

well be the secretary; but if he is already too much occupied, let there be an assistant secretary in charge of advanced instruction and research. He must be the organizing and administrative officer. Next the inventory, already published, of the literary and scientific resources of Washington must be reexamined, and the conditions on which these resources may be opened must be clearly stated. A certain number of teachers must be enlisted who will give, for proper consideration, instruction and guidance in their specialties. There should be no attempt to provide a general or liberal course of education, but only opportunities and encouragement for the prosecution of certain specific courses. Consequently there will be no curriculum, no public examinations, no degrees. On the other hand, there must be abundant opportunities. Any person of either sex, from any place, of whatever age, without any questions as to his previous academic degree, should be admissible: provided, however, that he demonstrate his fitness to the satisfaction of the leader in the subject of his predilection. Evidence of preparation in one department will be totally different from that required in another.

Of course the objection will be made that this is «not a university.» Is it not? What is a university? Etymologically and originally, a university was simply an association, a society, a corporation. It might be for almost any dignified purpose. Gradually the term was restricted to a society of scholars. *Societas magistrorum et discipulorum* (the union of masters and pupils) is all that is essential to the idea of a university.

Such a learned society may be developed more readily around the Smithsonian Institution, with less friction, less expense, less peril, and with the prospect of more permanent and wide-spread advantages to the country than by a dozen denominational seminaries or one colossal University of the United States.

To the special opportunities that the Smithsonian and

its affiliations could offer, every university, at a distance or near by, might be glad to send its most promising students for a residence of weeks, months, or years, never losing control of them. Many other persons, disconnected with universities, but proficient to a considerable degree in one study or another, would also resort with pleasure and gratitude, and with prospect of great advantages, to the rare opportunities which Washington affords for study and investigation in history, political science, literature, ethnology, anthropology, medicine, agriculture, meteorology, geology, geodesy, and astronomy.

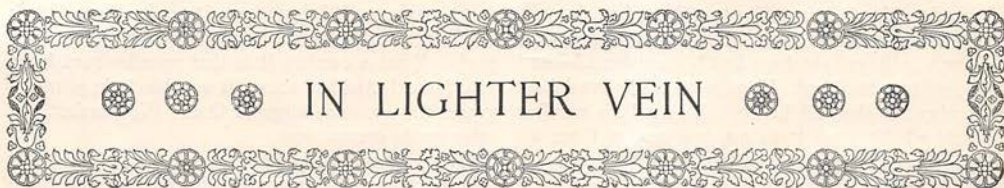
Daniel C. Gilman.

«Washington Portraits.»

IN my article on «Washington Portraits,» in THE CENTURY for February, 1892, I published a reproduction of a very elaborate hard-paste porcelain plaque of Washington, which I unequivocally ascribed to the Bristol potter Richard Champion. The owner of the piece—Mrs. Kennon—was, however, insistent that she knew nothing whatever about it, further than that it came from Mount Vernon, which fact was stated in a note.

During a recent investigation of the unpublished letters to Washington in the State Department, I found a letter from Champion to Major William Jackson, private secretary to Washington, sending to «the President of the United States,» when he was on a visit to South Carolina in 1791, where Champion then resided, this plaque and the one of Franklin mentioned in my article, thus confirming the opinion I had formed upon an examination of the piece. Champion states the interesting fact that these plaques were «made from a beautiful native porcelain which is to be found in America.» Both Champion and Wedgwood experimented with kaolin from the Cherokee country.

Charles Henry Hart.



Abbie's Accounts.

A MONOLOGUE.

SCENE: *Sitting-room.*

(*Curtain rises, discovering Abbie at her desk.*)

Abbie: There is one comfort about being a married woman—that is, of course there are more than one—a good many; but one especially, I mean. And that is to have a right to some of the luxuries of life. Now, a husband is n't like an elder sister. Of all creatures that tyrannize over their kind, an elder sister is the very worst. A husband is rather—well, rather bossy,—Alfred says «bossy,» and it's a real good word,—but then you prefer that from them. Besides, one's husband is a man, you know; and one expects men to be a little masterful. Alfred is, sometimes, and—I think I like it. It is such a comfort to have some one else to take the responsi-

bility for things, you know. And that reminds me. Alfred said I should keep accounts, now I'm married. Where has that account-book gone to, anyway? I'm sure I put it here under this pile of invitations to those five-o'clock nuisances—I just hate them! The impudence of that Hanson woman—with her teas! She seems to think tea is a kind of legal tender! I've sent her cards for the last six—where in the world is that account-book? Oh, I remember; I left it in the pocket of my blue serge—or was it my gray cashmere? That old cashmere! I meant to leave it at home, but Ellen packed it in. It's worse than the «Colonel's Opera-cloak.» Let me see—it's in the closet up-stairs. (*Starts toward the door; then returns.*) No; it is n't in the cashmere—that has n't any pocket; it was torn out. I remember now; I put it in the top drawer of my desk—one of them.

(Opens a top drawer.) No. Where can the old thing—heavens, what a lot of old stamps! I had forgotten those. Those are for that Van Blankenstyne girl. When she gets a billion she's going to endow a negro orphan in the South. He must be grown up by this time! Let me see; I began to collect those stamps in eighteen hundred and—I don't know when. It must be years and years—long before Susie was married, and her oldest is—I don't know how old. Too old for dolls, anyway, because I know I thought of giving her a doll for Christmas, and then changed to a book. Where is that old book? Probably in the other drawer. (Opens the other drawer, and finds it.) Here you are! How good the Russia leather smells! I like red leather; it's so business-like. (Spreads it out on the desk.)

Now where's the ink? (Looks into the inkstand, and turns it upside down, making a face when she finds it empty.)

Never mind. A pencil is just as good—and better if I should make mistakes. I wonder if I remember my multiplication-table? Seven times used to be a—horror! Seven times seven are forty-nine, and seven times eight are fifty. That is n't right. Fifty-two, I guess. Let me see. (Counts on her fingers.) They did n't use to let me count on my fingers at school. I'm glad I'm married. Forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, three, four, five, six. Seven times nine are fifty-six. (Turns to her desk again.)

Now, what do you put down first? It's either «debtor» or «creditor» to Alfred. He gave me thirty-five dollars yesterday morning, all in fives. So, am I his creditor or debtor? He gives it to me, you see, so I am his debtor for it. Of course. And he's my creditor. All right; here goes! (Writes for a moment.)

Now that looks real sweet!—«Alfred Appleby, Creditor.» And on the other page, «Abbie Appleby, Debtor.» But, let me see—where am I to put down what I spent it for? I know they use only two pages; I remember hearing papa talk about taking a trial balance, and you can't balance three things—unless you're a juggler. I think I'll tear these two pages out. No I won't; it's only in pencil; I can rub it out. (Rubs vigorously, and then blows off the pages.)

I don't wonder papa gets tired over his accounts. It must be awful to be a bookkeeper, and get all covered with red ink.

(Looks around, and sees a package.) Goodness! I forgot that Chinese silk for the curtains. I must look at it before I go on with my accounts. I am tired of figuring, anyway. (Opens the package, and spreads out the silk.)



DRAWN BY GEORGE BLADEN FOX.

«LET ME SEE.»

How cheap these silks are nowadays! This was only—only forty-five cents a yard, and there's enough to make a dress. I wonder how I'd look in it? (Drapes it around her.)

There! (Strikes attitudes before the glass.) I look like a duchess at least. I wonder what duchesses look like, anyway? I wish I could travel and see things. It must be splendid to be rich—real rich, so that you don't care a bit how much you spend, and don't have to keep accounts. Oh, that reminds me—I must go on with my account-book. I promised Alfred that I would have it ready for him this evening when he came home. But he won't care even if I don't have it ready. Now, that's the difference. If it were papa, why, I'd just have to be ready. What a comfort it is that your husband is n't your father! And how absurd it would be to be your own grandchild—or something like that! (Goes to desk, and takes up the account-book.)

Why—I thought I had done a—lot! And I rubbed it all out. Never mind; a new broom sweeps clean! Oh, I remember—it was that debtor and creditor thing that stopped me. After all, what difference does it make? Alfred does n't care. I'll just choose one of them, and put it down. (Writes.) «Abbie Appleby, Debtor.» And now, on the other side (writes), «Alfred Appleby, Creditor.» There. Next I put down what he gave me. He gave me—let me see (chewing the end of her pencil)—it was \$35 before I bought the lace for that trimming; and it cost \$2.99 a yard, and I bought 2½ yards. My! that's a puzzler! How did we use to do it at school? What a lot papa spent on my school bills!—and much good it did me! Let me see—here is the way Miss Gumption used to do them (imitating): «If 2½ yards of lace cost \$2.99 a yard, and if Alfred gave Abbie \$35, how much did Abbie have to start with?» (Suddenly, as she sees through the problem.) Humph! that's easy. She had \$35, of course! After all, an education is worth

something! I suppose that is what men call logic. I think guessing's easier.

Well, the answer is \$35; and it goes down under—(pause)—under—(then, recklessly) «Creditor.» There! Alfred is my creditor for \$35. That is plain. (Writes it down.) Next comes the lace. Alfred is n't creditor for that, I know. So down it goes. (Writes. Then, after a moment of reflection, she speaks abruptly.) How ridiculous! «Abbie Appleby, debtor, to lace, \$2.99 multiplied by 2½»—but I'm not. I can't be debtor when I paid for them; and the idea of making Alfred creditor for several yards of lace, when he does n't know anything about them, is too absurd for any use!

I sha'n't change it, anyway. How much does it make? Two dollars multiplied by two yards is four—four what? It can't be done. You can't multiply yards by dollars, I'm sure. I remember that much. Why, Miss Gumption used to tease us dreadfully about that. She used to say, «Two oranges multiplied by four apples makes what?» And then the other girls—the ones she did n't ask—would all laugh. And how that ridiculous Susie Brewer did giggle! That was all she knew—arithmetic, and things like that. She could n't do a thing with Virgil—not a thing!

But—I must n't wander so. I wish I knew more about accounts. Alfred will think I'm a perfect ignoramus. It's his own fault. If he wanted somebody to keep accounts, he ought to have married Susie Brewer; but he could n't bear her—he never could. Said she gave him the creeps just to look at her frizzes. Still, it's a good thing to be systematic; and that reminds me—I did n't bring my watch. (Rises and searches for it.) I know I put it somewhere. (Tries to recollect where.) Ah, I know! It fell out of my pocket when I was taking off my jacket. It must be on the floor near the bureau. (Searches there, and finds it. Picks it up.) I hope it is n't hurt! (Looks at the cover.) No; none of the pearls are out. Now, what was it I wanted it for? Oh, yes; to wind it. I'm glad it's a stem-winder. (Tries to wind it.) But it won't move but a click or two. It must be wound. (Puts it to her ear.) Yes—why (in a tone of great surprise), it's going! The sweet little thing! I guess I must have wound it some time or other. (Opens the watch.) But it can't be so late. (Shakes the watch, and puts it to her ear again.) Yes, it's going. I must really hurry, or I sha'n't have my accounts ready.

Where was I? (Examines book.) \$2.99 multiplied by 2½ is—I never can do it in the world! Why, it's fractions—and decimals—mixed! (Sighs. Then, after a moment, seizes the pencil confidently.) I wonder I did n't think of that before! Of course \$2.99 is practically the same as three dollars, and 2½ is nearly three yards; and three times three are nine yards. (Perplexed; then her face clears.) What a goose! Dollars, of course!—nine dollars; and except for car-fares and the caramels, that's really all I spent. Call it ten dollars. (Writes it down.) Then, \$35 less \$10 is \$25, and that's what is called the capital. No, that's not the right word. (Thinks.) I think the word bookkeepers use is «deficit»—but it does n't sound right. It commences with B, I'm sure. It must be—«bonus»; that's it! (Writes.) «To bonus, \$25.» Now I must see if I have that much cash. (Laughs.) Why, how foolish of me! That's the very word; I've heard papa say it often and

often. (Scratches out the last entry, and rewrites.) There—that's better: «To cash, \$25.»

Where's my pocket-book? Here. Now let's see. (Counts her change, stops suddenly, and examines one piece of money.) I knew she was a hateful thing—that impudent thing at Brady's! She's given me a fifty-cent piece with a hole in it! What a sly, deceitful thing she must be!—and yet they ask people to have sympathy for those wretches! No doubt that brazen creature makes a good living by passing bad fifty-cent pieces on customers! It's certainly a wrong thing to do. And how can I get rid of it? (Reflects.) Alfred says they take all kinds of money at liquor-stores; I suppose they pass them off on drunken men. I might give it to Alfred. (Stops and laughs.) Well, what am I to do? I can't put that down as «debtor» or «creditor,» because neither Alfred nor I has anything to do with it. And I'm sure I can't put it down to that girl at Brady's—but I might; I can open a sort of account with her: «Brady's shop-girl, debtor, one plugged fifty-cent piece.» And then I should have to open an opposite page with «Abbie Appleby, creditor, fifty cents—out.» (Bell rings.) Oh, that's Alfred! I remember I borrowed his latch-key—and I have n't finished my accounts!

No matter; I've made a good beginning. And he won't blame his little wife—bless him! He did n't marry me because he thought I was a good bookkeeper. I hear his step; I'll go meet him. The darling! (Exit.)

Tudor Jenks.

The Paradox.

THERE grows a weed, so gossips tell,
To wound the hand that lightly plucks;
But bind it with a proper spell,
And poison from the vein it sucks.
'T was Cupid's self, that threw the dart,
Gave me the simple for my smart.

When storms are high, so seamen tell,
And billows crumple all the main,
But dive beneath the angry swell,
And thou wilt find it calm again.
Since, Love, thou art a troubled sea,
My only refuge is in thee.

A chapman, Holy Writ doth tell,
Found treasure in the earth concealed;
But all he had he needs must sell
Ere he might have the precious field.
Since thou hast cost me all I own,
O Love, what riches have I known!

George Meason Whicher.

Vaudeville.

'T is said the pitying angels smile at that which makes us weep.
A thought just the reverse of this occurs to me the while
Upon a show of vaudeville my wearied eyes I keep:
Surely the pitying angels weep at that which makes us smile!

Madeline S. Bridges.