

propounded, launching out desperately upon the future. "I'd like to go back to town. Would you?"

"Yes— Yes. Town." He passed a hand across his brow and turned his eyes astern. "That's a queer place back there."

"Yes, queer enough. What of it? Places are queer." Her words were light, but her nails were gnawing in her palms. "You must forget it, Gaspard!" That last went on repeating itself over in her brain—"You must forget it—forget it—"

"I don't know what to make of it," he continued, uneasily. "It's somehow very horrible, and yet— It's like a drink you hate the taste of, and yet want. Sitting there, for a moment— You know, Marcia, I— Well—I can't say. What is it about Ked's Hand?"

"Nothing! Nothing! It's just queer, and you have to let it go at that, dear!" She saw him wince, and discovered that she was pinching his arm cruelly. "I know what it is," she shifted of a sudden. "It's simply that it's old and low and heavy there, and you happen to be just the other things." She must make him believe this now, passionately—for his

soul, and especially hers, hung upon it. "You happen to be *precisely the other things*, Gaspard—*new and high and raw and leaping!* Can you see it now, Gaspard? That's *night*, back there, and you're *morning*. Eh?"

She had made him believe it. She had done more than make him believe it, perhaps; for by making him believe it, if there be any meat in faith, she had made it true.

"That's so," he murmured. He shook his shoulders, and color came back to his face. "That's so, Marcia. We wouldn't get along together, it and I, would we?"

Ked's Hand had become very faint now, no more than a diaphanous ribbon stretched across the night, with a solitary star shining over it. Gaspard swept it all into the limbo of oblivion with one of his old, volcanic gestures.

"Come," he said. "Let's talk with everybody. Lydia Klein tells me I'm to be amazing this winter, and do astounding big things. . . . Lydia! Oh, Lydia Klein! Marcia wants to hear!"

"Yes," said Marcia, "I do so want to hear."

## Autumn Winds

BY EFFIE SMITH

O AUTUMN winds, with voices far away,  
I hear you singing on the leafless hills,  
And all my heart with jubilation thrills!  
You bring to me no message of dismay,  
No tender sorrow for the year's decay;  
Rather you sing of giant trees that cast  
Their leaves aside to grapple with the blast,  
Strong and exultant for the stormy fray!

Hearing your music, glad and wild and pure,  
Sounding through night's cool, starlit spaces wide,  
I grow weary of earth's paltry lure!  
Oh, like the trees, I too would cast aside  
The fading leaves of pleasure and of pride,  
And stand forth free to struggle and endure!

# College Studies and College Tests

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY

President of Yale University



WHEN Winston Churchill had just come home from the Boer War he visited his cousin Shane Leslie at Eton, and gave him this characteristic word of advice: "Don't turn your mind into a damned ammunition-wagon. Turn it into a rifle to fire off other people's ammunition."

Leslie says that this was the best advice he ever received regarding education. It is certainly a kind of advice which is very much needed at the present day. Both teachers and parents are somewhat inclined to treat the boy's brain as if it were an ammunition-wagon. They regard the mind as a storehouse; a school or college education as the means of filling that storehouse with useful knowledge; and a good education as one which provides different forms of knowledge in such proportions as the boy is likely to need afterward. Conservatives and progressives differ as to the kind of information which the boy needs, but they are alike in laying stress on the value of this storing process. Teach a boy the things with which he will not have to deal in after life, says the classicist, because we shall contribute to his breadth of culture. Teach the boy the things that he will need to deal with in after life, says the modernist, because these are the things which it gives him pleasure to know and remember.

Both classicists' and modernists are wrong, because the healthy boy is not going to store up the knowledge. He is going to use it once or twice and then forget it. Here and there we find some Dominie Sampson or Admirable Crichton who remembers all the learning, ancient or modern, that ever came in his way, but such characters are rare. The educated man is not the man who knows certain things, but the man who can do

certain things. Good education results in developing certain habits and powers. The acquiring of knowledge is an important means of training those habits and powers, but it is an incident and not an end. To measure the value of an education by the amount of knowledge which the boy has stored up is like measuring the success of a business by the amount of gold which the owner has hoarded in his chests.

In fact, the relation between knowledge and education is a good deal like the relation between money and business. A man in active business is occupied in making money, but he does not intend to store it up. The successful merchant or manufacturer is not the one who has accumulated most coin, but the one who knows how to earn money and to spend it, to value it and to invest it. In like manner the successful student is the one who makes knowledge a means rather than an end; who knows how to acquire it and to forget it, to value it and to utilize it as the successive emergencies before him may demand. It is the power to learn and utilize and value, to select the small stock that must remain in the mind from the large mass that must be forgotten, which constitutes the true scholar. Education which trains these powers is a good education; education which makes knowledge an end instead of a means is a bad education.

In the advertisement of a popular encyclopedia we are told that a college education costs several thousand dollars while the encyclopedia can be had for a hundred; and that there is more knowledge contained within the covers of the encyclopedia than any man, however learned, can amass during four years of college study. We are left to infer that every father should buy his son an encyclopedia rather than send him to college. If the boy's mind is to be re-