It is all a lie. The degenerate critic with a cigarette everlastingly glued to his upper lip insists that the violinist must fall in love before he can make the best music. So far Jan Kubelik seems to know better and has ignored the impertinent advice of his critics and of his officious manager. He was born a genius. He has not had to pass through the stages of achievement which is the only way to virtuosity for most violinists. He began to play when he was an infant. Between him and the limit of human expression there is a space which he may conquer. How much or how little, can be

measured by the achievements of other great violinists. One might as well try to open a rose with clumsy fingers as to interfere with the development of genius. Happily Kubelik has received the applause of the world as well as the criticism of erotic managers and he is convinced that he knows what is best for himself, and that if he can not love a woman, still he can fiddle and that the fiddling is not dependent upon the loving.

The millstone that the Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount advised for the men and women who put a stumbling block in the way of one of these little ones could be tied onto these Kubelik critics who claim to know more than God and nature, and if it were, justice would be meted out and Mary Anderson and other children of genius who have been harried out of the callings to which they were born or else driven into experiences which wilt genius, would be avenged. Achievement, the creative achievement awakens wonder; but in the breast of the ordinary musical critic dwells an egotism that would destroy the manifestations of genius. Doubtless God could have made a violinist who would play better than Jan Kubelik, but from all reports God never has. In truth, he is playing well enough now, with a whole heart. The advice of the critics to get it broken in order to play better is foolishness.

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Advice to Americans

A thoughtful writer in Harper's Weekly advises the gentlemen who expected to be introduced to Prince Henry not to forget that "Hoch" is pronounced hoke and not hock. Hock der Prinz or Hock der Kaiser is very bad form. "Don't speak of his Imperial Brother as if he were a subject for a comic paper joke instead of Emperor of Germany. Willie the War Lord is all right in conversation with others but not to a member of His Family. Don't tell him that you have always been anxious to meet him, and that you have heard quite a number of persons speak of his brother Willie. Don't ask him how he got through the custom house and if he had to pay duty on his uniforms. Don't ask him for his autograph, adding that you already have that of Johann Most. Don't ask him if it is true that his Imperial Brother is such a big thing at home that when he goes out on parade it takes him four hours to pass a given point. Don't tell him that you once had a Newfoundland dog named Prince."

If the Americans who met the Prince were prohibited by this rejuvenated Ruth Ashmore from saying these things to H. R. H., what could they say to him? The foregoing list includes everything that the versatile American considers original and sparkling and typical. If the newspaper reached him before the introduction, I can fancy his dismay, and his suspicion that the man who wrote the paragraphs had stolen his happy thoughts.

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Henley Friendship

Stevenson revealed himself to Henley. He wrote him affectionate letters wherein he made no effort to conceal spasms of vanity or self-gratulation. If Henley had died first, and there are not very many now who do not wish that he had, and if Stevenson had written Henley's biography, how generously he would have praised him! How sincerely he would have mourned him! In Stevenson's book about Henley there would have been no whining about the canonization of a man who was after all no saint. Stevenson knew no jealousy, and praise of a friend always seemed to him inadequate. Henley says he was moved to write about Stevenson because the biographers and the editors of letters and memoirs were making him out a chocolate caramel saint. Then, although Stevenson had admitted him to an inner apartment and shut the door on many a worthier man, Henley told the faults of his friend as only a

friend knows a friend's faults.

Mean people live longer than generous ones. The small-souled lack juices. They are like the amaranth, that does not wilt. As a bud it is dry and when the ghostly flower blooms, it is scentless, dry, lifeless. Just because it has so little life it lasts a long time. A mummy's life is indefinitely long. Egyptologists say they have found mummies who were embalmed by ancient undertakers five thousand years ago. To be sure, there are not many people who dare dispute an Egyptologist to his face, but I have often thought their statements strong. An Amaranth is a flower mummy. In a sealed case it would last indefinitely. There is no reason why Henley should not last as long. He is sealed against all emotion and its fibre-destroying effects. It may be that his Stevenson post-mortem was necessary to stop the gush about the Samoan exile, but the over-idealization did no harm, while his betrayal of friendship is shocking.

Henley boasts that "Beneath the bludgeonings of fate, my head is bloody but unbowed." He wants to think himself the cock of the walk and appreciation of even a dead man irritates him into a betrayal. His capacity for hatred is his specialty, and above all others he hates his friends. A few years ago a testimonial was arranged for Henley and among the subscribers was Rudyard Kipling, whose talents Henley discovered long before they were apparent to other critics. Kipling sent a check with the word "only" after the amount, which is a way Englishmen have of writing checks. But Henley was stirred to a passion of rage by what he thought was an insinuation against his honor and he threw the check into the fire. Probably he got the value of the check when he reviewed Kipling's next book.

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A Narcotic

Cigarette manufacturers claim that cigarette smoking is not injurious to young boys, and to the papers which have advertising contracts with them, tobacco manufacturers send a great deal of reading matter on the subject of the innocuousness of cigarette smoking. Dr. Fisk, the head of the preparatory school of Northwestern university, has been making some investigations on his own account. As a result he has announced to the boys his ultimatum: All boys in the school who make up their minds that they can not or will not give up cigarette smoking must leave school.

There are three hundred boys in the school. Dr. Fisk offers the results of his investigation for the use of other teachers who are doubtful about the deleterious effects of tobacco upon growing boys. His investigations cover a period of three years. Of the boys who smoke, only two per cent are among the twenty-five per cent of students whose scholarship is highest. On the other hand, fifty-seven per cent of the smokers are among the twenty-five per cent lowest in class scholarship. At the present time the boys who smoke appear to be entirely incapable of passing their examinations or keeping up with the non-smokers in their class. Two out of every nine boys in the school confess that they smoke cigarettes and not a single cigarette smoker is in good class standing. Dr. Fisk is so impressed with the result of exhaustive investigations that he offers to refund tuition to every boy who must leave the school on account of this ruling. It is certain that the school will lose nothing from his decision, for let parents discover that there is an institution where cigarette smoking is positively forbidden, and not only forbidden but prevented, and they will send the boys there in increased numbers.

Judging by the number of small boys one meets on the streets smoking cigarettes the vice is rapidly growing. The boys say that it does not hurt them, but the pale, depraved face of the cigarette smoker, his weakened features and his puny legs and arms do not confirm this statement. The university undergraduates set their small imitators a bad example. If the truth were known it is the male indulgence