

strangled her with his right hand, she tried to free herself by trying to take his hand off. In so doing her nails pulled off some of the black fibers, from his coat, which was made of black serge."

"But another man might have worn black serge too."

"Sure enough. But where was he going to get out? After committing the crime, he had to escape thru some opening. But all of them were locked. I am positive that he could not have passed by the main door as the chauffeur was there with those ladies."

"But he might have been in league with some of the domestics."

"You mean that he unlocked one of those windows or doors, slipped out and had the domestic lock it afterwards?"

"Exactly."

"There could have only been one—that was Abner Philipps. The girl was too good to help the murderer. The cook has a nervous constitution. That eliminates him. So Philipps could have been the only one in league with the real murderer. And that was Philipps in league with himself. It could not be otherwise. You will doubtless notice there was a faint white scratch in his pants."

"I did not notice it."

"Then you have much yet to learn. I examined him very carefully. He had it all right. I am sure that was caused by the demised. She struggled and kicked uselessly. Nevertheless she marked Philipps."

"That is not enough to warrant his arrest."

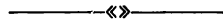
"True. Did you see that the rouge was scattered below the lower lip?"

"What of it?"

"Philipps placed his left hand over her mouth to keep her quiet. In so doing, he unknowingly rubbed the lips and spread the rouge. I did not know he did it. But I guessed. If the rouge spread, surely it would mark on the glove. And it did. I followed up my guess and it succeeded. You remember, I sent Brant to the pantry? That was to have him search Philipps' room. Philipps thought that by hiding the gloves in the pocket of his newly ironed pants, they would not be found. He was mistaken. And that evidence convicted him."

"Gee, but you are great," declared Craig with enthusiasm.

"I know I am," said Cortland slowly, and emitted a cloud of smoke.



"Embalmed Minds"

SOME short while since, the Editor of this Journal approached me with his best smile, and after a few preliminary, unctuous remarks, shot me a bolt from the effects of which I am still troubled: Would I write a list of one-hundred good books I had read, for publication in the GREEN AND WHITE. This was the burden of my seducer's song. A tall request, methought. A veritable dilemma for unwary me; Was I to say "No" to a good friend who had never refused me a favor? Or was I to put into the hands of the public, vulgar and elite alike, what must seem a sort of confession of my private life, a betrayal of my

nature, if not of my name.

I remonstrated that I was not a wide reader, not even along one line. That sometimes I am humbled and humiliated, when queried by my friends as to whether I have read G. K.'s latest, or what I think of G.B.S. as a rival of Shakespeare for the dramatic laurel. But the Editor was adamant, and would not brook refusal. Again he smiled, chiefly with his eyes this time; and after some more hopeless dilly-dallying on my part, I yielded the fatal "Yes". No sooner had he made his triumphant retreat, than I was stricken with remorse for my softness. I had been inveigled into his coils; and

now, the price has to be paid for my temerity and folly.

A hundred books! Surely, many even of our High School students, must have read that meagre number. And no doubt the ever-increasing army of those who constitute the present epidemic of gowned graduates, not to mention, except in terms of hushed awe, the mushroom crop of absolute, dictatorial purveyors of information, yclept professors,—no doubt most of these would be positively insulted were they asked to write the names of a paltry hundred books they had read and studied. And our innocent Editor would be upbraidingly asked to make it at least a thousand.

"A book's a book although there's nothing in it," satirises Byron in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Books with nothing in them are only too common, and their readers are legion. Any of our literary hobbledehoys could easily write them while you wait. Such literary and literal mockeries are not only voraciously devoured, but even requisitioned to decorate, by profuse quotation, the many "articles", which their wretched readers use to profane the Press,—if that were possible. And of course, they supply our "column writers" with an inexhaustible emporium of padding, when their own reserve of piffle fails—if even that, *a fortiori*, were also possible.

But my cruel friend, the Editor, is fastidious. All men with a true literary taste are like that. They will not be fed on garbage. They insist on rejecting the husks of swine. They will not drink at the fountain of folly. Their aliment must be gathered from the fields of Eternal Truth. More. They are particular, to a nicety, that it be served with the delicate condiment of literary art. Unlike the scavenging millions, they insist on regarding a book with nothing in it, as no book at all. Much more, if it contains untruths, half truths, or travestied truths; and this no matter how delectably soever these may be camouflaged.

Ruskin's remarks, as to what a real book is, may here be quoted: "A book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, nor to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has some-

thing to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing or group of things manifest to him,—this the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on a rock, if he could, saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated like another. My life was as a vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew, this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' This is his writing; it is in his small human way, and with whatever of degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription or scripture. That is a book."

Elsewhere Ruskin calls all such books enduring writings, books of all time, books properly so called, in contradistinction with what he terms books of the hour, ephemeral writings. Of these he says, "The good book of the hour—I do not speak of bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. These bright accounts of travel; good-humored with witty discussion of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes general, are a peculiar possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use of them if we allow them to usurp the place of true books."

The appended list includes books of both species, but no bad ones of either. Bad books! And permanent bad books! They exist; aplenty. Genius is not infrequently pressed into the service of evil,—into the service of infidelity, irreligion, immorality: Into the service of the devil rather than into that of God: Into

treason against truth rather than into loyalty thereto: Into the degradation of the nation rather than into its uplift. Such a book comes off the Press. It is grabbed up like the proverbial hot cakes. The unsteady of purpose read it, and, become more unsteady. The author acquires fame, and maybe, wealth. When he is festering in his grave, the stream he has polluted, flows on. Generation after generation, the accursed things move on to poison millions of minds, to damn millions of souls.

I must avail myself of the reader's long-suffering to once again appositely invoke John Ruskin: "Sir, you have this gift (genius), and a mighty one; see that you serve your nation faithfully with it. It is a greater trust than ships or armies: you might cast *them* away, if you were captain, with less treason to your people than in casting your own glorious power, and serving the devil with it instead of men. Ships and armies you may replace, if they are lost, but a great intellect once abused, is a curse to the earth forever."

It would seem as if our English classics,—the good ones,—are not so widely read nowadays as formerly. This is a pity. New books come and go. "They have their little day, and die." The rust of time they cannot resist. But the classics remain forever. Royal metal, they defy all corroding influence. They are like our artesian fountains gushing forth the health-giving stream of clear sparkling water, of clear sparkling Truth. As has been said, higher up, the reading of such treasures does not at all preclude the harnessing, into our service, of the numerous splendid books which are the product of our own age. The Scotchman, in the joke column, when asked which would he take, white wine or red, quickly formulated the orthodox reply, "Baith, mon, baith." A wise motto for the shrewd reader. No need to follow what the witty Rogers is alleged to have been wont to say, "When a new book comes out, I read an old one."

The classics never tire us. We go back to them again and again, and each time we find them as fresh, wholesome and racy as ever. This applies even to classic novels. A second

reading opens up vistas and pandora boxes that we missed on our first exploration. Most of the books, in the accompanying list, I have read twice, and I long for the leisure to take them up again. Not a few I have read thrice. And the reader will doubtless be puzzled to diagnose what form of insanity has led me to read *Treasure Island* from front to back at least ten times. The very mention of the title, whets my appetite for another feast.

But, whither have I been led! Here, then, is a "list of a hundred books which I have read" with pleasure, and I like to think, with profit. It is not claimed that they are the hundred best I have read. In a few cases, the author's name has slipped my memory, but the Editor has promised not to bring me to book for the omission.

Shakespearean Tragedy	A. C. Bradley
The Poetic Mind	F. Prescott
The Conquest of Mexico	Prescott
The Conquest of Peru	Prescott
Life of Voltaire	John Morley.
David Copperfield	Dickens
Introduction to English Literature	Hudson
Poets and their Art	H. Monroe
Old Mortality	Sir W. Scott
Christ in the Church	R. H. Benson
Robinson Crusoe	Defoe
Vanity Fair	Thackeray
Paradise Lost	Milton
Selected Poems (Ed. M. Arnold)	Wordsworth
Leaves of Grass	Whittier
Essays	R. L. Stevenson
A Midsummer Night's Dream	Shakespeare
Childe Harold	Byron
More Joy (Translation)	Keppler
Poems	Matt. Arnold
Lorna Doone	Blackwell
The Divine Comedy (Cary's Translation)	Dante

The Mill on the Floss	<i>G. Eliot</i>	The Dark Ages	<i>Oman</i>
The Dream of Gerontius	<i>J. H. Newman</i>	The Last of the Mohicans	<i>F. Cooper</i>
Martin Chuzzlewit	<i>Dickens</i>	Kenilworth	<i>Scott</i>
The Boree Log	<i>Harrington</i>	Poems	<i>Thomas Gray</i>
The Lady Next Door	<i>H. Begbie</i>	The Glories of Mary	<i>St. Alphonsus Liguori</i>
Lectures (Delivered in U.S.A.)	<i>Tom Bourke</i>	History of Europe (1789-1870)	<i>Fyffe</i>
The Psalms	<i>King David</i>	Historical Essays (2 vols)	<i>J. H. Newman</i>
Hamlet	<i>Shakespeare</i>	Gulliver's Travels	<i>Swift</i>
Selections from the Spectator	<i>Addison</i>	Henry Esmond	<i>Thackeray</i>
The Compleat Angler	<i>Walton</i>	Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics	<i>Palgrave</i>
Oxford Lectures on Poetry	<i>A. C. Bradley</i>	Reflections on the French Revolution	<i>Ed. Burke</i>
Essays of Elia	<i>Lamb</i>	Departmental Duties and Barrack-Room	
Collected Essays	<i>Macaulay</i>	Ballads	<i>Kipling</i>
Confessions (Praises)	<i>St. Augustine</i>	The Last of the Barons	<i>Lytton</i>
History of Ireland (3 vols)	<i>Dalton</i>	The Life of Napoleon	<i>Lockhart</i>
Poems	<i>Alice Meynell</i>	A Tale of Two Cities	<i>Dickens</i>
The Voyage of the Beagle	<i>C. Darwin</i>	The New Testament	
We of the Never-Never?	Church History 1500-1900	
The Count of Monte Cristo	<i>Dumas</i>	(3 vols)	<i>MacCaffrey</i>
My New Curate	<i>Sheehan</i>	Poems	<i>Tennyson</i>
Life of Cardinal Newman (2 vols)	<i>Ward</i>	The Arabian Nights	
Barnaby Rudge	<i>Dickens</i>	Life of Gladstone	<i>John Morley</i>
Past and Present	<i>Carlyle</i>	Commentary on Tennyson's "In	
Collected Poems	<i>F. Thompson</i>	Memoriam"	<i>A. C. Bradley</i>
The Philosophy of Literature	<i>Bro. Azarias</i>	St. Francis of Assisi	..?
The Art of Thinking	<i>Dimnet</i>	Apologia Pro Vita Sua	<i>J. H. Newman</i>
The Jungle Book (2 vols)	<i>Kipling</i>	By What Authority	<i>R. H. Benson</i>
The Dangers of Spiritism	<i>Raupert</i>	The South African War (1900)	<i>Conan Doyle</i>
Self Knowledge and Self Discipline	<i>Maturin</i>	Psychology	<i>M. Maher</i>
The Beauties of Life	<i>Avebury</i>	The Fortunes of Nigel	<i>Scott</i>
The French Revolution (2 vols)	<i>Carlyle</i>	Life of Christ, (2 vols)	
The Queen's Fillet	<i>Sheehan</i>	Translation	<i>Fouard</i>
Treasure Island	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	Reminiscences (Twenty-five Years)	<i>K. Tynan</i>
History of England (13 vols)	<i>Lingard</i>	St. Paul and His Missions	<i>Fouard</i>
St. Ignatius of Loyola	<i>F. Thompson</i>	The Old Riddle and the Newest	
Alice in Wonderland	<i>Carroll</i>	Answer	<i>Gerard</i>
Life of Johnson (3 vols)	<i>Boswell</i>	Moral Philosophy	<i>Rickaby</i>
The Imitation of Christ	<i>Thos. A. Kempis</i>	History of Philosophy	<i>Turner</i>
Heroes and Hero Worship	<i>Carlyle</i>	Dreams and Images	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>
Life of General Gordon	<i>Wm. Butler</i>	Evolution and Social Progress	<i>Husslein</i>
The Maid of Orleans	<i>A. Lang</i>	Henry Edward Manning	<i>Shane Leslie</i>
Leaves from Australian Forests	<i>Kendal</i>		<i>B. E.</i>