

AS WE LIST : AND YE LIST.

Here is a touch of human passion : The scene was the Public Library. At one of the tables in the reference department, a lady had just seated herself, apparently of rather mature age. She was still beautiful ; her hair was drawn softly back from her face to disappear under a luxurious hat. She was richly clothed in gray and black, and relieved upon this latter colour, at the neck glittered a plain silver cross. She was artistic, dainty, feminine. Her dress abounded in little conveniences. She drew her handkerchief from some mysterious recess in her sleeve. She removed the fur bands about her wrists and discovered spotless cuffs secured with silver fastenings which by means of small chains held the cuffs in proper manner, and in proper place. She took her gold glasses from the small bejeweled hook on which they were suspended, and after adjusting them to her delicate features, and making sundry other arrangements, she produced a note-book in vellum, with a finely sharpened drawing pencil, and became absorbed in the large art folio before her.

Presently a man entered. He was six feet in height, broad in shoulder, black in skin. A thick fuzz covered his head, and a like material was worn upon his cheeks. Melancholy eyes looked from beneath the dark, hollow brows, and testified to something intellectual which prevented him from being repulsive.

Large and absent-minded he placed himself beside the lady. She was copying a design, and accidentally he had touched her elbow. She lifted her head, looked at her neighbor, and shrank back in disgust. Then moving herself and her pretty possessions further from him she became again intent upon her drawing.

The hurt expression of the negro's face grew suddenly fierce and contemptuous. He drew from his pocket a ragged piece of paper, and thereon, by glancing easily across her shoulder, and commenced to copy the beautiful and elaborate pattern. In what seemed not more than six or seven strokes, he had done it in perfection. He sat still gazing down at his work. The lady with her feeble reproduction not yet finished, closed the folio sharply, delivered it to the attendant, and with supercilious fatigue moved from the room without glancing at her rival.

The observer nodded to him from across the table in sign of victory, but the man only looked ashamed then.

To the Editor of VARSITY :

The demon of party politics, so long and furiously rampant in the under-graduate body, has at length it appears, been cast out. The time at last has come when the organization of the College by the confession of its greatest staunchest friends must stand or fall upon the merits of its own usefulness and the unaided exertions of its own members. The spectacle of an institution so undeniably beneficial in its action, so plainly noble in its aims, depending for its support upon a hot and hollow system of party politics, seemingly justifying objects and conduct diametrically opposed to its salutary influence and its lofty ideals, shall no longer, it is to be hoped, disgrace the field of under-graduate life. By a process of political evolution that noxious system has perished and those who so long lived and schemed under its influence have been awakened to a sense of the high possibilities which its existence concealed.

Party, however, died hard. So long as any excuse for division appeared, so long as any chance for an even conflict existed, the political octopus shot forth its vampire arms and seized its prey. Up to 1890 the men from the united residences not unfairly balanced the men who lived outside. It was possible, moreover, to canvass a majority among the medicals, and so the fight went on. The outside party, however, naturally and inevitably grew ; the in-

side party naturally and inevitably declined ; the medical members were disfranchised, and from that moment the party system was doomed. Its true foundation had been destroyed, and all further attempts to preserve it were based, not on really existing differences, but on vague and visionary schemes, such as a Students' Union or an Alma Mater Society. Recent events have clearly proved the futility of creating imaginary platforms, and the last survivors of the old regime, the war-scarred veterans of the Old Guard, not more than ten days ago came boldly out with the death warrant of politics and corruption. They declared for an election on the merits of the men ; they deprecated all attempts to drag politics into other spheres ; they denounced all iniquitous practices ; in a word they united a great majority of the students in a solid phalanx against the party system and all the vices it had produced. At the same time the soundness of the argument by which the old fights had been defended was keenly assailed. "No election, no fees" had been the cry. And the danger of an empty treasury, in those days a *real* one, was enough to fire the most moderate men with party zeal. Within the past two weeks, however, a different state of affairs has been inaugurated. The usefulness of the society has come home to all, a spirit of loyalty has leapt to birth, and a determination to support the institution in a really consistent and able manner has clearly been formed in the under-graduate mind. Class caucuses have passed patriotic resolutions, party leaders have made patriotic speeches, rank and file are ready with patriotic cash. At the same time an economical policy has been promulgated, high fees have been lowered, and henceforth the banjo twanger will support himself when the literary member pays only one dollar. Under these great principles of economy and loyalty it seems altogether likely that the Literary Society will no longer depend, for its existence upon the vicious political system. Its members are to be congratulated on the new position of affairs, and the student body in general on the decay of their greatest curse. For years party politics have been responsible here for numerous evil things. At the very time when the mind should have been most strictly bent on study they have turned it to distracting and unnatural excitement ; they are responsible for the pernicious belief that the very society which should most strongly and successfully appeal to the students' legitimate financial support could be maintained only by distorted political methods ; they have arbitrarily divided by keen and barren rivalries men of kindred minds ; they have arbitrarily united in false and barren friendships men of alien tempers ; they have aroused cruel suspicions ; they have circulated slanders ; they have ruined reputations ; they have rendered selfish and bitter spirits morbidly acrimonious ; they have rendered open and generous natures prematurely callous ; and they have not prepared their devotee for the world in one essential or lofty particular, since they have taught him the principles only of the partisan or the cynic. Either to support petty creeds with bigotry and passion or to suspect that no great cause has its strength in truth and no great man his ambition in the love of her. Fitly, fitly, therefore has their knell been rung :

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

W. P. REEVE.

Harvard has graduated 18,000 students in 225 years of its existence. The present enrolment is 2,613, which is the largest in the United States.

The report of the Treasurer of the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Association shows a balance of \$3,000. Of this sum \$1,000 has been appropriated for the building of a base ball cage on the new athletic grounds.