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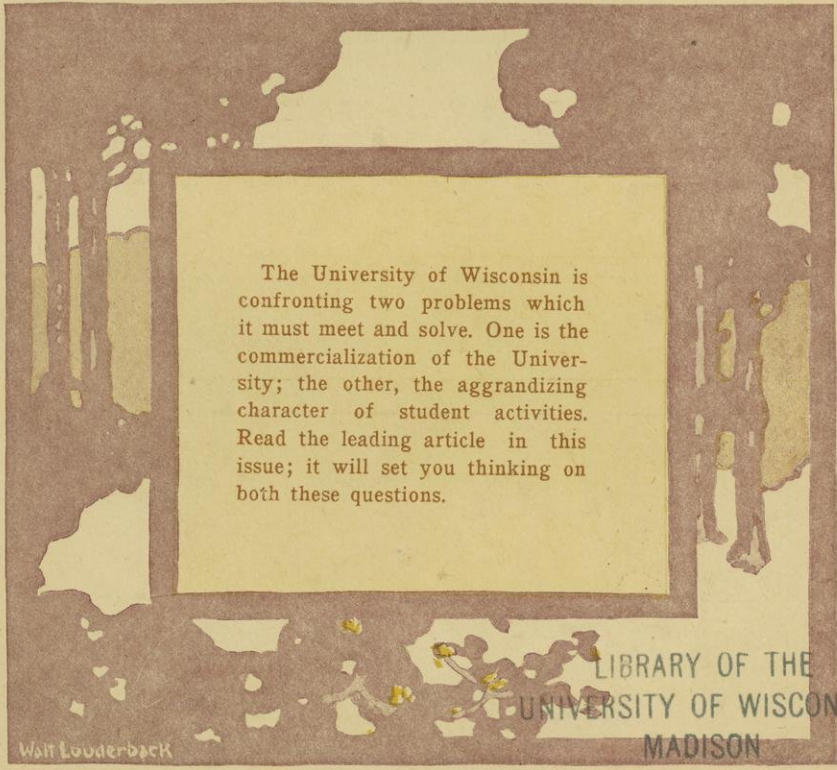
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Volume XI

APRIL, 1914

Number 7



The University of Wisconsin is confronting two problems which it must meet and solve. One is the commercialization of the University; the other, the aggrandizing character of student activities. Read the leading article in this issue; it will set you thinking on both these questions.

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NEXT MONTH

Professor Carl Russell Fish may have gone to Europe, but he has left something important behind him. He will tell what he thinks of Phi Beta Kappa in the next issue.

The Edwin Booth Dramatic Society is bringing the Coburn Players to Madison in the spring. John Burrell promises an article telling what these players stand for in dramatic art.

Another Vilas Prize Contest story will appear, one which is unusual in theme and treatment. John Bigheart is the name of the tale, which ranked high in the contest, and the author is Willard E. Farnam.

An article on the poetry of Mathew Arnold will try to maintain the literary standards of the periodical.

Anyway, the next number is our last, and we're bound to go out with a splash. It will be a good one. Wait and see.

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"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

Vol. XI.

April 1914

No 7.

EDITORIAL

False Gods and True

It is time to assert old values. The cry of practicality has sounded so long in our ears that it has become meaningless, like the constant passing of trolley-cars. Efficiency is now the most abused word in the language, and democracy and progress are becoming as bad. In this search for a more efficient livelihood, we have forgotten to live.

The University of Wisconsin produces from its undergraduates neither scholars, nor cultured men or women, but only accountants, farmers, bridge-builders and economists. We are teaching our young men to work intelligently, to cast up a

column of figures correctly, to squeeze the last ounce of productivity out of a given piece of land; we are not teaching them to work joyfully, to think deeply, to live wisely.

Either poetry, philosophy and the liberal arts are necessary to the making of men, or all the universities since the beginning of time have been wrong. Either the drift of education for the past ten years at Wisconsin is wrong, or educational thinkers from Plato to Woodrow Wilson and Dean Birge have been mistaken.

Utilitarianism is the last thing to be desired in education. To limit an account-

ant to the narrow lines of his trade, to confine the farmer to agronomy and seed culture and soils, to intensify the engineer's already too intense interest in the purely mechanical, is wrong, doubly wrong, trebly wrong, and that, before the people of this state, is the crime to which the worship of the fetiches of progress and efficiency has led their university. We do not want more engineers, lawyers, doctors and clever accountants; we want more men, more large hearts, more great souls!

Defenders of vocational study may prate till the moon turns green, but the eternal fact remains that their courses are turning out narrow gauge products into a broad gauge world. We do not want experts, we want cultured men.

It is doubtless necessary that our farms should yield maximum returns, but it is not necessary in order to do this, that farmers should erect grade cows into the latest calf of gold, make sacrifice of their souls before piles of prize corn cobs, and bow down before the fetich of swelling bank accounts. To the agricultural student, aye, to the hill student as well Spinoza is a name, Mozart a writer of tire-some music, and Shelley a contemporary of Julius Caesar. Yet it is safe to say that the society in which these students live is more deeply conditioned by Spinoza, Mozart and Shelley than by prize cows, perfect ears and fat pocketbooks. "A man's view of the world," says Chesterton "is still the most important fact about him."

If the present condition of affairs is right, then educational ideals will have to

be revised, and he whose pupils achieve the largest bank accounts must be the greatest educator. If this condition is wrong, then it is time to stop the piling up of technical studies, to quit centering the ganglions of the university in the College of Agriculture, and to begin the study of Arnold where we left off the study of agronomy. There is no escape from this logic.

Not only is it time to quit the worship of fetiches, it is time for the hill professor to quit being apologetic about his job. It is time for educated men everywhere, but especially in the faculty of liberal arts, to fight shoulder to shoulder joyously against the crying up of vocational studies and the crying down of letters and arts. Before matters have gone too far and the University of Wisconsin becomes one vast laboratory for the making of money, it is time to stand up in the name of ideals of culture and compel men to remember that we are educating students for purposes of citizenship and not for purposes of commerce. It is time to point out that souls are more than soils; it is time to snatch the standard of leadership away from the specialist, the factory owner and the farmer, and place it in the hands of liberally educated men.

II.

Let us get down to the immediate. What is the result of this worship of practicality, democracy and efficiency among the students? We have suffered too long under the tyranny of student activities that in-

terest no student. We have agreed easily that there was great educative value in a minstrel show; that the winning of a football game was immensely of more worth than the winning of Phi Beta Kappa, and that the education in managing a peripatetic glee-club or a dithyrambic dance far outdistanced the pedagogical values of merely passing an examination. We have handed the curriculum over to the students, and turned the faculty into a sort of vaudeville troop to amuse the blase spectators between football seasons. It is time to reflect.

And reflection can bring only the conclusion that the faculty of this university are doing its students a great wrong in permitting them to continue this sorry, but unfortunately significant, farce called student activity and student government. The gentleman who said he did not want to be governed by students as hare-brained as himself was entirely and admirably correct; and the cheap retort of his adversaries that they were glad he had classified himself merely showed their own colossal ignorance.

Let us not be mistaken. It is not of the least importance whether the petty details of student conduct or an audit for class finances be conducted by a faculty committee or a student committee, but it is of the highest consequence that the faculty permit the students to continue to deceive themselves, to blind their eyes by all this dust to the vital things in a college course. They have only one life to spend. One could cry aloud at the criminal waste of these four years at the university by five-

sixths of the students in Madison. Men are governed by names, young men, most of all; to call this trivality by the stately name of government is to permit it to assume the importance of a state.

The faculty complains that attendance upon the side-shows militates against the popularity of the main tent. Let them have the courage of their conviction and close the side-shows.

Alumni tell me that the greatest regret of their college life is their wasting it on the non-essentials. For that waste the faculty, by permitting the non-essentials to acquire and retain the appearance of realities, is wholly and completely responsible. How long is this to go on?

A committee of the faculty should undertake, acting with a committee of the students, a survey of so-called student activities. If they are of educative value they should be adopted into the curriculum; if they are not of educative value, they should be abolished.

Under such a survey much would be accomplished. If the faculty has the courage of its speaking, Haresfoot, the circus, the union Vaudeville and the engineers' minstrels will go by the board. The work of Edwin Booth and Red Domino should be taken over by the university; just as we have a laboratory for chemistry, we should have a laboratory in dramatics for the study of plays. Professor Dickinson should be released from his other duties and given charge of it. The Daily Cardinal, fulfilling, as it does, a necessary function should be absorbed

into the course in journalism. The Sphinx and this magazine might as well go, unless the Wisconsin Magazine be retained as an encouragement to literary endeavor, when the department of English should have it in charge. The red-fire of intercollegiate athletics would give place to the same sunlight of inter-mural athletics, made compulsory for everyone. Iron Cross and White Spades, because they point the wrong way and not to true achievement, should be abolished. The honorary vocational organizations, like Signa Delta Chi and Delta Sigma Rho, would have to be radically revised or dropped entirely. The Badger is a point for argument.

There would remain the Union, the religious organizations, the honorary vocational fraternities (Phi Beta Kappa, Tau Beta Pi, etc.), the departmental clubs, the debating societies, the musical organizations (we sorely need them), and some others. Then, it is safe to say, the verities of college life would, at least, not be obscured by the glitter of sham gold.

This step may be radical, but something must be done. We have waited too long while the Hydra has grown. The faculty is the governing body of this university, but it does not govern. It ought to govern, and it ought to correct the slanting vision of the undergraduates in these particulars. Are the teachers afraid of their job?

Nor is this all.

III.

Such a reform, a crying need, is only negative. Constructive measures to coax

back our sane taste for knowledge after this debauch of organizations, are necessary. I can not now indicate what these measures would be, but in part at least I can suggest some of them. They should include the following principles:

No undergraduate organization should be permitted to be formed until its promoters have shown why its function can not be performed more thoroughly by the faculty than by the students.

No undergraduae should be permitted to join any undergraduate organization without first obtaining the written permission of his advisor.

The elective system should be so far modified that attendance upon cultural as opposed to vocational courses should be made compulsory, instead of the opposite, as is now the case.

Permission should be secured from the proper legal authority for a modification of the coeducational system so far that classes of men may be organized in literature and generally in those subjects now almost entirely given over to women.

Entrance to classes should be conditioned upon permission of the instructor giving the course and not, as now, upon the whim of the student electing it.

These are not of course fixed rules, but principles that should govern. Their purposes is in the main obvious. The first two would check any tendency to such an orgy of organization as we have now upon us.

For the third, it is aimed to strike at the great weakness of vocational courses. Nothing can be more absurd than to call

that education liberal which intensifies the student's interest in one line of work in which he is already over-interested, to the exclusion of all others. He who enters the course in commerce or chemistry stands in no need of being compelled to elect commerce or chemistry. He needs rather to be required to elect courses which will liberate his mind from the narrow lines of his specialty. Once again, we are training citizens, not chemists. It is not argued that the student should elect blindly in commerce,—consultation with his advisor will prevent that. But it is argued that it is criminally wrong to compel the student to study but one line of work, in its prerequisites and development, and not to compel him to study any other. The greatest course in the university is freshman English because every one must take it; and the principle should be extended until the language student is required to study chemistry, and the chemist required to study literature. Such a principle would shift the emphasis back where it belongs, to education as liberal education. We are doing too much for the farms of the state; we are doing very little for the farmers.

As a temporary expedient it is proposed that courses for men only should be organized in subjects now commonly monopolized by women,—and vice versa if necessary. This was done some time ago, but legal difficulties stood in the road. These difficulties should be removed. Men should be made to feel that literature is as vital as economics, and be given opportunity to elect courses without being crowded out of

them by women. This does not destroy the coeducational system, but it does strike at one of its very grave defects.

Lastly, to raise the dignity of study, it is proposed that election of course, shall be conditioned, not upon the whim of hare-brained students but upon the consent of the instructor giving the course. We are as shiftless as we dare to be. We run from anything like work, and crowd into snap courses. This is wrong. The above rule would help to remedy this evil, beside obviating many pedagogical wrongs, such as measuring the ability of an instructor by his popularity. Are grave-bearded men to be tossed about at the caprice of twenty years?

IV.

But if not these, then let us have some other measures. But for heaven's sake, let this muddle of student activities be dealt with intelligently, on some understandable principle, not by expediency and shuffling and evasion of issues. We, the students, can not run this university. We are too pitifully unequal to the responsibilities of scholarship. Our minds are blinded by this parade of names, princes, potentates and powers; our ears deafened by posters of dances and the beating of tom-toms. This policy of watchful waiting has continued too long. How long are we to be left floundering in the mire?

Are the students or the faculty running this university? Is education to be commercialized or cultural? H. M. J.

The Wages of Sin

A Tale of the Miakkas

Jessie Reed

This story received honorable mention in the Vilas Contest



WITH a final banshee wail and rattle the local swept into Wimauma, and jarred its way to a standstill. A brakeman stuck his head into the door and shouted "Wimauma," in varying keys and cadences, a few soot-begrimed passengers stirred uneasily, and I had arrived. Wimauma—euphoniously named for the three daughters of the town's leading magnate—would not have impressed one as being an adventurous town. Its one-story frame houses sprawled out lazily along its unshaded streets, competing for their ground with an occasional ill-kept garden, and a boundless chapparal of palmettoes. Beyond the town the pine-trees stretched away in endless monotony.

My brother, looking a trifle more sunburned and preoccupied than ever, drove me out through the main street and into the open woods. It was not until I had mentioned the Miakka, that his customary enthusiasm flashed.

"It's a gold mine, James!" he exclaimed. "A perfect gold mine! Oh, you needn't look superior—a thousand acres of the best land in Alachua county to be had for the drainage. Only—" a frown of perplexity traced its way down his broad forehead. "There's something queer about the place—

damned queer. The niggers all say it's hoodooed, altho," he added, with his whimsical smile, "of course that's impossible."

We drove on for a time in silence, David apparently engaged in some mental problem.

"I may as well confess that that is why I sent for you," he said, suddenly. "You were always better at this mystery thing than I."

"Do you see that cut?" He paused for a moment to point out a peculiar livid scar on the trunk of a slender pine. "Well, that is one of my bench marks. I tried putting in stakes when I first started leveling, but somebody pulled them up as fast as I put them in, and caused no end of trouble. That at first it was the niggers—still, I don't know—" Again the perplexed frown and the puzzled expression in his gray eyes.

"The worst of it is," he continued, as tho talking to himself, "there doesn't seem to be any motive for it at all. It's beyond me."

It was afternoon when we reached the camp, which was merely a couple of tents and an unpainted tool-house lost in the boundless forest, and David only paused long enough to review his troops, as he said, before giving me a first impression of his Miakka. The troops consisted of seven particularly ill-favored negroes which he had drafted from a nearby lumber and turpentine camp, and controlled partly by promises and partly by threats. They were civil enough, but that was all.

"Why will you persist in surrounding

yourself with graduates of the chain-gang?" I remonstrated, when we were out of hearing. "Any one of those niggers would cut your throat for a dollar!"

"Yes," replied David, lightly, "but they all know that I haven't got a dollar to my name."

And he commenced to talk about other things, cypress cutting, contour lines, Judge Billy Lurton. I had inferred from David's letters that Judge Lurton was a personage. It now appeared that he was more than a personage—he was a magnate.

"Twelve thousand acres in cotton" David rattled on. "Think of it, man! It would take a week to oversee Judge Lurton's plantation! A Southerner of the school—"

"Look," said David, quietly.

Before us a black wall of cypress rose sweeping away to the left and right in a vast semi-circle, like a cliff of living foliage. Further away to the right was the rolling clearing, acre upon acre of planted cotton, until, in the quivering distance, the pinetrees claimed their primeval land-grants. Here and there along the edge of the clearings some gaunt skeleton of a girdled pine gleamed in the rays of the lowering sun, a grim warning to those presumptuous saplings which would venture out beyond the fences. But the spirit of the Miakka was dominating. Grim and dark and menacing it lay—black-browed cypress and knotted vine and silent water beneath whose yellow and stagnant surface the cruel cypress knees lay all unseen. Above it the poisonous vapors hung like

some visible and yet intangible pestilence.

David looked at is musingly.

"Hum," he said, absently, "When the old Miakka steams up like this it sure means a hot day tomorrow."

And, reading my thots, he gave me one of his peculiar smiles.

"Can't blame the niggers for hating the thing, can you, James?" he remarked.

Judge Billy Lurton sat upon his front porch enjoying the cool of the evening. He was immaculately clad in white linens, and bore other evidences of a carefully preserved old age. His hair was white, and his face tanned and, in a peculiar way, handsome. Somehow, he failed to ring true to me. There was something—I could not tell what—but there was certainly something banal about the man. One felt that in another path of life he might have been a criminal—that his courtesy and hospitality were not an inherent part of him, but a mantle, an external and visible grace with which chance, and chance alone had invested him. I wondered if David had the same impression. But he sat complacently drinking his julip and talking his everlasting Miakka. I could have kicked him for his artlessness. Once I fancied that there was a strange, hunted light in the Judge's eyes—something baleful and sinister that flickered for an instant and was extinguished. But it was only a fancy, and I passed it by as absurd. In short, I did not like the man, and I was morally certain that he did not like me.

In the early morning David shook me out of my blankets and dragged me forth

to view his lovely Miakka again. His abstracted manner of the previous day had completely disappeared, thanks, perhaps, to the Judge's toddies, and he whistled merrily as we splashed along. Everywhere the tall forms of the cypress trees rose in the gloom, laden with ghostly moss. Everywhere the giant ferns shook their fronds menacingly as we passed, and the long creepers swung down to trip us as we groped our way. Strange insects with tawny wings and erratic flight, flitted by and were lost in the shadows. Strange slimy things, half serpents and half fish slid panic-stricken through the stagnant pools, unheard and only half seen. The swamp, which from the woods had seemed so weirdly silent, was far from quiet now. A thousand frogs sang in the shallow reaches—their clamor died as we approached, only to be taken up again in wider and wider circles until the tocsin died in the distance. Their serenade lent a ceaseless undertone to the intensified noises of the swamp.

David drew out his compass and consulted it very carefully.

"There's about one chance in a thousand of getting out of the Miakka without a compass," he remarked, cheerfully. "It's hard to get the niggers in here even with the best of 'em."

Everywhere the same array of fern and cypress—cypress and fern and vine.

"Two million feet of cypress here, James," he continued, happily as a child, "More than enough to pay for clearing when we get it out."

David paused, a trifle uncertainly, it seemed to me. Everywhere the grey trunks rose into the leafy vault, and the creepers twisted like serpents about their slender forms. A heron rose from its nest and went shrieking upwards into the open air. The whole swamp echoed and re-echoed its unearthly noise.

David drew out his compass, and examined it under one of the feeble rays which filtered down into the darkness.

"Look here!" he cried, and as his voice rang out through the vaulted arches, a terrible deathlike silence settled over the Miakka. "What the deuce is the matter with this compass?"

Slowly he revolved it round and round. The needle revolved with the case!

"That's not the way it should act if we had come across a meteorite," he said, meditatively. "It might be—" he dismissed the thought with a shake of the head. "This isn't a region of iron ore," he decided, and commenced to unscrew the compass very slowly.

"Jove," he exclaimed softly. Imbedded in the brass casing was a bit of steel spring, highly magnetized.

"Jove," he said again, very softly. "No nigger ever did that job. It was far too clever—" he added, slowly, as he put the bit of steel carefully away in his pocket. "Far too clever."

Everywhere the ghostly cypress trees loomed in the semi-darkness and the huge ferns quivered above the black waters. A moccasin slid quietly from a fallen tree and disappeared in the sullen morass. Far

above the eerie cries of the heron sounded faintly thru the trees, and the silence of the swamp became intolerable.

David wiped his brow on his sleeve. Into his eyes had sprung that look of perplexity which he had worn the morning of my arrival.

"Come on. Lets get out of this!" he said, a bit shakily.

As the days and then the weeks passed by uneventfully and the ditch neared completion, something like relief settled down upon the camp. The sullenness which had characterized the negroes seemed to have lifted, for they had commenced to sing at their work. Even the grim Miakka seemed to grow less dark and impenetrable, altho perhaps that was because I was becoming accustomed to it. Yet sometimes the perplexed frown gathered upon David's brow, and he became silent and watchful. We dined often at Judge Billy Lurton's—usually by invitation. I fancied, somehow, that he had grown older since I had first met him. His trousers were apt to bag at the knees, and his coat was nearly always wrinkled. His tanned face had become more deeply lined, and it was obviously more and more of an effort for him to keep up his end of the conversation. I had come to pity the man of late, despite myself. He was so obviously afraid. I had only surmised it at first, but now I had become certain of it. Fear stalked in his eyes, and he could no longer conceal it. Something hung over the man's head—something terrible and devastating, crushing the life out of him as sure-

ly as our ditch advanced towards the Miakka. What was it?

Once as we strode back to our camp thru the star-lit woods I voiced my suspicions.

"Strange we never thot of that," I remarked.

"What?" David looked at me, for the moment startled.

"Perhaps Judge Lurton—" I commenced. But David rudely interrupted.

"Nonsense!" he said, sharply, "nonsense!"

It was one of those clear nights when the stars glisten like a million ice crystals and locusts get up in the trees and shrill with a monotonous and earsplitting persistency. I squirmed and twisted in vain. Sleep would not come. I cursed the locusts for their serenade and the sleeping negroes for their placidity—and remained wide awake. Somewhere in the swamp an insomniant heron squawked dismally, and all the small noises of the night were magnified out of all proportion. Twice I had the unpleasant sensation of being watched—that weird bristling of the hair at the nap of the neck—and got up and prowled about among the camp utensils to the injury of my shins and disposition. I fancied I saw a shadow flit behind one of the pines—a flickering light shone for a moment in the dried saw-grass—I could have sworn it was a match—and then a long line of flame jumped across the grass with an awful celerity. Dimly I remember shouting—firing again and again at the shadow. And then David arrived with his troops.

"Break the fire-line!" he said, quickly. "Then it will go to either side of us."

And he was lost in the smoke, fighting grimly. Once the negroes started to run, and David's voice came with awful clearness from somewhere out of the smoke.

"There are a hundred gallons of gasoline in the tank!" it said, over and over again, it seemed to me. "If you run now, there won't be enough of you left for the coroner to tell you apart!"

If not elegant, it was at least effective, and when at last the fire had swept by, a long ribbon of twisting flame retreating before the wind, and the negroes, burned, blistered, and openly mutinous, had gathered at what was mutually considered a safe distance from the tank-house, David turned to me with a curious smile upon his smoke-blackened face.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "You are a bird!"

But I was not at all in a jesting mood.

"Turpentine!" I snapped. "The ground was simply saturated with it!"

"I know," answered David thoughtfully. He stood for a long time watching the retreating flames, as if waiting for something. Then a slight tremor ran thru the ground, followed in a moment by a deep, muffled explosion. Our fuses, set for the morrow, had at last been reached by the forest fire and the drainage canal was opened at last.

I fancied I could see the perplexed frown on David's face as he turned away in the gloom.

"It was rather fortunate that you were

awake, you know," he said, as an after-thought, and trudged off toward the Miakka.

There was something majestic about the doomed Miakka. The unvarying cypress trees rose straight and slender and branchless interwoven crests forming a thousand shadowy crypts. The grey moss hung funereal from their blackened sides, and the trailing drab-leaved creepers swung down, degraded, in the mud. Already the gigantic ferns dropped for want of water, and their huge fronds sprawled dejectedly in the mire. A few faltering beams of light wandered in from the day outside and were lost in the semi-darkness. A vast and awful silence filled the great swamp—the silence of desertion and death.

"Look!" whispered David.


In one of the patches of imperfect light which filtered down from above, a man was digging, bare-handed, in the mud. His white clothes were soiled, and seemed strangely large for his shrunken frame, as tho he had grown old in a night. He glanced around, furtively, and his eyes met ours in a terrible, vacant stare, which changed in an instant to the fear of some wild animal. It was Judge Billy Lurton! And then the man was gone, swallowed up completely in the ferns and vines. Silently we stepped forward. Beside the hole, already filling up with the ooze, a nameless thing, which once had been a man, grinned up at us.

"Poor devil," said David, very softly.

Ernest Fox Nichols

President of Dartmouth College

By Edwin Berry Burgum, Dartmouth, 1915

 YOU remember the old story about Archimedes. How one day the tyrant-king of Syracuse got him a new crown, and, suspecting that the cunning goldsmith had charged him for sterling, but given him an amalgamation of baser metals instead, ordered the venerable philosopher to discover the truth. How Archimedes, far from setting up a detective bureau upon his anticipated reputation in that role, worried himself to distraction trying to apply his pet physical theories to the case. And how finally, taking refuge in the public baths, as he was splashing up and down, he happened to think of suspending the crown in water and afterwards a lump of pure gold, to see whether the displacements were equal; and forthwith leaped from the bath and ran home naked and dripping through the streets crying, "I have found it," whilst everyone else thought that he had lost it,—meaning his sense. I suppose it is the picture of this ancient scientist rushing in his impotent and breathless haste, with his white beard flapping over his stooped white shoulders and his goggled-eyed enthusiasm, that has made modern physicists such a dignified class of men. They know how Syracusan society peered through its lorgnettes in mingled horror and amusement; and they, if you please, are precisely the ones whom

Experience finds adept pupils. At any rate, we cannot imagine Ernest Fox Nichols thus treading on conventions. President Nichols, like most scientists, is dignified. We do not know whether or no this is the result of a diligent study in his youth of the essay on Manners, wherein Emerson would set men, each apart upon his pedestal whence he could converse with the right mixture of frankness and reserve. The only way we find of deciding this is to re-view his life, to which we now proceed.

The story of a man's life, we presume, ought to be uninteresting because everyone has to live; yet everyone seems to take particular pleasure in living differently, and so biographies often do not bore us. President Nichols was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, in the year of grace 1869. But in his case, the gods changed their mind, and tried for eleven years to recall him. Finally they surrendered to physicians and an out-of-door life, and consented to let young Ernest live. Not until he was eleven did he have any formal school education. It was work enough to keep his hold on life. At eleven he entered the regular schools, and four years later the Kansas Agricultural College. Here almost immediately he distinguished himself in his future profession. On account of his poor health he had never played as other boys, and accordingly he did not enter into athletics and become a "hail fellow, well met," but weak physically, his rather shy and distinctly reserved nature devoted all its strength to the sciences. During his college years he grew tremendously; it

would seem that his physical development had been delayed, but at length, like a frail flower carefully nourished, suddenly burst into bloom. Even before he was graduated from Kansas, he had been a semi-official assistant in the physics department.

But he was too big for Kansas, and left in 1889 for Cornell, where he spent two years in the higher Physics, and in 1892 migrated for two years more of study at Colgate. He was not one to idle under fruit trees until an apple hit him on the head before he was aroused to speculation and intense interest in science. It was not in keeping with his omnivorous mind.

And so in 1894 he had outgrown America, and went to Berlin to study under two famous physicists. Here he really got going; he had laid a good fire in America and now steam was up and real progress could be made. He became an experimental physicist, and prepared the foundation for those experiments which later won him fame. He wrote several treatises on heat waves of great length. In 1896 he left Berlin and entered Colgate as an instructor. Here he spent two years until he was called to the Physics department at Dartmouth.

In 1898 the Physics department of Dartmouth was dignified only in name. But Professor Nichols could content himself with the thought that there was plenty of room for improvement and he would be the one to get the glory for the improving. The equipment was inadequate and the experiments therefore difficult to perform at all.

And besides, Physics was then a required subject (which proves that the good old times were not so good in some respects after all). Thus the department was not one of the most popular in college. But youth is optimistic and always makes the best of a bad business. I suppose it was owing to this quality inherent in youth that the lecturer's voice was frequently lost amid the roaring of balls which bounced down the graduated incline of the lecture hall. Doubtless the fellows were experimenting upon the characteristics of sound waves. Despite this quite plausible thought such experiments were too unscientific to be carried on indefinitely. Discipline was established. How was this done? First of all, the department moved into a new building to be devoted entirely to Physics, and the change in environment was fatal to the former disturbances. Again, Professor Nichols' lucid and interesting lectures awakened both the respect and the attention of his students. Lastly he possessed a tact and diplomacy that silenced, a caustic wit that saddened. As a professor, President Nichols was one of the great majority who are absent-minded as regards names and faces. One rather amusing incident illustrates this pertinently. Professor Nichols was in his office one morning when a student entered and asked his standing in his course. Professor Nichols glanced through his rank-book; looked up at the fellow; then glanced into his book again; at last he was forced to inquire his name. He had been in his classes a year, and happened to be one of

the greatest half-backs in the college whose name was a by-word among the students. Naturally the half-back was somewhat humbled and perturbed.

But Professor Nichols' mind was concerned at this time with matters a trifle more important we dare say, than a student's name, even though he be a college hero. For during these years at Dartmouth he was not only establishing an excellent department, but as well carrying on those experiments which created his fame as an investigator. For several years he and his assistants worked far into the morning over delicate apparatus. They had first to make this apparatus themselves, and often when it was about to be used, crash would go the results of a month's labor. Professor Nichols invented an extremely delicate and accurate radiometer, a description of which the curious may find in any text book. Eventually he cornered a sunbeam, measured its pressure, and made several even more difficult compilations as to the energy of certain stars. And yet we are told that there a beam of light, stripped it of its heat, and felt the elf-like pulsations of its heart!

But we are going to let Professor Nichols depart for Columbia in 1903, already famous. At Columbia he continued his research, but with less startling and important results. Here he was interested as well in the administrative side of the college and served on several major committees. In 1904-5 he went abroad to Cambridge University to study; and in June, 1909, he

accepted the presidency of Dartmouth College.

Judging from his training, you would be inclined to feel that he was unfitted for the presidency of a college if you did not know him. But he was broader than his profession. At Columbia he had shown an interest in student activities and the problems of a college administration. Indeed he possessed all the qualities that combine to produce a remarkable scientist. We have already pointed out his diplomatic, tactful restraint. Coupled with this was a tenacity that prevails and an industry that conquers. Never discouraged, he worked away as one inspired. His was the zeal which love of his subject afforded. And yet he was not fundamentally analytical. His was the scientific imagination, the intuition which gives one faith to penetrate with an open mind and a valiant heart into the wildernesses of the unknown. And if thwarted in one line of attack, undaunted, he betook himself to another. One experiment successfully accomplished, his active mind sought for others to master. Always ready to penetrate into new fields, of unbounded foresight and courage, is it to be wondered that he attained the position of prominence not only as a scientist but even as an administrator?

When we were young, we used to imagine that every pallid-cheeked, flabby-eyed, rheumatic, wobbly individual was a professor. Somehow in our youthful mind professors were primarily considered aged men on the verge of petrification. And this idea persisted until we were consider-

ably older. Then the concept changed. Professors and above all college presidents were beings, part men, but mostly gods (especially in their own estimation), who trod the humble earth with disdainful foot. But since we have entered college ourselves and have grown both in impudence and importance (especially in the latter), we have come to see that professors and college presidents, too, are men. Of course we were somewhat shocked, as was proper, when we were told that President Nichols was an humorist. But such is the case. Dignity and wit are thus seen incorporated in one person. And we have no doubt that what saved the day when some delicate thread in an apparatus broke with a vengeance was a bit of humor. Professor Nichols had been brought up on Alice in Wonderland. This, in our estimation, accounts not only for his logical mind but his successful career as well. Nonsense verse flew in his laboratory like the electric sparks he may have been releasing. Like all great men he was fond of puns and plays upon words.

Handsome? No, for that is rather a reproach; beauty in men is usually the substitute for intellectual superiority and deep moral sensibilities. He is tall and slightly stooped. Collected in his bearing, you feel that a bomb exploding near him would only make him raise those eyelids of his (a characteristic expression) into a query of gentle surprise. Of course he is quite bald, because he is a college president, and so ought to be rather old. But he wears red neckties whenever he can strain decorum to per-

mit, and this points to a very young man. And he is young, being 44, and appearing much younger. Clean-shaven, his well-rounded, youthful face is enhanced by the marvelous texture of his skin and the delicate pink of his complexion. He is and always was both young and old. As all real men are, as all men should be, he is one who has never lost the boy's viewpoint and never forgotten the boy's emotions. What a bundle of anomalies; and yet like all paradoxes; not paradoxes at all! Reserved and dignified, yet witty and versatile; young in openness of mind, old in experience and insight—a man whom his intimates will love, whom all who know him will reverence and respect.

I attended the dinner of the Forensic Union a few nights ago, and one fact was quite illuminating. President Nichols, who is without any training in this branch, was far more impressive than many a skilled orator. I am not saying this to disclaim the art of debating, but merely to show what devotion to an exact science that demands cogency of thought before he was president, what diligent care and practice in speech-making since he became president, will accomplish when moulding ideas. He does not waste words; he is no orator; but he is impressive from his simplicity of diction and lucidity of thought. He is not an esthete; neither is he a materialist; he is rather one who reaps from both, and stands forth as versatile and broad-minded.

His dignity and his reserve are of course wont to excite respect rather than affection.

His inclinations have always been those of a democratic aristocrat,—while he takes a deep interest in the many, lets his intimate friends and confidants who know him, who penetrate his reserve be the few. So the undergraduates will never be close to him; and yet is this necessary? If so, it is at least impossible in a large college. Consequently what would have been a defect becomes a means for increasing the dignity of his office and the sincere respect that is his due.

Of course he has his recreations; but as one of his intimate friends remarked to me, he never seemed to need any. The condition of his health, in his youth necessitated and bred the most exemplary habits. He was abjured by his friends into golf, and at length became so proficient that he could get around a course of moderate proportions by carrying the ball over obstructions. But tramping satisfied his need for exercise and his love for nature. A vital reason for his lack of interest in athletics was his stupendous enthusiasm for his profession. He never wasted time. Recreation must be only so much as nature demands. Life to him is too serious a proposition. Yet when he became president, he saw that this lack of wider interest was a hindrance both to popularity and to respect among his students; therefore with his usual energy he cultivated a liking for these, and attends—one might say almost without exaggeration—every sporting event which business permits.

He is a great reader too; even more now that he is a college president than when he

was a professor. Stevenson's and Kipling's tales of adventure appeal to his imagination. He is fond of seating himself after dinner in an easy chair to read like an ordinary mortal. Louis Carroll's works used to be his particular favorites. But now that illustrious juggler of paradoxes, G. K. Chesterton, seems to have superseded him. He had no intimate training in the languages, but, contrary to the case with so many scientists, they were attractive to him. When he was studying in Europe, the galleries and museums did not escape his voracious eye. He is passionately fond of painting, and rarely visits a large city without seeking its art museum. His appreciation for music is equally great although he can play no instrument. And so you would rightly conclude that he would be the pleasant conversationalist he is.

Such tastes and such talents form his character. As one who loves nature for herself and delights in tramping over autumn roads, he did not lose in his scientific imagination his esthetic sensibilities. Science for him is more than impressive; the operations of nature awe him; the pursuit of Truth, as he has often emphasized is the end of life. And he had no difficulty in reconciling theology and science. The one supplements the other. In this, too, he shows himself greater than a scientist, greater than a layman, combining the vision, reconciling the limitations, of both. Science has not narrowed his point of view. In the glorious phenomena of nature he sees his God.

Her Mistake

John B. Nelson



ITA Burgess lay idly in her hammock, and, having just laid aside her novel, a romantic tale that had claimed her intense interest since lunch, she fell to dreaming about the characters in the book. It was a beautiful day; the temperate June sun shone down brightly on the road without, its rays filtering through the branches of the orchard before her. A faint breeze stirred the stray locks of hair across her pretty face. She stretched herself lazily, gave a little yawn, and, head thrown back against the hammock, and blue eyes looking into space, began to ponder again over the story she had been reading.

It must be nice, she thought, to be an artist, and live in a studio in Paris. How entrancing to have those cute little lunches, and have so many love affairs; mysterious affairs that were so romantic. She sighed. Nita had never met one of those artists. Why wasn't Billy Rodgers an artist, and she some mysterious stranger who would pose for his masterpiece? But Billy Rodgers was not an artist; and if he were, how would that help her? Probably he would select Lucia Jones for his model. Anyway, he seemed bent on taking her to all the parties and things, when Nita knew there were plenty of other girls in Muskegon willing to go with him. For Billy Rodgers was just home from the university, and ever since his arrival, his sister Betty had been flooded

with invitations to parties, tennis matches, and canoe rides.

No, Billy Rodgers would not do as an artist. In place of long silky locks, he wore his hair in the ordinary prosaic way, parted carelessly on one side. His hands were not delicate like an artist's but large and strong. Besides, he wore a sixteen and a half collar, and was six feet three in height. Billy was all very well as full-back on the varsity football team, but he hardly filled the requirements of an artist. She decided, however, that it wasn't necessary for him to be an artist after all. Billy Rodgers had other attractions besides his popularity due to athletics, and most of the girls of Muskegon appreciated them. And Nita confessed to herself that she would gladly appreciate some attention from him, even if he wore a four-in-hand instead of an artist's tie.

It may as well be known that Billy Rodgers had not proved violently responsive to her tactful innuendoes. Veiled hints and even a few shy invitations had gone by apparently unheeded; Lucia Jones still held the whip hand.

Just as Nita was about to resume her novel, she heard the sound of voices, and peering out from the confines of the hammock, saw two of the house maids slowly approaching, deep in conversation.

"And the funniest part of it was," giggled Marie, "I sent Harry's letter to mother, and mother's letter to Harry! Just imagine!"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing much, only he said he was glad he had found out how many yards it

took to make a harem skirt. Ain't he the limit? Said he was sorry he couldn't tell me what to do about that lace trimming, but he said he'd look it up. Then he—"

Nita failed to suppress a little titter, and the girls, looking up suddenly and realizing that they were being overheard, fled to the protection of the orchard, where Nita heard them laughing and giggling over their joke. She looked at her watch, and discovered that it was now four o'clock. She gave another little yawn, and decided that she would go to her room and write a few letters.

Half an hour later found her at her desk, busy with her pen. She had written to two of her girl friends in Kalamazoo, and was just now penning some invitations to her Muskegon friends, asking them to a canoe party to be given on the following Saturday. She lifted the invitation addressed to Billy Rodgers, and regarded it curiously. Suppose he should not come? She sat silently a moment, and then laid it down with a sigh, and proceeded to fold and seal the envelopes. As she was doing so absentmindedly, she suddenly caught herself putting Rodgers' invitation in one of the envelopes addressd to her Kalamazoo friend. She laughed, and immediately thought of the predicament of the maid who had committed a similar blunder. A very common mistake, and she had heard of its occurrence a score of times. She picked up Rodgers' invitation again, but suddenly laid it down, evidently struck with some thought. Then minutes passed, and Nita still sat there in the study, her gaze fixed on the invitation before her, in her eyes a

queer calculating little expression that made them appear only half their normal size. Suddenly, as though she had at last made up her mind, she reached for a fresh sheet of paper, and began hurriedly writing a letter.

* * * * *

It was the following Saturday, and the canoe party was arriving by twos and threes for their trip up the Wannegan river. On the landing Betty Rodgers sat surrounded by a bevy of young girls and boys, and judging by the peals of laughter, and the amused expressions of their faces, they were all enjoying what she was saying.

"And do you know," fairly shouted Betty in an endeavor to raise her voice above the laughter, "she sent me the invitation, and Billy the personal letter intended for me." There was a renewed burst of laughter, amid which Betty continued, "I thought I'd die! You should have seen his face when he discovered the mistake!"

"Goodness, did he read the whole letter?" inquired an anxious listener, her eyes sparkling with joyous tears of excitement.

"Every word, in spite of the fact that I insisted that it was personal. Then he laughed like a ninny, and wrote some of his friends about it. The fool! But it really was too good to keep," and Betty once more burst into choking laughter as some fresh phase of the incident occurred to her.

"There they come now," shrilled an excited feminine voice, and they all turned suddenly to see Rodgers and Nita Burgess descending the landing together. No sooner were they within hailing distance, than the storm of raillery broke about them, and

they hurriedly shoved out in a canoe for protection. In a few moments they were safely in the lead of the taunting remarks, Nita's scarlet face fixed upon the bottom of the canoe, her fingers nervously twining a corner of the canoe blanket. Rodgers said nothing as he paddled swiftly along, but as he smoked his large pipe, his eyes wandered now and then to the trim figure before him. He had never noticed until that day that her eyes were deep blue, nor that her beautiful black hair adorned a face as delicate and sensitive as a nun's. She wore her hair parted in the middle, and this pleased Rodgers; he always liked to see girls with their hair done up that way.

On the whole, he was pleased. When all is said and done, we all like to be appreciated, and this is a secret that has turned the tale in many an "affaire d'amour." Of course it was embarrassing for Nita that her secret should have been found out, and Rodgers felt sorry for her. She was a nice girl, and it was up to him to stand by her, especially after what she had said.

He would give his sister a piece of his mind for telling the others about it, as soon as he found a favorable opportunity. He refilled his pipe, and fell to paddling with a swift, even stroke that soon left the others far behind. The canoe party promised to be a success.

* * * * *

Down the Wannegan river late that night, a flock of canoes were slowly drifting under the soft light of golden moonbeams. In the last of these, an athletic young man with a large pipe was playing gently on a guitar, a pretty girl looking up at him as he sang, his strong vibrant voice sounding pleasantly over the waters of the river. He ceased suddenly, and laying a hand over her's, whispered, "Gee, Nita, I'd hate to miss all this. I'm glad you made that mistake."

The girl looked up at him a moment, a little twinkle in her eye. Then she lowered her head, and murmured, so low that he could scarcely catch the words,

"So am I, Billy; awfully glad."



Literary Aspects Of Chesterton

M. M. Lowenthal



THE Library Reference Room is the desperate reader's retreat; it should be called the Library Refuge Room, for it is here that the book-ridden, fact-haunted student can amble along the pleasant ways of his favorite sporting page and down the peaceful paths of a pictorial review. When "outside-reading," ingeniously selected to chloroform the student's interest and then flood his interior with facts after the fashion of a water-cure, has suffocated me to the point of extinction; when illuminating my notebook with modestly artistic vignettes of my left-hand neighbor's bulbous nose and of the delightfully evident myopia of some other knowledge-bound ceases to amuse even myself (who am in general readily pleased with any humorous effort I can call my own); when talking in a monotonous and insistent whisper to the busiest friend I can run to cover and so to exasperate both himself and his neighbors no longer renders me satisfaction commensurate with the labor expended; when even the worthy and "damned be him who first cries Hold, Enough!" display of femininity palls on my numbed and drowsy sense until I feel as though I had Lethe-ward sunk, (aye—Keats); I gird up my loins, break camp, pull stakes, strike tents, hoist Blue Peter, and violently retreat to the Reference Room.

There I invigorate myself with my favor-

ite exercise, and simultaneously lose myself in my favorite study—the London Illustrated News. And there amid accurate pictures of things that never were by land or sea, amid vigorous depictions of dramatic moments in the lives of the wood-flea and hippopotamus, amid views scientific and indisputable showing the startling resemblance of the dorsal fin of the Pliocene man to our own, amid pompous drawings of an execution in Mexico and a marriage in Tahiti, I find a weekly article by a massive English journalist—Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton.

An author is known by the publisher he keeps. This is not the time nor space to picture Robert Chambers' astonishment at finding himself in the Athenaeum, nor to wonder if Brander Matthew's discomforture at making the first page of the Thursday morning Saturday Evening Post would be to his own discredit; nor is this an opportune occasion to thrash out the tremendous problem as to whether the magazine makes the writers or the writers the magazine. A publisher will tell you that it is the advertiser; no one can imperatively deny the remote possibility that it might be the public. Suffice that the names of certain writers become associated in the reader's mind with the names of certain magazines, and it takes only the dullest fancy to imagine a kindred spirit in style and content between the magazine in general and any regular contributor. This is eminently true in the case of Chesterton and the Illustrated News.

The illustrations in the London News are

largely pictures—not photographs. The striking thing about a picture is that it is not a photograph. A photograph is compelled to reproduce a fact; a photograph is a newspaper truth; its message is impersonal; its accuracy is that of mechanical perfection; its defects need not militate against its usefulness. A blurred snap-shot of the assassination of a living Spanish King is likely to be of more press value than a Velasquez of a dead Spanish king. A picture, however,—in deference to my sanity, I rule out impressionistic rubbish as not entitled to the name—must be positive, distinct, framed and represent a definite, irrevocable and personal contribution of the artist.

The attitude of a pictured figure is eternally fixed, and the attitude of the artist, insofar as expressed in that one figure, is likewise. A sketcher's work in this sense can never be sketchy; nor are the plastic arts plastic. Only the word-artist may use the liberty to pun, shuffle, hesitate, and hide himself or lose himself in a haze. He often does. The London News pictures may be inaccurate, but they never are uncertain; they may be violent but never obscure, fanciful but never blurred. An illustrator in a word must be dogmatic—or he is no illustrator. If I should say that Chesterton's literary style may be summed up in the one word, dogmatic, I should probably be incorrect, but it is indisputable that dogmatism is the key-note of all his compositions.

More than his philosophy, a man's literary style reflects the author's personality, character, and individual traits and bias. Observe that the old proverb says that not

the matter, but the manner betrays the man. The conclusion of our last essay indicated the responsibility of the philosophy for the author's furious and romantic style; it remains now to discover how much of his person and personality can be made to share this responsibility. Friend and foe agree that carrot-hair, desperately endeavoring to realize the Horatian ideal of brushing against the stars, and a bulking, elephantastic frame form his salient physical characteristics. He is a man who stumbling in his garden invariably breaks an arm or leg, but who could not conceivably break a rib. Mr. Chesterton probably is not, and he would devour any man who affirmed that he was, a Superman; but he is undeniably a superalderman. It is perhaps not for nothing therefore that Mr. Chesterton resembles in appearance Doctor Samuel Johnson; he writes as Doctor Johnson is reported to have talked.

Notwithstanding that a large body is conducive to a languid spirit, our author is literally paradoxical enough to be one of the most alert of men. He boasts of having the laziest person in England; he could reasonably boast of having the most violent personality. As a youth, he poured out the scorching verse of a sort of knight-errant atheist; he abandoned a real-estate agent's life, comfortably suited to his physiography, for journalism; today his presence in literature is more of a rampage than a career. He plays with literary precedents as a child builds castles with his granddaddy's library.

In the Boer War, he was a vigorous anti-imperialist; he is one of the founders of the

anti-Puritan Society; he is in all things an anti-modernist; he is above all things nothing if not polemic. When he has been dead a quarter-century, tradition will have failed to find an English publication in whose columns he did not give or take a challenge; it will probably be impossible to point to a ladies' home journal (whatever is the English equivalent) in which Mr. Chesterton was not impressing upon his readers that Sew-and-Sew was worthy, well-meaning, and irretrievably wrong.

This pugnacity, decisiveness, and ardor weld the writer's style into what is popularly termed the dogmatic; fire, iron and the hammer similarly result in Damascene steel; indeed, an observer skilled in happy epithet has remarked that the Chestertonian style bears a cutting edge.

From these semi-external attributes, let consideration be directed toward the core of the matter. Clarity of thought is a distinguished trait in our writer. Gem-like logic—flawless, adamant, and usually brilliant—burns prominently on every page, and characterizes the man as impatient of verbiage, ambiguity, and loose-end thinking. A second-class maxim becomes minted into an axiom. This clarity finds expression in an almost painful precision of words; ornament as a scabbard is scorned—Mr. Chesterton carries a naked blade. He might seldom, or indeed never, be right; but he is always convincing and lucid. His own appreciation of this clarity may not without justification be responsible for his cock-sureness—his dogmatism.

Finally, what we believe to be the core itself is that Mr. Chesterton is not afraid

to accept his conclusions as truth; he does not balk at coming to a decision. I have too much temper and too little time to dwell on the mental cowardliness of the age, but a few words may indicate the position. We have developed a mania for facts, and a demand for irresistible and incontrovertible proof of every minute proposition; the result is that we are so afraid of being wrong that we are never sure we are right. Not "much virtue" but all virtue "in an If." Once Mr. Chesterton decides that a thing in the main is true, he fearlessly accepts it as truth. Again, we worship at the shrine of a curious god known as the Relativity of Truth. If after great effort we accept a thing as true today, we immediately conclude that it will be false tomorrow. Not the revels of Astarte could so enervate a man's will and spring of action as this uncanny worship; and Mr. Chesterton refuses to bow to the gods of the Philistines.

It is this supporting himself with absolute, eternal truths—this dogmatism—that gives to Mr. Chesterton his other prominent characteristics of style. For one thing, he need not at all times take himself seriously, for he knows that he is right. A clear conscience works much the same way, and so there blows a gust of mighty laughter across his pages—a gale which sometimes, indeed, piles his words into heaps and whirls away the grain with the chaff.

Carrying with him in life a cosmic-philosophy as a guide-book, he feels at home in the cosmos; and he treats all things with the careless freedom of a man at home. This accounts for the ease with which he uses the ends of the earth for a simile, and makes the music of his style often that of a percussionist. Lastly, his perfect confidence in his convictions gives him the fire and poetry of a crusader—a fire and poetry which occasionally raises him from the warrior to the prophet.

COMPLEAT INSTRUCTION FOR THE ACQUIREMENT OF RESPECTABILITIE

John Van Dorn

- I Be deliberate; nor cramme ye mouthe in haste with burning porridge; lest ye tongue be unseemingly outraged and disgorge.
- II Be not too specifick; neither allude to ye creme as "cow juice," nor to a second helpynge of chicken as "another bit of hen."
- III Be gentil; lest peradventure ye sometime knock over an ornament.
- IV Be quiet; for know ye: all art approacheth and is kin to quietnesse.
- V Be brefe; lest your hostess yawn upon your discourse.
- VI Be neat; spare not thy arrayment; all will consider ye successulle and some there will be to reckon ye a man of wealthe.
- VII Be politick above all; let ye mother discuss her childe; ye old man ye days of yore, ye parsonne salvation, and so on; unless their humdrum be more than ye can bear.
- VIII Be careless of observation; nor appear to take note of ye mediocritie of ye rich; much less of ye lackluster of great families gone to seede. It is an arrogance unspeakable to do so.
- IX Be discrete; and should your business conflict with your social duties, retire early.
- X Be reverant, smiling, and quick to do as others; for mine hostesse composeth her gay gathering of such as these.



Morning

Hildegard Hagerman



IN THE gray dusk Ellen arose from her bed, and with accustomed fingers donned the garments which lay neatly folded by her bedside. She did this without hesitancy, for night and day were one to her. By the stillness, however, she knew that it was the middle of the night. Across the hall from her room the surgeon slept, the sleep of deep weariness after a strain of nerves, brain and body. In the room next to his lay her young nephew, and he too was breathing heavily in the utter repose of nervous exhaustion. There had been little sleep for him in the last few nights before the operation. Both men, she knew, rested happily in the satisfaction of success.

Ellen alone could not sleep. It was not that her bandaged eyes caused her pain, for they had no feeling in them. But she was possessed by a consuming fever of restlessness. The silence, broken only by the faint murmurs of the night breezes, seemed to beckon her from her soft bed, to wander through the fragrant spring darkness, and dream herself into a vivid realization of the fact that she would SEE. After a darkness of almost fifty years the shadow would be lifted from her path. It seemed like a figment of a dream rather than one of the realities of her waking hours. As yet, the joy of the metamorphosis had not reached her keenly; she seemed stunned by the vast-

ness of the idea. It was unbelievable that she, whose eyes had been blind since she was a very young child should now be able to gaze once more upon a world made new.

She walked with her slow and hesitating step out of the house and through the silent garden, where the flowers were all asleep. Their dreams must have been very sweet, for as her trailing skirts brushed the hyacinths and jonquils that bordered the path, they stirred drowsily, and sighed in gusts of perfume. Ellen breathed it in deeply, but she could not see how the great clump of narcissus gleamed star-like through the dusk, or picture the glory of the flaming tulip-bed, evident even in the dimness. She walked on, slowly but with unflinching purpose along the flower lined path, and began carefully to climb the hill that rose at the back of the garden. It was not a high hill, but she had always fancied that the breeze was fresher at the summit than in the garden below, and she had often climbed it in the early morning or at twilight to feel the free sweep of the wind. People had told her that there was a pretty view from the hill-top, of trees and the little river winding away toward other hills, blue and hazy in the distance, but the only joy she had in it was a sense of freshness and freedom which it gave her.

She reached the summit at length, and sat down upon the short, soft grass, despite its coat of dew. The night air was very still and sweet. She breathed it deeply in great gulps. It seemed as if she could not get enough of it to satisfy her craving lungs. Feeling very weary, suddenly, after

the strain of the past few days, she lay down like a tired child, with her head pillowed on her bent arms. Although her body was weary, her mind was working with leaps and bounds. She thought of what the recovery of sight meant to her, and her whole being quivered with the joy of it, as water quivers, touched by the south wind. Suddenly she felt as if she could not wait, as if she must tear off her bandage immediately, and try to the full her newly gained power. Reason cautioned her not to be rash, but the idea kept steadily gaining in strength. "And why not?" she asked herself. The doctor had promised that tomorrow night at twilight he would remove the bandage; what harm could it possibly do if she should take it off now, only for a few moments, while it was still almost dark? The idea grew and grew upon her, caution's voice spoke fainter and fainter, and quickly, lest her courage fail her, she loosened the white cloth and slipped it from her eyes.

For a moment she kept them closed tightly in a panic of fear and suspense, afraid to risk the terrible disappointment of opening them to blankness. Then gradually she unsealed each lid, and opened her eyes wider and wider, till she was gazing straight up into the blue night sky.

Above her head, high in the illimitable blue distance, hung a golden spark, gleaming jewel-like against the background of lightening sky. So exquisite was it, so solemn in its perfect beauty, that two tears stole unheeded down Ellen's cheeks. "It must be a star," she breathed, "but who

could dream that stars could be so beautiful?" In a trance of joy she gazed at the star until it seemed to melt into her very soul. All thought of time left her; she lived only in the bliss of the moment. Presently a chill, fresh breeze stole over the hill-top, and the glory of the star slowly began to pale, as if it withdrew gently from the earth through immeasurable space. The deep blue of the sky faded softly into gray, and Ellen watched as one who reasoned not, nor realized, but only lived. Never, perhaps, had anyone watched the heavens so intently, since the mystic planet shone on shepherds in Judea, and the morning stars sang together. In her heart too, was the joy of birth.

The gray light grew clearer, and flushed faintly with rose. The glow filtered imperceptibly over the face of the sky, and soon broad shafts of crimson lay spread out low along the horizon. Ellen looked, and knew, from words she had heard spoken or read, "It is the dawn," she breathed, in hushed tones, such as one uses in a holy place. She raised herself upon her elbow, and looked down for the first time at the sleeping country spread below her. A curved silvery thread strung itself across the dull olive of the level plains; Ellen knew it was the river. Her eyes swept the landscape until they rested upon the hills that bounded it to the east. Their gracious curves and lofty silence struck her with delight. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," she murmured. "Mine eyes, O God, mine eyes." She was not thinking consciously now; she was living so intensely that

the fire of it seemed to have burnt out the power of reason.

The glory in the east grew stronger. Rose and gold and violet mingled with the ethereal blue. Ellen drew in its beauty with thirsty breaths. She longed to actually drink it, that it might satisfy the longing of her being. One spot, behind the hills, seemed the nucleus of the light, and she watched it as if tranced. No pagan sun-worshipper, in a tower apart, thrilling with joy and terror, as he waited the approach of his god, could have rivaled her intense expectancy.

And now a small curved edge of intense brightness showed over the brow of the hill. As if it were a preconceived signal, a chorus of bird songs burst forth, and a breeze shook the tree tops in the valley, as though

they suddenly awoke from deep slumber. Brighter and larger grew the gleaming curve; more glowing the heavens around it. Ellen's eyes did not waver from it now. She watched with her whole soul as it grew larger and larger, and her soul seemed to expand with it, to hold new ecstasies of joy. Now half of the glowing ball appeared, now the perfect roundness could be guessed at; and now—now in all its wonder rose the sun, a shining sphere, into the heavens.

And Ellen, gazing at the glory of it, thought she felt her full heart break for very joy; and she leaned back upon the grass and closed her eyes with a smile. In that hour life had paid her its arrears for the years of suffering. Should she never see again she felt she had not lived in vain.

TWILIGHT REVERY

Alice Lindsey Webb

Sunset: the hills are dark against the gold

Of afterglow. Their firs stand still and high,

Pointing the one star shining far and cold.

A breath of night wind, whispering, passes by.

What of the day—what marks its close writ
scroll?

What thought, what deed, what word, or what
intent?

What progress toward a far and longed-for goal?

What good and evil, woe and weal were blent?

The greatest gift the long day held for me

Was work that filled both hands and mind too

full

For grasping at a circumstance more free,

A round of duties less confined, less dull.

My lot is cast; then let me do my part

With shining face, with ready, willing hand

To lift a burden from my neighbor's heart,

And help him, too, to love and understand!

WISCONSIN

From Life

O! A truly sovereign state

Is Wisconsin!

All that's good and wise and great

Is Wisconsin.

Every day or two I read

How her laws and customs lead,

Heaven must be like, indeed,

To Wisconsin.

Education is the rage

In Wisconsin.

People all are smart and sage

In Wisconsin.

Every newsboy that you see

Has a 'varsity degree,

Every cook's a Ph.D.,

In Wisconsin.

Trusts and bosses never mix

In Wisconsin.

O! the lovely politics

In Wisconsin.

Though the railroads boost the rate

High in every other state,

They are famously sedate

In Wisconsin.

Matrimony cannot fail

In Wisconsin.

Babies all are strong and hale

In Wisconsin.

That's the state of married bliss

You have read about ere this.

None but gods may coo and kiss

In Wisconsin.

People never lock their doors

In Wisconsin.

No one hardly ever snores

In Wisconsin.

Ivy drapes each prison wall

And the jails no more appall—

They are social centers all

In Wisconsin.

O! the state of states for me

Is Wisconsin!

There's the place where I would be,

In Wisconsin.

I would hasten to her shore

With a glad and grateful roar,

Only Jersey needs me more

Than Wisconsin

-L. H. Robbins.

Secret Orders

Francis Loomis



"H BOTHER!" said Lafin. "I've loved a lot of girls in my day, but I can't say that I've ever had a really thrilling adventure."

"Me either," agreed little Johnson, wagging his head.

Gray sighed wearily. "Look here, it doesn't have to be girls—half the time there isn't a girl in it. What I mean is—there's always something going on if you're only on the inside. Just look at the papers—look at the murders and robberies and fires, and yet, our lives are perfectly humdrum—nothing ever happens!"

"What do you want?" asked Lafin, "why don't you get a job on the fire department or the police force. You'd get enough excitement there to hold you for awhile."

"Well, if you're going to be funny about it, I won't argue any more. I turn here anyway."

"Aren't you coming to the club?" asked little Johnson.

"Not tonight," Gray replied, "and I hope you fellows won't fall asleep over your cigars."

"Many thanks, and if you find a bomb, or a murderer, or any other little thing, to satisfy your bloodthirsty soul, let us know," jeered Lafin. "Good-night."

"'Night," echoed little Johnson, and trotted after Lafin.

They kept on down Michigan Avenue, but Gray turned sharply, crossed Wabash to State, and then followed State south, many,

many blocks. He went far past the big department stores with their gaily lighted windows, past the crowds hurrying to the station at Twelfth Street, thinking of nothing in particular, but watching with interest the people whom he passed. He became aware of the change in the character of the street. It was just as brilliantly lighted, but the buildings were old and knock-kneed, the shops were odd, decrepit looking things—all open. Pawn shops second hand stores, fruit-stands, butchers and grocers varied the monotony of moving picture theatres and saloons. No one seemed in much of a hurry here—no one seemed either gay or quarrelsome. Old, misshapen women in dirty shawls, ragged, lounging boys, old men with matted beards stood talking apathetically. All seemed stolidly concerned with their own affairs. Gray was a bit disappointed. Some one had said that this was one of the worst parts of town. Vaguely he had expected carousing, mobs, perhaps a knife or two. He decided to take the next car and go out to the park where he thought he might find in the budding trees and the lake in the starlight an antidote for his sudden thirst for adventure.

The car was a few blocks off. He stepped out to hail it and saw a taxi-cab approaching. It drew up to the curb beside him. He watched idly for the occupant to alight. The door opened and a beautiful woman leaned out and beckoned to him. The street car stopped as he turned on his heel and stepped to the door of the taxi.

"I'm sorry I'm late," said the beautiful woman. "Get in."

"Pardon me," he said, "there is some mistake."

"Get in," she interrupted imperiously. "You don't want them to catch us, do you?" The street car started up again as she spoke.

"No, I don't," he said, looking after the retreating car, and he got in. The driver started the machine without a word.

They drove for some time in silence, turning many corners. Gray, wholly unfamiliar with this part of town, did not try to get his bearings. He was having his adventure, wholly satisfied to let things drift. In fact a strange lethargy had settled upon him. It seemed to him that he had been riding thus with the beautiful woman infinite ages. His innate fatalism asserted itself. "What is to be, is to be," he sighed, and settled back comfortably. The beautiful woman lit a cigarette. He was unaccustomed to seeing women smoke and he watched her, fascinated.

"May I?" he asked.

She nodded. By the street light he saw her—soft brown hair, almost red, soft white skin with a dash of rouge on the cheek, lovely, curving lips, touched with carmine, deep violet eyes.

Suddenly she looked behind—a second taxi was in pursuit. She grasped the speaking tube, giving an order to the chauffeur in a strange tongue. He turned immediately up a dark alley way, stopped and put out his lights. In the dark they listened. The pursuing taxi passed the mouth of the alley. She crept nearer to him, slipped her hand in his. He drew her close—the odd taste of violet powder and tobacco

lingered on his lips. The pursuing taxicab passed the mouth of the alley again. She took up the tube and gave another order. The chauffeur turned up his lights again, and backed out of the alley.

"Where are we going?" asked the man at last.

"We are not supposed to talk," she answered.

"But I must know," he said, becoming suddenly alarmed.

"You must trust me," she said, holding him with her lovely eyes. "I have come and you must follow. Where I go you must go too, and ask me nothing." She spoke as though she were repeating a formula, painstakingly, word for word. Her voice was low and rich and her words had a queer little twist that betrayed her foreign origin.

"Who are you?" he asked.

But she smiled out of the window and failed to answer him.

He leaned back again. In his pocket his hand touched a faithful companion that he had brought with him, idly thinking of adventure. "What is to be, is to be," he said, and laughed at himself for being afraid because he was alone in a taxicab with a beautiful woman.

Presently, from the folds of her cloak she took a silk handkerchief.

"Allow me, m'sieur," she said, and tied it over his eyes.

The taxicab made several more turns and stopped. The door was opened. She helped him out and led him by the hand across the pavement up some steps, and

through a door that seemed to open as she approached. He grasped his faithful friend, and followed without hesitancy. Inside, the bandage slipped and he saw that he was in a wide hall hung with tapestry, from which a broad stairway led upward. She gave him her hand and together they ascended. As they neared the top, he heard voices, many of them, and soft music. He caught a glimpse of a room, dimly lit, and women in beautiful gowns, and men, some in evening dress with odd ribbons and badges, some in uniform. Then the bandage was tightened and he was led in among them. At his entrance a hush fell over the room. At the far end, some one spoke. "Your name," he commanded.

"Donald Gray," his voice sounded startlingly loud and reverberating in his ears.

"Our brother wishes to be known as Donald Gray," said the voice at the far end. "Set it down in the books." There was a brief silence. All about him he felt people. The odor of perfume and flowers and tobacco mingled with the subtle fragrance of incense confused him.

Then some one very near him began to speak. He could not understand, but it sounded like the language of the beautiful woman. The voice went on like a chant, then stopped. There was a pause, and the voice began again, the same sing-song, but more emphatic. Again the pause. There was an almost imperceptible stir. The air grew tense. "Answer," whispered the beautiful woman beside him. Then Donald Gray awoke. "I don't understand," he

said loudly, and tore the bandage from his eyes.

"My God—the wrong man!" shouted some one in English, and pandemonium broke loose. Three men sprang upon him, tied his hands and blind-folded him before he could whip out his faithful friend. A jargon of voices deafened him, some were talking in English, some in the tongue he did not know.

"Where did you get him?" asked a voice near him.

"State and Twenty-six," answered the voice of the beautiful woman.

"Good Lord, I told you Thirty-six!" cried the first voice, and then was drowned in the general hubbub.

At last the noise died down. Two men grasped him by the arms and led him down stairs. There was the soft rustle of drapery behind him. Two soft arms slipped around his neck. "I'm sorry," whispered the voice of the beautiful woman.

They put him in the taxi and took him back to Twenty-six and State, and were rather decent to him, too. One of the men gave a hat, for his was rather mussed. They took his bandage off and left him at the corner. A through route car was just in sight. He got on, and looked at his watch. Just two hours since he had turned his back upon that other car. He found Laffin at the club, and Johnson asleep over his cigar.

"Where you been?" asked Laffin lazily.

"Oh bumming," said Donald Gray and rang for a whiskey and soda.

A PAGE OF VERSE

ON SLEEP

James H. Herd

Too much oppressed with worldly cares
When weary man returns
From noisy mart,
With aching heart
With throbbing head that burns.

Then throw thy sweet incense, Sleep;
Thy soft Lethæan balm,
And close his eyes,
And stay his sighs
Till he be all in calm.

Give him surcease from living,
From weariness and pain;
Close fast his eyes
With melodies
And many a sweet refrain.

Twine poppies round his weary brow,
And stroke his tired, tired breast;
And chanting lowly,
Charm him slowly
Till his eyelids close in rest.

J. R. H.

* * * *

TODAY

I lie all day in the sun-kissed sand
Lie in the sand and dream.
The waves lap in on the sleeping land
Hot in the golden gleam.

To-day I lie in the golden sand;

Dream, and the lake dreams too.

Nor heed the call of another land

Crying of words to woo.

Oh let me dream by the lake to-day

Sleeping so tranquilly;

To-morrow the free wild winds will play,

Play with the lake and me.

* * * *

THE RULERS

Ruth M. Boyle

The mountains are kings, barbarian kings,

Ruling a desert bleak,

They halt the timid but lure the strong

With sardonic bidding "Seek!"

Throned in grandeur, in splendid state,

Savage, capricious, and grim,

They know no love and they know no hate;

They rule by lawless whim.

The man whom they torture loves them best.

His life at their feet he flings.

He wins only one thing—that is unrest—

Iron prize of the giant kings.

HAY

By William Hewlitt

Once as the dusk was settling o'er the roofs
And quietness proclaimed the end of day,
I heard a muffled creak, a sound of hoofs,
Looked up and saw a towering load of hay
Loom into view. And then the air grew sweet.
I heard the rustling whisps crackle and fret.
And as the new mown load rolled down the street,
I watched the driver's clear-cut silhouette
Bold in the sky.

Each happy hay-time sound,
The quiver of the whisps, the harness' clink,
The beat of horses' hoofs upon the ground,
The rumbling wheels, and all—led me to think
Of summer days that now are passed away
In which I too have driven loads of hay.

THE BREATH OF SPRING

Iva N. Ketcham

From o'er the far-off silent hills
And through the forest dim and wide,
A zephyr sang a faint wild song
Of buds and blossoms that had died
When winter winds were calling loud
Through darkened aisles of moaning pine,
And barren wastes of deepening snow
That hid each sleeping leaf and vine.

Then soft and sweet the zephyr spoke
To all the forest things again,
And sang of sun-kissed fields and hills
And cooling drops of tender rain.
The breath of spring stole through the grass
And soft sweet voices filled the air,
While golden sunbeams crept among
The lovely buds and blossoms fair.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."
TERENCE

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The Vocational Conference as a Permanent Institution



The Vocational Conference movement at Wisconsin started about three years ago—and was a result of the accumulated feeling

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The result of the three conferences held, thus far, have been most gratifying. Each year has shown a large increase in general interest and attendance, over the preceding year. There is no way of measuring the indirect influences of such a conference but the direct results in themselves—the number of girls actually and individually helped,—have been large enough to show that a distinct need is being filled, and to warrant the permanent custom of holding a vocational conference at the University.

M. A.

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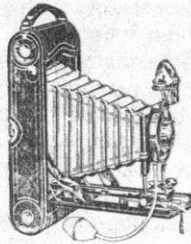
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