PHILOSOPHY 4: A STORY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649447350

Philosophy 4: A Story of Harvard University by Owen Wister

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

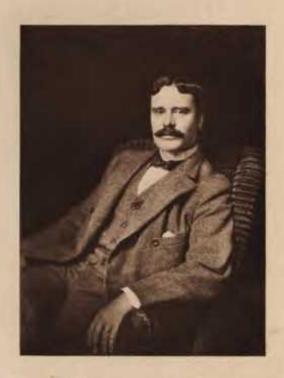
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

OWEN WISTER

PHILOSOPHY 4: A STORY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY





Own Wister.

Philosophy 4

A. Story of Harvard University

OWEN WISTER

AUTHOR OF "THE VIRGINIAN," ETC.



New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACHILLAN & Co., LTD.

All rights reserved

W81 pf

748938

COPYRIGHT, 1901,
By THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped April, 1903.



((*))

Nortwood Bress J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith Co. Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait	of O	wen V	Vister) _i	•	F	rontis	piece
O	-		120000000	504504			PACING	PAGE
" Skip	Pla	to, u	terru	pted	one	ot	the	
Boy	5 "	•	*:	(\cdot)	•3			11
" Come	25	near	spil	lin'	as yo	ou l	boys	
wan	ted,	I gue	ss 'n		•	*	0000	65





PHILOSOPHY 4

A STORY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I

WO frowning boys sat in their tennisflannels beneath the glare of lamp and gas. Their leather belts were loosened, their soft

pink shirts unbuttoned at the collar. They were listening with gloomy voracity to the instruction of a third. They sat at a table bared of its customary sporting ornaments, and from time to time they questioned, sucked their pencils, and scrawled vigorous, laconic notes. Their necks and faces shone with the bloom of out-of-doors. Studious concentration was evidently a painful novelty to

PHILOSOPHY 4

their features. Drops of perspiration came one by one from their matted hair, and their hands dampened the paper upon which they wrote. The windows stood open wide to the May darkness, but nothing came in save heat and insects; for spring, being behind time, was making up with a sultry burst at the end, as a delayed train makes the last few miles high above schedule speed. Thus it had been since eight o'clock. Eleven was daintily striking now. Its diminutive sonority might have belonged to some church-bell far distant across the Cambridge silence; but it was on a shelf in the room, -a timepiece of Gallic design, representing Mephistopheles, who caressed the world in his lap. And as the little strokes boomed, eight - nine ten - eleven, the voice of the instructor steadily continued thus: -

"By starting from the Absolute Intelligence, the chief cravings of the reason, after unity and spirituality, receive due satisfaction. Something transcending