

Von Holst was one of the first German scholars of distinction to be called to a chair in an American university. In 1892, he was made Professor of History in the University of Chicago, and in this place he sweated pessimism and snarled at our institutions until his health broke down and he returned to Europe. It seems a pity that so much genuine learning and so much intellectual power should have produced nothing more satisfactory than the books which he has left behind him. Perhaps in the long run, his life of John C. Calhoun will be more read and more referred to than his ponderous but largely futile and unbalanced analysis of American political history.

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Some dissatisfaction has been expressed with President Harper's six requisites of a good professor. They are as follows:

Six Simple Rules for a Good Professor

First—He should be married.

Second—He should be a church member.

Third—He should mix with the students outside the classrooms.

Fourth—He should have a doctor's degree.

Fifth—He should be willing to work hard eleven months in the year.

Sixth—He should be in sympathy with the public and take an active part in public affairs.

Some one complained that these would have excluded Kant because he was a bachelor, Huxley because he was not a church member, Mommsen because he was too busy to attend a foot-ball game and Pascal because he had no doctor's degree. To others they seemed inadequate. Should he be a blond? they asked. If married, who should the woman be?

What sort of a mind does he need, if any? And so forth. To our way of thinking these requisites are as good as any other six you could dash off impromptu. To the rule of marriage we impulsively agree. The wife comes next to the doctorate, a thoughtful lady with hardly any appetite. During the first year of his fellowship we desire that a babe shall be born, three babes in his assistant professorship, six in his full professorship. Babes are the rivets of industry and the curb of his dissolute youth. Above his study must be the nursery to thump the good work along. No dawdling or roving then, no horse races, balls or yacht cruises. Hold him in, we say, keep him down. Wild things may be done by a bachelor on that twenty-five hundred a year. Quiverful will be conservative and support the administration and peg away for eleven months of the year and on the twelfth read a paper at Philadelphia when the philologists meet; and if he goes out it will be to church, and if he mixes it will be with students in their merry games, teaching them even as he gambols. The first five of these requisites may shut out a Kant or a Huxley, but they let in the academic man, and though he may sympathise with the public, the public may scuttle from him. That is the trouble with our careless recipe on second thoughts. It might make a human being; it also might make a hen. No man, however he despises an educator, should toss him together so lightly out of these odds and ends. Dr. Harper might at least have tried to be serious. Then we, too, should have reflected profoundly and mapped out a professor properly, first explaining how to make a man.



DRAMA OF THE MONTH.

OF the six plays we saw last month, not one taken as a whole is a fit subject for artistic criticism, and three of them were so bad that they moved our oldest dramatic critic to his most splendid and indiscriminate invective, a part of which we shall quote hereafter. But because a play fails as a whole to attain a reasonable artistic standard, it does not follow that there are no bright spots in it. *The Virginian*, for instance, cannot be taken seriously as a play. It belongs to that class of romantic drama which by an easy twist can be turned to ridicule. Without ever having met a cow-boy we may still be skeptical of Mr. Wister's cow-boys despite his opportunities for observation. We have never met a knight in chain armour, but can swear he is altogether different from the sort that have figured in historical novels. It is from the way his virtues hang on him that we know our decorative cow-boy hero from a man. Yet it is essential to the happiness of a regular play-goer in this country that he should have what may be called collapsible culture. He must know how to sink at a moment's notice to that childish or barbarous state which demands that a hero shall always do what is absolutely right and be vindicated at the fall of the curtain.

The hero of Mr. Wister's novel is a young girl's dream of perfect manliness. Profanity and poker-playing add the requisite touch of charming deviltry, but cannot hide the loyal, tender, noble heart, any more than the rough dress conceals the outlines of his perfect form. A true, romantically shaded paragon, a Bayard of cow-boys, a cluster of qualities tastefully arranged, he does precisely what we should wish to see him do. It is a hard-hearted reader who does not like him, and a soft-headed one who on second thought does not gibe at himself for doing so. Such a character is not created; he is founded on a transitory want. He can be transferred readily to the stage without our missing anything. But to give him the reality that he gained at the hands of Mr. Dustin Farnum there

must be an unusual combination of skill and good fortune. Mr. Farnum has done for the *Virginian* what Mr. Gillette did for *Sherlock Holmes*. It is impossible to separate the two in looks. And besides replacing any picture we may have formed of Mr. Wister's prodigy, he reduced him to possible human size without defeating the poetic intent. There is in the book a certain fine out-door validity, a zest of natural objects quite unlike that literary patronage of the woods and clouds which we find in professional nature-lovers. It is the one permanent illusion of the book, and Mr. Farnum has succeeded in keeping it in a play which, if presented in the usual way, would have been ordinary cow-boy melodrama.

The Secret of Polichinelle is the story of an elderly couple whose son's clandestine union with a milliner is suddenly brought to light. The son, who is not of age, wishes to marry the woman and legitimate his child, but his father, though secretly willing, refuses his consent from a wrong impression of his wife's character. There has grown up a misunderstanding between the old man and his wife, and each thinks the other is obdurate in such matters. So each visits the son's rooms on the sly, and they gratify their grandfatherly and grandmotherly instincts with an air of guilt. Then the inevitable explanation and rejoicing. To fit it for an American audience the adapters invented an English marriage, illegal in France, thus establishing the innocence of the milliner, in order that we might sympathise with her without sin. This was probably superfluous, but you never can tell. It may have spared us the rebukes of those sexually haunted minds which make the merits of a play depend on just such points as this. With so slight a plot and situations so exclusively French, the play would have had little interest but for Mr. Thomp-son's delightful rendering of the leading character and a humorous sketch by Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Thomp-son made the play as last year he made *The Bishop's Move*.