

you," he said gently, "one that comprised my own."

Snow came down the stairs in his raglan. She went with him to the empty billiard-room, and I saw him kiss her on its threshold.

General Cambord, looking over his shoulder, saw me behind him.

"So Snow is the happy man!" he said, gamely; "he's an attractive fellow. I knew his mother ages ago. Miss Gifford didn't mention any names."

Sir Randers was explaining that General Cambord had only come down for the day, I heard the kodaks snapping—for such is the noise of fame. But we surrounded the old gentleman as he entered his carriage. Snow sat beside him, the policeman took a seat on the box, the door closed, the horses started, and presently the brougham vanished through the gates.

"Gloria in excelsis, Domine," I exclaimed, as I moved toward the telephone. I called up the editorial chambers of the *Piccadilly Personage*.

"Is this the person to whom news is reported?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"A marriage is arranged between Miss Agatha Gifford and Mr. Tertius Snow. What issue will that appear in?"

A voice of gladness, answered, "To-morrow's; what's your price?"

"It's gratis," I cried, indignantly, ringing off.

Miss Gifford often wonders how her engagement was made public, and I have taught her to suspect the servants, but it is well she did not find me appropriating Snow's telegrams, among which I found one from Petersburg. I read it and then it fluttered into the fire; the day was chilly. The telegram was short.

"You saved the situation," it read; "*the Silsit Loan is abandoned.*"

I have since learned that General Cambord never asked for it.

VI

TERTIUS SNOW and Agatha Gifford were married in September, in Wiltshire. The day was perfect, the choir out of tune, and none of the bridesmaids handsome. When they returned from church, a package was placed in Agatha Snow's hand—a little package, sent by Parcel-Post. She opened it and found a yellow, heart-shaped diamond, set between two daggers. With a curious chill moving up my spine, I asked who sent it. "There is no name," they cried, searching among the wrappers.

"General Cambord," I suggested.

"He sent these." Tertius touched a diamond chain about his wife's neck. I had seen Madame Cambord wear it long ago, and wondered if the gift were a compliment or an economy. The mystery of that diamond is often mooted in the Snow household. I always inquire about it whenever I see them.

THE POINT OF VIEW

"THE only specialists about whom, I think, the thoughtful critic of education need give himself any serious concern," said President Wilson, of Princeton, in his inaugural address, "are the specialists who have never had any general education in which to give their special studies wide rootage and nourishment." This is not the view simply of the scholar and man of letters, for Dr. Wilson was able to quote in its behalf eminent "practical" authority. "It was

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but the other day," he said, "that the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education endorsed the opinion of their president, Mr. Eddy, that the crying need of the engineering profession was men whose technical knowledge and proficiency rest upon a broad basis of general culture."

This testimony by no means stands alone. In discussing, in his last annual report, the retention of Greek as a required study President Hadley, of Yale, quotes "a leading employer of railroad labor" as saying to him:

Specialism and
College Train-
ing.

"When I want a college man I want a man who knows that it is hard work to use books that are worth anything; and as a preparation for railroad service I would rather have a man who has learned to use one hard book without liking it—a Greek dictionary, if you please—than a man who thinks he knows all the experimental science and all the shop-work which any school can give him, and has enjoyed it because it is easy."

The interesting thing in this coincidence of view is that, while not agreeing on the same essential of college training, the railroad manager instancing discipline and the engineer culture, both recognize the handicap of a strictly technical education. Looked at on one side, this is a gratifying acknowledgment from "practical" authority of the soundness of certain old-fashioned theories which have seemed to survive by sufferance. Looked at on another, the acknowledgment is so general in terms—"a Greek dictionary, if you please"—as to emphasize the difficulty of adjusting the traditional college system to the requirements of American life to-day. Which studies must be retained as essential to discipline and culture? Which can be sacrificed in the interest of a modern equipment? To this question fronting the "practical" educator, the man of affairs, who has studied the subject broadly, has seldom an answer ready, and it is hardly fair to expect one of him. Discrimination of this sort is not "in his line."

The problem is, in a sense, peculiar to America. It is due, in part, to the wide diversity of career open to the American college graduate, and in part to the attempt to make over the college inherited from England on the model of a German university. The former, aptly described as "the coping-stone of a system of secondary education," has a value for practical life—as Cecil Rhodes's will eloquently testifies—but is still distinctly untechnical, if not mediæval. It ministers to a social class from which are largely drawn the men who dominate England. To an American visitor who protested to Dr. Caird that he was wasting on minutiae of discipline the time he ought to give to completing a great work on philosophy, the Master of Balliol replied: "I am training the future rulers of the empire"—meaning the class at whose head stands Lord Milner. The reply reveals in a word the purpose on which English university life lays chief stress—the enforcement of right habits. At the other extreme stands the

German university, its four departments definitely designed for special training in theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. Something like seventy per cent. of its graduates enter the government service, which of itself gives a bureaucratic fixity to curriculum requirements, a peculiarity hard to appreciate in America under conditions so different. With the Church a state institution, with government control of the profession of teaching, with previous experience as recorder or clerk of a court demanded of the practising lawyer, and with a very large number of official positions awaiting the graduate in medicine, the German university in the careers of its graduates represents a system antithetic, if not antagonistic, to our own.

In watching the transition of the American college from the English to the German model, it is easy to lose sight of the fact that in growing away from the one educational theory to the other, we come no nearer to the German than we were to English conditions. The final end of an American education is neither to train a governing class nor to fit for a government service, but to develop good citizenship. For this the college must seek to broaden the specialist; not merely for his own sake, nor for the sake of his profession. The college should be first of all a school of duty, if, as Woodrow Wilson has said, "the business of the world is not individual success, but its own betterment."

WE Americans have been called extravagant in money matters, and not without some justice. We make money (as the phrase goes) more quickly than other people, and incline to spend it with a corresponding lack of reserve. As a nation, we are not economical; indeed, we are, as a rule, what the Germans, French, or Italians would call singularly wasteful. We have a taste for luxury (who has not?), and are fond of getting in the easiest, that is, the most expensive way. Only a very small proportion of the wives of our mechanics and workmen have any notion whatever of what would, in Europe, be called good cooking; and poor cooking means either wretched living or expensive marketing. Certainly our mechanics and workmen do not, in general, live wretchedly; what a family throws away would keep an Italian household quite comfortably. If the bulk of our people do not

Do We Breed
Spendthrifts?