

"A college man has no right to be an idler, or a selfish scholar, or a mere money-getter. He is to be the guide, the friend, the teacher, the liberator—if need be, the martyr. He must obey the law of *noblesse oblige*."

Taken alone, it could scarcely be said, perhaps, that any one of these new college presidents, notable men as all of them are, shows a marked trend in modern higher education. Together, they show the beginnings of a new educational era. For college presidents in the United States exert a tremendous in-

fluence—an influence which most of us scarcely realize.

"You Americans," said a recent visitor to this country, "grow almost as excited over the selection of a president for one of your large universities as you do over the election of the President of the nation."

Why not? It will be in large measure to these college presidents, and to the men who will work with them, that we shall owe not only the President of the nation, but the nation itself, a generation hence.

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

BY MARY LAVINIA BRAY

AUTHOR OF "PROFIT AND LOSS," ETC.

IN the Anderson family every one worked, and there was no parleying with facts—every one worked for a living. The father gave lessons in piano-playing, and the family paid a disproportionate rent in order to live in an apartment with a fitting studio for his pupils, who were too many to justify giving up the studio and too few to bring adequate remuneration. Edith, the elder daughter, a severely handsome, level-headed girl, was stenographer in a law-office, and the salary she drew for her uncommonly good work was the family's financial salvation. Experience had made her the practical one of the four, stripping her eyes clear of the veil of sentiment, though never diminishing her singular unselfishness. Grace, the younger, having recently completed her college course, was beginning her conflict with the world as a teacher of domestic science, at small pay. To Mrs. Anderson fell the trying task of stretching the combined income to cover all demands, and of keeping up appearances. This entailed moments of disheartenment from which a vague philosophy of platitudes was her refuge and comfort, giving cheer in present troubles and intimating some indefinite reward.

On a memorable evening, the Andersons, with one guest, Philip Fiske, who hoped on some future date to become a member of the family—by Grace, as he put it—were in the mood of relaxation following a satisfactory dinner. Chairs had been readjusted to some small degree, conversation languished pleasantly, and tiny spoons were meditatively being circled in tiny coffee-cups. Then it was that Edith abruptly took advantage of the temporary lull.

"I have some news for you," she said, smiling evenly, while the color rose to her clear pale skin. "You must make ready for a surprise."

Mrs. Anderson viewed her with a worried eye. Mr. Anderson looked interested.

"I can guess," said Grace. "She has had an increase in salary."

Edith laughed.

"In a way," she said; "but not exactly in salary." She paused, and her serene eyes traveled from one face to another around the table. "I am going to be married."

There was electrified silence. Then her father asked:

"Who is he?"

Before she could answer, Grace had

dashed from her seat to engulf her sister in an emotional embrace.

"You darling, darling girl!" she cried. "Oh, I hope you are so happy!"

Mrs. Anderson tried to look happy for the sake of the others. On her trembling lips was the shadow of a smile, while in her mind was the paralyzing thought:

"Without Edith, how *are* we going to get along?"

With five words accentuating the tension of the moment, Edith emerged from the affectionate arms of her sister:

"My employer, Mr. Wallace Judd."

Mr. Anderson tossed his head as if bewildered.

"You have never mentioned your having any special interest in each other," he said.

"I know it," she answered. "But it isn't the first time he has asked me. He—has cared for me a long time. I had told him before that there were circumstances making it impossible."

"Why?" Grace ejaculated.

"The family," her sister reminded her. "We couldn't meet expenses without my salary; and, being poor but proud, we wouldn't care to turn over our monthly bills to our daughter's husband." Various deprecating glances were shot toward her, and she laughed a little. "He is generous," she went on. "He understood. Now he plans to give his bride a dowry, an independent income of her own, for life, and if she chooses to use more or less or all of it for her mother and father and sister, why, that is her affair. Only a quibble, isn't it? But it makes a world of difference."

As Mrs. Anderson grasped the full meaning of the announcement, she was overwhelmed. An embarrassing burst of tears, followed by an incoherent apology, precipitated her departure from the table.

Mr. Anderson, who had winced at the girl's first words, bore an expression of fortitude. There were moments when he felt very keenly the inefficiency of his efforts at maintaining his family.

"Mr. Judd has a remarkable reputation," he said. "I don't doubt you have chosen well."

"He is a remarkable man," Edith answered. "A girl who has worked in a man's office for four years is likely to know him pretty well—his great and lit-

tle qualities. Mr. Judd has more of the great."

"He must be a happy man to-night," said young Fiske, with a longing glance toward Grace, which the latter demurely evaded.

"I hope he is," said Edith. "I have asked him to dine with us to-morrow, and you can all judge for yourselves."

She left the table as she spoke, going to comfort her mother, who received her with the fervent exclamation:

"You deserve it, Edith. If there ever was a good girl who deserved a good husband—"

"There, there, mother," she interposed cheerily. "There are many girls just as good and just as deserving."

The mother looked long and lovingly upon the young woman, straight, well grown, and lovely of face, child of her very self, and yet another woman, a separate being. As she gazed, within her stirred a recollection of her own girlhood, when she had been such as the one standing beside her. As she remembered, she seemed to merge slowly, softly into the personality of the daughter, and a warmth crept into her veins. She remembered love.

"You are very happy, Edith?" she whispered.

"Indeed, very happy."

"You—love him dearly?"

At the answer, the mother retreated into herself as if a sharp wind had driven her back from that mysterious blending.

"No. Hardly that. I admire him. I think a great deal of him. I told him that I did not really love him."

The mother gasped.

"What did he say?"

"That he would make me love him. Perhaps he can. He has a fair chance. There is no one else I care for."

"Edith!" her mother shrank. "How can you say such a thing? Of course you love him if you are going to marry him!"

"I am only perfectly frank," the girl answered, "with him or with any one else. I have every regard for Wallace Judd. I hope to love him devotedly. You see, our relation has been so largely a practical one—I have insisted upon that—that sentiment does not come easily. It probably will, to me."

"That is better," said her mother, still wistfully. "Perhaps that is enough. Certainly he must love you tremendously."

"He does," the girl said gravely. "And when a man like that offers himself and all he has to a girl like me, because he loves her, and would rescue her from the ceaseless, deadening grind of her routine of toil, and would raise her family from struggling for existence to comfortable, unharried living—when it means all this, what kind of a girl would it be to refuse? The weight, the weight that I have felt since I began to see the difficulties about us all!" She drew a deep, long breath, extending her arms shudderingly. "That weight has fallen. Ask me if I am happy? Mother, I am free! We are all free!"

A light dawned in the face of the mother as the girl went on in calm exultation.

"No more slaving, mother; you shall have a competent servant all the time. No more worrying; the rent will be paid in advance. We shall have decent, well-made clothes without eternal patching and economizing. If Grace marries, she can have a trousseau without starving herself to buy it. We are going to stop straining for the common necessities of life. And I—I shall cease being an automaton. I shall begin to live!"

Mrs. Anderson stared at her daughter. A doubt crept into her mind.

"Seems incredible, doesn't it?" said the girl.

"Edith, how old is he?"

"Forty, forty-one, forty-two—about that—I haven't it exactly."

"A little old for you?" the mother suggested weakly.

"No. I am glad he is a man, a man who has proved himself, a certain quantity. I would marry him if he were sixty. What are a few years?"

Mrs. Anderson rallied.

"Of course a few years are nothing. Our mental attitude signifies our age. Mr. Judd's mental attitude is probably more youthful than that of some men ten years younger."

The daughter laughed as she imprinted a kiss upon her mother's cheek. "You will have an opportunity now to rejuvenate something besides your mental atti-

tude," she said. "He has settled five thousand a year on me."

Mrs. Anderson sighed heavily. Doubt departed. In a gently enveloping beatitude of mind she folded her hands and looked heavenward, her mood akin to that of the woman in the story, who looked forward with unutterable joy to the next world as the place where she was going to do nothing forever.

II

THE six months' wedding-journey gave them time for separate readjustment. When the bride paid her first visit to her former home, the changes on which she remarked were already old to the family, and the change in her own condition, still hardly realized by them, was no longer novel to her.

Unexpected, she walked in upon them one afternoon. A neat maid opened the door. The rooms exhaled a subtle breath of prosperity and comfort, and Edith had a flitting thought that the place had lost its former suggested resemblance to a respectable and ancient garment, much worn, much mended, and with fraying edges beyond repair.

Her mother came running in to see her, no longer too tired to move with eager feet or too busy with drudgery to be dressed. Grace was taking a music-lesson from her father, at last having time for more than superficial cultivation of her undoubted talent. The look of anxiety in her father's face was giving way to one of courage. If anything had been wanting to make Edith's satisfaction complete, it was achieved in the minutes when she viewed all this.

Their reunion was like the stamp of reality upon a fairy tale. After a while, with her glance naturally upon Grace, Edith inquired of Philip. Her sister flushed without speaking, and her mother instantly replied, with some belligerence of tone, that they saw less of Philip than formerly.

"Philip and Grace are not engaged," she said, "and never were. I don't like his attempt to presume upon a boy-and-girl affair."

Edith looked from one to the other.

"Who is the new admirer?" she asked.

Mrs. Anderson started.

"One of papa's precocious pupils," said Grace, with peculiar inflection.

The mother was quietly severe.

"He is not precocious, Edith. Ask your father how old Mr. Navarro is."

"Twenty-one," Mr. Anderson vouchsafed, in a carefully non-committal tone.

"Twenty-one is of age," Mrs. Anderson stated triumphantly, as if that settled the matter.

"Grace is nearly twenty-four," Edith remarked.

"A few years one way or the other are of no consequence," said her mother. "You know that yourself."

With the inexpressiveness of a mask, Edith turned to her mother.

"Mr. Navarro's mental attitude—" she began blandly.

"Is thoroughly mature, thoroughly manly," her mother concluded.

"We don't care to discuss Tony Navarro just now," Grace interposed with pointed emphasis. "We want to hear about Edith."

Mrs. Anderson closed her lips with firm resignation. Mr. Anderson looked relieved. For the time Edith passed over the evidently inharmonious topic, but she went away with it uppermost in her mind.

She was fully prepared for an early visit from her mother on the following day, and for the prompt plunge into the subject of Grace and her love-affairs. Mrs. Anderson delivered a eulogy of Mr. Navarro, who, she seemed to think, had been providentially led to the studio. He was handsome—beautiful, if the word could be applied to the masculine—with a slightly foreign air in spite of three generations in America. He was rich. He had just come into control of a small fortune which he was ready to lay at the feet of Grace.

"And the sum held in trust for him, my dear, would make even Mr. Judd's means modest by comparison." He was madly, madly in love with Grace. "I give you my word," said Mrs. Anderson, "I never saw such an image of devotion!"

It had been love at first sight with him—most romantic. And then there was their sympathy in music. Grace admitted that if she had never known Philip, she might have cared for Antonio.

"But she has known Philip," said

Edith thoughtfully. "And why break Philip's heart?"

"Why break Antonio's heart?" cried her mother. "It is one much more likely to be broken. He adores her with the fervor of his artist's soul. The letters he writes her! I don't know of anything to surpass them in the loves of great musicians. If she marries him, she can have everything her heart desires."

"But if her heart's desire were Philip?"

"She can reason herself out of it," Mrs. Anderson said positively. "Though, in the first place, I don't believe it is. He's a habit with her, not a preference. And besides"—she relapsed into contemplation of the abstract—"I'm not at all sure that a woman is happiest when she is immoderately in love with her husband. Let the balance of feeling be weighted on the man's side. Let him perpetually woo in marriage, never completely winning. Look at yourself," she added, with a complacent survey of her surroundings. "You are most happily situated."

A cloud passed over Edith's face at the implication.

"I do care for my husband," she said.

"But you haven't a consuming passion, as the poets say. Compare the two—Philip Fiske, a practical, ordinary-looking young man—yes, I admit, clean-cut and sound, but no more so than Mr. Navarro—with ordinary prospects in some engineering line; and Antonio Navarro, the most fascinating individual you ever saw, with a *soul*, able to provide Grace with everything beyond her dreams, to appreciate her talent, to study with her. They can devote their lives to art and to each other!"

Edith leaned back in her chair luxuriously. Opulence had proved well to her liking.

"The comparison does favor Mr. Navarro."

"I knew you would be on my side," her mother exclaimed.

As the sentence passed her lips, a servant entered to announce Grace. Mrs. Anderson sprang to her feet, scattering a lapful of small belongings.

"I don't want her to see me," she said excitedly. "Don't tell her I tried to influence you. I'll run into the next room

and slip out of the house when Grace comes in."

She disappeared with a last admonition in pantomime to reason with Grace, just as the latter stepped across the threshold.

The sisters greeted each other lovingly. As Grace dropped into the chair her mother had vacated, she picked up a glove of familiar scent and hue.

"Ah! Hot on mama's trail," she commented listlessly. "She must have come early—how long ago?"

"Stepped in on the way to market."

"I suppose she gave you a full history of Antonio Navarro, Esquire?"

"She talked of him."

"Doubtless. She hardly talks of anything else just now. Well, what do you think of it? You have always been the family's court of last resort."

"Considering that I haven't seen the man—" Edith began guardedly.

"Oh, seeing him would help his case," Grace interjected. "He is very good to look at. He is everything charming that mama described to you, and that must have been a great deal."

"Then it all depends upon how much you care for Philip," said Edith. "If you can't be happy without Philip, why, marry him. If you like them equally, or are equally indifferent, I should favor Antonio. I don't see that you are bound in any way."

Grace stirred restlessly.

"It rather looks that way to me," she said. "I'm not to blame for Philip's expectations."

"Of course, if you married Philip, it would mean a narrow margin of living for the first few years."

"And if I married Tony, we'd go abroad. I'd study for the concert stage. Papa says I can make it, that I have it in me. So has Tony, if he doesn't forever waste his time in admiring me. We'd do it together. That would be rather novel, wouldn't it?"

"I think Philip has a future before him," Edith said generously.

"Oh, yes," said Grace, "a future."

"Money isn't everything," said Edith. "Of course, it is a great satisfaction to be free from any consideration of it—neither to be bothered by the responsibility of managing it nor by the hardship

of not having it. And although I don't claim to speak for the artistic soul, I should think one could pursue art more comfortably and successfully if able to give one's entire time and thought to the pursuit, while living in ideal circumstances. Still, money is not everything."

"It's a great deal," said Grace. "Look at you. You're happy."

For some reason Edith found it peculiarly annoying that they should be continually making an example of her marriage. A little crispness marked her reply.

"There was no Philip in my case. Moreover, you don't have to marry either one."

"Yes, I do," her sister insisted per-versely. "I'm going to take one or the other and be done with it. I suppose it will be Tony."

Edith was disarmed. She had expected to plead the cause of Mr. Navarro, and found no opposition. A sense of fairness drove her into lukewarm advocacy of the other.

"I believe you care more for Philip."

"I don't know that I do," was the cold reply. "And supposing I did, he might not be the best man in the world for me to marry. Many a love-match ends in the divorce-court. Besides, I've known him too long. We drifted together. It wasn't the sudden mystic revelation of one nature to the other, the—"

"Oh, come!" said Edith. "That's mama talking; not you."

"I don't care," said Grace. "I'm going to marry Tony. I'm going to have a broken heart and be a great artist."

With a boyishly defiant step, she marched to the piano, and immediately set it to singing spiritedly in the high notes with an accompaniment of rumbling and growling chords.

Edith surveyed her sister with a mingling of amusement, impatience, and pleasure. She did not believe Grace's heart to be in serious danger of breaking—or any other heart, for that matter—and she longed to see her advantageously settled.

"Why don't you write Phil now?" was her shrewd suggestion. "Have the suspense over for all three of you, if you have decided."

Grace whirled from the piano with a laugh, and compliantly seated herself at

the elegant little desk. Picking up a curiously pretty penholder, she applied pen to paper, writing only a few lines:

DEAR PHILIP:

I have concluded to marry Mr. Navarro. I know you will wish me happiness.

Faithfully your friend,

GRACE.

P.S.—Am at Edith's.

"Why the postscript?" asked Edith.

Grace colored guiltily as she turned toward the telephone.

"I don't know," she said. "Just an afterthought. I'm going to call a special messenger for this. He might want to telephone congratulations or a protest. A telephone message would save a scene."

III

DURING luncheon, Edith observed that Grace was unaccountably ill at ease. She ate voraciously at one moment, scarcely nibbling at the next. At every footfall she had a downcast, expectant eye. When the sound of the door-bell came, Grace dropped her napkin, turning pale, and sat back in her chair.

"It is Philip," she said.

Edith looked surprised.

"I doubt it," she replied, promptly rising. "If it is, I'll see him for you."

Grace sprang to her feet.

"No—no—I will see him myself!"

"But I wish to spare you a painful interview."

"I don't want to be spared. I want to see him—to tell him good-by."

The two young women faced each other, one unnaturally bright of eye and uncomfortably conscious of exhibiting emotion, the other coldly composed, very faintly suspicious.

It was Philip. They left the table together, but in the hall courage deserted Grace, and Edith entered the room alone.

"Ah, Philip!" She gave him a cordial hand. "It is pleasant to see you."

"Edith, thank you." His blunt, hesitating words betrayed some agitation. "Forgive me for coming at this hour. I have only just learned of your getting home. What I want to see you about can't be delayed."

Grace crept a little nearer to the doorway.

"He has not received my letter," she thought, and a throb of joy made her unsteady on her feet.

"I come to you to plead my cause," he said, with embarrassed earnestness; "not only for my own sake, but for Grace." Edith smiled, and he took it for a friendly signal. "I know what weight your judgment has with the family. I want you to throw it against her marriage with Navarro. I never imagined myself asking such assistance as this, but the situation is desperate. Have they told you?"

"I have not met him," Edith answered evasively.

"But they've told you," he said.

He began to pace the floor. Edith waited easily for him to have his say. She liked him, and intended to let the final shock reach him gently; but what he said brought a shock to her.

"Edith, you may be a happy woman. I hope you are. But could you wish, for your sister's highest happiness, a marriage like yours?" Speechless at his effrontery, Edith stared at him. "I know that Grace loves me. Two months ago she laughed at Navarro, called him an infatuated boy, which he is. She has not changed." The girl in the hall shivered sweetly. "They are trying to drive her into this marriage. Her mother has a thousand arguments. Just one has influence—Edith married without love, and Edith is content."

In his own intensity, Philip did not perceive the effect of his words upon his angry listener.

"There is this difference, Edith. You had a chance of happiness, because there was no one else. Grace has not even a chance. If she loved Navarro, do you think I would open my mouth? I could take that like a man, from a man. No; it is Navarro's money. You know, Edith, that no woman ever marries *money*."

He wiped his forehead, while Edith icily waited for the telling moment.

"It's a bitter thing not to be able to give the girl you love what some other man can give her. I can't start her as I want to, but I can take care of her. The plans I finished for the new studio-building have been accepted and highly praised. It means that my future has begun—our future; we have dreamed of

life together." He paused, as if temporarily lost in a sweet mingling of memory and prospect; then he spoke with a deep sincerity that graced his simple words: "I can make Grace happy."

Then Edith spoke, thinking that she had heard enough. She made her words colorless for fear that, biting too hard, they should betray her.

"It seems that you have not received her letter informing you of her decision to marry Mr. Navarro. Unfortunately, you are too late."

For the moment both seen and unseen auditor stopped breathing. Grace sped to the doorway and stood there, trembling. Philip looked at Edith like one transfixed in stupefaction. She heard him mutter:

"I could not have believed it, so soon!"

For his transparent suffering she forgave his words to her, though none the less they burned her memory. Then he said, in a tone that was little more than audible and yet absolutely unwavering:

"Grace will not marry Mr. Navarro. Grace will marry me."

"Philip!"

The word was so barely whispered that only ears quickened by intensity of feeling could have heard. He wheeled and beheld the girl in the doorway—his girl. She wavered. They sprang into each other's arms.

In utter blank amazement Edith rose from her chair. They had forgotten her. Without word or motion she stood gazing at them, hardly conscious of what she heard, remarkably conscious of the spectacle—her sister clinging to this man, a strange light in her eyes, an overwhelming plea in his. The lovers yielded themselves to each other in the tremulous joy of their first kiss, and in growing realization Edith walked away and looked out of the window, her face aflame.

After what seemed a long time, she began mechanically to register what they were saying.

"I was beginning to think you didn't care any more. You stayed away—"

"Because I was working harder than ever. I wanted more to offer you. And—I hoped you would miss me."

"I did, oh, so much! I would never have married him, Philip! I would

marry you without anything, without—I will wait ever so long."

"Dear, it may not have to be so very long—"

The rest of their words were drowned in the returning flood of Edith's self-consciousness. Presently she slipped past them and seated herself at the desk where Grace had written an unnecessary note an hour before. She methodically made out a check payable to Mrs. Philip Fiske, and, handing it to her sister, brought the lovers back to the world.

"It's a wedding-present," she said jerkily. "It's a bribe. Call it anything. Go away and get married!"

She turned and left them, locking herself in her room, unresponsive to her sister's deliriously happy supplications.

IV

By the time Mrs. Anderson put in a cheerful return appearance, the door was open and Edith had regained her natural self-control.

"Well?" said her mother, in anticipation of gratifying news. "Did you reason successfully with Grace? I do so want her to make a marriage that will not retard her development of self!"

Edith was not one to avoid issues.

"I reasoned with her to marry Antonio Navarro," she said, "and then advised her to marry Philip. I told them to marry at once, but they will probably wait a few days—to have us all present."

Mrs. Anderson's face was a picture of dismay.

"Edith, how could you? Oh, I could almost see her as Mrs. Antonio Navarro! Think what she sacrifices!"

"Mrs. Philip Fiske will be content," Edith said, "as Mrs. Wallace Judd is content, each with her own share."

Somewhat puzzled, the mother looked at the daughter, reading in her expression no invitation to argument. She closed her disappointed eyes to battle the better against material evidence, and presently her philosophical reenforcement came. Her face brightened.

"Well," she said, with a last regretful sigh, "I have always believed in fate. I suppose those two were predestined for each other."

Edith's answer was resolute, respectful silence, and an inscrutable smile.

THE BURDENS OF GREAT WEALTH

BY MERTON H. FORRESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT LEVERING

WHENEVER you speak to a poor man, or to one who is only moderately well off, about the burdens of the very rich, he is pretty sure to look at you with a cynical smile. His thought is like that of many people who favored an income tax in 1893, and who are favoring one now. Speak to them about the hardship of it, and they will answer instantly:

"Well, if you will only give us the income, we won't make any objection about paying the tax!"

They think that all this talk about the burdens of the very rich is only talk, and that the annoyances and troubles which accompany great wealth are hardships which could very cheerfully be borne.

When the average man forms a mental picture of the life led by multimillionaires, it is probably a picture which has about as little truth in it as the conception which any one of us would form of the daily life and habits of a mullah in the heart of Afghanistan. One would like to search out some intelligent citizen whose income is about a thousand dollars a year, and who perhaps never had, at any one time, so much as a hundred dollars in cash in his possession, and ask him to describe the environment and daily life of a man who is very rich, and whom we may, for convenience, designate as Dives.

The man of modest income, no doubt, fancies that Dives keeps almost all his wealth in the form of actual money; that he has millions of dollars distributed among various banks; that in his vaults are millions more in United States bonds; and that the safe in his office, and another safe in his house, are bursting with bundles of greenbacks and bags

of good, hard, solid gold. With all these millions, then, at his command, why should Dives need to worry? His pockets are full of ready money. If he wants anything, he has merely to draw a check or fill out a draft, and lo, the thing is done! He can travel where he likes in special trains. There are servants to do his bidding. He can array his wife and daughters in sumptuous apparel, build houses, and collect pictures, and the inevitable check-book will make all things absolutely simple.

What care has such a man as this? He has nothing to think of, save the gratification of his whims. He lives in a round of sumptuous pleasure, and the only possible drag upon it is the possibility of his being bored.

This is the way it looks to the man whose income is a thousand dollars a year. But, as a matter of fact, nothing could be more grotesque or farther from the naked truth. Perhaps, without denying that great wealth is a good thing to have, we may venture to look upon its realities as one sees them in the lives of the iron kings and oil kings and railroad kings and others who have reached a point where their riches are actually remarkable.

THE PRIVILEGE OF INDEPENDENCE

Now, up to a certain point, it is quite true that an increase of income brings an increase of pleasure, provided always that the person who earns it, or who possesses it, does not need to live with his nose forever on the grindstone, lest that income should disappear. The possession of a few hundred thousands, carefully salted down, endows its possessor with a sense of security and of independence which, after all, is the best thing that