

through honest living. Every such lesson would be a step forward toward a higher plane of living: is not this Festival Play a suggestion of one of the ways in which it may be taught?

Martin Luther is one of the world's great ones, and Germany is fortunate in that he is, as well, her son, and so she can combine enthusiasm for the Fatherland with enthusiasm for a world's reformer; but the history of our own land has many a grand and heroic page which might be studied oftener than is now the case. Germany loses no opportunity of teaching her children the lessons of patriotism: are we doing it often enough?



## The Sage

### A Treasure Brought to Light

[Attention has recently been directed anew to the Life of the Sage and Moralist who illumined the annals of England during the last century, written by an admiring worshiper of whom Macaulay says: "He is the first of biographers; he has no second: Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere." It has often been surmised that some unpublished chapters of this immortal work had perchance survived; but it is only now that we are able to state that the proprietors of *The Outlook*, by the exercise of almost superhuman perseverance and enterprise, and at an expenditure which would have beggared any ordinary treasury, have been enabled to lay hold upon a few (possibly somewhat disconnected) fragments, one of which, after careful redaction and annotation, we have the great honor of laying before our readers.]

Dec. 23.—This evening, at the Club, the Sage seemed in more than usually good humor; and I was encouraged to try an experiment (which is not always safe), and to dissent from, or at least to suggest a query in reference to, one of his previous utterances. I said to him, with not a little hesitation and fear, "Did you not, sir, express yourself somewhat strongly in saying that the man who will make a pun will pick a pocket?"

"Sir," he replied, with his wonted sturdiness, "if my affirmation were in any aspect open to criticism, its fault lies in defectiveness and inadequacy. I might have gone much further, and have asserted, without fear of contradiction, that he who would make a pun would commit all the crimes known to the criminal calendar, were he not restrained by the paucity and the Lilliputian diminutiveness of his intellectual and moral endowment, which prevents him from conceiving anything, even a crime, on other than a contracted scale. A man who would make a pun would be contemptible even in his criminalities and his vitiolities."

A pause ensued. I think it possible that some of the members were harboring, like myself, the opinion, which no one dared to express, that the Sage was governed largely in his judgments by his own personal predilections, and that he thought slightly of paronomasia because he himself had no particular aptitude for the use of that figure of rhetoric. Presently (after putting an unusually large lump of butter into his chocolate) he resumed the conversation (if I may call it a conversation which is conducted by one): "Sir, take for example the puns which are so often made upon names. It inflames me almost to the point of mania, even I lose something of my wonted patience and politeness, I am disposed to speak with a degree of severity that is scarcely compatible with the spirit and precepts of our Holy Religion and with the lessons taught by our Reverend Church" (at the mention of religion and of the Church the Sage slightly inclined his head), "when I hear people making foolish little jokes about a man named Long, or Short, or Low, or White, or Brown, or Green, or Bliss, or Pepper, or perhaps about that worthy Divine and Ornament of the Sacred Desk, Dr. Shebbeare. If a man happens to be named Lodge, every one who speaks or writes to or of him seems impelled by an irresistible infatuation to introduce the line:

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!<sup>1</sup>

And the persons who indulge themselves in these conceits always achieve them with an air of self-complacency, and seem by their mien to express their conviction that their

<sup>1</sup> The introduction of this line naturally perplexes the historian and the critic. The Sage, it will be remembered, deceased in 1784; "The Task" was not published until 1785. Can it be that the Sage and Moralist gained surreptitiously access to the MS.? or must we suppose that this passage is inserted by a later hand? Must we presume the existence of a deuterio-Sage, as it were, and adopt the view that this expression of wisdom is to be attributed, not to this Sage, but to another Sage of exactly the same name?—*Redacteur*.

verbal infelicity (I might rather say imbecility, did I not make it a point always to be temperate in my language, and to keep far within the bounds of moderation) is strictly original with themselves, and that its like could never before have occurred to any human being. If any of those frugally endowed humorists were to commit a crime, or, rather, what would be a crime in any one else, I think he would be entitled to a qualified acquittal at the bar of his country, on the ground that he was not morally or mentally compos; but regard for the welfare of the community would surely demand that he be restrained of his liberty on the ground that he is a nuisance.

"While the puns to which I have referred move pity by their inanity, there is another class which are truly criminal in their enormity. I refer to jocosities which are based upon some flippant and irreverent use of Scripture. The human mind retains what is worthless and bad with vastly more readiness than what is worthy and good, and is often occupied by thoughts which are profitless and vain and degrading, to the exclusion of those that are worth entertaining. You, sir" (turning to me, with a smile of approval which was very dear to me), "never said anything better than when you said, in reference to yourself, 'My mind is often occupied with very foolish thoughts, which shut out the better, like a parcel of country bumpkins who are drinking cheap, muddy ale in the tap-room, at little profit to the landlord, and thus are keeping out a company of gentlemen who would be drinking champagne and Tokay, greatly to the benefit of the host.'"

Here he smiled and rolled around in his chair, and added pleasantly:

"You observe it is *you* that say this of yourself. I neither affirm nor deny; only I would not let anybody but you say it."

It was rare that the Sage bestowed commendation upon any one of his intimates, and I was proportionately exhilarated.

"These unseemly jests upon Scripture rob it of sanctity, and prevent the mind from thereafter dwelling with proper reverence upon the passage that has been thus degraded. Many a person finds himself unable to think with satisfaction of various portions of the Bible because, at some time, a fellow-being (whom I cannot stigmatize otherwise than as a wretch) has made them the subject of degrading associations.

"There is another description of puns" (here the Doctor looked very hard at one member of the Club, who, though by no means given to bashfulness, hung his head for a moment) "which merit the severest condemnation. I mean those which, under the guise of a pun, bring in some vile, equivocal suggestion. I am not sure but that direct and unveiled indecency is less objectionable and offensive. I remember Sir Robert Walpole said that he always, at his table, introduced such conversation as would interest and please all his guests; so he always talked lewd when he had company; but this was not half as vile as puns and plays on words which half hide, half veil the degrading intent. The rank and steaming stench which comes up from the dunghill is less perilous than the soft and faint and half-fragrant miasma which is wafted to us from the decay of tropical vegetation."

I suspect that not a few members were convicted in their own consciences, and did not venture to reply; and, as the evening was already well advanced, presently the Club broke up for the night.



## Thy Friend

Thy friend will come to thee unsought;  
With nothing can his love be bought;  
His soul thine own will know at sight;  
With him thy heart can speak outright.  
Greet him nobly; love him well;  
Show him where your best thoughts dwell;  
Trust him greatly and for aye:  
A true friend comes but once your way.

—*Indianapolis Journal*.

## The Spectator

It was the pride of Anthony Trollope that his long service in the British post-office had resulted in securing a mail-delivery to every house in Great Britain every day. We take to English things very naturally in this country, and it has been thought that, in the more thickly settled sections, it would be a good thing to adopt this system in the United States. The Spectator believes that in some places the system has been tried, but he does not know whether it was found satisfactory or not. From his observation in his own neighborhood, he is sure that a house-to-house delivery in the country would save a lot of time; but he is afraid that a many persons would hate to give up the daily journey to the post-office in the village. The village post-office is the place of exchange of both intelligence and local gossip; and a sensational reporter of a flash city newspaper would have to do all he knew to eclipse these gossips in exaggeration of details and inaccuracy of statement. A little hint of a fact about any one at all well known in the neighborhood will spread in an hour or two to the furthest limits of a township, and in an incredibly short time the hint will have been elaborated into a complete and circumstantial narrative. But there are many even now in every neighborhood who take advantage of a private delivery. The Spectator knows of an old gentleman who has passed his eightieth year, and who, during forty years, has not for a day missed taking from the post-office the letters for a route that extends between his own house and the post-office. Winter and summer, in storms and in heat, the old gentleman with springy step covers the mile of distance, and in his delivery of letters and papers is as regular as the ticking of a clock. Nor does he carry gossip; he takes with him kindly greetings, he will venture a remark upon the weather or the crops, but gossip he will not have. In the neighborhood, and especially along this mail route that he has made his own, he is generally spoken of as very eccentric, and possessed of even more sense than his appearance and strange hatred of tittle-tattle warrant one in believing.

Thankless is the task of the advice-giver, for ingratitude is his portion. This pessimistic notion formed itself in the Spectator's mind this morning after an interview with a lady who has a summer place in his neighborhood in the country. The Spectator, like most other men who dabble in horticulture only for amusement, sometimes flatters himself that he knows a thing or two about coaxing things to grow. Among other little conceits, the Spectator has cherished the idea that he knew how to make a lawn; and so, when the old lady from whom he has just parted built a house in his neighborhood, he told her, as best he knew, how she could secure a good turf without going to the expense of laying sod. He gave this advice last spring, and recommended that oats be sowed with the grass-seed, so that the quickly growing grain would shade the tender grass and protect the roots from the sun. The lawn, it appears, was not satisfactory last autumn, so the old lady had it dug up and re-seeded. She had so much confidence in the Spectator's advice that she insisted, though told by the gardener that it was not necessary, that grain should be again put in with the grass-seed. This time rye was put in, and in the spring it came up in vigorous abundance. The lady was kept away from the country till near the end of May. When she arrived, her house was surrounded by a field of rye four feet high. It grew as though struggling for the prize at the agricultural fair. When it was cut off, there was no grass to speak of—only heavy stubble in every direction. The lady sent for the Spectator, not to ask him for advice in the present condition of her lawn, but to give him a piece of her mind. And the Spectator got it; he has it yet. It was useless for him to explain that he had recommended grain only in the spring; it was a waste of words for him to tell why he had advised it. She had made up her mind that the Spectator's advice had been maliciously given so that her lawn might be the opposite of beautiful, and so she belabored him with might and main, saying things so rude that the Spectator trembles even to recall them. At last he escaped, and as he walked home he thought of the foolish people who often complain that their advice is not taken. Surely

the Spectator never was in such trouble before on account of any of his disregarded advice. And now, so anxious does he feel that no one shall ever again take his advice—even half-way, as the old lady did with the rye in the fall instead of oats in the spring—that he has made a compact with himself never to say "I told you so" to any of his friends whose enterprises have gone wrong, or, indeed, under somewhat similar circumstances when he has not been consulted, to say, "I could have told you as much."

The writers and illustrators of the comic papers live in town, and they naturally see the humors of country life and country people as outsiders. Farmer Hayseed, with his simple manners and clumsy clothes, is kept as a kind of lay figure, into which fun of various kinds is injected whenever occasion requires. The surprise of the simple countryman at city sights is a stock theme for endless variations. Doubtless the rustics do stare at the strange things they see in town, but their stares should not unduly amuse, or in the least offend, those to whom such sights are common. The countryman, if he look with a little bewilderment, usually pays the tribute of admiration, and this should satisfy the city folks, even though as individuals they have precious little to do with creating and maintaining the wonder-compelling spectacles. But certainly Farmer Hayseed, his good wife and honest children, when they go to town "the city sights for to see," conduct themselves with as much seemliness as the average city family when in the country. These city folks, when the countryside is new to them, appear to find everything that comes under their observation as immensely diverting—something odd to be laughed at, as though it were filled with comic suggestions. Nor do they confine their expressions of amusement to inanimate things; they look at the country people with the same smile of condescending mirth. The dress of the men and the women diverts them; their occupations, which are not in the least understood, are funny; their speech is ludicrous; their very simplicity is scoffed at as though it were something to be reprehended. The Spectator notices these things every spring when he moves his home to the country, and he has long felt like saying to his brethren of the town that the mere living in town confers no virtue that entitles city folks to look down on the people in the country, or to put on airs of any kind. If a farmer tried to dress like a bank president, then his appearance would be indeed ludicrous. But in his cowhide boots, his coarse cotton trousers, his wide straw hat, he is clad as he should be, and in fit apparel to do the most useful work known to man. City ways and country ways are each as they should be in their own environment.

The sentiments of one generation in the United States, however close those sentiments may be to the National life, hardly survive the lifetime of the period in which they found their most enthusiastic expression. The Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday have both long since lost their popular significance, and now they are, as a general thing, merely holidays when people try to enjoy themselves. And the newest National holiday, Decoration Day, seems destined to be held very soon in the same regard—that is, merely as a day free from work. Across from where the Spectator sits is the village school, and on Decoration Day he was surprised to see the children assemble as usual. Then he thought that perhaps the teacher was to take the children in a body to the cemetery where lie the bodies of many soldiers who died in the war for the Union. But no, it was only a regular school-day. The teacher, who is under contract to hold school a certain number of days during the year, chose to disregard the holiday so that he could close the school one day earlier in June. There was no one who cared to say him nay, and so one of the best holidays of the year was disregarded and the children of the coming generation taught that Decoration Day was only a meaningless holiday. We forget readily enough those things that we ought to remember, without being assisted in the operation by the schoolmasters.



## The Home

### One More Criticism

An Englishman made the following comment on American women recently :

"I am aware that the idea of American men being more truly religious than are the women would arouse a storm of protest. But visit any church in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Boston, and observe who are the most devout. I say it is the men. The women give one the impression by their attitude and manner that they are merely there to satisfy the requirements of conventionality, and to inspect the millinery around them, and to be inspected. Ask the clergy, too, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, and, unless I am very much mistaken, they will tell you the same thing—namely, that the women are inferior in point of quiet faith and true religion to the men. Religion rests mainly on faith, and the American women are too hard-headed, too matter-of-fact, to accord that unquestioning and touching sort of belief."

Women ought to be able to know themselves. It is not the fault of the critics, at home or abroad, if they do not. Every defect of mind and body is held up to daylight and commented upon. There is an old and helpful adage: "By others' faults correct your own." This, when thoroughly practiced, results in regeneration. How much more helpful it is when the mirror is so held that we see our own faults and eliminate them!

Women have clung hopefully to the thought that at least their tendency was to spiritual-mindedness, but this later critic has discovered that they are men's inferiors, and that not even a church service can drive out the thought of clothes. Our critic will be disappointed that his comment does not raise the storm of protest which he predicted. The reason is, doubtless, that women, on the whole, do not believe that there is such a marked difference in the attitude of men and women toward the spiritual things; that the love of God and of men is not a question of sex, but of individuals; that no man is qualified to decide on externals the attitude of the soul.



### Bryn Mawr<sup>1</sup>

By Kate H. Claghorn

This generation has, in large measure, ceased to trouble itself as to whether woman can or can not receive into her mind and hold there comfortably the stores of knowledge that her brother man can take in and stow away with such facility. The earlier woman's colleges settled that question so definitely in the affirmative that the skeptic of the present day is driven to object as follows: "We always knew that woman could absorb, and perhaps assimilate; but can she originate? She may be a good follower, but can she ever be a leader?"

To give some answer to this skeptic, and to others like him—or her, for the doubters are not all of one sex—is perhaps the leading purpose of the college that forms the subject of this sketch, and, in furtherance of this purpose, attempts to provide the opportunities, the surroundings, the atmosphere, that shall make possible the production of original work on the part of women.

The encouragement of research is itself a comparatively new thing in any of our educational institutions. Our colleges were originally founded with the purpose of imparting to young men the store of knowledge handed down by past generations: the body of Greek and Latin classics, the better-known and more easily demonstrable branches of mathematics, an established system of theology, a fixed code of law, and the generally accepted rules of medical practice. Little by little, with the progress of science in the last half-century, the idea grew that knowledge was

not the fixed quantity it had hitherto been considered; our students began to flock to the German universities, which early took the lead in original research, returning later to their own country with a broadened view of the infinite and still almost untouched possibilities of discovery, of new light and life in every department of knowledge.

To establish in this country a center of stimulation corresponding to the German universities, and to encourage the prosecution of original researches here, the Johns Hopkins University was founded, about the year 1880. The effect of this foundation, and the idea it embodied, was to set up great activity in graduate work in all parts of the country. While the technical schools of law and medicine had filled the position of graduate schools, yet the undergraduate idea—*i. e.*, acquisition rather than origination—largely characterized them. In the new movement origination, discovery, was the leading principle. As the undergraduate ideal had pervaded the graduate school of the past, in contrast, the graduate ideal influenced the undergraduate department of the new university. In it the work was so arranged that, while the student was given the advantages of the old system, by a required set of studies necessary to give the broad general knowledge that characterizes the man of culture, he was further given the opportunity for that detailed and intimate acquaintance with special classes of facts or phenomena which must necessarily precede any creative dealing with them.

In 1885 Bryn Mawr College was opened, an institution planned after the model of the Johns Hopkins University and administered under the same influences—largely by the same hands, for several members of the Johns Hopkins Board of Trustees sit upon the Bryn Mawr Board, and the daughter of one of them is Dean of the College.

The methods employed in the College whereby the university ideal is fostered are, in brief, about as follows:

The Johns Hopkins group-system, a plan whereby the undergraduate student can combine general culture and special research, is the plan on which courses of study in the undergraduate department of Bryn Mawr are arranged. Each candidate for the degree of B.A. must take certain required studies, a "group," and one or more "free electives." The required studies are: English, five hours per week for two years; Science, or Science and History, five hours a week for two years; Philosophy (which includes Logic, Psychology, and the History of Philosophy), five hours weekly for one year. A "group" consists of two related courses of study, each occupying five hours a week for two years and called a major course, the first year of each course being called the minor and the second the major year of that course. As free elective the student may choose any course or courses of study she likes, to occupy the equivalent of five hours weekly for a year and a half. Groups may be formed as follows: Any language with any language; Mathematics with Physics; Mathematics with Greek or Latin; any science with any science; History with Political Science.

Besides the encouragement to the spirit of original research given by a course allowing detailed acquaintance with the set of facts in which the student is most interested, a further stimulus is added in the character of the instructors selected. They are men and women chosen rather for their success in original investigation and familiarity with methods of research than for fine and polished presentation of already known and established truth—though this latter faculty is conspicuously present in many of the instructors now or formerly at Bryn Mawr. Almost without exception the professors and instructors are Doctors of Philosophy, and many are from German universities. Among past professors and instructors may be counted Professor Woodrow Wilson, now of Princeton College, whose brilliant work in political science has won him a European reputation; Professor Edmund B. Wilson, now of Columbia College, one of the foremost biologists in the country; Professor Paul Shorey, now of the University of Chicago, the distinguished Platonist; Dr. Jacques Loeb, also of Chicago University, and Dr. Frederick S. Lee, now of Columbia College, both original workers in physiology. Among present members of the Faculty are:

<sup>1</sup> This paper is the first of a series of articles on Women's Colleges in the United States.