

fully to the governess, the little boys' school, and the big boys' school, turn them over in time to the college. The college, they admit, has its dangers; yet it is the only thing for gentlemen's sons at a certain time in their lives, and the risk must be taken. The business of the college they patronize is, like the business of the schools, they have patronized, to develop, cultivate, and protect their sons, whom, to put it in their own language, they "confide" to the college for that purpose. "I sent my boy to college," writes the mother of a lazy little French man that has come to grief, "and I supposed he would be looked out for." "Write me a good long letter about my Darling," says another. "I want my boy to be up *and washed* at eight," says a careful father. "Please send me every week an exact record of my son's absences," a suspicious father writes to the dean,—and the dean wonders what would become of himself, his stenographer, and his ostensible duties if all parents should ask for consideration on this same scale.

"Some things are of that nature as to make One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache";

and often such appeals as I have cited, though superficially amusing, belong to the sad phenomena of the college world, for they imply distrust at the very time when a youth, just entering the larger life and the fiercer temptations of early manhood, needs, beyond all other human helps, a relation with father and mother of long tried and perfect trust. They imply, also, parents' ignorance of children's character.

To the dean of a large college, who has most to do with students and their parents in all academic sorrows, it soon becomes clear that parents are accountable for more undergraduate shortcomings than they or their sons suspect,—and this after liberal allowance for faults in the college and its

officers. "I have spent an hour to-day with Jones's father," said a college president in a formidable case of discipline. "I have conceived a better opinion of the son after meeting the father,"—and the experience is repeated year by year. Five minutes, or two minutes, with a father or a mother may reveal the chief secret of a young man's failure or misconduct, and may fill the heart of an administrative officer with infinite compassion. "You say he gambles," says a loud, swaggering father. "Well, what of it? Gentlemen always play cards." "I told my boy," says a father of a different stamp, "that I did not myself believe in [what is commonly called 'vice'], but, that if he went into that sort of thing, he must not go off with the crowd, but must do it quietly in a gentlemanly way."

Hereditary and home influence less palpable but quite as pervasive and nearly as demoralizing is that of the trivially biographic mother, who, while a dozen men are waiting at the dean's office door, assures the dean that her son, now on trial for his academic life, "was a lovely baby," and who, so to speak, grows up with him then and there, tracking him step by step, with frequent countermarches, to his present station, or of the mother who insinuates that the father (whose ambassador she is) has been less competent and wise than she, and that her son gets from the father's family offensive traits which she hopes will be kept under by the sterling merits that he gets from her own, or of the father who is tickled by the reminiscences of his own youth that are evoked when his son is caught stealing a poor shopkeeper's sign, or of the father who suggests that the college should employ at his expense a detective against his son, or of the father who, when his son is suspended from the university, keeps him in a neighboring city, at any cost and with any risk and with