

middle of the room and reaching out into the corners, whence he gathered in small surface gleanings of dust. About two minutes sufficed for the operation."

A graduate of '95 admitted that matters were managed in very much the same way at the present time.

"If he understands that he is to be well feed for good care, you may have it," he said. "The poorest fellows, who pay only the regular charge, don't have any show beside the fellows who pay extra."

Thus, in an institution of learning, where, if in any spot on the round earth, money should count last in all advantages, again it is the rich boy who gets the most even of pure air and cleanly care.

In colleges for girls either neat maids keep the rooms in perfect order, or the girls themselves, under surveillance, attend to the matter. In the colleges for boys there is too often, as has been said, a shameful neglect on the part of the authorities to see that the janitor does his duty. An overworked "sweep" in a certain college dormitory, when expostulated with for the way in which he neglected his work, replied that he had ninety beds to make daily, and seventy rooms to sweep weekly—with the rest of the necessary chamber-work. The boys reported, with admiration, that he did everything "like lightning!" Indignant mothers who pleaded with the "dean" for an assistant for the wretched drudge were told that the college funds would not permit such an extravagance. On this very day, therefore, that poor fellow, or his successor, is undoubtedly tearing through that great dormitory, leaving behind him fresh disorder, half-done work, and ill odors of all sorts—a lesson in immorality which no college, even if it should have to go without a professor of psychology or of mediæval philology in order to do it, should for one day tolerate.

It is folly, and worse, to furnish the college boy's room extravagantly. Luxury is not good for the elastic moral fiber of youth. It is not good for him to possess satin cushions, lace-trimmed curtains, and expensive bric-à-brac, if, as is usually the case, the chief use to which these things are to be put is as missiles or as armor of defense in his merry "scraps." It is distinctly immoral to habitually abuse fine and dainty objects. Surround your college boy with strong and durable fabrics, incite him in every way to keep his belongings clean and orderly, appeal to the college authorities to demand better service of their paid minions, and then leave the happy undergraduate, with such faith as you can muster, to what may befall him.



A Graceful Dedication

No one can have read much of the writing of Horace Bushnell, the great theologian and preacher, without finding out that he had a warm heart and fine susceptibilities. The character of the man receives a charming side-light from the following dedication of one of his books to his wife, a dedication as simple and natural as it is cheerful and sincere:

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For once I will dare to break open one of the customary seals of silence, by inscribing this little book to the woman I know best and most thoroughly; having been overlapped, as it were, and curtailed in the same consciousness for the last thirty-six years. If she is offended that I do it without her consent, I hope she may get over the offense shortly, as she has a great many others that were worse. She has been with me in many weaknesses and some storms, giving strength alike in both; sharp enough to see my faults, faithful enough to expose them, and considerate enough to do it wisely; shrinking never from loss or blame or shame to be encountered in anything right to be done; adding great and high instigations—instigations always to good, and never to evil mistaken for good; forecasting always things bravest and best to be done, and supplying inspirations enough to have made a hero, if they had not lacked the timber. If I have done anything well, she has been the more really in it that she did not know it, and the more willingly also that having her part in it known has not even occurred to her; compelling me thus to honor not less, but more, the covert glory of the womanly nature; even as I obtain a distincter and more wondering apprehension of the divine meanings, and moistenings, and countless unbought ministries it contributes to this otherwise very dry world.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Wood-Folk Lore

By Bliss Carman

For every one beneath the sun,
Where Autumn walks with quiet eyes,
There is a word, just overheard
When hill to purple hill replies.

This afternoon as warm as June,
With the red apples on the bough,
I set my ear to hark, and hear
The wood-folk talking, you know how.

There comes a "Hush!" and then a "Tush!"
As tree to scarlet tree responds,
"Babble away! He'll not betray
The secrets of us vagabonds.

"Are we not all, both great and small,
Cousins and kindred in a joy
No school can teach, no worldling reach,
Nor any wreck of chance destroy?"

And so we are, however far
We journey ere the journey ends,
One brotherhood with leaf and bud
And every thing that wakes or wends.



Mountains and Mountain-Climbing

By E. K. Alden

Though Americans boast no Alpine clubs and keep no elaborate records of *premières ascensions*, and though they are not continually in evidence with blue veils and hob-nailed shoes, they are nevertheless becoming more attached to the noble habit of mountaineering. The wonder is that a race possessing such stores of nervous energy should long have furnished so large a percentage of veranda tourists; that ball-playing, tennis, golfing, and yachting should have crowded out a sport as physically bracing as any one of them and far more stimulating to mind and morals. In fact, it is a mystery why the Yankees, fond of travel and excitement, regardless of time and space, and by no means constitutionally indolent, should not be a nation of mountain-climbers like the English.

Mountaineering implies much more than the mere ascent of a height. Riding up to Hotel Kaaterskill in an Otis Elevating Railway or conquering Mount Washington by a cog-wheel train no more constitutes one a mountaineer than the passage of the Atlantic in an ocean greyhound develops a saloon passenger into an old salt. Mountaineering is thus defined by the elect: Going up a legitimate mountain, all the way up, on foot, without horses, mules, cable-cars, or other appliances for the uplift of body and soul; and it is the noblest sport on earth. It is something more: an education in botany, topography, poetry, self-control, judgment, consideration, and a dozen other things.

But let us take a concrete instance. Mount Lafayette and the Franconia *massif* in the White Hills of New Hampshire will furnish the illustration. Snow-clad peaks aside, few mountains commend themselves to the climber more than Lafayette. It is not yet vulgarized. The old bridle-road has fallen into disuse, and there is no crowding of conventional summer boarders on the steep foot-path. The approach has been made, we will say, along that famous and most inspiring of American woodland ways, the stage-road from the Flume House to the Profile. The top of Lafayette himself disappears miles before the base is reached, hidden by the great shoulder in whose shadow the highway winds. A few rods this side the Profile House we leave the road by an abrupt turn and begin the ascent. Steep almost from the start, shaded by hardwood trees, following the bed of a gully, attacking in zigzags the forbidding front of Eagle Cliff, the path climbs on. Glimpses are caught, now of the great caravansary below, now of its wonderful lakelet, renowned for echoes. Too soon the

woods shut off the view, and we contemplate, well pleased, the humbler wayside sights—the fireweed or partridgeberry, the purple brunella, the anemones, and mountain elderberry. Thus the first stage comes to an end, as we emerge at the pass between Eagle Cliff and the bold western spur of Lafayette.

As the middle stage is entered we are soon aware of a deep ravine to the left, from whose recesses floats, as higher ground is gained, a sound of unseen cascades. The deciduous trees gradually give way to evergreens, and these latter, with each zigzag, seem visibly to shrink in height. The Ammonoosuc Valley and adjoining country are disclosed, while ahead frowns a reddish mass of rocks—Lafayette's northern peak. The diminishing trees are changing into dwarf balsams as we end the second stage of the ascent and look down again on the western flank; across the Profile Notch rises Cannon Mountain, inaccessible from this side; in a little plateau between it and the neighbor Mount Kinsman reposes a charming mountain tarn, three thousand feet above the sea, whose names, Moran and Lonesome Lake, recall memories of a secluded lodge in the wilderness. And now we address ourselves to the last stage; and first we force a way through a thicket of scrub almost impenetrable without an ax, and are treated midway in the scramble to a near prospect of two tiny ponds, the so-called Eagle Lakes, which nestle in a plateau at the foot of Lafayette's main cone. Soon the timberline even of scrub is passed, and blueberry-bushes are the chief evidence of vegetation. It is well that the view is unobstructed and constantly widening on three sides, for the last climb over the stones is steep, and the wind sweeps in full force.

Like many other mountain heroes, Lafayette has a false summit; it is this pseudo crown which we have been conquering for some minutes, only to find the real top hundreds of feet beyond. But a compensation exists in the shape of a diminutive spring, whose drops, slowly oozing from the rock, are carefully appreciated; they will be the last for many miles. In five minutes the true summit is reached—a heap of stones surmounted with the foundation of an old signal building. At once all toil is forgotten in the view, in no wise inferior to that from Washington himself. Near and distant mountains by scores stand out with startling clearness. Over the whole White Mountain region and far beyond, from Canada to Wachusett, stretches the panorama. Deep ravines separate us from the Profile Notch. An untraversed wilderness lies to the east, where rises the well-nigh inaccessible Mount Garfield. In the same direction is the Presidential range. Southward the charming valley of the Pemigewasset glistens through the Woodstocks, Thorntons, and Camptons, hemmed in by our own Franconia ridge and the Kinsman and Moosilauke ranges.

But the cutting air and the distance from home are reminders that the most fascinating views have limits in time. To vary the route in the descent of a mountain is always a temptation, especially in this case, since we can traverse the crest of continuing peaks to the south. The part of the walk now to be undertaken is almost unique in this part of the country. With one exception, I know of no trip like this so-called "ridge walk." At the height of five thousand feet you traverse a long and narrow ridge, passing from one sharp elevation to another. There would be barely space for a road on this elongated spine of the mountains. Sheerly fall the rocks westward into the White Cross Ravine and other gulfs that sink into the depression of the Notch; eastward is a maze of forest slopes.

From Lafayette's main peak this interesting path conducts one in a few minutes to the South Peak, and thence to the bold height called Mount Lincoln. The jagged rocks of the latter are the features that give to this Franconia group its wild and tumbled appearance from such points as Lake Moran, the Cascade Brook, or even from the summit of Moosilauke. The formidable proportions of Lafayette are strikingly evident from Lincoln. On this wind-swept *arête* it is a pleasure to exist. There is no real danger except that from sudden fog. But there is a vivid sense of solitude amid these serrated peaks in picking the

"strait and narrow way" along the line of hummocks and hollows. From Lincoln we must scramble over steep cliffs and through increasingly thick masses of scrub until the Haystack is reached. Locally applied to all the summits from Garfield to Mount Flume, the name Haystack is properly restricted to the peak half an hour southward from Lincoln. From its plateau-like top the forest curves in a graceful sweep to the symmetrical Liberty, two or three miles still farther south. Attention is needed here to find the blazed path as we emerge from the ledges of the Haystack into the dwarf woods. The trees increase in height as we descend a few hundred feet, and a welcome brook is discovered. Again we wind upward and gain the foot of Mount Liberty. Avoiding the detour to its summit, we follow the Appalachian Club path, which now turns sharply to the right and descends Mount Liberty's western side. For a mile and more it leads us towards the Flume House, till it is abruptly lost in a maze of fallen trees, stumps, and underbrush, where the loggers have played havoc with blazed trees. This desolate region we can flounder through in the dubious chance of striking the path at the lower end of the clearing; but it is easier to keep away to the left on one of the main logging-roads, and, bearing continually to the left in the labyrinth of paths, we hit exactly the foot of the Flume. Thence past the Flume café a woodland lane leads us to the main thoroughfare, which we gain near the Mount Liberty House, and from there homeward the route is through familiar albeit dusty scenes.

Here are obviously no Matterhorns or Grossglockners for glacier-loving divines to conquer and thereby lay up reservoirs of strength for the winter's warfare. No learned talk is here of *séracs* and crevasses; no need exists of guides, porters, or apparatus of ropes and life-saving articles. But, though humbler than the giants of Oberland, Caucasus, or Sierra, these lesser friends of ours are health-giving and inspiring.



The Meanest Boy in School

By Mabel Gifford

If you want to see the smartest fellow in Topton, you just inquire for Blanchard Bixby. He is the jolliest fellow, too. He is always close to one hundred in his per cents at school, and he is ready and hearty for a game of baseball or tennis, or any fun that is on hand.

Joe Flavin is always boasting what he can do, but you never hear Blanchard Bixby boasting. He never calls a fellow a cheat or a liar, either; he never calls names. Now, that means a good deal on a playground. When Joe Flavin is in the game there is always a row, for he is sure to call names before the game is finished.

Pratt Hovey is the fellow they call the meanest boy at the Brick Street School, and he is always setting Joe on. He likes a row; that is, he likes to see it going on. You don't catch him in it, no siree!

One day (it was about a month before the holiday vacation) Blanchard Bixby came striding home with the hottest face any one had ever seen him show. He rushed through the hall and burst into Grandmother's room like a young cyclone.

"I am going to fight Pratt Hovey to-morrow," he broke out in an angry voice. Blanchard was not afraid to tell anything to Grandmother—she never was shocked.

Grandmother put her hands over her ears, and smiled at her grandson. "I don't wonder," she said, heartily; "he's the boy they call the meanest boy in school, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is, and rightly named. He is meaner than mean. He called me a cheat to-day, and then he called me a coward because I did not fight Joe Flavin for cheating. I won't stand any more of his talk." Blanchard was breathing pretty hard, and brought his fists down on his knees with force enough, Grandmother thought, to crack his knee-pans.

"And you think a flogging will do him good?" asked Grandmother.