

cut to wealth or the rosy highway to a happy success why I do not think he is doing quite as well as he who goes to school merely to study and to fill his mind with a knowledge of the best books and the best things. A painter may produce good pictures for dollars, but I think the man who paints merely for the sake of art has a great deal nobler purpose.

So I must think then that the boys of old at college had somewhat higher ideals than are common in too many of our colleges to-day." "Then you would say, Professor, that our technical schools need to emphasize more the side of general culture than they do? Is this a just conclusion from your remark?"

"Yes, I suppose this naturally follows and as far as I can see our best technical schools are coming to see this too. There is coming to be called for a broader study of general fields of culture. The brain when trained to do just one thing perfectly is of course out of poise. We have sacrificed breadth for the sake of point and direction. In the old days they made just as great mistakes probably on the opposite side. They sacrificed keenness of perception for the sake of breadth."

"What do you think then, Professor, will be the proper theory of college training for the future?" "Undoubtedly our colleges will try to avoid both of these mistakes, which we have so far been making. The ideal training school will give both technical accuracy, but will not at the same time neglect the advantages that come alone from general culture and larger knowledge.

Rut I see we are at my station where I must leave you. I wish you good day."

And the professor passed out upon the station platform. As I saw his still vigorous figure disappear round a corner, I could not help asking myself, "Was he right after all in what he has said to-day? I believe it is worth thinking about, anyway."

"MARK MULLER."

Mark Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Nature herself had painted his cheeks
The ruddy color which for health bespeaks.

His torn and unpatched pantaloons,
Told that he had been hunting coons.

And as he raked, that summer's day,
Listening to what Nature had to say

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