

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Modern Language Club was held in the Y.M.C.A. hall last Monday evening. The President occupied the chair. The subject of the afternoon's study was French-Canadian literature of which Louis Fréchette was taken as the best representative. The enthusiasts of the club who were the only ones present had a very interesting time.

The first number on the programme was an essay in French by Miss Jeffrey of the second year. This treated of some of the general points of Fréchette's life and was read very clearly.

Les Fleurs Boréales was to have been the subject of an essay by Mr. A. L. Lafferty, '92, but that gentleman preferred to give a talk on that subject in place of putting his ideas on paper. Mr. Lafferty's address was entirely in French and proved a very interesting part of the programme. He gave a short review of the life of Fréchette, dealing more particularly with his education, early work, profession and political views. Turning to his poetry he read several fine selections and read them with an appreciation of their meaning, to possess which one has to be born a Frenchman. The peculiar beauties of Fréchette's style, the difference between Fréchette and Lamartine in their treatment of nature were pointed out very clearly and with the sympathetic treatment of an admirer. Mr. Lafferty spoke in his native tongue with sufficient slowness and distinctness to make himself easily understood by his English audience.

Mr. J. H. Cornyn followed with an English essay on *Les Légendes d'un Peuple*. Time did not permit of the whole of his essay being read, but if what was read was an earnest of the remainder the whole must have been excellent. Branching off his main subject Mr. Cornyn made quite a lengthy reference to the question of whether there is any Canadian poetry, to which he, like both the speaker and essayist of the preceding week, gave a distinctly affirmative answer. Canadian literature has received a very fair share of attention at the hands of the club this year, and the members must have begun to recognize that Canadian poetry, if Roberts and Fréchette are considered, is not the myth some try to affirm.

Owing to the lateness of the hour there was no French conversation and the meeting adjourned. The subject of the meeting next Monday night will be "Browning."

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Art of Playwriting" (Williamson & Co., Toronto; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York), by Alfred Hennequin, Ph.D., is a practical treatise on the elements of dramatic construction, and should be of great interest to the playwright, the student and the dramatic critic. There are two classes of readers to whom a volume of this sort should specially commend itself: first, those who know much about the practical workings of the theatre, but have little constructive knowledge; second, those whose instinct for dramatic construction is strong, but who through lack of opportunity have acquired little insight into the practical details of stage representation.

"A Wave of Life," by Clyde Fitch, and a paper on Thomas Buchanan Read, by R. H. Stoddard, are the chief attractions of the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. There is also an article by Joaquin Miller. Altogether the number is an excellent one.

There are one hundred and nineteen elective courses open to the academic juniors and seniors of Yale.

In the early history of Harvard, students were subjected to corporal punishment. They were thrashed in the presence of all their comrades, the exercise beginning and ending with prayer.

HE—A sweet death!

SHE—What nonsense we are talking! I'm so tired of—

HE (suggestively)—Me—perhaps?

SHE—N-n-n-o—I'm tired of nonsense.

HE (reflectively)—Oh!

SHE—Men never seem to recognize that fact that one likes to be serious at times.

HE (rising and going toward her)—Were you ever in earnest—really in earnest—in your life?

SHE—Ask my dressmaker.

HE—Or your milliner, I suppose?

SHE—Yes, it's a serious matter to make a choice.

HE (looking down at her as she plays with her spoon)

—Always?

SHE (handing him her cup, which he places on the table)—Well, it depends on what I am choosing.

HE—Well, say a husband, for instance.

SHE—Well, you see that is a matter in which I am not consulted. Fate has already chosen one for me.

HE (quickly)—May I ask whom?

SHE—The first man who proposes.

HE—I—

SHE—Provided he comply with one condition.

HE—And the condition?

SHE—That he never write original poetry. Now, you know that no man on earth would promise that—no young man, I mean. And who wants to marry a man old enough to make a goose of himself? (Walks over to the window).

HE (following her)—Do you really mean all this?

SHE (looking out of the window)—I think I see mamma coming.

HE (taking her hand)—Answer me, Marion—yes or no.

SHE—I—I—

HE—Yes or no.

SHE—Well—I— There is really no necessity for your holding my hand, Mr. Kinnear—well, yes, then.

HE—Well, then, I propose to you—

SHE—But you're not the first.

HE—Never mind, I'll see that I'm the last.

SHE—But the condition?

HE (with emphasis)—My dear girl, I vowed half an hour ago that I would never compose another line.

SHE (after an eloquent silence)—But Mr. —, I mean Jack, I shouldn't mind your sending me poetry occasionally if you always send chocolates with the verses.

HE—Verses with the chocolates, you mean.

SHE (looking again through the window)—Here comes mamma.

HER MOTHER (entering)—My dear (seeing a visitor)—Ah, how do you do, Mr. Kinnear?—not going, surely?—so sorry to have missed you—and Marion such a poor hostess, too. Really, do you know, Mr. Kinnear, she is so absent-minded.

SHE—I often say what I don't in the least mean.

HE (aside to her)—But you know you mean a great deal that you have not said. You have not half told me how much you care for me.

SHE (aside to him)—Because I care so little, Signor Benedick.

HER MOTHER (who has been rummaging in her reticule)—My dear Marion, where did you put— Ah, here it is (holding up a sheet of note-paper). I hunted everywhere when in town for my list, but could not find it—where could it have been? Why did you write it on such a large sheet? I must have thought it was a letter (looking at it closely). Why, the other side is not in your handwriting. It looks like poetry, does it not? (handing it to him).

SHE (aside)—Oh! his poem?

HE (grimly)—Very like—but it is not really poetry, my dear Mrs. Petit. One often mistakes the semblance for the reality.

SHE (aside to him)—Forgive me.

HE—Forgive me. I was speaking figuratively, you know. One often does.

SHE (with conviction)—One does. And I am so absent-minded, you know.

GRETA.