



The Wisconsin magazine. Volume XI, Number 4 January 1914

Madison, Wisconsin: The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated, January 1914

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



Volume XI

JANUARY, 1914

Number 4

OUR universities will fail of their purpose until they can teach each and every man that a line of poetry is as useful as a line of railroad, and that the things of the spirit are more practical than the things of the pocketbook.

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Walt Loederback

**CLEANING
PRESSING
and
REPAIRING**

**A \$7.00 TICKET FOR
✕ \$5.00 ✕**

and
Besides
On Your Co-op Number

THE C O - O P

R. E. BOLTE, Mgr.

508 State Street

Madison, Wis.

CARDINAL STEAM DYE WORKS

WE WILL clean and press both ladies' and gentlemen's suits at \$1.00 a suit.

This offer is to both new and old customers. Holders of tickets may take advantage of this offer.

623 UNIVERSITY AVE.

PHONE 1500

MADISON CANDY CO.

Manufacturing Confectioners

744 Williamson St.

Madison, Wis.

Joseph M. Boyd, President H. L. Russell, 1st Vice President Frank Kessenich, 2nd Vice President
Chas. O'Neill, Cashier H. C. Jamieson, Ass't Cashier

BANK OF WISCONSIN

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Capital	-	-	-	-	-	\$300,000
Surplus	-	-	-	-	-	60,000
Additional Liability of Stockholders	-	-	-	-	-	300,000

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent at Reasonable Prices

Branch Bank Located Corner State, Johnson and Henry Streets

Have You Written to Your Friends Recently?

Suppose you get some of that splendid writing paper that Parsons is selling at 25 cents a pound, and write them. The Idea is Good. The Paper is Good.

Parsons Printing and Stationery Co.

24 North Carroll St.

The Paper Store

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR STUDIES
And Don't Neglect Recreation

A Game of Billiards now and then
Is relished by the Best of Men.

MORGAN'S

534 State St.

Phone 1272

GOOD PRINTING

=====

**We deliver all
goods prepaid**

=====

Davis Printing Co.
MILTON - WISCONSIN

Stehr & Walter

CAPITAL CITY
MEAT MARKET

422 State Street

Choice Meats

We make a specialty of catering to the
fraternity and boarding house trade.

If you want good meats and choice
cuts, give us a trial.

Retail and Wholesale

Phone 2905

We Keep Things Moving




Trade at the big
store where goods
are fresh and prices
right.



PIPER BROS. Pinckney St.

OPPEL'S **FANCY GROCERY**

Caters Especially to the Larger

University Trade  Try Us

OPPEL'S, 116 East Main Street, Madison

A. D. & J. V. FREDERICKSON GENERAL CONTRACTORS
PINE, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD LUMBER
MANUFACTURERS OF BUILDERS' MATERIAL MADISON, WIS.

OLSON & VEERHUSEN COMPANY

The home of
Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes
We ought to get these clothes on you for your sake

**HAVE YOU A DESK
WHY NOT
WHEN WE HAVE THE BEST**

We specialize in STUDENT FURNITURE
BAILEY FURNITURE COMPANY

412 State Street
Geo. I. Banderob, Pres. R. W. Daggett, Sec.-Treas.
Better furniture at lower prices for cottage or mansion

U.W. MEAT MARKET

A. G. REUTER, Prop.

=====

We hereby invite you to inspect
our new sanitary shop where

**Cleanliness
Good Meats
Right Prices**

are our aim in life.

=====

Phones 521-522 728 University

**Nelson & Polk
Decorators**

We make a specialty of fine interior
Wall Paper and Paint Decorations

Window Shades
Picture Frames, Etc.

218 EAST MAIN STREET

Flowers! Flowers! Flowers!

ORCHIDS—SPECIALTY

Only Place in the City

House of Quality

American Beauties Short and With 60 inch long stems

Tea Roses Pink, White, Pearl and extra quality of Red

Violets Best in City

Lilies of the Valley Fresh Daily

Carnations All Shades and extra long Stems

Smilax, Ferns and Asparagus

Orders carefully delivered or shipped out of town

SPECIAL FOR
CORSAGE BOUQUET

NEW YORK FLOWER CO.

FULLER OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

F. CHOLÉS, MGR.

PHONE 476

Prom Time

Your dress suit proposition needs attention for the Prom.
See us before it is too late. We make them to suit your own
individuality.

E. C. Tetzlaff Co.

Formerly known as Archibald's

EXCLUSIVE MERCHANT TAILORS

Phone 2211

228 State Street

**The
First National Bank
Madison, Wis.**

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

**Capital, Surplus, and Undivided
Profits \$410,000.00**

Resources over \$2,500,000.00

Transacts a general banking
business. Issues Travelers'
Cheques and Letters of Credit
good in all parts of the world.
Interest paid on savings accounts
and time certificates of deposit.

**THERE ARE NONE BETTER
THAN**

TECKEMEYER'S

Made in Madison

CHOCOLATES

\$

8

Worth of---

CLEANING

PRESSING

REPAIRING

Think of It!

Or \$4 for \$3, or \$2.50 for \$2, or \$1.20 for \$1

**Come in and make arrangements
for the year**

BADGER COMPANY

Tailors and Cleaners

DODO & FOSO

521 State

Phone 365

\$

5

The Wisconsin Magazine

Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859



Arthur Twining Hadley, President of Yale—Jessee H. Reed	1
To Lyce, A Poem—Jerome Reed Head	3
The Little Prince, Story—Ruth M. Boyle	4
A Ride In El Gallo, a Poem—James C. Knollin	6
Wisconsin Honesty—Waldo Bauer	8
From A Bulgarian Rose Garden, a Translation—James F. Jenkins	10
William J. Locke, Writer by Formula—C. N. Webb	13
From the Diary of An Upper Classman, A Sophomore Spree—Lucile L. Huntington	15

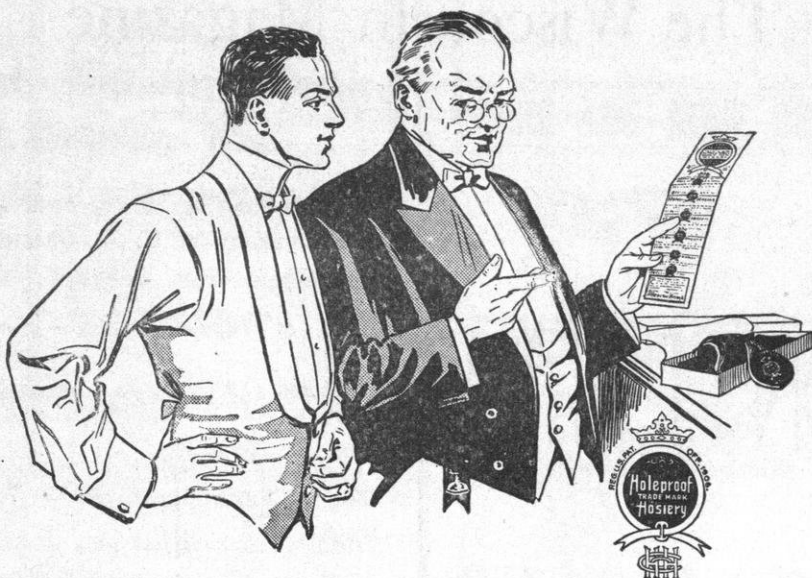
Humanity, a Poem—Ruth M. Boyle	17
The Philosophy of G. K. Chesterton—M. M. Lowenthal	17
In Aid of Hymen, Story—Jessee H. Reed	24
The Pick An' Shovel Man, a Poem—James C. Knollin	29
A Test of Faithfulness, Story—John B. Nelson	30
Uncommon Non-sense, a Poem—John Van Dorn	31
Editorially Speaking	31

NEXT MONTH

The Wisconsin Magazine for February will contain the winning story in the William F. Vilas Short Story Contest, which closed on January 15. Indications at the time of going to press were that an unusually large number of manuscripts would be submitted. This means keener competition and a winning story which will be better than ever. The story winning second prize will be published in a later number, and the best of the remaining narratives as space allows.

Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the center entrance to Main Hall, or contributions may be mailed to the editor, and subscriptions to the business manager. The management is not responsible for the non-delivery of the magazine if the address of the subscriber is changed without notice.

Entered at the Post Office, Milton, Wis., as second class mail matter.
Published at Milton, Wis., by The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated.
Monthly from October to May, inclusive
Madison Office, 612 Howard Place, Phone 6088
Copyright



**“This Six Months’ Guarantee
Made Me Buy My First Holeproofs
I buy them now for superior quality—
for soft comfort and for style”**

We made six pairs of hose that wore six months long before a guarantee was thought of. These HOSE suggested the guarantee.

And more than two million people know that not a single wanted hosiery advantage is sacrificed in Holeproof for wear. Yet six pairs are guaranteed six months, and we replace every pair that fails. But 95 per cent DON'T FAIL.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We pay an average of 74c per pound for our yarn—the best the world affords. Long-fibred yarn which means strength without bulk—and three-ply, which means self pliability. Common yarn can be bought for 32c. Buy a box and see what this difference means. \$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's

and children's; \$1.00 per box of four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months.

\$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's SILK Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's SILK Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed THREE MONTHS... (513)

**FOR SALE IN MADISON BY
RUNDELL
On the Square**

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY

Milwaukee, Wisconsin



The WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

Vol. XI. No. 3

January, 1914

Arthur Twining Hadley, President of Yale

Jessee H. Reed



PERHAPS NONE of our famous men are a cause of more pencil-chewing by their aspiring biographers than President Arthur Twining Hadley, of Yale. He has none of that massive dignity which the American public with its characteristic imperception persists in correlating with massivity of mind. He is no orator, and has the rare commonsense to be aware of it. With all his brilliancy, his undoubted talent and enviable position as head of a great institution, he is modest and unassuming and refuses to play to the Grand Stand.

President Hadley was born in New Haven, Connecticut, April 23rd, 1856, beneath the shadows of the college elms. Himself the son of Prof. James Hadley, noted Professor of Economics at Yale, he received his education at that University, graduating as Valedictorian of the class of 1876. After his graduation he spent two years in graduate study at Berlin, specializing in Economics.

From 1879 to 1886 he filled the position of lecturer in Economics at Yale University becoming Professor of Political Economy in 1887. During that period he was chairman of the National Railway Securities Committee as well as a member of the Commission on Labor Statistics, becoming recognized as a world authority on railroad securities and official surgeon to the New Haven, Hartford and Connecticut Railroad.

With all his multitudinous duties he still found time for a romance in his life, for in 1891 he was married to Miss Helen Morris, the daughter of Governor Morris of Connecticut. In 1899 by an overwhelming vote, he was elected President of Yale University.

During his lectureship at Yale he was busily engaged in gathering material which was to appear later in his invaluable contributions to economic literature. Among his more important publications is his "Railroad Transportation and Its Laws," of which a private translation was made for the Czar of Russia for use in the building of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Since his appointment as President he has devoted his valuable talents to educational research with the production of such books as "The Education of the American Citizen" and "Freedom and Responsibility." His latest and greatest venture in literary fields, "The Standard of Morality" has been translated into several languages.

Slight of build, with a driving, nervous temperament, President Hadley is gifted with a wonderful stamina. His face is rugged, strong, alert—not a handsome face as faces go, but showing at times unexpected depths of understanding and a certain innate power. He is quick in movement, somewhat awkward, as rapid thinkers are apt to be, and forceful in speech. He is a thinker, not an orator, and his ideas are fired at his audience with the mathematical precision of some mental fourteen-inch battery. It is solid shot he uses, too, facts, statistics, logic, against which ignorance and prejudice have no resource. Others

may use the canister of oratory, but not Arthur Twining Hadley. His is the heavy artillery of science, and he well knows how to use it.

President Hadley has an almost infinite capacity for work. Physical endurance and mental perseverance are the key to his character. His is the accuracy of an intensely analytical mind. It is related of him, although with how much truthfulness one cannot presume to say, that while on one of his numerous trips abroad, he discovered an error in the ship's reckoning for the day. Now, an ordinary traveller would have taken the captain's figure for it—but not Arthur Hadley. With him a mathematical error is a crime beyond human comprehension. He pointed out the mistake to the captain—the error was corrected, and thereafter Professor Hadley made the ship's reckoning while the Captain studied economics. This mathematical precision marks all of President Hadley's works, and has made him a world authority upon modern economic questions.

Despite the long hours which he devotes to his intellectual labors, President Hadley yet finds time for recreation. His diversions are four in number—skat, whist, tennis, and the Century Club. At the first he is no mean opponent, at the second he is a theorist of enviable reputation. At tennis he is coach, ex officio, of Yale's championship tennis teams. Incidentally, he takes an intense interest in all things athletic, and is a master of the strategy of football. But it is from the Century Club of New York that he derives his keenest pleasure. There, among the most brilliant men

of America, he gives himself over to the few hours of enjoyment which he allows himself. An intelligent listener and quick-witted, he more than holds his own in the paradoxism and repartee of this famous club.

As an executive he has the correct perception of a president's duties. His judgment of men is unerring, and his policy of committee work has been successful largely through his unusual ability to put the right man in the right place. And, since he does his full day's work, he sees to it that the

men which he supervises do as well. He is open-minded and fair, with a ready sympathy and an unruffled temper which has been and continues to be invaluable to him as executive.

For all he is a master mind, Arthur Twining Hadley prefers to play his truest part—a simple, democratic gentleman. And while he may be famous for his contributions to science, he will always be loved for his transparency of character and unaffected sincerity of purpose.

TO LYCE

Jerome Reed Head

O, have I not seen her
The fairest of creatures
Than a Greek God serener,
With young maiden features?

And have I not gazed on
Her bright flowing tresses,
Her golden hair mazed on
The silk of her dresses?

And walked with her slowly
A-down the dim meadows,
And talked with her lowly
While settled the shadows?

Ah, yes, but the joy of that time is long passed.
Each moment grew sweeter, and sweetest the last.
Yea, sweetly they glided and glided too fast,
Those love days with Lyce,
Those love days long passed.

Till now in the shadows
I sit and bewail,
Roam far the dim meadows
And murmur my tale
In hopes that some lovers may hear and turn pale.

With brow deeply shrouded
With care and regret,
With mind darkly clouded
Untaught to forget.

The Little Prince

Ruth M. Boyle



HE LITTLE Prince lay in Mrs. O'Mara's best brass bed in her stuffy, little "front room." When he thought no one was listening, he sometimes groaned, clutching the covers in his bony hands, because of the pain he was in; but if anyone was near, he lay still, his eyes fixed with the queer blankness of agony on the Mater Dolorosa hanging on the flowered wall before him. Every now and then there was a heavy tread on the stairs outside, and the door would be clumsily opened. Then the Little Prince would rise painfully on his elbow and try to do the courtesies of host in the old way.

"Hello! Have a chair, pard!" he would say. "What do you know?"

His visitor might be Barney or Jack or the Nipper or any one of the hundreds in town who had known the Prince, and there was not one of them with whom he at some time, in Mexico, or Alaska, or Peru, or Colorado, had not shared a crust or a blanket, a meal-ticket or a gold eagle. Each one that came always made some husky remark, just as he was leaving, about hoping the Prince would "be around in a week or two," and left hastily because he could not bear to stay, for every one knew what no one would acknowledge, that the Little Prince was dying.

A month before he had appeared at Mrs. O'Mara's door, and the woman had rushed to him with a welcoming cry:

"Connie, boy! Where have ye been that

we ain't heard from ye?" The Prince was always Connie to Mrs. O'Mara.

He sat down a little stiffly on a chair near the stove; and the woman had stood still with alarm a moment before she broke out:

"What's the matter wid ye, Connie? Sure, ye look more like a dyin' man than the hearty boy ye are!" As she said it, she had noticed suddenly the gray hairs that his forty years should not have brought him, the sharpness of his features, and the spiritless sagging of his shoulders.

"The doctors down there in Winnemucca said I'm ready to cash in, Mrs. O'Mara, so I came home here to die."

The woman had plumped into a chair near him and put her hand on his knee.

"Aw, come now, Connie. Ye ain't well. It's home here that ye'll pick up agin. I'll niver fergit the time I first saw ye in Leadville, boy. Ye were a fine young lad—and me—my man just dead and me with the young one to raise and no money to do it with at all, at all. Ye got up the concert—do ye mind, Connie? You doin' most of the singin' yerself—the sweet boy ye were—and the fellers sittin' in the hall, every mother's son of them with beer-bottles for operty glasses lookin' at ye. Only when you sung 'Home, Sweet Home' how they stopped roarin' and put down the bottles and nobody breathed fer tryin' to keep from cryin.' Do ye mind, Connie? And the silver and gold ye handed me in Johnny Munday's hat. It put me on easy street then, and our home's been yours ever since. Ye've been more to me than my own boy Charlie, and now you come back and try

to tell me—tell me—”

Mrs. O'Mara was sobbing violently into her apron.

With a flash of his former brilliant magnetism, the Little Prince had got to his feet and escorted her to the sitting room.

“Well, Mrs. O'Mara, I never thought you'd be that easy scared.”

He had sat down at the ornate piano, and soon the house was thrilling, and every gewgaw on the ancient instrument jingling to the rollicking notes of “Mr. McGuire.”

That night Mrs. O'Mara had had her best brass bed brought into the sitting room, because that was the finest room in the house, and the Little Prince had gone to bed early and did not rise the next morning.

After that the doctor came and went frequently, and the curious stream of anxious friends began—scholars and beggars, the local Croesus, saloon-men and clergy, and hundreds of miners. They left futile gifts in the sickroom—flowers, whose fragrance weighted the air already too heavy for the man's tired lungs, books and magazines, whose pages were never cut, fruit which if he had eaten it, would have ended immediately his stay on earth. They talked a great deal of the past, and told Mrs. O'Mara stories innumerable of the generosity that had won the Little Prince his nickname.

But there was one thing that weighed heavily on the woman's heart. Day after day passed, and the Prince's assurances that he was “better” grew feebler every day; and though he never failed to rouse and greet his guests, yet he dozed off occasionally while they were speaking and

never knew when they left. And yet the Little Prince never asked for the priest. Mrs. O'Mara left her own brown little rosary and her shabby, black “Key to Heaven” on the center table by the brass bed, but they were never disturbed.

One day she spoke to Barney Menalis about the matter. Barney had been the Prince's partner in “claims” mined under three different flags.

“Sure the angels in Heaven would be blackguards if they refused to let him in,” she said, “but he ought to be on the safe side.”

Barney fidgeted awkwardly. He felt that religion was a delicate subject to discuss with a dying friend.

“I can't let him go without a decent Cath'lic burial,” sniffed Mrs. O'Mara, “or see him go to the unblissed Prot'stant cimitery.”

Barney went into the sickroom. Ten minutes later he came out again, his face flaming with helpless embarrassment.

“He says he won't have no priest. He's been square with God, an' he don't need no priest to help him into Heaven.”

So Mrs. O'Mara said nothing more in spite of her troubled misgivings about her dying charge's future existence or her own horror of a Protestant funeral from her house. Then the long days came when the Prince was either dozing in a coma or raving in delirium two-thirds of the time.

One night she sat watching miserably by his bed, while he tossed and gasped out broken sentences: “Two inch vein, Barney—run that drift—only sixteen Barney—copper nine to loose—copper bet copper—

watch that—”

He was quiet an instant, but every breath came with a groan. Suddenly he sat up on his elbow and leaned toward her—his face twitching, his eyes dull:

“What’ll you have? What’ll you have?”

In desperate fear Mrs. O’Mara grasped his shoulders and shook him.

“Don’t you know me, Connie, Boy? Connie!”

The Little Prince stared and uttered, a little surprised, some thick syllables that she knew were her name; and all the fear that was in her cried out against this man’s dying with nothing in his last conscious moments to counteract that delirium of faro table and bar-room.

“Connie, you’ll want the priest?” she implored.

With a slow effort he roused again and shook his head.

“Connie, boy, you won’t be breaking my heart like that. You won’t go without the sacraments? You won’t make me have a Prot’stant fun’ral from my house, Connie?”

The Little Prince roused in earnest. A gallant smile came over his face. His voice came clear as ever.

“Why, Mother O’Mara, if it’s botherin’ you, get the priest.”

So it was that the Little Prince was stretched in a black coffin with a tall cross at his head, and was laid to rest after a solemn requiem. Dying and penniless he had made the last gift of which he was capable—the sacrifice of his convictions.

A Ride in El Gallo

James C. Knollin

The moon was swinging low that night,
The plains were soft and grey
With a sort of shimmering fairy-light
That showed us on our way.
The whispering night wind, fresh and cool
Was scented with the sage,
And seemed to speak of the snowy peak
That had watched from age to age.
The Spirit of Night was in my veins,
I cared but to dream and to ride;
So I let my pony have his reins
In his easy, swinging stride.

Steadily, then, through the velvety night
My pony loped quietly on.
His pace was as even as Time in its flight;
He cared not how far we had gone.
The creak of my saddle was song to my ear
And melody softened each sound
There was music for me in the rattle of spurs,
In the swift thud of hoofs on the ground.
The spell of the Wild-land ruled over my soul,
The great Out-of-Doors was my home
And so through the darkness like phantoms we
stole;
I cared but to ride and to roam.

And now on and up through the "mesa" we sped,

On a trail that led into the Pass.

"El Capitan" loomed like a giant ahead,

A towering, shadowy mass.

"El Gallo," the canon, was dark and dim,

Like the Vale of the Shadow of Death;

Its high rocky walls were gruesome and grim;

We could feel the damp chill of its breath.

The trail led us on—on into its jaws,

I cared but to ride and to dream

My pony turned quickly, with never a pause,

And entered that black, yawning seam.

Wierd shadows reached out at us over the trail

The wind moaned and sighed through the trees;

And from far up above came a long, plaintive wail,

The coyote's howl borne on the breeze.

But still on and on went my "Sancho" and I

In the depths of that Canon of Dread,

Until, 'gainst the dome of the star-sprinkled sky

We saw the small opening ahead—

A strange, rockframed hole where the wind sang
and shrilled

As it sucked through with shuddering scream;

But for me all the noises of Nature were stilled,

For I cared but to ride and to dream.

My pony slowed down to a walk, raised his head—

I reached for my big forty-four.

He snorted and reared and his eyeballs gleamed
red;

From above came a low, rumbling roar!

I dug my spurs suddenly into his side;

"A landslide! Come on, 'Sancho!' Fly!"

And swift came the thought, "I must ride! I must
ride!"

It was either to ride or to die.

I leaned on the saddle-horn, close to the mane

Of my pony who rode against Death;

As I called out to him like a creature insane

He lunged on with laboring breath.

The rumble increased to a deafening crash

Great boulders smashed downward like hail;

And onward we tore in our wild, reckless dash,

Was there never an end to that trail?

"Just fifty yards more. Now's our chance, boy,"

I shrieked—

A shower of sand filled the air.

A great pine ahead of us wavered and creaked;

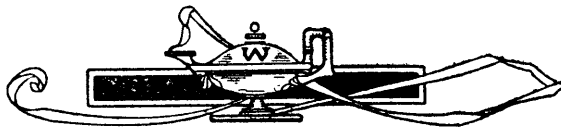
A last mighty plunge—we were there!

I heard a faint crash—all was silent and grey;

My pony, with quivering limb

Stood close by my side. He had robbed of its
prey

"El Gallo," the gruesome and grim.



Wisconsin Honesty

Waldo Bauer



OUR University stands upon a hill; we are setting our standards of scholarship among the highest; our reputation for fair play can nowhere be impeached. What kind of a square deal are we giving ourselves? We are giving our opponents in athletic contest the assurance that they will be fairly treated. And by setting up high scholastic standards we assure those who come to study with us, that they will have no cause to regret their choice of schools. But in one respect we are lamentably weak.

From times long passed by, when the rule of three was taught with willow switches and birch rods, to say nothing of the famous "hickory stick," it has been a game of wits between instructor and student. To outwit the instructor—that is an achievement! And so the game goes merrily on. The instructor gives an examination to test the knowledge of the class—and stands watching with eagle eye for signs of any disposition to cheat. The student, on the other hand, comes to the examination with the determination to outwit that instructor and cheat if necessary.

If you were to put temptation of any other kind in that student's way, would he fall? Let us see. The average man—pick him from among your friends here at Wisconsin—would he steal money by embezzlement, forgery, robbery, or petty theft? We need not answer—of course he would not. But let us try another angle of the

question? Would your friend obtain money under false pretenses? Again the obvious answer is the negative. A third question—would that same man steal, by obtaining under false pretenses, the credits offered by the University for work done? And very reluctantly we must answer that in about five cases out of ten, he would. It would be wasting time to tell in what ways it is dishonest to cheat in an examination. We are all familiar with the old argument that it does not hurt the instructor. No more need be said about that. It is perfectly obvious, too, that the cheater places the man who plays fair at a great disadvantage. Further, any man will admit that the cheater harms himself most of all.

All these things have been sufficiently discussed pro and con, and it would be futile to go into them here. What is really of importance to us, is the question of the cause of this situation, and the remedy. The average man is the victim, largely, of circumstance. Here and there one man stands out, who will go his way to success untouched by all the temptations about him, and now and then one can be found who will go wrong in spite of all restraining influences. Between these two extremes is the man who is neither extraordinarily good nor remarkably bad. He is the vast majority, and we must consider him. One of his big characteristics is a decided vein of what is so well called "cussedness." He comes to our University, takes up his studies, and prepares, or fails to prepare, for an examination. When the time comes for that examination, he goes to a room, where the blackboard is adorned with the following

legend:

"Take only the seats turned down."

"All books and papers must be left with the instructor."

It is a pleasant situation. He must sit in a seat at least two seats removed from his nearest neighbor. A dangerous electric current is insulated with no greater care than the students are isolated. Further, all books and papers must be left with the instructors. The inference is all too obvious. But crowning insult of all, at least four or five assistants are scattered about that room, watching with keen and suspicious eyes every move that a student makes. If one so much as asks a neighbor for a blotter or an eraser, suspicion points a warning finger. Your red-blooded man, with that same vein of "cussedness" usually hidden deep down in his nature, finds it coming suddenly to the surface in an overwhelming desire to beat that kind of a system. He feels a great desire to pummel one of those instructors—but he knows that they are not to blame. It is the system. So he cheats, not because he wants to, or thinks it will do him any good—but just to "buck" that system.

The question has been asked—would an honor system be of use in remedying the situation? One so-called "honor (?) system," as proposed, provided for the carrying of information against cheaters by anyone who could catch someone else at it. It placed a premium on tattling; it would have set us upon each other as spies; within a year it would have set the whole community by the ears. It met its fate speedily and deservedly.

Another "system" is now placed before us for our consideration. It is better than the other. In fact, it is good—except that it is a system. It is a sad commentary—and an unjust one—on the character of Wisconsin's men and women, to place a system over their heads for the purpose of forcing them to be honest. Why have an honor "system." Why pledge each one of us to be honest, to state in writing that we have "neither given nor received" any assistance? It is vain. The crook will be crooked; the honest man will be honest—and no "system of honor" can alter their inherent natures. But place your absolute trust in each of Wisconsin's men and women, and see what happens.

There are those of us today who cheat largely because that is what is expected of us. If we were allowed—without any written pledge or "system"—to be honest and honorable in our own ways, only those of us who are utterly lost to all sense of shame would think of cheating.

It is true—every one of us who cheats is doing only what, to judge from appearances, is expected of him or her. Remove the insinuation of dishonesty which now hangs so odiously over our heads, and in almost every case you remove all danger of dishonesty. But we have been given a bad name, and hanging awaits us—like the dog in the proverb.

You, sceptic, are shrugging your shoulders and sneering the idea of trusting every man or woman implicitly. Listen. With-

in our own University, there is a man who has found the way. He gave an examination last spring in a large lecture room. When he had put the questions on the board, he sat down at the front of the room, his back to the class, and began to read. There were no rubber-heeled assistants prowling around. People sat where they chose, conversed as freely as they cared to, and kept their text-books with them. And any member of that class will tell you that absolute honesty and honor prevailed. Nor is that all. One member of the class was unable to be present at the time of the examination. Two days later, when he reported the fact, the instructor gave him a copy of the same examination, with instructions to take it home, and return the paper within a few days. Would YOU—COULD you,—do anything but play fair with a man like that? That same instructor, not very long ago, refused to look at a written excuse for absence from recitations. He BELIEVED the student's explanation.

In conclusion, a question. Would YOU like to be treated as that man treated that class? Would it not force you to play fair as no honor "system" ever could? It may be a dream, it may be that there are those who would laugh, and go on cheating more than ever. Happily, however, they are but few. And for the great mass of HONEST women and men of whom our student body is composed, it is the only fair way.

From a Bulgarian Rose Garden

Translated From the French of
Loren De Bradi

James F. Jenkins



USSEIN, seated on a stone bench near his door, over which a fig-tree cast its shadow, was gazing out before him into the night—just as one gazes at the sea.

The village, which was already asleep, resembled a heap of rocks. The houses, smoked and shapeless, caves of terrible mysteries, commanded a view of a valley, hollow like a brass bowl, and where in the sun and breezes, in the shelter from the stronger winds, thrived the sweetest roses of the Bulgarian fields. These sombre mysteries, commanded a view of a valley; there ascended to them eternally, the vague perfume of roses, which, at times, appeared pearl-white.

Hussein was thinking of vague and voluptuous things—of a form to be caressed, of a face so luminous that it dazzled his soul. He came from the plains of Asia Minor, with a pensive mind and a colored imagination. He was a wanderer, intoxicated among things and people. He had stayed a long time at Constantinople. There the worst dangers he had known were nothing to him. And he was singing. He sang in the manner of those delightful Arabs, who in ancient Spain, dreamed only of the softer things of life, of sentiment, of the arts, far from the barbarisms of fanaticism and of wars. He evoked them often,

bound to them by the mysterious thread of a past with which he was singularly in love.

At a venture, he had left Constantinople and, mounted on a white horse of stately beauty, he had strayed from city to city, from village to village, crossed Turkey in Europe, always in search of happiness or of that unknown thing that his soul and his mind had created in his being, as of an unheard of and yet clinging splendor.

* * * *

One evening he had appeared in this Bulgarian village, at the edge of the valley that the roses, innumerable as the sands of the sea, enchanted with their breath and their colors. And instinctively he told himself, "It is here!" He experienced the deep joy of a welcome halt. He abandoned himself to the air, to the leaves, to the corollas, to the people of this rugged nook whom he ended by charming with his gentleness and his bearing.

This Mussulman, so peaceful, full of reverie, melancholy before flowers and horizon, always affable, pleased these Bulgarians enveloped in long, brown mantles, and who still retained from the old Tartars a violent energy, a harsh suspicion, a look of steel.

In coming in contact with Hussein they experienced, in spite of themselves, unknown pleasures and their untamed strength was softened. They called him the enchanter, because he told to them who listened, charming legends and in telling them he could find phrases that were as sweet as caresses.

One morning, at the rising of the sun,

Hussein perceived Martona, who was bending over the roses in the valley below. The lines of her form had the light grace of the iris. He felt himself embalmed in freshness. Something shown resplendently in him—was it the living realization of the valley of roses? She had adorned with them the twisted ends of her black and wavy hair. Her complexion glowed like those perfumed passions which hover in mellow dreams. As she raised her head, her face appeared in the rosy atmosphere of morning as a divine effigy.

Then Hussein climbed down to Martona whom he took for the enchantress of the garden of roses. She was the wife of Mirko, a buffalo-driver, whose brutality was appeased only before the eyes of Martona. No one possessed his strength or his impetuosity. His wrath was to be feared, especially when he had been drinking. They said that he was cruel.

Martona had submitted to his amorous tyranny. In the end she had conquered him. He was a tiger whom she held in leash. He stretched himself out at her feet, evenings, when she seated herself at the door, and when she exhaled in the night the odor that she had caught from the roses during the day.

At the approach of Hussein on this morning, she experienced a secret fascination and when his words enveloped her, she bent low like a gorgeous flower in the ardent summer breeze. Martona understood this enchantment, and the man for the first time, stood erect, wonderful in his tenderness.

Love bound them together. The stormy face of Mirko never came to disturb the

harmony of their souls. They forgot him, for they loved each other in the absolutism which a resolute fatalism deepened.

The rivalry of races, the hatred of different religions vanished when their lips met. There was no longer either cross or crescent for them. No more bloody memories. In the breath of the roses their ecstasy was without end.

* * * *

This evening, as was his habit, the Turk was awaiting Martona. She glided out of the house where Mirko, drunk with wine, was sleeping a sleep like that of death.

Hussein saw her coming, supple and timid. He held her trembling against his breast.

"I don't know," she said, "if he is sleeping soundly."

"What matters it to us?"

And he smiled in his joy.

"If he should awaken and not see me beside him, he would bound outdoors, savage and red. Let us return."

"No," he said, "turn your face to the moon, that it may drown itself in the depths of your eyes."

"Come, beloved, I do not know if he is sleeping soundly."

Suddenly she turned around. Something like the breath of a buffalo passed in the air.

"Do you hear, beloved?"

A step resounded. And Mirko, a terrible shadow, bristling not far from them, gathered himself ready to leap, with a hoarse whistle.

"The Turk! Na nos!" (To your knife!)

Hussein placed himself before Martona and said:

"Well, I am waiting."

The other held his knife open. He drew out his own. The Bulgarian, spread out on his haunches darted ferocious looks at the Mussulman, and while his breast panted, his arm turned as if to strike at the moon.

Martona regarded them, supported against the wall. The inevitable, the tragic was there. A white kerchief bound up her hair and framed her face. A many-colored apron was spread over her skirt. Yonder the black mountains erected their peaks against a star-lit sky, and before her, for her sake, two men were going to cut each others' throats.

Mirko recoiled a little, then he rushed forth. Hussein threw him aside. The Bulgarian passed. He returned at once and rushed again with the violence of a catapult, with lowered head. The Turk could not evade him. The shock overthrew him. Mirko fell upon him. They clasped each other in their rage, rising from one side to the other; they rolled, they bit each other, their eyes like fire, their teeth hanging. The buffalo-driver, whose strength was fearful, succeeded in disengaging himself, and placing one knee upon the breast of the Turk, with his bleeding hands, he locked the throat of his adversary who struggled in vain.

The eyes came out of their orbits. The mouth shrivelled up. And the moon placidly lighted the face of the dead so quivering with horror that the Bulgarian arose in a moment of fright, crossing himself. He turned to his wife. Immovable against the wall, she appeared petrified. He said to her.

"Follow me."

Between two rocks in an obscure corner, the ravens devoured during the day the body of Hussein.

Martona was never seen again. What had become of her? The village was silent. Mirko removed himself from everyone and never ceased to tremble, alone in his poor, deserted house, once the night had come.

Some time after, a rosebush grew in the valley of roses. It towered over all the others, and its flowers, the most open and the most dazzling of all, were purple. Their purple in the sun called up bleeding wounds. Never had one seen such roses as appeared. When one looked at them, they trembled like the lips of lovers.

An old sorceress having told that at this place, Mirko had killed his wife, after having dragged her by the hair, they called it the "Rosebush of the Lover."

One can see it still today crowned with roses, the best blooming in all the Bulgarian valleys—and they say they are everlasting.

William J. Locke

Writer By Formula

C. N. Webb



THE most potent criticism that has been launched at W. J. Locke is the statement that he is a writer by formula, the truth of which even his most enthusiastic admirers will not deny. But the truth of that criticism is by no means damning. We often wish our greatest novelists possessed useable formulas so that they could concentrate their energy upon the men and women they are creating and give up striving for originality of plot. Locke's admirers do not gravely object to witnessing nearly the same complication in every novel. They do not fear that their taste for Locke will become cloyed thereby. If the same characters faced the same situation in each novel there would be reason for such fear. But they are varied enough in their whimsicalities and degree of eccentricity to make the reader wonder in each new case just what will be the result of the complication this time.

But they have much in common—these loveable heroes of Locke. They are all exiles in some sense of the word. By some self-imposed duty they have been switched out of the current. They are human and likeable, every one of them, from Paragot, the vagabond philosopher, to Simon the Jester, who faces his approaching death with a sort of fatalistic humor that borders pathos. They are the fantastic men and

women whom we often meet in real life and whom we mark for future friendship.

Locke's earliest work is not memorable except as showing his development. Not until he published "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" did the world know him for what he later proved to be, and with the publication of "The Beloved Vagabond" he came fully into his own. Then in succession came "Septimus," "Simon the Jester," "The Glory of Clementina," "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," and "Stella Maris." Of these, "Septimus," the pathetic little inventor, who needed a kind hearted nurse if man ever needed one, failed somehow to get a firm grip on our affections. Perhaps, as has been said, Locke's work following "The Beloved Vagabond" was in the nature of an anti-climax. But this might be said of nearly every writer who ever lived. Dickens never wrote a second "David Copperfield" nor Thackeray another "Vanity Fair." It would have been well for Locke's fame, however, had the advent into the world of Simple Septimus preceded that of Marcus Ordeyne.

As it stands "The Beloved Vagabond" represents the high point of Locke's art. The world seems always ready to receive the well handled picaresque novel, and the story of Paragot had enough of the best qualities of the picaresque combined with a unique charm of its own to make it an immediate favorite among the best sellers of 1907. The vagabond himself was as happy a creation as "Huckleberry Finn" or "Puddenhead Wilson," although entirely unlike either. He is the most irresponsible, most loveable mortal that Locke has sent

on his travels. Dirty and repulsive in appearance, he nevertheless possesses a magnetic personality. "When the soul laughs tears come into the eyes" is one of his choicest apothegms.

Simon, the Jester, was a more successful creation than Septimus. The dramatic fullness of his numbered days—which happily proved not to be numbered—impressed us somehow as Paragot's most potent bits of philosophy. It reached our hearts.

"The Glory of Clementina" is not on the high plane of "The Beloved Vagabond" but the writer of the former book knew his art more surely than the creator of the vagabond. The Locke of the earlier days would not have approached the banquet scene at which Clementina is seen in her true glory with any degree of confidence.

Aristide Pujol is the hero of a series of odd and amusing adventures. He is a sort of beloved vagabond with abundant natural resources to get him out of the predicaments his recklessness gets him into.

I have mentioned the principal creations of Locke. They are delightful in themselves but the style of their author is equally pleasing. There is something of Lamb, something of Lawrence Sterne in this whimsical writer. He is epigrammatic and witty but not in a flashy, uneven sort of way. All that is clever or keen is tempered with an abundant sympathy. At its best his work partakes of the tonic quality of the April wind. "Life is a glorious thing" he says and proceeds to demonstrate it in his own delightful way.

From the Diary of an Upper Classman

A Sophomore Spree: The Confession of a Fussee

Lucile L. Huntington

"Please hurry!" my roomy cried, rushing into the room where I was dressing. "You have just fifteen minutes before the carriage comes, and you aren't a speck finished." Then she began darting around to help.

All the other girls took a great deal more interest in my going than I did. They came filing in, big-eyed, and sat on the bed to make comments, or rushed around to help Joe. Some one called for me from down stairs, and thereupon, began a general rush and scramble, ending with Joe dumping my dress over my head and shaking me into it.

"There you are!" she sang out, giving me a whirl before a mirror, and then jumped to pull my coat out from under somebody.

"Oh lovely! Perfect! Darling dress!" chorused the girls from the bed.

"Beautiful?" I questioned to myself, and for the first time looked into the mirror with much interest. There I saw all filmy lavender; then, twirling and posing, with a little back kick to my train, I watched the dress shade and change shimmeringly. I smiled at myself, smiled and smiled again, for I liked the girl in that dress.

"Please hurry!" Joe pleaded.

Again, in one last vain moment, I turned

and smiled at that mirror girl.

"After all, life is worth living," I laughed, as I swept, grand-lady-style, out of the door and skipped down stairs. I gave the same pleased smile to the waiting man that I had given to the girl in the mirror, and, looking up into his eyes, saw a new look that I had never seen before, a look of admiration, awe, and pride. Really, it was quite a satisfying look.

All evening I smiled my mirror-girl smile and received sweet compliments in return. Girls exclaimed gushingly over my 'stunning' dress. But the men would look down, as I stood in a most flattering half-light, smiling my smile, and they would say,—well, just things about me and not the dress. Yet, after all, the girls were most sincere, for they knew what they were talking about, whereas the men just flattered for a smile.

That night, after getting home late, I did not sleep a wink until after telling my roomy all about the other clothes there, and what everyone had said.

"Lovey!" yawned forth Joe across the dark, "Please tell me, is he such an awfully nice man?"

"Nice man? Oh Joey, no it was the dance and the dress."

"But, lovey, there have been other dances and dresses, yet never so much ecstatic joy."

"Well," I admitted, "I guess it's me. Oh, Joey, I must go again! For I have just learned to love it. I could die happy in a pretty dress, dancing to wonderful music."

And keen sighted Joe laughed back, "Especially if there were some one near to see you do it artistically."

A smile, and I had changed myself into another girl who had a desire to laugh, dress, admire beauty and be beautiful. At the beginning of my second year, before this dance, because of being forced to give up all activities, I had lived a dull sort of an existence.

"What's the use?" I stormed once. "Always grind, grind, grind, and do nothing, or be nothing except a grind!"

And then, like climbing a wall beside a hot dusty road, and dropping into a luxurious, cool, and exquisitely arranged garden, I had climbed out of ordinary life into fairy land. The fairies all smiled and nodded and looked distractingly pretty; music, flowers, and plenty of men to wait on one were ever present. "After all," I reflected, "Life IS worth living."

The fates and my men friends were kind; one party brought forth another; each man brought a second. I didn't at first care where I went, just so I went, all dressed up, and saw pretty things, and pretty people. Teas, dances, dinners, and callers came faster and faster. Did a single evening go by when some man would not tease to come, I would feel as if somehow the world were going all wrong.

Then came the time when I chose between different places to go or persons to take me.

"Why go with the first man that asks, to whatever place he asks you," I philosophized. "Cultivate the habit of gambling for your date."

All the girls in the house joined in, too; for somewhere in every girl lies the soul of a gambler. We would speculate on whether, after knowing So-and-so two

weeks, he would ask me to the high-brow-exclusive-umpty formal, or must I needs go to a paltry common dance with the Brown boy whom I had known perfect ages. There isn't a girl in the world who hasn't done such a thing at some time, but few girls make a practice of it, especially when it means all the world to them to be seen everywhere.

Had I had a drop of romance in my newly awakened vanity, I probably would have a love story to tell, for I had all the makings, including the proposal. No proposal had been intended, but late one night, coming home from Howard Elsworth's formal, it just dropped for no reason at all. The carriage jounced, I scratched my hand on a flower pin, and then held it in the light.

"Oh, you have hurt yourself!" exclaimed Howard Elsworth in a pained voice.

"What of it?" I prosaically remarked.

There wasn't any more of an excuse than that. He just had a spasm then and there, and to use the pet phrase of Joe, "fell into it." Finally I acknowledged that love was altogether out of my scheme of life.

"Of course, if you have been taking me places just to get me to fall in love, I don't regard that as very nice. Truly I do appreciate the good times, but I thought you enjoyed yourself too, and that was all."

"But you went with me the most!" cried out Mr. Elsworth.

"Why not?" I burst out. "You asked me, and they were all the places I wanted to go, even to those chatty little Sunday suppers. I am sorry this has occurred, for it has spoiled the evening."

Though jumping isn't my forte, I am forced to take a large jump here. To be brutally truthful, I can't remember one man or dance from another, that is, until spring.

In the spring I met a man, the prince of men, and in two weeks we were engaged. The reason why I hadn't met him before was because he never went to places such as I had enjoyed. He was a big, out-door-sy sort of a man. Just by accident he was standing on the dock as Howard Elsworth came along with me in his canoe. We were introduced, and talked for half an hour, while Howard fumed.

Now, there ought to be a horrible example ending, but truth will out. Naturally I was sorry for all the time I had foolishly wasted, because I got abominable marks in my work. And I didn't feel exactly strong at the end of the year. And mostly I regretted that I had no time for any real friends, Bob had so many, many friends that I was positively jealous. But Bob would say, and he was right "You have all next year to make it up, and now let's forget it all to hear you acknowledge life is good since you met me."

(To be continued.)

* * * *

Humanity

Ruth M. Boyle

A wine-shook cobweb intricate spun;
The dance of dust-motes in the sun;
Bright mica grains in the gray earth-stuff;
A ripple startled by light wind's puff;
A touch of mud and a glimpse of star;
A riddle—the answer forgotten—we are.

The Philosophy of G. K. Chesterton

M. M. Lowenthal



It has been a long standing wish to write on the common arts, the little arts, the arts of small account. After all, there must be something extraordinary in an art to make it widespread and common; it must be as big as the earth in order to be considered as insignificant as mud; it must be as necessary and glorious as sunshine in order to be contemned as the "light of common day." Some of the products of these common arts—too neglected by aestheticians, for the most part, to bear a specific name—are found at every turn of the daily life, and accomplish more to make it liveable than all the statuary and sciences we have had the felicity to create or the misfortune to overpraise. Rag-time, beer, slang, baseball—democracy, religion, and the home are not only the eternal arts but the eternally popular. Objection may be made that one-half the arts cited are ephemeral and trivial; obviously, the contrary is true. Rag-time is a modern, syncopated variant of the ballad; the people who sang Edom o' Gordon now sing Jessie James or Steamboat Bill; the mead-cup foams, if not with the ale that made England merrie, with the beer that made Milwaukee famous; the silencing "sub rosa" gains force and loses sentimentality in "under your hat;" and a baseball crowd in a championship series game would not half fill the Circus Maxi-

mus built to hold the fans of Rome. Moreover, this whole galaxy of arts is trivial only in the sense that humanity is trivial—which it is (we admit) to a number of persons. Or again, it might be urged that religion, etc., are in no way kindred to slang and its cacophonous accompaniments. Manifestly, democracy, in its essence, in order to be democracy, must be vulgar; religion must be popular; the home must be a common place and a commonplace.

The difficulty in writing this paper lay in which art to choose. Slang is so picturesque, religion so beautiful, baseball so manly, and brewing so reminiscent of pleasure that a temptation to treat of them all was only (and fortunately) overcome by the discovery of their common exponent in the writings of one contemporary—Gilbert K. Chesterton, who was immediately nominated the subject of the essay. However, he is to be treated more as a symbol than a subject—a symbol of the common arts.

First it is necessary to clear up a little verbal difficulty. Words may be used as self-explaining, fundamental concepts or things; or they may be used as signs and counters requiring analysis, explanation, and definition. Thus "high" in the phrase "high morality" may to the casual reader be a self-sufficing adjective, connotative of all the so-called better things of life. To some, "high" might appear in another light as a misplaced modifier denotative of nothing but inches and connotative of an exploded mythology—a slangism borrowed from the yardstick and suggestive of the old-fashioned idea that the heavens were above the earth. A medieval Christian could use the

expression "higher conduct" and mean it literally; but the modern believer in the Inner Light should, by all the powers of logic, be required to call it the "withiner conduct." Similarly, where the former could properly stigmatize a villain as a "low rascal," the latter must damn him as a "thoroughly without wretch." To such readers, "high" requires the elaborating of explanations, establishing of standards, and entire re-statement of a philosophy of life. Neither higher, better, nobler, nor finer can pass without challenge.

Taking advantage of this conflict in the use of words, this essay in discussing the demand for art and in criticising the Chestertonian satisfaction of this demand, will for the present abandon the common use of "noble" and its kin, substituting a word capable of exact definition and subject to practical proof—the word "universal." We may quarrel indefinitely as to what is noble, there can be no such quarrel as to what is universal. A Mormon might disagree with the dictum that monogamy is noble; everyone must agree that marriage is universal. Universality is chosen as the standard of height, fineness, or nobility. This is not an invalid, or at least unprecedented assumption, for daily usage often sanctions it. The universal things, the common things, are the fundamental things, and the cant of the age agrees that "fundamentals are of the HIGHEST importance." However, this stand that the universal things in life are the noblest is not merely based upon word-play, but upon conviction. Someone may eagerly urge that sin is universal. Exactly but incompletely stated. Sin is

universally held to be wrong. This is the first point.

Let us now examine some of the universal and fundamental demands of life. Scientists have proven to the satisfaction of metaphysicians (strange enough!) that every form of life from the smallest to the greatest, from the amoeba to the American, acts and lives by two processes and for two ends. One is called assimilation; it means getting. Of course there are an infinite variety of assimilations; there is getting dinner and getting an education; there is getting money and getting religion. Marrying, hunting, fighting, harvesting, and even evolving (in the Darwinian sense) are from one aspect forms of getting. And, contradictorily, there is getting ahead and getting left. The other process is called reproduction; it means giving. Children, homes, handkerchiefs, Moonlight Sonatas, milk-wagons, Last Suppers, letter-carriers, Parthenons, and all the conveniences and glories of civilization, are in one aspect the results of giving. The emotions demand, the mind creates. Emerson sums up the processes in his essay on Compensation, only he tends to suggest that there is a cancellation of give and take, and a balance struck between the creative and consumptive faculties by neutralization. It would be more true to say that both rage wrathfully side by side; in the less developed forms of life, the assimilative faculty seems to dominate; in the more developed forms, the creative faculty. One, however, cannot exist without the other, and the complete life demands that both be allowed full swing. The lover is a case at hand. As

fiercely as he takes, so freely does he give.

Granting the truth of this proposition, it follows that life is a paradox. It is a conflict of opposing forces, both of which must survive in order that life shall not succumb. War and peace, pride and humility, wrath and patience, hate and love, must not be separated in order to develop one to the neglect of the other; they CANNOT, in the very nature of life, be so separated. All ethics include such paradoxes—doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly before thy God, are an eternal trinity, neither confounding the principles nor dividing the substance. This is the second point.

In considering man separate from the remainder of animate existence, it is observed that the springs of his life lie in his wants. The senses, instincts, emotions, and the mind itself supply him with demands which the mind attempts to satisfy; this satisfaction is art. The fundamental demands of human nature for the most part biologically determined, are the demands for unity, harmony and climax. Man is forever struggling to make a stubborn environment both at one with ITSELF and in harmony with HIMSELF, and of the whole process and procession of life, he desires to learn the course and goal. These insatiate desires are but a manifestation of the "getting" side of all living creation; and the relentless efforts of the intelligence to satisfy exhibits the correspondent "giving." The life of man and the superiority of one race over another depend upon the ability to make over a recalcitrant nature to satisfy the voracious demands of humanity.

Properly understood, the struggle is wild, uproarious and romantic. This is the third and last point—the necessity of fulfilling our innate desires.

Philosophy is inevitably the greatest of the arts of man for it is widest in the scope of both the environment it attempts to affect and the human demands it attempts to satisfy. Its field and its goal is everything; and as G. K. C. somewhere says, "everything is more important than everything else." We have found that in order correctly to envisage life, an art must be paradoxical; in order to satisfy life it must recognize or fulfill all its fundamental demands, and in order to attain nobility, it must be universal. It now remains to be seen how far the Chestertonian philosophy measures up to these requirements.

Mr. Chesterton has so far expressed himself best in three books, "Heretics," "Orthodoxy" and "What's Wrong With the World," which really should be considered as one since they logically grow out of each other, and to them this essay will be confined.

We have dispelled our fancies and we live in an age of facts and figures; we can understand everything, we can calculate everything, we can accomplish everything. Continents are severed at the waving of a hand, a word is sped around the globe at the winking of an eye; birth is yielding her secrets, today we can breed perfect race-horses, tomorrow we will breed perfect jockey; marriage we have discovered is not made in heaven and will soon be arranged for in our biology laboratories; the Sphinx of death has been cross-examined

and has revealed to us the great secret that she has no secret; the answer to Pilate's question we print in every school-boy's primer. We have discovered that the universe is a machine built upon definite, workable principles, and men and women cogs and ratchets fixed in their determined places, fulfilling their specific functions. Was it Archimedes who asked for a lever to move the world? He failed to realize that he himself was only a microscopic watch-maker's pinion. We have reduced labor, the ancient curse and joy of the world, to mechanical preciseness with our "scientific management;" we are raising our families with the rigid construction-steel of scientific economics; we are moulding our statesmen in the reinforced concrete of scientific politics. We are a machine and the jargon of the shop and mill clanks in all our language.

System, standardization, and efficiency are the cant of the times. We have systematized our workgrounds and our playgrounds, our corn-fields and our battle-fields, our brains and our fingers; and we are expectantly awaiting the day when we can systematize our hearthstones and our hearts. It matters not what is done so long as it is done efficiently; we are all praying for the efficient life, and we will soon be praising the efficient death. We have standardized our hats, and we hope soon to standardize our heads. We have reared idols of brick and steel, test-tubes and microscopes, and we sacrifice our lives on the altar of Fact. "Cold facts" we call them, and our felicity of language is commendable—they are indeed cold. It

is true that we are at last seeing things as they really are, that we are at last broad-minded, and that we are at last free from all delusions. All but one—our only delusion is to think that we are the first to come into this condition. We forget that we are some million years (evolutionary time) behind in attaining these heights. Hyenas see things as they are; potato-bugs have no mythologies; the flea is singularly free from dogmas; to animals, all facts are cold facts. We have stripped the moon of its fairy tales; we have torn the mantle from Diana, we have looked upon her nakedness, and we are slow to realize that the punishment of the goddess is upon us—like Actaeon, we have been turned to beasts.

Thankfully, in the preceding paragraphs, mankind has been wronged in the use of the inclusive "we." It is merely the scientists, the experts, and the progressives who have accomplished these marvels. In doing so, they have forgotten (and probably without intention) that a hatred of things as they are is, and always has been, a basic passion in the hearts of the majority of men. In the first part of this essay, we have shown this to be one of the characteristic traits of life. And it is Chesterton who powerfully and poignantly recalls this to the men of today. We do not want facts as they really are; we want them as we want them to be. We want our myths, our religions, our fancies, and our festivals. We do not want to dance efficiently, we want to dance freely; we do not want to work in a puddle of oil under the hum of arcs, we want to work in joy, and sweat beneath the clean sun; we do not want to breed chil-

dren, we want to make love; we do not want to be moulded in standards; we want to break from cast's (or castes) and be men. We do not want life for humanity's sake, for truth's sake, nor for tomorrow's sake; we want life for life's sake, and perhaps for the chance to find a bit of beauty and so to remember with Plato that we have fallen from heaven, and perhaps to do an act of righteousness, a deed of mercy, and so to rejoice that we are children of God. Science can satisfy the stomach (possibly) but not the soul of man. It is true that we have weighed the sun and the stars in a balance, but we have found them wanting.

The philosophy of Chesterton recognizes all of these perpetual and primitive desires—the want for a home of one's own, for superstitions, fairy-tales, rituals, frivolities, beer, and for the privilege of playing at one's work rather than working at one's play. In doing this, Chesterton starts at the bottom of the matter. Alone of all modern sociologists, economists, and religio-philosophers, he asks first "what do people want?" and arrives at a more definite answer than the amorphous "happiness"—a label for anything or everything—and his answer is one which most normal men are willing to accept. He claims that the desideratum is "romance." Romance he defines as a mixture of the familiar and the unfamiliar, the known and the unknown, the safe and the dangerous, resulting in "an active and imaginative life, picturesque and full of poetical curiosity, a life such as a Western man always seems to have desired." Thus fulfilling the third requirement outlined at the start of this essay, his

philosophy recognizes the innate desires of men, and we must now determine if it is capable of satisfying them.

Chesterton finds life a wealth of contradictions—everywhere opposing passions, powers, and purposes. Moreover, all things remain constant only by an equilibrium of clashing forces. This is the principle that holds the earth to its course and that determines the existence of the minutest cell-life; and Chesterton has held this principle to be paradoxical, since the battle must be continued in order that a peace may be maintained. As Aristotle says, we are all tight-rope artists, and life depends upon keeping our balance. There are two ways of doing this; one by diluting with each other the opposing ingredients of life; the other by contrasting them. Pagan philosophies stood for the former—the great Pagan virtues were temperance and justice; and Chesterton considers this method a failure because a balanced mixture loses for us the pure and pristine virtues of the elements of the solution. To eat vegetable soup is not to know what a vegetable tastes like; to consume our food luke-warm is to miss the charm of oyster-stew and ice-cream. Hebraic-Christian philosophies, as developed in the later centuries stand for the second method—to contrast, enlarge, and exaggerate the opposing forces, and therefore Chesterton (as an exponent of this philosophy) champions the paradoxical virtues of Courage—the willingness to lose one's life in order to save it; Humility—the reed triumphing over the gale by bending before it, a stooping to conquer; Charity (Mercy, Love)—the pardoning of the un-

pardonable, the giving to him who is unworthy of the gift; Hope—the expectation of the seemingly impossible; Faith—the belief in the unbelievable. He champions the exaggeration of our passions—we must be eternally patient and infernally impatient; our demands must be more inexorable than death, and our gifts more lavish than birth.

These are manifestly dangerous virtues, and this an undeniably perilous attitude. But walking a tight-rope must be such; therein lies the romanticism and the keen, magnetic joy that has led Westerners to cross unknown seas and conquer a terrible wilderness. If we are both to love beyond bounds and hate beyond reason, it is eminently necessary that we should love the right things and hate the wrong ones. In deciding what is right and what is wrong, a persistent ideal of life is requisite. Chesterton builds this ideal out of the perpetual and universal human needs—home, religion, democracy, and the romantic. Anything inimical to these is wrong, everything favoring these is right. In finding life paradoxical, Chesterton coincides with our second point; and since life is such, the PARADOXICAL virtues must be the best fitted to live by. This is the crux and essence of his whole philosophy.

That Chesterton's view of the needs of western life and their satisfaction is universal must by this time be obvious since it is based upon all normal sentiments; and upon this universality, we, by our definition of the word, confer nobility.

In conclusion Chesterton shows that the common arts must at all hazards be preserved, for without them, the finer arts—

the Fine Arts—in a word, are impossible; the common arts are the props of the people, and without a people, the vision perisheth. History unmistakably shows the necessity for religion in our intellectual life, a healthy naturalness in our social life, and a fixed ideal in our political life in order that the Fine Arts may flourish and reveal to us on earth a glimpse of heaven. The man who objects to the fertilizer because it is rank, coarse and vulgar will have no flowers, and there are a number of men today who are in favor of abolishing the rank, the coarse, and the vulgar.

Although language is the medium of philosophy and inextricably related to it, a literary criticism of Chesterton is without the scope of this essay. It is cheap and easy to say that Chesterton is a combination of Macaulay, Walt Whitman and Browning, and it is moreover tantamount to saying nothing. Every writer is an imitator. A common error, however, is to consider Chesterton a persifleur because he is a paradoxist. Even in the dictionary a paradox is permitted the attribute of truth. Life is paradoxical, therefore Mr. Chesterton's philosophy is paradoxical, and it would be strange if his language were not. Again Mr. Chesterton does not always stick to the facts; but human nature does not demand the facts, it only demands the agreeable. Human nature is constantly changing and making over the facts to suit its needs; civilization is a conquest over facts; and it is to Chesterton's credit that he will reject a fact that will not feed his healthy, human appetite for the common

arts, as a man rejects bouillon-cubes when he wants lentil soup and sausage. Bouillon-cubes are scientifically adequate for the sustainment of life, they are standardized in content, and they are probably the most efficient form of food to have about one in a siege or a ship-wreck. But we, in life, are neither besieged nor ship-wrecked; and we are more interested in catsups and cayenne than in calories. Chesterton lies valiantly in defence of the truth that we live on lies, and that our fancies are more precious to us than our facts. "The real life of man goes on, concerned with this tree or that temple, with this harvest and that drinking-song."

Again life is poetical, Chesterton's philosophy is extremely so, and once more it would be strange if his language were not. Life is uproarious, comic, dramatic, violent, and calls forth similar attributes in the author's style. Everything indicates that he has identified himself with the real spirit of existence, and has correctly envisaged its important aspects in his writings—as philosophy and as literature.

His books have many faults—over brilliance, over-discursiveness, palpable word-playing and unsound reasoning—but his cause saves the man. He has a loyalty to life, to the common arts, and to human nature, and a love for them that is identical with that of the mass of men—a loyalty which commands respect, and a love which wins for him a pardon.

In Aid of Hymen

The Rev. Grice Follows a Bum Steer

Jessee H. Reed



HADE WAS not one of the attractions mentioned in the advertising circulars of Sandspur.

The white glare of the sun was reflected from the white sand of the street to the white walls of the houses, and back again to where the few straggling palmettoes quivered in the summer's heat. An occasional pine tree raised its high crest above the town, its needles pointing towards the glaring sun—shadeless.

Aunt Mandy, bending over the tub in her back yard, was singing and her sustained notes quavered as though with the heat waves.

"Oh we will be joyful

Joyful—joyful—

When we all arribe at home."

The song reached the ears of Sister Moody who lived across the fence. She sniffed, audibly.

"Ah wondah what-all Sister Grice am so happy obah?"

The notes of that revival hymn flowed and flowed from Aunt Mandy's dusky throat, and Sister Moody wondered and wondered. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Sumpin' sho mus' 'ave happen'," she reflected, as she tied on her best bonnet, and waddled out across the backyard sand.

"Howdy, Mis' Grice," she commenced diplomatically, resting her elbows on the top rail, and smiling blandly. "Dey ain' no 'vival a-comin', is dey?"

Aunt Mandy usually had the first tip on anything of that sort.

"Lawdy no, chile," Aunt Mandy threw back her head and laughed happily. "I'se so happy Ah jes' cain' hep sing. Mah Jim—he done got 'ligion sho 'nuff dis time."

Sister Moody sniffed, suspiciously.

"'Pears lak he don' had it befo' an' hit ain' done 'im no good 'tall. Ah 'members de time—"

But Aunt Mandy had only paused for breath.

"Jim—he done got 'ligion ob brudder Peppahgrass," she interrupted. "He sho had hit sumpin' scandiculous—come heah breakin' up de meetin'. He a preachah now, a-sowin' ob de gospel of truf an a-scatterin' ob de seeds of confiscation."

Sister Moody was not particularly impressed. She knew Aunt Mandy and her Jim of old.

"Ah 'members de time—" she commenced—

The door of Aunt Mandy's kitchen opened a crack, and the carefully cropped head and shining features of Aunt Mandy's Jim, now the Rev. James Grice, Esquire, protruded like a turtle's.

"Say, Maw," the voice of the Rev. Grice was all too mild, "Cain' Ah emty dem tubs fo' yo'?"

Aunt Mandy turned to her neighbor with an air of triumph.

"Dar now, what Ah done tole you'?" Aunt Mandy rolled her eyes rapturously. "Dat chile, he sho gwine die. He too good fo' dis heah worl'."

Sister Moody watched Aunt Mandy empty the tubs.

"Mebbe he is—an' den again, mebbe he ain,'" she muttered as she betook her way back through the backyard sand. "Ah low hit 'pears sort o' dubersome to me."

II.

"Ebery'ting done boun' t' come ef yo' wait long 'nuff."

Thus moralized the Rev. Grice.

The Grice Matrimonial Bureau, which had been founded in a burst of eloquence and on the slender capital of a negro preacher, was not exactly an overwhelming success. It was no kind of a success at all.

It became obvious, after the first two weeks, that the negro population of Sandspur and its immediate vicinity was not only capable of attending to its own matrimonial affairs, but even preferred to. Therefore the Rev. Grice's grouch.

"Dat white man sho put me on a bum steah dis time," he reflected, morosely. "Dat's what a niggah allus gets fo' tryin' to smeah in!"

The erstwhile snug-fitting suit of black hung in dismal folds upon the Rev. Grice. The hungry look upon his face grew day by day. The arm chair which had once conformed so perfectly to his plump frame became more and more roomy with the passage of time.

"Ah sho dunno what ails dese fool niggahs," reflected the Rev. Grice. "Dey don' lub me, case dey don' nebbah mek no contri'bushuns. Dey don' lub God, case dey don' nebbah come to chuach. Dey don' lub each oddah, case dey don' nebbah gits mahied." The Rev. Grice sank a little further into his arm chair. "'Pears lak dey don' lub nuffin' but deyselves!"

The Rev. Grice sighed.

"Eberything jes' boun' t'come t'him who gwine wait."

The scowl upon the Most High Secretary's face deepened. It was a deep scowl, and had been growing for several weeks. To be raised from George Smith to Most High Secretary had been honor indeed in those prodigal days of the founding of the Grice Matrimonial Bureau. Now the Most High Secretary Smith was becoming disillusioned. He took his feet off the window ledge and came and stood over the Rev. Grice.

"I'se done been watin' long 'nuff," he announced with finality. "Ah wants mah pay."

The Rev. Grice looked at him with gentle reproof.

"Niggah," he said, "Ain' Ah done thunk ob de whole shebang? Ain' Ah done wuk mah fool haid off an' done got ordained fo' to puffohm de ceremonies? Howcome yo' got any kick comin'?"

Most High Secretary laid back his ears.

"Ain' Ah done tromp all obah dis heah lan' fo' yo'?" he growled, "Ain' Ah wuk aftah eberybody done knock off to 'tribute yo' papahs? An' all yo' done yet 'ave been fo' to set heah an' tek in de cash! Ah wants mah pay."

The Rev. Grice was a firm believer in the soft answer.

"Looky heah, Niggah," the Rev. Grice's voice was a model of mild admonition. "Dat ain' no way fo' to ack at all. Ain' yo' read in de Good Book 'bout dem dar thieves in de temple? Howcome yo' cain nebbah tink ob nuffin' scusin' dollahs? Dis

am de Lohd's bizness."

The Most High Secretary was obdurate.

"Ah cain' see what dis heah Matrimonial Bureau got to do wid de Lohd's bizness, no-how," he exclaimed. "Ah wants—"

There came a timid knock at the door.

The Rev. Grice became at once as one having authority. This wasn't any time for argufying, with a customer at the door.

"Yo' fool yo," he hissed at the Most High Secretary. "Git obah to yo' desk an' stay theah!"

For an instant the Most High Secretary wavered. Then the logic of the situation overcame his anger. If he shut up for a few days he might get something for all his trouble. If he proceeded to beat up the Rev. Grice now it was a cinch he wouldn't. And as the Most High Secretary shuffled across the floor, the voice of the Rev. Grice arose in charming courtesy.

"Come in, sah, come in."

It was a voice which might have soothed the most determined rent collector or led an undersheriff into a burst of confidence. The door opened an inch or so, wavered, and stopped. The Rev. Grice wasn't taking any chances. He reached that door in a hurry. As for the Prospect, he found himself ensnared in the handclasp of the Rev. Grice and enticed into the Rev. Grice's armchair with a promptness that was disconcerting.

"Ah, Bruddah Slocum." The Rev. Grice gave the High Sign of Masonry to his Secretary, and settled down to a real protracted conversation. "Bruddah Smith an' mahself was jes' a-wondahing what-all had done 'come o' yo'. We-all done 'low

dat yo' was sho' perkin' up lately—mus' be yo' gwine mahry agin'. Well, yo' sho done come to de right place dis heah time. Ain' dat so, Bruddah Smith?"

The Most High Secretary took his cue with all possible grace.

"Sho is." He raised a pair of reflective eyes towards the ceiling. "Dey ain' notheh preachah dis side N'Awleans what does de executshun mo' splendif'rously. Why, de couple what yo' done mahried yestiddy, deys done paid us ten dollahs 'sides deys fees, case ob he dignificashun."

Brother Slocum, arrayed in all the beauties of a white collar and swallowtail coat, squirmed and mopped his face and squirmed again. He was a lank, ungainly person, addicted to hat-fumbling.

The Rev. Grice's voice dropped from the conversational pitch into the confidential.

"What kin' ob a gal does you-all want?"

Brother Slocum's squirm became more pronounced.

"Wh—what you-all mean?" he stammered.

"What kin' ob a gal does you-all want? Black or yallah?"

Brother Slocum's face became a dingy yellow.

"Ah don' want none," he gasped.

The Rev. Grice strove to return a soft answer, but the disappointment was too great.

"Den what de debbel does yo' want, anyhow?"

The sharpness of the tone frightened Brother Slocum out of some of his bashfulness.

"Ah—Ah wants yo' fo' to mahry de

widdy Brown fo' me."

The Rev. Grice had an unpleasant premonition.

"Howcome?" he inquired.

"I—I'se nebbah had enuff res'lushun fo' to ast her. Viney, she jes' seem not t'ave no use fo' me nohow."

Some instinct caused him to fish up a ten-dollar bill and throw it carelessly upon the desk. The eyes of the Rev. Grice fastened upon that bill with the hungry eagerness which a cat bestows upon a mouse-trap.

"Won' yo' go an' pro—propose to Viney fo' me?" Brother Slocum's voice sank into a hollow whisper. "Hit won' be no trubble 'tall fo' yo'. She—she ain' what yo' mough-mought call handsome, 'zactly," he apoligized, "but" he added with a perceptible brightening, "she sho is got de money."

The Rev. Grice looked at the bill and sighed.

"T'se gwine do hit fo' yo'," he agreed.

As his fingers closed over that ten dollar bill the Rev. Grice had another premonition, but he heeded it not. He was going to the nearest restaurant in a hurry.

III.

The dignified step of the preacher up the shaded walk of the Widow Brown's front yard caused quite a commotion within the cottage, as the hurried scuffling of feet proclaimed. At his knock the door was opened by a pumpkin-colored pickaninny, who giggled convulsively and shut it again.

"Open dat do', Petunia, whuffo' yo' leab de gemman stan'in outside?"

The Widow Brown's muscular hand sent

Petunia flying, and opened the door with smiling welcome.

"Howdy, Bruddah Grice, I sho' is hon-ahd."

"Good aft'noon, Sister Brown." Brother Grice's hand was extended in cordial condescension. "Hit am er powahful salubrious day fo' dis time ob de yeah."

"Mighty peart, fo' sho'," she assured him as she escorted him to her tiny parlor.

The Reverend Gentleman held his hat in his hand and mopped his brow.

"Kind o' late springs an' eahly falls we'se done been havin' lately," he asserted.

"Soht o' peahs so," assented she.

A long pause ensued. Vainly he cast about in his mind for a topic to lead up to the object of his call. This wasn't getting him anywhere, and in the meantime there was his client back in the office waiting.

"I ain' seed yo' at church lately, Sister Brown."

The good sister was perturbed.

"No, I ain' been thah much sence mah po' husban' died."

Ah, here was an opening. The Rev. Grice was not slow to take advantage of it.

"Yo' mus' feel so powahful loneiy gwine by yo'self," he said, sympathetically.

The widow raised her handkerchief to her eyes. Through it she watched the effect.

"Yas, hit am powahful decomposing to be allus gwine alone."

"Ah, yo' need anoddah companyun," the Reverend opined, drawing his chair a little nearer. "Mah deah Sistah, why don' yo' once mo' set sail 'pon de matrimonial sea?"

"Oh Bruddah Grice!" with a hysterical giggle.

"—an' take er partnah who am young—" went on the preacher, valiantly, "who will sail wid yo' obah dat vas' buhns—ah—f'um which no trabellah evah retuhns—"

He paused, fairly overwhelmed by the magnificence of that preroration, not noticing in his absorption that the widow had risen, and was coming towards him with both hands extended.

"Dat sho' was right smaht ob a proposal," she said, beaming. "Nobody ebah done pop de question to me in rhyme befo'. I sho' reckon dat yo' is de man fo' me an' mah money."

Horror-stricken, the impromptu poet clapped his hat on his head and started for the door. Too late! The widow had both arms around him, and held him close.

"I'se dat proud!" she whispered, "An I'se gwine be er big hep to yo' in yo' preachin'. I kin exhoht sumpin' wunner-ful!"

With a final struggle the Rev. Grice squirmed loose. This wasn't any place for the Rev. Grice any more. He marathoned.

IV.

The Rev. Grice grew uneasier day by day. He kept one eye on the door and carried a train schedule in his vest pocket. So when he saw the sharp features of lawyer Erasmus Squid approaching down the road, surmounted by the lawyer Erasmus Squid's time honored panama hat, the Rev. Grice followed up his hunch with alacrity.

"Don' yo' ebbah tell no one wheah I'se went," he warned the Most High Secre-

tary, who had been placated with a percentage of Brother Slocum's commission. "Else I'se gwine come back heah an' skin yo' alibe!"

And the Rev. Grice was gone to parts unknown.

The Most High Secretary calmly preempted the Rev. Grice's arm-chair in token of proprietorship, and waited. He didn't have to wait long. Nobody but his creditors ever waited very long for lawyer Erasmus Squid.

"Where's that Coon Grice?"

Lawyer Squid and the panama hat had arrived simultaneously. Most High Secretary Smith stirred sleepily, and opened his eyes.

"Ah dunno," he murmured. "Whacha want?"

"I have here a warrant for the Rev. James Grice, on charge of breach of promise against Levina Brown, nee—" Lawyer Squid stopped in the middle of his oration and glanced down. The Most High Secretary's eyes were peacefully closed, and he seemed oblivious to the world. Lawyer Squid reached down a brawny hand and jerked the offending Secretary to his feet with more haste than ceremony.

"Where's Grice?" he demanded.

The Most High Secretary sniffled in injured innocence.

From the railroad yards a low rumble grew until it shook the ground. There was a wail of complaining brakes.

"Ah dunno," whined the Most High Secretary. "He ain' been heah in de longes' time."

Lawyer Squid's hair bristled, and he ad-

vanced upon the Most High Secretary with upraised fist.

"You theivin' nigger!" he roared. "You wouldn' be roun' here if Grice wasn't. You know you're lyin'."

The rumble had commenced again. A long whistle, then two short ones arose with ear-splitting shrillness upon the sultry air. The Limited was on its way.

Lawyer Erasmus Squid had a hunch in his turn. He stepped to the window and listened intently. The rumble of the express grew fainter and fainter.

"Hum," he said, slowly, "So that's where he went!"

Lawyer Squid turned around sharply.

But the Most High Secretary had vanished.

Aunt Mandy bent over her washtub in speechless—not to say songless—indignation. In the next yard the voice of Sister Moody rose and fell in chanted cadences, penetrating the evening silences with a malicious persistence. It jarred upon Aunt Mandy.

"Th' impudent hussy!" muttered Aunt Mandy. "Whuffo' she got ter sing about, I'd like ter know."

Sister Moody hung up the last sheet, and waddled across the backyard sand.

"Howdy, Sistah Grice," she commenced, saucily. "Howcome I ain' seed Jim about dese pahts fo' de las' few days?"

Aunt Mandy scowled.

"Jim, he done gone away fo' his healt'," she explained shortly.

Sister Moody leaned over the board fence, with a smile of neighborly gentleness.

"Dat right, Sistah Grice," she murmured, "Yo' Jim mus' tek powahful good keer ob his healt'." She waddied back towards her house, stopped upon the doorstep, and said, with a chuckle of ill-concealed delight.

"He too good fo' dis heah worl', yo' know."

And Sister Grice answered never a word.

* * * *

The Pick an' Shovel Man

James C. Knollin

I leesten to da story of da wonderful countree,

Where-a happiness she wait for every man.

America! Ah, dreams of youth—a journey over
sea,

An' a fortun' in da greata promis' lan'.

Ah, meester, toa you it is da dreamland of da free,

But it's da lan' of pick an' shovel toa me.

Italia!—where sun he shine, but not so hot lak
dees!

Signor, I always longa for da time

To go back where da joy is mos' an' sorrow is
da leas'—

Back to dat leetle cottage ova mine.

Your lan' is great an' mighty. Ah, yessair, we
agree;

But it's da lan' of pick an' shovel toa me.

I hava learn ma lesson, for I was dissatisfy

An look so far ahead me in da dream,

I could not see-a all da joy an' happiness close by,

Da home, da friends, da trees, da leetle stream.

Sometimes I hear it sing—but, no, Signor, it can-
not be.

It's da lan' of pick an' shovel for-a me.

A Test of Faithfulness

John W. Nelson



WHEN the little, white-robed nurse opened the door of hospital Ward Number 48, she thought that her patient was asleep. But when she tiptoed cautiously to the foot of the bed she saw that the man's rugged face was set in deep lines of thought, and that his large, brown eyes were gazing fixedly at a cheap print of the famous painting of Ruth and Naomi which hung on the wall opposite. He now turned his head slowly toward the nurse, his eyes shining, a look of great suffering on his face.

"It's a swell pitcher, ain't it?"

The little nurse smiled calmly.

"Yes, but you should see the beautiful ones in the chapel. This is only a—"

A note of seriousness crept into the voice of the patient.

"Oh, I don't mean as how it's such a great pitcher by itself, but there's a lot of meaning to it. I can remember that from when I used to go to Sunday school—"

There was a gentle knock at the door, and the nurse opened it to admit a young girl. As the girl approached the sick bed, the nurse saw that she was pretty, in spite of the modish clothes and the affected walk. The sick man turned his head with apparent effort, a glad light transforming his weather beaten face.

"Hello, Mabel, did you get my letter?"

The girl glanced significantly toward the nurse, then toward the door, and answered hesitatingly, "Yes."

The nurse closed the door softly behind her. When the sound of the last step had faded down the corridor, the girl drew her chair closer to the bed, and removing her plume decked hat, displayed a crown of flaxen hair.

"I'd 'a' come sooner, Bill, but I didn't hear about your accident until I got your letter. How did it happen?"

"Icy track, that's all. Just as I was swinging in the lever of the switch, I slipped in front of the engine. Got 'em both."

"Both legs, Bill?"

The man smiled wryly, and turned his head away.

"Yup, just below the knees."

There was a deep silence which lasted several minutes, the man remaining with eyes averted.

"Mabel."

"Yes?"

"I got something I want to tell you about. I've been thinking about this ever since I, —ever since it happened."

There was another short silence, the girl's eyes fixed upon the floor.

"I ain't no fool, Mabel, and I know how it is. This let's you out of it."

The figure by the bed moved, but remained silent.

"That's right, ain't it, Mabel?"

"Bill, you know I wanta do what's right. I don't wanta desert you because you're in bad luck. I'll do what's right."

"I can't earn nothing with both legs off. I don't blame you, Mabel. We'll just call it off."

There was a bit too much eagerness in the reply.

"I'll do just as you say Bill. Just what you think best."

"I guess that's best, Mabel."

The large, brown eyes turned about, wide and inquiring, gave one full look, and the huge form on the bed relaxed. The girl bent over softly, and deposited a little circlet of gold in the half open palm. The fingers closed tightly over it. There was a rustling of silk, a faint, "Good-bye, Bill," and the door closed softly.

When the little nurse entered the shaded room once more, she found the big man had turned his large head, his face averted from the cheap print on the wall.

* * * * *

Uncommon Non-sense

John Van Dorn

I'm thinking it's a queer world;
Or else I'm very dense;
For people speak of common—
When they mean uncommon—sense.

Now common things are not scarce,
Nor sought for much, and hence,
It's odd to hear folks sigh and say,
"How rare is common sense."

A bit of ambiguity,
For which there's no defense,
To speak of shrewd men's common
When you mean uncommon-sense.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."
TERENCE

EDITOR

Editor, Howard M. Jones, '14

ASSOCIATES

Charles Anderson, '14	Ruth Boyle, '16
William Freehoff, '14	Ralph Yewdale, '14
Arthur Hallam, '14	Waldo Bauer, '15
Stanley Hollen, '15	Hugh Reber, '14
Harry Koch, '15	James Knollin, '15
Margaret Armstrong, '14	Jessee Reed, '15
James F. Jenkins, '15	

BUSINESS MANAGER

Malcolm Bruce, '14

The Wisconsin Magazine

With this, the first issue of the Wisconsin Magazine to be issued under the direction of the present editor, a statement of policy is perhaps proper. The absence of any startling innovations in the usual content of the periodical is to be taken as significant.

The Wisconsin Magazine, as the one literary publication of the university, should

confine itself mainly to literary endeavor. This should take the form of undergraduate (or graduate) articles, essays and poems, though there is no reason why a member of the faculty should be ashamed to contribute. Articles being considered, in that candid editorial phrase "purely on merit," we promise to treat the aspiring professor kindly, if condescendingly, and to overlook the very grave defect of his being a professor.

However, the first function of a magazine is to get itself read, and therefore literary in the worst sense this magazine will not be. We desire to keep it a virile magazine and not a peurile magazine. Literary slip-slop we abhor. Place in these columns for the languishing young of both sexes, writers of sentimental stories and similarly childish bric-a-brac there is none; nor for the young reformer with pen couched against the evils of the world have we any room. Poor stories will not be made better by aspiring intentions. We desire gently to discourage the writing of verse, as well —lachrymose verse, that is, awful and melancholy, like stale soap-suds.

Understand us, the reformer may graciously be permitted to reform in these precious pages, provided he reform exceptionally well. But for the usual argumentative, or attribilious letter to the editor, as it appears in the columns of our esteemed and long-suffering contemporary, the Cardinal, we have no space; we desire that in these issues the Prom shall cease from troubling and democracy be at rest. In other words, the test of contributions to a literary magazine being literary merit, they may have the

brilliance to be different or the courage to be orthodox, provided they are worthily different and worthily orthodox, but merely different or merely orthodox they must not be.

Which brings us conveniently to our next point, namely that such being our criterion, responsibility shall rest upon the editor only for the quality of the contributions, and for the sentiments of this private column. With the sentiment of his contributors he is not to be held to agree or disagree. The assumption of disagreement may be tacitly correct; but the safer standard is to trust to the plainer rule. The only test of acceptance will be —"Does the article worthily express a worthy thought?"

To the literary-minded in conclusion, we cry, "Hail, brethren! Rally round our car!" There is crying need in this periodical for essays of charm on various aspects of college life. We should like to run the Confessions of a House-President, for instance, and an essay on the virtues of matutinal laziness. For our brethren (and sisters) of Pegasus, we have also our salutation: "Hail, O followers of the Delphian! Write, we beg of ye, but write not after the fashion of undergraduates, vaguely and vainly. Stand up and ring out rimes as men!" And we should like to have a really thoughtful discussion of the conference, for instance, not the mere cryings-up or howlings-down which afflict us, but a balanced and critical study. And we should like—but at this rate we won't get it. Greetings and salutation to you all!

H. M. J.

KENNEDY DAIRY CO.

Madison's Most Modern and Sanitary Dairy

Phone 778

618 University Ave.

MILK, CREAM, BUTTER,
COTTAGE CHEESE and ICE CREAM.

OUR Milk and Cream are "Hermetically
Sealed and Pasteurized in the Bottle"

OUR Butter is made from Pasteurized Cream

Wholesale rates quoted for all fraternities and boarding houses

**Managing your property
now, or as trustee after
your death, is our
business**

**Ask for Book
"Who Inherits Your Property"**

4 per cent Certificates of Deposit

**CENTRAL WISCONSIN
TRUST COMPANY**

MADISON, WIS.

L. M. HANKS, President
MAGNUS SWENSON, First Vice-President
JOHN BARNES, Second Vice-President
FRED M. BROWN, Treasurer
B. J. HALLIGAN, Secretary
T. R. HEFTY Assistant Secretary

THE
Simpson
GARMENT CO.

"Women's and Misses Outfitters"

**Authentic Spring Styles
in Women's Wearing Apparel**

The New Spring Styles are being shown at Simpson's in an immense assortment. Exact copies of the latest Foreign Apparel for Women in Suits, Coats, Gowns, Waists and Dress Accessories.

You are cordially invited to inspect the new creations in Wearing Apparel.

CARL THOMAS

PHOTOGRAPHER

Madison

Exclusive Millinery
COYNE HAT SHOP

10 South Carroll

Pantorium Company

"The house of quality."

Cleaners and Dyers

538 State Street

Investigate our Cash Call Prices
Office, Phone 1598

We Call and Deliver on Hangers
Pressing Shop, Phone 1180

The Home of the Wisconsin Pennant

JOHN W. GROVES

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Phone 324

410 Washington Bldg.

A "SQUARE DEAL"



for everybody is the "Spaulding Policy." We guarantee each buyer of an article bearing the Spaulding Trade-Mark that such article will give satisfaction and a reasonable amount of service.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

379 East Water St.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The University of Wisconsin

The College of Letters and Science offers a General Course in Liberal Arts; a Course in Pharmacy; a Course in Commerce; a Course in Music; a Course in Journalism; Library Training Courses in connection with the Wisconsin Library School; the Course for the Training of Teachers, and the Course in Chemistry.

The College of Mechanics and Engineering offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

The College of Law offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.

The College of Agriculture offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture; (2) a middle course of two years; (3) a short course of one or two years in Agriculture; (4) a Dairy Course; (5) a Farmers' Course; (6) a four years' course in Home Economics.

The College of Medicine offers a course of two years in Preclinical Medical Work, the equivalent of the first two years of the Standard Medical Course. After the successful completion of the two years' course in the College of Medicine, students can finish their medical studies in any medical school in two years.

The Graduate School offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University.

The University Extension Division embraces the departments of Correspondence Study, of Debating and Public Discussion, of Lectures, and of Information and General Welfare. A Municipal Reference Bureau, which is at the service of the people of the state, is maintained, also a Traveling Tuberculosis Exhibit and vocational institutes and conferences are held under these auspices.

SPECIAL COURSES IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

The Course in Commerce, which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers.

The Courses in Pharmacy are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy.

The Course for the Training of Teachers, four years in length, is designed to prepare teachers for the secondary schools. It includes professional work in the departments of philosophy and education and in the various subjects in the high schools as well as observation work in the elementary and secondary schools of Madison.

The Course in Journalism provides four years' work in newspaper writing and practical journalism, together with courses in history, political economy, political science, English literature, and philosophy, a knowledge of which is necessary for journalism of the best type.

Library Training Courses are given in connection with the Wisconsin Library School, students taking the Library School Course during the junior and senior years of the University Course.

The Course in Chemistry offers facilities for training for those who desire to become chemists. Six courses of study are given, namely, a general course, a course for industrial chemist, a course for agricultural chemist, a course for soil chemist, a course for physiological chemist, and a course for food chemist.

The Libraries at the service of members of the University, include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, the State Law Library, and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 380,000 bound books and over 195,000 pamphlets.

Detailed information on any subject connected with the University may be obtained by addressing **W. D. HIESTAND, Registrar, Madison, Wisconsin.**

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



*Regular,
Safety and
Self-Filling
Types*

**Simple
Reliable
Durable
Inexpensive
Guaranteed**

**\$2.50 and
Upwards**

From the Best Local Dealers

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York

THE HUB
MADISON, WIS.

***This is the Month
of Clothes Bargains***

**The biggest bargains in town
are our Marked Down**

\$19.14

AND

\$14.19

Suits and Overcoats

Picture Framing

of the

Highest Merit



**THE
Photoart House**

**WM. J. MEUER, '10, Pres.
212 State St.**

Tel. 22



Milk
Cream
Butter

Butter Milk
Ice Cream

Sold only by

ZILISCH PURE MILK CO.

Visit our plant and see the workings of an up-to-date, sanitary creamery

Phone 979

629 Washington Ave.

Underwood Typewriter

The Machine You Will Eventually Buy

Underwood Typewriters
RENTED



Underwood Typewriters
REPAIRED

Underwood Typewriter Co.

14-15 Carroll Block

Phone 98

MADISON, WIS.

Peerless "Matty" says:

"The Blauvelt Sweater is one of the best I have ever seen. It keeps its shape under all conditions and cannot be beat for all around wear."

Christy Mathewson

Blauvelt
FULL FASHIONED
SWEATERS

are so beautifully elastic—so stylish—so perfect fitting that you can "pick out" a Blauvelt at a glance.

Knit to shape entirely by **hand** methods—producing a sweater that fits with a made-to-order smoothness and comfort. And this perfect fit **stays** as long as the garment lasts. Buttonholes are handmade and cannot tear out or enlarge. Pockets are doubly reinforced and cannot lose shape. Practically invisible seams. Made for men and women in dozens of smart styles, in all colors and stitches.

Write for Book of Styles.

Ask your dealer. If not obtainable, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

The Blauvelt Knitting Company
289 Plane St., Newark, N. J.



C. F. J o r d a n

6th Ward Meat Market

We cater especially to the fraternity and boarding house trade.

Our Motto { **Choice Meats**
Good Service
Prices That Suit

Deliveries to all parts of the city

Phone 550

908 Williamson St.

THE WAYSIDE INN

(Women's Building)

MRS. C. W. KRAGH announces that she is now prepared to make reservations for Banquets, Dinners, Receptions, Luncheons and Theatre Parties

Regular boarders will find good service and best of meals

MOST STUDENTS DEMAND

HEILMANN'S BREAD

'TIS WHOLESOME ALL THE TIME

QUAKER
IRISH
WHOLE WHEAT
RYE
GRAHAM
SPANISH CREAM
BOSTON CREAM
FRENCH DINNER
POPPY SEED
NEW YORK TWIST

SPECIAL

Restaurants, hotels and boarding houses will do well to call us up for special rates on quantities.

Telephone 1109.

HEILMANN'S BAKERY—121 E. Main

WISCONSIN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ADA BIRD, Director

Graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Leipzig, Germany, and pupil of the famous Marmontel, pere, Paris, France.

In every department we have teachers of ability and experience, who have studied with celebrated masters in Europe and America such as, Leschetizky, Leschniewski, Reisenauer, Marmontel, Reincke, Zwintscher, Sauret, Marsick and Heine-mann.

Piano

ADA BIRD
META WAGNER
ELIZABETH BUEHLER
JENNIE TAYLOR
ARLINE COFFMAN
ISABEL WILLIAMS
ANNA STEVENS
STELLA KAYSER

Violin

FREDERICK FREDERICKSEN
FRANK BACH

Voice

ADELAIDE FORESMAN
ALEXIUS BAAS

Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar

FRANK BACH

Flute

R. C. MONTGOMERY

Clarinet

OTTO BENSON

Harmony, Counterpoint and History of Music

ELIZABETH BUEHLER

Opera Class

ALEXIUS BAAS

Dramatic Reading and Elocution

ALEXIUS BAAS

The School Orchestra, under the direction of Frederick Frederickson, the noted orchestra conductor of Chicago, is making excellent progress. The privilege of being in the orchestra under Mr. Frederickson's personal direction is extended to all who possess the necessary qualifications. Rehearsals are held Tuesday evenings.

**DIPLOMAS AND TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES
GRANTED**

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE

Address—

SECRETARY OF WISCONSIN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

—or—

ADA BIRD, Director

Phone 357

433 State St., Madison, Wis.