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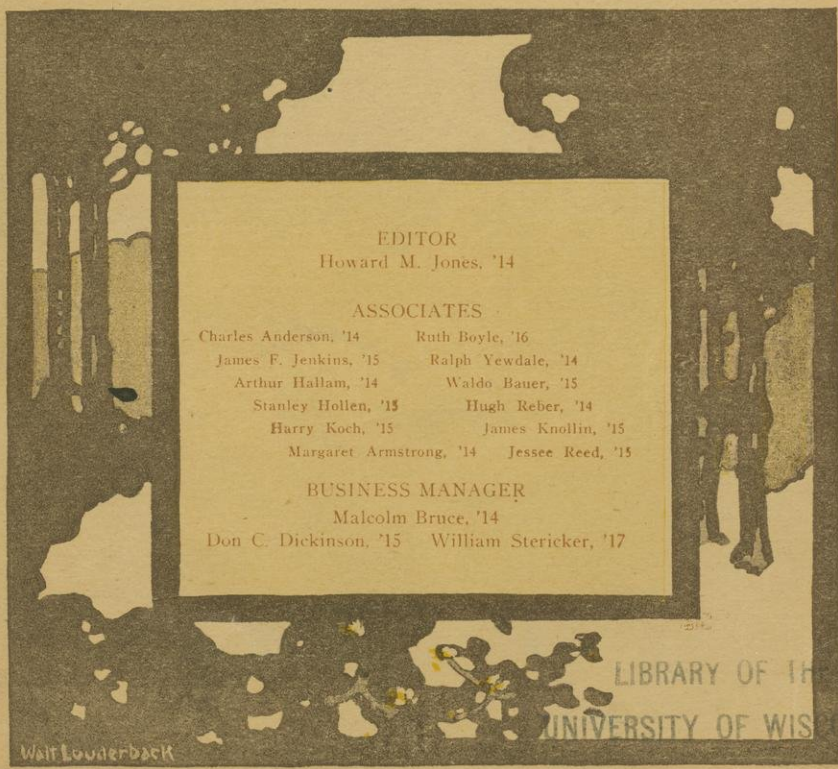
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Volume XI

MAY, 1914

Number 8



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


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"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

Vol. XI.

May 1914

No 8.

—>>> EDITORIAL <<<—

The Oberlin Idea

THE present movement toward the revaluation of interests at Wisconsin, and especially of student activities makes of special interest the plan by which Oberlin College after two years of study has faced and solved the problem. While of course conditions at Oberlin are not our conditions, yet their line of attack is illuminating the suggestive.

Oberlin has about one thousand students and maintains the usual extra-curricular activities. They apparently have nothing equivalent to our Haresfoot, and much

more attention is naturally given to Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. than with us; the president's last report declares that much more attention is now being paid to dramatics than formerly, but aside from these, student activities there are about the same proportionately as here.

In 1910 it became evident that there was need for a re-valuation of the choices and aims of the student, and a faculty committee on student life and work, cooperating with the students through their men's and women's senates, began a careful investigation of the students' use of time, a survey which extended over two years. Material from this survey may be found in the an-

nual reports of Oberlin College in 1910-11, 1911-12, and 1912-13, in the president's reports, and in back numbers of the Oberlin Review, and these articles are well worth the searching. At the conclusion of the survey President King wrote: "During the year under review a plan carefully studied by both faculty and students for the limitation of outside activities was adopted by the faculty and has gone into action. It ought to insure that the main work of a student will not be sacrificed to these outside activities, and at the same time that a large number of students will participate in the real value that these activities have to give." Is not this precisely what we need at Wisconsin?

The inquiry was made very broad, the questionnaire method being used. Among other questions it was asked to state why the student came to college, what he aimed to do while there, and the results were surprisingly encouraging. We do not have space to go into this very interesting phase of the survey, futher than to advocate such a study at Wisconsin. We ought to imitate the spirit of the minister who announced as his subject, "Whither are we tending and if so why?" The tendency to drift through a college course is so prevalent that it would seem the faculty might at least prescribe the limits of drifting. For this state of things, of course, the elective system is largely to blame, but no less so the student's indiscriminating choice of student activities. In the Freshman composition classes an effort is now being made to direct the student's serious thought to-

ward the why of a college course, but certainly the amount of interest which a study similar to Oberlin's in this regard would arouse, would justify its attempt.

Oberlin tried to find out at the same time why students elected the courses they did. Why not press the same inquiry here? Snap courses abound, and if the students at Oberlin had the courage to say so, students at Wisconsin will have the same courage, and the results will be to the vast improvement of the snap courses.

But we must pass over these phases of the report, interesting as they are. Outside interests were divided into 14 groups of "rivals to scholarly activities" and students were asked to approximate the amount of time given to each. Six hundred twenty persons answered the questionnaire (about three-fifths), and it was the conclusion of the committee that 300 students or half the total number needed to revise their distribution of time. The average weekly time spent on outside activities was 26 hours; and though the committee thought this rather large, it quarrelled rather with the conditions which let certain students devote altogether too much time to these interests. Would the results at Wisconsin be as commendable?

The committee then took the wisest step of all. It gave an extended discussion of facts in The Oberlin Review and invited comment.

It was their "purpose to call attention briefly to certain abuses that seem to have established themselves in an appreciable degree in connection with several of the legitimate and de-

sirable outside activities. Furthermore they wished to raise the question as to the purpose of a college education in such a way that it will provoke thought and discussion on the part of the student body. With this purpose the Committee discussed the facts that had been brought out as to the amount of time spent by students upon Athletics, the work of the Christian Associations, and all sorts of outside work and social activities. All of these, the Committee felt, now make serious demands upon the time and strength of students, and in one way or another interfere with the best work upon the courses taken in college. The result is that students content themselves with merely meeting * * * the assignments given in the lessons * * * But to spend one's college life merely as an assignment student * * * is to fail of gaining anything like the possible and desirable results of a college course." The Committee by this discussion hoped "to have produced some permanent effect in awakening vital interest in this important subject."

Is not this the very thing that is needed at Wisconsin? It is a striking commentary upon the attitude of the faculty that whereas at Oberlin the faculty committee co-operated throughout with the student body in their study, agitation for such a survey at Wisconsin has had to begin with the student.

As a result the men's senate and later the women's senate proposed two plans for grading student activities, which are very interesting and suggestive but which we do not have space to quote. They may be found in the Annual Report of Oberlin College for 1910-11, on pages 143 and 144,

and are well worth looking up. The final settlement of the matter was not made until April 14, 1913.

At the time student activities were listed according to their value in hours in the fall, winter and spring. Thus the Varsity football team was credited as four hours in the fall, basketball as four in the winter and baseball as three in spring. The editorship of the paper was credited as one hour's work through the year, the managership as three hours, and other offices graded proportionately. The complete table may be found on page 125 of the annual report for 1912-13, and though it contains some absurdities is in the main very fair. Upon this grading of outside activities as a foundation the following rules were put in force:

1. Outside activities shall be listed on a basis of hours, corresponding roughly to curriculum hours, the basis of evaluation being the amount per week of possible study time the activity would take, divided by three.
2. The list shall also include the activities which do not take sufficient time to warrant listing as "hours."
3. With the approval of his general adviser a student may take as a maximum 19 hours in the case of men, 17 in the case of women (counting both college courses subject to the regular Faculty rules and outside activities) without special permission of the Faculty Committee.
4. To carry more than 19 hours the student must obtain the permission of his adviser and the Faculty Committee, under the same conditions that govern the taking of extra hours of college work.

5. Within the above limits and with the approval of his adviser a student may participate in as many as three activities at any one time.

6. To participate in more than three activities * * * action is taken as in Rule 4.

7. As a prerequisite to the holding of any elective office, the student must have passed in all of his college work * * * and have earned a grade, etc.

Such is the Oberlin scheme. It obviously has many defects. It takes no account of the intrinsic merit of the outside activities but merely of their time-consuming power. It does not prevent the formation of new activities. It perhaps works an injustice to exceptional students, and certainly does not urge forward the retiring. But it has this value for Wisconsin: It shows that a successful survey of such activities can be made by faculty and students; and having been made, that a workable scheme of regulation can be carried out.

An attempt at a survey was made here some time ago by a committee of students, belonging to the student conference. The attempt was commendable, but it had the grave defect of presenting only the student point of view. With the presence in the University of Professor Allen's committee on a survey of the entire institution, we see no reason why that body acting with the student interest committee of the faculty, and a committee of student representatives from the outside activities should not undertake a survey after the Oberlin plan.

But they should go farther than Ober-

lin has done. They should take steps to prevent the formation of any future "activity" until its promoters show cause for its existence. In other words the faculty should have the courage to close the sideshows. We have heard it argued that the faculty does not possess that power; if so, then it ought to assume that power. Lack of education is bad enough, but mis-education is worse, and unless the faculty, the responsible power in the university, take steps to prevent the immature student, especially among the women, from adopting wrong values in the college course, from frequenting the sideshows too much and the circus too little, they are miseducating the students intrusted to their care. The faculty's duty is not done when it holds classes and gives marks; it must also put aside its attitude of aloofness, and direct and guide and prohibit if necessary, the student's use of outside activities.

* * * * *

Girls' Activities



THE average girl, upon coming to Wisconsin desires not only to make new friends, but also to make a place for herself. By this we do not mean that she is looking for something of unusual distinction, but rather a position which will give her some recognition. She soon learns that to meet both these ends, she must join one or more of the numerous girls' organizations. So she

is taken into one of the literary societies. The W. A. A. with its point system encourages her to do all she can in that field. The Y. W. C. A. claims her religious interest and she joins either a Bible or a mission class, or lends her assistance in other departments. Thus she gradually assumes more and more responsibilities in outside activities, until, by her junior year, she is further attracted by dramatics, the junior play, S. G. A., the glee club, the choral union, journalism or what not. When she reaches her last year, she has become literally "swamped" in interests outside her regular school work. She rushes from one committee meeting to another, and spends hours at the telephone making arrangements for more meetings. And by way of recreation she goes to a dance—occasionally; probably once or twice a week!

The result of this feverish activity is that in just so far as a girl attempts to do five or six different things at the same time she lowers the standards of those organizations in which she is active. She can not do a thousand things at once and do them all well, and this brings the literary societies, for example, to the condition in which they are today. To an outsider the societies are seemingly flourishing for each organization has a membership of approximately sixty. Unfortunately, members do not make an organization; on the contrary, if there were fewer members and these members were vitally interested, the organizations would be seriously worth while. As it is a girl interested in literary work must either seek it elsewhere

to the harm of the society, or sit through a vapid program, prepared by members who are interested in too many other things to do any of them decently well.

This aimless seeking for recognition is bad enough for the organizations, but how much worse for the girls! In no understandable sense of the term can it be said that the majority of women at Wisconsin are cultured women, or of scholarly attainments, or with any deep-set reading of life. They cannot conduct an intelligent conversation they have not read literature, they very often are not acquainted with the commonest current events of national significance. This is plain speaking, and it manifestly wrongs a minority, nor does it take into account the utterly false standards which have developed from social interests but it is a statement that ought to be made, and the condition which it discloses is due in large measure to the pernicious attitude of mind which leads Wisconsin girls to seek this sort of recognition.

Either girls' organizations are of value or they are not. As at present constituted, to put the case gently, their valuation is at a low ebb, and their influence is often wrong. Let us have the courage either to quit the organizations or reform them. Certainly the present condition can not obtain under any reasoned scheme of educational values.

Student Activities

An Impression

Arthur Hallam



HAVE only one quarrel with student activities, namely, that for an institution whose purported object is the advancement of higher learning they are entirely superfluous. There remain but a few weeks of my college course, but if I were asked to state what I had missed most, I would unhesitatingly say that my one regret was that I did not learn sooner just what the greatest thing was that the college could do for me. In a short time I will be earning my own living, from necessity if not from choice, and I am free to say that I do not expect to earn one dollar more a week because of anything that I learned while I was here. What I think I have learned is the fact that a few dollars more or less a week is not the most essential necessity of my happiness.

Student activities are a fine thing, but they have no place here. If you intend to be a journalist, by all means work on the Daily Cardinal, or the Magazine, or the Badger, or any other of our publications, because you will get some fine experience, although you will get the same experience in the real offices, and at the same time you will be paid while you are learning. If you intend to be a professional coach, or a physical director, you will get valuable experience in the work you do in intercol-

legiate athletics. If you intend to be an actor, by all means join Edwin Booth or Haresfoot, or the Union vaudeville, because it will give you a good start. If you intend to do Y. M. C. A. work, they are always looking for men over there. If you intend to be a sociologist, join the Union; or a politician, run for the conference. If you are here for that sort of thing, that is the best way you can get it. But if you are, on the other hand, here to find out if there is anything worth while in life besides the almighty great American dollar, and anything in life worth striving for after you have laid by a satisfactory pile of aforementioned iron men, then the more time you put on student activities, the less you will have really to learn the richness of the riches of life. If you don't care to do anything except get rich, that is of course your privilege, but the richest men today will undoubtedly tell you that college is no place to learn a thing like that. Very few of our millionaires have a college degree; but when it comes to the question of how many of these millionaires are good citizens I think there is room for an argument.

You can point to examples of men who dabble in student activities and still get good marks in their courses. Yet marks are about as much of a criterion of a man's knowledge of the course as church going is a criterion of right living. A bright student can get a good mark without knowing much about his studies, but most of us have to work for what we get. You will not find many of the classics, or science, or

mathematics in the curriculum of the activity shark. You cannot serve two masters; no more can you be a good student and a good activity man. You will love the one, and despise the other, and usually you love the activity and despise the school work.

Therefore I ask, why waste your time with the school work at all?

When you get your bachelor's degree, you become a college man, and in what way are you different from the man who is not college bred? You can earn more money, but "so also can the scribes and pharisees." I am afraid that before long you will be in the ranks of "the tired business man," and will be content to leave the pursuit, interpretation, and classification of knowledge to the college professors, who boil it down and serve it to you in "minute paragraphs." What will you know of philosophy? Will you know who Muntzberg and Bergson are? Will you be able to distinguish between Poe and Pope, or tell the difference between Milton, Chaucer or Spenser? Will you know who Saint Gaudens is, or what Abbey is noted for, or the difference between Charles, Richard, and Hans Wagner? Will you know who wrote Carmen, or Spring Song, or Sextette from Lucia? Will you know the difference between farce, comedy, drama, and grand opera? What will you know of history? Will you even know the principal events of the history of our own country, to say nothing of the stories of Greece and Rome, or the fascinating tale of the rise of Germany, and France, and Spain, and England, and Holland, and

Austria? Can you give any reason why you don't go to church, other than that you don't like it? Do you have more than a vague idea of how there came to be Protestants and Catholics? Can you tell the difference between a republican form of government, and an absolute monarchy, and give reasons why you believe in either one? Do you care about what is being done in the world of science, other than the manufacture of automobiles which you aspire for? Do you understand the whys and wherefores of boss rule, the short ballot, the referendum, party government, and commission government? Do the tariff, or the Monroe Doctrine mean anything to you? Are you abreast of the times? In other words, can you interpret life? Anyone that reads can read the papers, but not everyone can read between the lines. If you have no interests outside of clothes, food, and shelter, your college degree is a misrepresentation, because those things are common to all animals.

Culture has been described as the ability to understand illusions. All these things that I have mentioned are of course not essential to life, but they are the things that make life richer; they are the things that make life worth while, after we come to learn the futility of wealth. To me, college is the place to learn this, and I maintain that the man who is harrassed with student activities never really does learn it. Take, for example, the course in the survey of English literature. A student could spend a whole year studying that course

alone, and be all the richer as the result when he was through. And there are plenty of courses just like that one. If you get plenty of exercise and sleep and fresh air, I maintain that you cannot spend too much time on your school work. You don't need to be a grind, either, because a good many of the worst grinds never really learn anything. I have no quarrel with the activities themselves, as I have said, but I do feel that it is impossible to get a love of knowledge merely for its own sake, and still keep up an interest in activities, because it has been my experience that the more the former grows, the more the latter decays. This university of ours is so full of a number of things that it seems to me we should all be as happy as kings, and for my part I much prefer to commune with Hawthorne or Darwin or even Mark Twain than to spend my midnights in the press room of the State Journal making up the Cardinal, or on the boards of the Fuller Opera House, rehearsing for the Haresfoot show.

It all depends on what you want to get out of college. If you want to increase your economic utility, you will get some good experience out of student activities. If you put up the argument that you would not study if you didn't have all these things to do, then I say that you're not getting from college any more than what you could just as easily get elsewhere. But if you are interested to know just why it is that people say knowledge is power, or that the pen is mightier than the sword, or that

(Continued on page 34)

John Bigheart

Willard E. Farnham

This Story Received Honorable Mention in the Vilas Contest.



HE sunflower had an agreeable way of nodding to one in the early morning. It nodded and shook its head from side to side as though trying to say, "Hello, Boy. It is fine to be out and around early. Makes you shiver and feel good."

The Boy leaned against a wall of the garage, which stood in a corner of the lawn belonging to the Boy's house. He kicked the wall slowly and thoughtfully with first one heel and then the other. His hands were in the pockets of his knickerbockers, and his head, with its cap drawn almost down to his ears, was far back against the wall. He was in a comfortable position from which to look at the sunflower, which was itself condemned to lean against the wall throughout the course of its life. This was because it was a plant and had roots and because it had chosen to grow and mature the single flower it now boasted in just that position.

The Boy liked the sunflower. He was its protector and he felt responsible for it. When it was the most immature sort of sunflower, he had prevailed upon the power intrusted by the Boy's father with the care of lawns and gardens to allow it to live. The Boy had held back from the sunflower's young roots the hand of a garden-er.

The sunflower was a good companion because it helped and did not hinder one's thoughts, thought the Boy. Even the Boy although he was a young boy, realized the character of thoughts. They were shy, he knew, and company of the ordinary sort, which was human company, was exceedingly hard on thoughts. Company could send thoughts away precipitately and unexpectedly. No one could have thoughts if someone your own age was shouting to you that the so-and-so sisters had their new fuzzy Shetland hitched to their new basket cart and that for this reason you should "come on out." Neither could anyone have thoughts when your mother was asking you how you tore the three-cornered rent in your knickers. The chances generally were, when there was a tear in the knickers, that the tear was blamable to a bush and that the bush was in the finest bit of wild woods imaginable to poke up one's thoughts. One could not look up at wonderful trees and think and at the same time avoid every bush in the path.

It was because the Boy knew the character of thoughts and liked them that he had jumped up as the sun came in his window and made all shiny the brass knobs on the foot of his bed. On sunny mornings the brass knobs often woke him by so winking at him. He had taken his cold shower, rubbed the body of a healthy Boy into a pink glow, and put on his clothes with the few motions that a boy usually requires to dress in the morning when there is an outdoors waiting for him. Then he had hurried to take a casual look at a

robin's nest which he could see from the front porch of his house. This morning the robin was out. And now the Boy found himself in that one corner of the rear lawn between the garage and a fence, where a sunflower would have the faintest chance of being able to live and have its humble being. It was just because the sunflower had chosen this place that the Boy had pleaded successfully for its life.

"It's queer people don't like you. I do," said the Boy to the sunflower without actually saying the words. The Boy often talked in that way to company which was not human company. The Boy always knew too whether what he said was understood and appreciated or not. The sunflower did understand. It nodded the one flower on its stalk. The Boy liked to think of the one flower as a face.

The Boy realized suddenly that someone was talking to him. When he looked down from the sunflower, he saw that it was the Girl. The Girl lived in the house next to the Boy's, a house very much like the Boy's own, and the Boy was interested in the Girl. There were fundamental things about the Girl which interested the Boy. She was pretty. This morning she was dressed as neatly and almost as painfully, thought the Boy, as though she were ready to go to the Wednesday afternoon dancing class which both attended. She wore a prim white frock and little half-stockings which showed two dimpled knees fascinating in themselves. Her hair was brown and curly and she had bound a pink ribbon about her head. The Boy won-

dered how the Girl could dress thus and feel at ease early in the morning. The Girl wore clothes as though she liked them, and yet all the time she was "dressed." The Boy thought contemplation of such a creature worth while at times, even though she did interrupt his thoughts.

"What are you doing up so early? Why are you looking so hard at that old sunflower? I saw you on your front porch from my window and I couldn't sleep any more. Shall we play tennis? They left a net stretched on our court." The Girl ran all this together.

That was the way the Girl talked, never seeming to stop for breath, and never waiting for one to answer all her questions. It made conversing with her easy.

"I don't know," said the Boy, in answer to the general question as to the reason for his being where he was at the time. "I think it's nice to see things in the morning."

The Boy had frank eyes and he looked at the Girl's hair in a frankly interested manner. The Girl did not blush, but she avoided the Boy's eyes and turned her own eyes to the sunflower.

"What an ugly weed!" she exclaimed.

"I don't think it is," said the Boy.

"Why?" asked the Girl.

The Boy hesitated, looking first at the flower and then at the Girl. "I don't know," he said. "I just like it."

"I don't like it at all. Why do you?" said the Girl.

The Boy hesitated again. Then he said simply, "Because it has a soul. All flowers

have."

The Girl's laugh rang clear. She had a beautiful laugh, but it nettled the Boy.

"If I've got a soul, the flowers have souls," he said doggedly. It was not a new thing for him to be laughed at by people. Once his mother had read to him how Pompeii had been buried years ago by a volcano. Watching some painters at work on the house and thinking about what his mother had read, he had said to one of the painters that he believed he could have gotten away if he had been in Pompeii when the volcano let fly. The painter had stopped work and laughed; had done nothing else; had not even replied before he had gone back to work.

"I'll play tennis if you wish," he said.

"But, honestly and truly, do you believe that flowers have souls?" asked the Girl, her blue eyes widening and showing suspicious hints of laughter again.

"Yes," said the Boy bravely. "I give my flowers names too."

"What is the sunflower's name?" asked the Girl mockingly. "I'd call it Weedy-weed."

"John Bigheart," said the Boy, watching the Girl to see what she would do.

The Girl pursed her lips and laughed again. "Sounds like some Indian chief," she said.

"Yes," said the Boy. "I thought of that when I named him. I called him John, because the Johns are all brave. He is large and strong and he doesn't want to be noticed all the time. Don't you think the flower looks as though it had a big heart?"

The Girl laughed very mockingly this time. "I am going to come over sometime when you are not looking and tear up your flower," she said.

"You won't," said the Boy, his eyes becoming bright.

"I shall," said the Girl, "to-night."

The Boy grasped her by the shoulders and shook her roughly. The Girl looked at him quickly and then bent her head and began to cry, placing her hands before her face. She cried softly and it came to the Boy that she was not wishing to attract attention. He stood still. It was the first time he had met this phase of the problem lovely woman. He had not meant to hurt the Girl. He wondered if she really was hurt. She continued to cry softly.

He tried to take her hands away from her face. He finally succeeded. The Girl turned her face away from him. Then he kissed her on the cheek of her averted face.

"Come on," he said, "We'll play tennis."

"Would you give me your sunflower if I asked you to?" asked the Girl. Her lips were pouting now.

The Boy looked a long time at her. Lovely woman was very much of a problem indeed. "No," he said with finality. "And if you don't want to play tennis now, I'll leave you here."

"Come on then," said the Girl. "I'll beat you in a race to the court."

* * * * *

On an afternoon not many days afterwards the Boy walked down the shady and tangled paths of his cemetery. He called

it his cemetery, because no one else seemed to care for it. No one trimmed the grass, no one cleaned the dirt from the simple monuments that marked the resting places of the crowded dead, and no one seemed to care that the stones on many of the graves were fallen and quite covered by the long grass. Years ago people had held simple ceremonies in the town church or at their homes and laid their dead here. That was before the day when people with more complex lives who had the tap roots of their existence in the city not far away had come to the Boy's town to live. These did not bury their dead in the old cemetery and the dead of a previous generation rested on in peace.

The Boy liked his cemetery better so. He liked the tangled underbrush and he was interested in the graves, in the borders of shells which encircled some, and in the wrought iron fences, now rusted and broken which enclosed resting places of whole families; he was interested in the shattered glass cases which had once protected from the weather queer little white figures of artificial flowers and sometimes queer little statues.

In the spring the Boy knew where to find violets here, large violets on long stems. He was sure wild flowers of all sorts grew here as though they were happy and satisfied and as though they loved the place as much as he did. Birds made the cemetery their home. The Boy thought he would much rather lie here if he were dead, with the unkempt grasses waving, the soft loamy smell coming up from around him,

and the sun casting checkers on the ground that advanced and retreated as the trees rocked above, than in another cemetery he knew. He felt he could not rest well in a place like a park where the grass was cut regularly.

He had taken the Girl to this cemetery of his once and she had told him it was not nice to step on graves. She had given no reason why it was not nice, but she had said very decidedly that she knew it was not nice. He had never taken the Girl to his cemetery again.

As he walked now the Boy picked roses from bushes which had been planted on the graves. People had once considered a rose bush placed on a grave a tribute to the dead. The Boy still thought so. The roses on the graves had perpetuated themselves hardily in spite of the general neglect of the cemetery. Coming to a gap made in the rough hedge by a fallen tree, which he almost always used as an entrance to his cemetery, the Boy passed through and reached a road. Walking briskly, he could be home in a half-hour.

Curling up on a wicker chair in the shade cast by the rattan sun curtain, the Boy let his roses drop to the porch floor. He could see an automobile standing before the Girl's house and he knew it to be the doctor's. The doctor had been a frequent visitor at the Girl's house lately and the Boy had been told why. The Girl had been ill and a card had been placed on the door of her house. People did not go to see the Girl any more; people did not even go to see her mother. The Boy's mother

had told him that he must not go near the Girl's house, because the Girl's illness was contagious. But that morning his mother had told him he would soon be able to see the Girl again, because she was better now. She had been very ill. The Boy should be thankful he had not been so ill.

The doctor came out of the Girls's house, walking with a light step. He was a young doctor. Before he cranked the engine of his car, he stooped to pet a col-lie who came sidling up to him, wagging his bushy tail. Things could not be very bad in the Girl's house if the doctor was so light-hearted. The doctor's car whirred away, and the street was left silent in the afternoon sunshine.

The Boy thought of the Girl. No doubt she was in her room, the nursery in which she had grown up alone. She was an only child like the Boy and had never had brothers and sisters with whom to share things. The Boy had often played with her in her nursery and could visualize the room now. Probably she was lying in her bed with the sunshine from out-of-doors coming in at her window and nothing for her to look at but the fantastic elephants, zebras, tigers, monkeys, and other beasts which walked round and round her nursery on the border of its wallpaper. These were not much to look at when one was getting over a sickness, thought the Boy.

She needed flowers. He would take some to her, because they probably would let him see the Girl now that she was getting well; one could hardly catch a sickness

from someone who was getting well. He would see if he could not give her the roses from his cemetery, decided the Boy.

Then he thought about John Bigheart back by the garage. The Boy did not pretend that he knew all about the Girl. Once she had asked him if he would give her John Bigheart if she should ask for it. Perhaps she liked the sunflower after all. The Boy decided to take his sunflower to the Girl along with the roses.

There were other flowers on the stalk by now. The Boy broke the tough stem of the largest flower, which had been the cause of his making the girl cry early one morning. There was no doubt that it took more than a mere boy to understand a girl. With the sunflower in one hand and the roses in the other, he walked across the lawn of his own house and across the lawn to the Girl's house, passing by the tennis court on which the Girl and he used to play before she had been taken ill. He knocked at the door opening on the side porch of the Girl's house. Usually he came this way to see the Girl. It was nearer.

No one answered when he knocked and then he repeated his knock. He would surprise the Girl with his gift. He opened the screen door and walked softly up the stairs.

The nursery door was open. It was just as he had imagined it. The Girl lay quiet, her right arm curving on the coverlet of the bed, and looked at the procession of beasts following each other's tails round and round the border of the wall-paper. The sunlight streamed across the floor from the windows.

The Boy tiptoed to the bed, opened the hand on the coverlet, and placed the stem of the sunflower within it. He bent over her, holding his roses behind his back and thinking he would offer them to her later.

"I picked John Bigheart for you," said the Boy.

The Girl did not seem at all surprised to see him. She turned her eyes listlessly toward him and then raised the sunflower slowly and looked at it.

"The stem is sticky," said the Girl. "Besides the flower does not smell nice." With a weak petulant motion she threw John Bigheart to the floor. Then she turned her face to the wall. The Boy could see that she had closed her eyes. His mind was coping with a new and strange situation, but he did not hesitate. He picked the sunflower up from the floor and left the Girl. He could think over causes for events much better while he was alone.

As he descended the stairs, he heard the voice of the Girl's mother, coming from a room on the second floor. She was saying, "Did you call, dear?"

"No, mother," said the Girl. "I want to sleep."

* * * * *

When the Boy told his mother one morning that he felt dizzy and queer in his head she called a doctor over the telephone and asked the Boy anxious questions. It was strange how a mother always called a doctor when there were little things the matter with one, thought the Boy. The doctor came. He was the same young doctor who had come to see the Girl. The Boy was

glad, because he liked a doctor who was young and could pet collie dogs.

Days followed when the Boy had less and less of a desire to get into the sunshine out-of-doors. At first he had felt as though a walk in his cemetery would be better for him than the young doctor's medicines. Then it became hard to think. Thoughts made his head ache and the things in the room go round. He heard his mother weeping. Her hair was loosened and fell over his face. It was so cooling and refreshing that it reminded him of the breezes which made John Bigheart nod to him early in the morning. The sunflower was beckoning to him and going away. It was asking him to follow it. So the Boy closed his tired eyes, followed the sunflower, and quit thinking forever about the things of this earth.

* * * *

The Coburn Players

John Burrel

It is not relevant here to speak of the beginning of the Coburn Players, of their successes and failures, nor is it necessary to speak of their organization as a business company. But it is their sincere appreciation of dramatic literature that I wish to speak; and, more definitely, of their value to us and to the "spoken word" from an imaginative and spiritual point of view. Two years ago we had the Coburn Players at Wisconsin, and they played twice for us out of doors; a sincere, artistic, and spon-

aneous performance of "As You Like It" in the afternoon, and at night a sympathetic and dignified production of the "Electra" of Euripides. I know these performances mark an epoch in the spiritual and artistic development of more than one youth, and the emotional satisfaction derived from them was, I am sure, very great. Now these players are coming again to Madison, and this little advance notice is brazenly an attempt to advertise them, to reach across barriers of conformity to our progressive environment and modestly, but clearly to inform the spirit of certain advantages waiting just around the corner. It is, you see, a gentle summons.

Professor Guthrie, in a sermon which he delivered to the actors of this country has said, ". . . if one comes to consider merely how great a thing it is to gather together mankind in large masses and effect a common focusing of rapt attention, whereby they shall become enormously suggestible; and, in this state of suggestibility, set before them some portion of the spectacle of life, assisting the spectators to divine its meanings and ultimate suggestions; so that in a few hours they shall have lived tensely and immensely through years of experience and go forth, not weary, but possessed rather of a new courage to bear and dare, of a new piety, reverence, repentance, conviction, victory over self;— ah! what a practical hope for the lover of man and God!" That "plays are written to be acted" is the idea that the dramatists from the time of the Greeks have had in mind, and not only the authors but the audiences

as well have felt the power of the drama as a force enabling a community to reach its highest development. It has been the ambition of the Coburns and their band of players to present the drama of the world in a thoroughly acceptable way to the people of this country.

Mrs. Coburn's efforts would seem to have had their origin in her desire to preserve the ideals of the stage from the demoralizing effect of the "star" system, and to bring before the people the spoken drama as an educative and spiritual value. It was a hazardous attempt, and there was no want of difficulties to be overcome. These have been partially surmounted, however, so that now bookings are made with the Coburn Players for months in advance. They come, and with purpose and good will perform, where and how they may. They have the advantages as well as the disadvantages of the changeableness of the weather. They have played into rain storms often, when happy effects of nature and art are through caprice made possible. It was such a happy coincidence of this combination when I saw them play "Electra." The night was cool. The clouds were heavy, yet we were aware they obscured a brilliant moon, and the dark quiet air which brooded over us mistfully bathed the hills. All the stage was a mass of trees, and when Electra came out, it was indeed a thrilling moment to me. Faster and faster came events. Action mastered and held me rapt. And I find to-day a short but most appropriate quotation from the Daily Princetonian which expresses what I feel

even now: "The highest praise that can be given to an actress may, I think, fairly be accorded her — she did not act, she was Electra."

Now the very fact that the Coburns determined to break with the "star" system presupposes the desire of working toward a definite ideal; i. e., the desire of choosing a high standard of plays to be produced, and of keeping the standard high by the quality of their interpretation. Consequently they have acquired players who are like-minded, after the fashion depicted in the old adage, "birds of a feather," conscientious, thoughtful men and women. There is an atmosphere of artistry, of good will which pervades their productions — a rather remarkable situation when one considers the really personal relationship which the the acting of these players bears to their audience.

Every part of the production has a relative value to the impression regarded as a whole and the Coburns therefore endeavor to make their settings peculiarly appropriate. "Creation of illusions," it has been said, "is the eternal problem of stagedom"—there has been a movement leading drama back to its original beginnings in nature. The props have been banished, the stage widened into the campus, field or forest. Universities throughout the country have indorsed the innovation." These players have an artistic feeling about their work which is the result of constant contact with the works of great artists. By absorption they have learned. Outside or inside, they decorate in such a way as to

create an effect at once beautiful and purposeful.

Lastly and most important, however, I feel what is so often said of the Coburn Players, that their aim is to teach, and this pleasing form of entertainment is the means of this greater end. "Amateurs cannot bring out the real value of a play," Mr. Coburn says, "and, if there is anything educational in the acted drama (and there certainly is), it must be well acted." Like real teachers, then, these actors are inspired souls who have put into reality what of their dreamings of a greater and better world has been possible. Like real teachers, their hope and ambition is to inspire others, to stimulate their souls by bringing into their lives the suggestions of greater lives and actions; for by the revelation of example, rather than by the persuasion of speech, may teachers come to be really stirring forces to prevent stagnation in the lives of others. The drama of the spoken word must teach, and teaches, whether they will or no, are they who are the exponents of dramatic literature. What Mark Twain says seems to me to have significance: "America devotes more time, money, labor and attention to distributing literary and musical culture among the general public than does any other nation. Yet you find her neglecting what is possibly the most effective of all the breeders and nurses and disseminators of high literary taste and lofty emotion—the classic stage. To leave that powerful agency out is to haul the culture wagon with a crippled team." And assuming that it is pos-

sible to spread a broad culture over the people of a democracy (which Mark Twain doesn't question) there is no better way to proceed than by following the work of the Coburn Players. Another writer in speaking of this part of the subject remarks that "the rehabilitation of the stage as a most important educational factor has been a long and slow process one might say is still going on. The growing and deliberate use by AMERICAN universities of groups of professional players to illustrate their courses in literature by performing, primarily for the students, classic plays under conditions somewhat approximating the original ones may be considered a step in the process." And again, and more pertinent to these players: "In this age of stage commercialism, when the serious side of the theatre was never more neglected, it is surprising to find a group of players able and willing to forego the selfish considerations of their day and devote themselves to the presentation of the poetic drama." And, to make an end of quotation, a teacher, Miss Edith Wescott, has summed up very thoughtfully the influence of the Coburn Players: "The value of the acted drama—cannot be over estimated. At a time when ideals are in the making, when enthusiasms are freshest, when literary taste is in the formative stage, and young people are determining the forms of pleasurable entertainment which have the strongest appeal, it is essential that the classic drama be presented under conditions at once most strongly educative—and alluring."

Throughout the pamphlets and propo-

ganda relative to the Coburns and their Players, one knows that the ambition of Mr. and Mrs. Coburn is to realize the actual formation of a University Theatre Association, from which "direct benefits to education may be derived," and out of which will "ultimately be created a public demand for an endowed theatre." So that, while this may lie far in the future, it may not be so impossible of realization as some suppose. At all events, there are many of us who earnestly desire the accomplishment of this end, and patronage and support now may make for a better order "in the year that's coming on."

The Coburn Players give us wholesome entertainment to which we should respond with enthusiasm and alacrity. It is our own loss if we do not make the most of this opportunity. We pay ample tribute, daily, to Caesar,—as a friend of mine writes, "we are in this day to day life we live circling in our little spheres, happy if our emotions are not degrading, our actions not vile. Of really big, vision-full attitudes and works we have been, God knows, quite innocent." One reason for this is the fact that we meet with so little that stimulates to action, or inspires in us worthy emotions. This coming of the Coburn Players will be a welcome change from the hum-drum of our everyday occupation; it is a change to enable the spirit to grow, for the soul to be fed.

Carnival

A Rococo Fantasy

Ralph Bailey Yewdale

In mask and motly, rouge and paint,
Swings on apace Life's Pantomime,
Swings on apace Life's Pantomime,
A tinsel farce, all sham and show,
But one in which, when comes our time,
Each one of us must play a part,
Lord Fate the one who casts us so—
Lo! You, cherie, are Columbine,
And I, alas, but Pierrot!

I. Adagio Apassionato.

II. Prestissimo Tumultuoso.

III. Lento.

I. Adagio Apassionato



It is a great room, richly adorned, with its walls panelled in gorgeous green and gold. The furniture, slight and graceful in the days of Louis Quatorze, is upholstered in green and embroidered with golden bees. On one side of the room is a huge fireplace, cold and bare now—. On the white mantelpiece ticks a clock, magnificent with gold and ivory, and flanked by two rosy Cupids, who point forever with unwavering fingers at the silvery dial and the moving hands—. On the other side of the room is a huge doorway, hung with great green curtains which sweep down to the floor in splendid curves. At the back another door-

way opens into a smaller room, hung with mirrors, in the center of which a sparkling fountain plays in a charming white basin—. At the top of the dazzling column is a glittering glass globe which the fountain juggles and throws into the air and catches again, as a laughing girl flings an ivory ball aloft and clasps it again in her eager hands—. And as the gleaming crystal globe hangs suspended, brighter than the most dazzling diamond, the fountain seems to laugh and prattle for sheer joy of the play. The great green room is lighted by countless candles in gold and ivory candlesticks; every corner is brilliant with a myriad of tiny lights—.

It is Shrove Tuesday—. Upon a low, green couch in one corner of the room, sits the most lovely Columbine imaginable—. Her dress, which reaches only to her knees, is pale blue with spangles of gold and white, and her silk stockings and high-heeled satin slippers, with their silver buckles set with brilliant stones, are likewise of pale blue. Upon her white breast, suspended by a fine golden chain from about her neck, is a little curved heart of gold—. She is altogether charming as she sits there, with her mask at her side, her dainty feet crossed, and her fingers toying with the delicate, white fan in her lap.

And so thinks the white-faced Pierrot, who sits at her feet upon the floor looking up admiringly from under his painted eyebrows into her lovely face, with its bewitching blue eyes and its red, red mouth, at her hair of the color of Roman gold, and at her white rounded arms.

It is very still—. Only the murmur of the fountain, and now and then the throb of a cello or the fluttering sigh of a flute from behind the great, green portieres—. At times, one hears the whispers of lovers from behind the curtains, and the sound of lips meeting and the low music of soft laughter. And ever and anon, the galloping wind without cries like a lost soul, and dashes the leaves of yesteryear against the window-pane.

White-faced Pierrot, with his legs crossed beneath him, and the red, painted smile about his mouth, looks up into the face of lovely Columbine—.

"There are voices in the wind tonight," he whispers. "Voices that cry of sorrow and of death."

"Death!" whispers lovely Columbine with a shudder, and with a quiver of her red lips. "Must Death come to us at last, even as it does to common mortals?"

"Even to us—. Not so quickly perhaps, but just as surely. Lovely Columbine, white-faced, red-smiling Pierrot, bewhiskered Pantaloon—all must go—. We shall all be but dust and ashes, and the wind will blow us away into the night."

"And that will be the end of us?"

"The end? Who knows?—No, it cannot be the end. There are some things which do not die—Friendship, Hate, Love,—all these do not die, and we who shared them will not die. No. Love is stronger even than Death."

And the cello beyond the curtain sighed, and the flute gave a little cry of longing.

"Love?" says lovely Columbine, with a

contemptuous pout of her lips, and a shrug of her white shoulder. "What do you know of Love? Pierrot can know nothing of Love."

"You think so?" he says softly. "And yet there might be stranger things——. What can you know of what goes on in my heart, in my brain? Who can tell what is behind Pierrot's white, painted face, and his red, painted smile?——. You hear the wind? It cries and sighs not of death and sorrow alone. It also tells of peril and danger, of toils and tribulations, surpassed, overcome. Has not Pierrot aided lovely Columbine in countless dangers, has he not baffled the Prince of Evil in the millions of Pantomimes?——It seems as if Pantaloon and I have been saving you since the beginning of the world. Did you ever think why?——And then at the end, Harlequin steals your heart, and—we see you no more. Do you think that it is joy to be Pierrot, when one sees what it is to be Harlequin?——Pierrot is the clown, but Harlequin is the lover. Who would be Pierrot when he could be Harlequin?"

"You speak very prettily, Pierrot mine," murmurs lovely Columbine. "You may kiss me, Pierrot."

"Kiss you?" stammers Pierrot.

"Yes, if you like," and she turns up her beautiful face and pouts her red lips, so that they look like two petals of a full-blown rose.

Pierrot rises to his feet, and bends down over Columbine——. How beautiful she is! He bends his face down to hers. He can smell the faint odor of violets which

hovers about her. She puts her rounded arms about his neck. Their lips meet——. Her lips seem to draw forth his soul——. The clock ticks softly on. It seems an age since their lips have met. And now she has drawn hers away, and the kiss is ended. Pierrot's heart is beating wildly, and his pulses are leaping. His breath comes quick and short as he sits down once more at Columbine's feet.

"Was it nice?" she asks, smiling and bending her head down to him, and as he tries to seize her hand, she draws it back with a laugh that sounds like the chiming of little silver bells. "Sing to me, Pierrot."

"Of what shall my song be?" asks Pierrot, as he clutches the red pompons of his white slippers in his hands. "Shall it be of your white arms, or your red lips, or of your golden hair? Or shall it be of your beautiful eyes?"

She looks at him over the top of her white fan——. What beautiful eyes she has!

"Yes, it shall be of your eyes. They are the color of violets in the early spring."

And the viols behind the curtain sound a long note, the hautboy breathes a sigh which sounds like the tones of a lonely shepherd's pipe heard on the purple hills at dawn, and all is still once more.

Pierrot lifts up his voice and sings.

Your violet eyes are such, I ween,

As those which brought great dule and teen

On windy Troy; not Artemis,

Though goddess she, could boast, I wis,

Such eyes, nor Hera, Heaven's Queen.

The ransom of a Tamburlene,

Ay! Heaven and Hell and all between

I'd fling away, could I but kiss
 Your violet eyes!
 Youth flies, Age comes, the Passion keen
 Which now is mine soon flits the scene,
 Naught's had, all's spent, Life seems amiss;
 And yet no sorrow mine but bliss,
 For have I not once lived and seen
 Your violet eyes?

And again the viols whisper softly, and
 all is still again.

But lovely Columbine leans forward to
 Pierrot, her eyes shining like stars, and her
 red lips parted.

"Ah! Pierrot, I never knew. And do you
 really—?"

But she never finishes her question.

II. Prestissimo Tumultuoso

There is a loud sound of brazen horns,
 a clash of the cymbals, and the great green
 curtains are suddenly dashed apart.
 Through the opening leaps a lithe, grace-
 ful figure. He is dressed in a dazzling
 suit, made of red and green diamond-shap-
 ed pieces of some gleaming stuff, cunningly
 fastened together. And he glitters and
 shines like a lizard in the lambent light of
 the candles. He leaps on high, and dances
 and whirls about the room, gesturing with
 the bending, wooden sword, which he holds
 above his head. And as he ends his wild
 dance, he snatches off his black mask, and
 sinks upon the couch beside Columbine.

"Columbine!" he cries, kissing her white
 hand.

"Harlequin," murmurs the lovely Col-
 umbine, and there is a little catch in her
 silvery voice.

Pierrot looks up at the lithe, graceful,
 gleaming figure, and at the dark, hand-
 some face with its high, arched brows, its
 fierce eyes, bold nose, and eager red mouth
 —. But he says nothing.

"Ha!" exclaims Harlequin in his high,
 keen voice. "Whom have we here? Pier-
 rot!— Since when have you begun to
 haunt the ladies? Amusing, is it not?"

"Don't," begs Columbine softly, placing
 her white hand upon his gleaming arm.

"Your friend, Pantaloon, is without
 looking for you. You had best join him
 —. Clowning is your task, not Love. You
 are only Pierrot,—while I—I am Hare-
 lequin. You may love Columbine, but she
 can never be yours. You may help her
 through toils and tribulations; you may
 yearn and sigh for her, but at the end of
 the Pantomime she will always be mine—.
 See, Pierrot."

And he passes his gleaming arm about
 Columbine's waist, and kisses her upon
 her red lips, her rounded, white arms, and
 her beautiful shoulders.

"See, Pierrot," he cries in his high, keen
 voice, and kisses Columbine's violet eyes.

Poor Pierrot drops his eyes, and remains
 seated at Columbine's feet. His lips quiv-
 er, and the red, painted smile, is ghastly
 upon his white face.

"Ha!" cries Harlequin, pointing at the
 clock, magnificent with gold and ivory,
 and flanked by two rosy Cupids, who point-
 ed forever with unwavering fingers at the
 silvery dial, and the moving hands, "It is al-
 most the hour! In a few minutes, the great
 bell will strike, and the forty days will be-

gin."

"The forty days!" repeats lovely Columbine with a shudder.

"Come," cries the dazzling Harlequin to Columbine. "Come before it is too late —. The candles are already low. They are guttering. See! It is growing dark."

III. Lento

Hark! The great bell above has begun to toll the hour of twelve. Each stroke seems like a blow upon poor Pierrot's heart.

"Come," cries Harlequin, throwing wide the great windows which open upon the garden.

The candles are dying. Now there are only two left burning! Now only one! And now that is out, and the room is in darkness.

Harlequin grasps Columbine by the rounded, white arm. "Come," he cries.

Pierrot clutches her white hand, and kisses it. She stoops in the darkness, and kisses Pierrot full upon the lips, as he kneels there at her feet. She presses something into his hand, and leaves him there alone in the dark.

The last stroke of twelve! There is a low wail from the cello, and a sound of breaking strings. Pierrot gives a great sob as he kneels there in the roaring darkness, with the something clasped in his hand. The wind rushes in from the garden, and dashes a few scattered leaves of yesteryear into his face.

He walks to the window. The moon struggles from behind the driving clouds, and floods the garden with its light. Pier-

rot stands there in the great open window, and gazes out into the moon-drenched garden. But Harlequin and Columbine have disappeared.

The tears run slowly down his cheeks, and he gives a great sob. For he—he, too, loves the lovely Columbine.

And now he looks at what he is holding in his hand—. It is the little, golden heart which hung upon Columbine's white breast!

* * * * *

Concerning Undergraduate Story Writing

Warner Taylor

This article, finding its reason for being in the general interest shown by Wisconsin undergraduates during the past two years in the beneficent Vilas Story Contest, has as its purpose a review of the narrative tendencies disclosed by the stories submitted and a valuation of those tendencies in the light of the trend of modern fiction. Such a summary and such a criticism are due the contestants, many of whom were disappointed of recognition through failure to understand those limitations inherent in a purely collegiate competition, subject matter. One stands very little chance from the points of view of length and chance, for instance, with a narrative of fewer than two thousand words unless striking originality of idea be joined with unusually forceful style. Nor would one

fare better when attempting a subject either beyond his experience or of so sensational a nature as to find its fitting expression in a *Newgate Calendar*: on the one hand, the writer's reach has exceeded his grasp—on the other, it should have done so.

It is axiomatic in authorship that one should write only of what he knows. Occasional Defoes may controvert this law with such brilliant tours de force of realism as "A Journal of a Plague Year" where the unnumbered dead in the gutters of a stricken London appear as if through the camera lens; but the power of convincingly recreating the past is a rare power, and merely near-success therein means rapid neglect, as Mr. Hope and Mr. Weyman and the lesser brotherhood of historical novelists are finding out. Mr. Churchill, a kind of *Missionier* of the pen, in his truth to detail promises to endure longer for Mr. Churchill is a research scholar in the field of his interest and transfers to his narratives of the past the accuracy of the historical monograph. It is a pity that the research method in fiction is given to robbing the resulting pages of vivacity. Not one in a thousand can project himself backwards even half a century with justifying success. Nor will a writer do wisely in feigning knowledge of a setting in present time tho foreign to his experience.

It profits little to sketch, in imagination, a mere dream-India after the 'ten league canvas' of Kipling; and it would be better to resist the clear call of romantic Japan and Alaska until we know them as do Lafcadio Hearn and Jack London. For, the moment

we step beyond the bounds of the known, we are in a land of conjecture: at best we can convey a faint simulacrum of the original, seeing things through other eyes, betraying our readers with the copy of a copy. Our art becomes a vague impressionism that tries to obscure ignorance of draftmanship behind a vivid general effect. I think the reason for our seeking alien settings lies partly in a distrust of the power of our environment to grip our public.

What claim to perpetuation have the unheroic thoroughfares of our home-town or the familiar Toms and Dicks and Harrys who amble comfortably along them? When have 'duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple' about or within the homes of our neighbors? It is only when we have gone away, when distance has lent to the view what the poet held it would, that the stories that might have been commence to shape themselves against the neglected setting.

The attitude of an old acquaintance of mine in this matter is typical. He was a whimsical tyro at the writing game, the kind of a chap who would poise his pencil over a map and chose for his setting the town nearest which its irresponsible point descended—a man without a conscience. He used to dot his Arizona landscapes with coyotes and arroyos, pinto ponies and adobe houses,—with all "the paraphernalia of the pseudo-picturesque" that have now been copyrighted in perpetuity by the moving picture shows,—and would complete his local color by coating everything with alkali dust that always parched the throat

of his tenderfoot hero and got into the eyes of his readers. His West existed by the courtesy of Messrs. Wister and Remington.

I asked him once why he found no inspiration in the quiet New England town of his rearing, only to elicit the observation that "Shakespeare couldn't make this hole interesting." Well, maybe not, but the Miss Deland of "Old Chester Tales" could have done so, or, to come closer to Wisconsin, Miss Zona Gale of "Friendship Village" fame. And how about Mr. Hamlin Garland whose only claim to our interest lies in the fact that he wrote of life as he knew it in a setting whose every feature had been etched into his memory. (Would it be kindly to ask what has happened to Mr. Garland now that he has adventured, as we are all tempted to do, beyond the farm life of the Middle West that he knew so well?) Mr. Bernard Shaw has announced categorically of himself that he is a charlatan, and he is NOT: were my New England acquaintance to say the same would he find any one to deny it? No, the leaping ambition that transcends experience, the imagination that runs riot with common sense, make merely for failure. Of such is not the kingdom of art.

Nor can we go beyond experience either in the matter of plot selection, though I would have it understood that by experience I do not mean a narrow limitation of theme and story to what has actually happened to us or to our friends. Indeed, such a restriction would handicap us hopelessly, for the thing that has actually taken place

in our lives, unless modified in terms of the demands of art, is likely to prove deadly dull. We must reduce the melodramatic to the probable and raise up the petty just as a landscape with its emotion of peace or tumult, must be lowered or heightened in tone to meet the vision of the painter. Imagination and the inner eye, then, must elevate our subject to a plane of wide appeal. We must learn that a mere transcript of prosaic life, as we have lived it, unfortified by charm of style or humor, may be memorable to us ourselves and of interest to our friends, who are our other selves, but not at all appealing outside of the range of our personality. The little thing bulks large on the small ocean island, and the amateur in story writing is likely to be insular.

But perhaps our quarrel lies with the insistent writer of melodrama rather than with him who would be overtrue to life as he knows it. We all know them, those inductive detective stories, those hectic tales of midnight murder and robbery, those tearful sketches of life in Poverty Row that invade the field of the professional 'sob sister.' In them the writer relies on sheer excitement for effect, forgetting that there is little new under the sun that shines on him or his invention, and that originality, uniqueness of experience, is demanded here especially.

Now-a-days, when the first paragraph of a story discloses a venerable bank president who is also superintendent of a Sunday school, seated back of his mahogany desk, or a cashier behind his bars, I simp-

ly ask the author how much money the one or the other stole and whether the jury granted the plea for mercy. Or take but the love tale that the gray haired sophomore likes to tell, before any but the mother love has been his * * * But perhaps I go too fast; it may be that he has already hitched his wagon to a local star—or a planet, for the matter of that—and in consequence is fully equipped to reduce the world's stock of knowledge on the subject. It may be that he is fully equipped—but there are those who doubt it. At any rate he should refrain from tearing the mask from the mental processes of middle age in love. Undoubtedly one should write of the world as he has found it, then; but his record will be one of interpretation, motivated by a sincere love of his art, rather than a mere literal transcript of his misadventures in thought and action.

It is an old saying that truth to art is a greater thing than truth to nature, and he is the true artist who, as far as lies in his power, sees deeply and thinks sincerely.

And what of the characters who are to perform these actions in this known setting? Must we limit them as we have limited our setting to the known and noticed? Yes and no. And the test here is largely a psychological one, the apparatus being the depth and breadth of our knowledge of human nature. If we have failed to observe our fellows, if we have never tried to analyze personality, if whims and eccentricities have never interested us, we shall be but poorly equipped for character creation. Individuality is easily felt but

singularly elusive of reduction to formula. It is simple enough to fill one's pages with types, easier yet to descend to caricature, for there we deal with one-sided people who do not pretend to the complexity of the fully realized individual, the individual who differs from the normal in degree not in kind, and whom, we, the reader, knowing well, could trust to behave rationally—not impulsively. Such an one will be convincing. We think that we can trust ourselves to invent erratic characters on the assumption that irrationality knows no law: we would do well to bear in mind that several alienists have sat solemnly in judgment over the mental phenomena exhibited by the madman in Tennyson's "Maud," ready to arraign his human creator if his puppet proved untrue to the nature of lunatics. It is difficult to escape the specialist anywhere these days, and only that writer is ready for trial who has been true to his art.

So much on the side of plot and character and setting. What about the structure, the architectonics, of the stories? Must we strive to be artists of form too? Well, some who have studied the matter say that there is a sharp distinction between simple narrative and narrative with plot; that the one is easy to write because the author follows his pen from page to page rather than his sense of construction; that the other is extremely difficult to do because of its structural complexity, because—to quote Mr. Clayton Hamilton—it seeks to produce "a single narrative effect with the greatest economy of means consistent with the greatest emphasis,"—which is certainly dif-

difficult of accomplishment. But surely the difference is no more than one of degree.

With the single exception of 'linear narrative' which is written under the loose, episodic formula of the daily journal, every story that is told must consciously strive in in terms of the three elements of Mr. Hamilton's definition. One cannot tell us about the capture of a trout or the shooting of a deer-mouse without thinking of unity of appeal, of economy, and of emphasis.

The problem naturally varies with the plot-intricacy, but the same problem is always present. For myself I do not know what is meant by simple narrative so simple that it does not benefit from the art of the master-builder. I maintain that the problem is just as difficult as that of exposition or argumentation and of equal value as mental discipline. But it is a problem that has been met squarely by undergraduate contestants in the Vilas Story Contest. The judges were impressed with the firm technique of the stories submitted.

But there is something even beyond all this in the writing of a narration, an element too often neglected. I mean the necessity for style, the need for saying a thing memorably as well as clearly. It is what Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, along with most of the later Mid-Victorians did not possess, and what our contemporaries, Kipling, Hewlett, Locke, Bennett, Galsworthy, Edith Wharton,—possess in conscious pride. It is what makes Treasure Island the most charmingly

told pirate story of our language. This effort to beautify the medium of expression has grown apace. With the laws of story writing on the structural side firmly grasped there has come a desire to 'pack' the prose and quicken the story—which usually means that each word and phrase will be heavy with connotation, and will have wherever it would be artistic to have beauty of euphony along with this unexpected flash of penetrating meaning. Whatever description occurs in narrative has especially benefitted from this tendency to beautify: description has now become a high art where in the early days of story telling it was an inchoate and unlovely thing. But it is very unsatisfactory to try to discuss so broad a topic as "style" in a single paragraph. I am content merely to have mentioned it.

As a final word it seems to me that Wisconsin undergraduates, like those elsewhere, would benefit greatly from a deeper seriousness of purpose. Despite the satisfactory average of the manuscripts turned over to the judges, there were too many stories whose obvious genesis could be traced back to some irresponsible drama of the moving picture screen, too many situations that only maturity could develop with conviction—and then only thoughtful, experienced maturity. Life in art is too serious for trifling with, and that is exactly what the undergraduate is doing when he assumes omniscience by taking over every province of thought and action for his own.

Unprepared

Winifred M. Keith



HE high iron bed had been pushed close up to the window, so that Kate, who had lain upon it for weeks, might get all the oxygen that she could inhale. She had tired of looking at the sunstreaked garden plot that lay below her window, and had turned her face to watch the nurse, white-clad and cheery, as she moved in and out of the palely tinted sick-room.

Kate coughed, sat upright, and coughed again, more violently. The nurse hurried into the room and stayed with her until she had quieted.

When she lay down, she remained almost motionless for a while. Then, she turned slowly to the nurse and said, "I didn't get a letter, did I?"

"Maybe, I'll see," and, humming to herself, the nurse went out into the corridor of the hospital.

She came back almost immediately and asked, "Which hand to you want, my little lady?"

"The right. No, neither. You haven't anything but that tester, anyway."

"Yes, I have. See! one letter in my right hand, and one in my left."

"May I sit up and read them, Miss Worth? Really, I feel lots better than I have for a long time."

Taking them she added, "One letter I know is from Aunt Jen. She'll tell me about Mibsie."

"Who is it that you call Mibsie?" inquired the nurse as she held the pillow for Kate to lean back upon.

"It is my little girl, Miss Worth, I call her Mibsie sometimes instead of Mabel and oh! Miss Worth, how I wish I had her here with me. When can I go west?"

"We haven't decided yet, but it won't be long, I think. I'll leave now and let you read your mail."

Kate broke the seal on Aunt Jen's letter and then dropped it, for she had suddenly guessed that the other was from Mibsie. Excitedly she tore open the envelope, she unfolded a securely packed little letter. It began "My dearest mamma." She could read no farther. The things in the room moved before her eyes and grew more and more indistinct.

Her head fell back upon the pillow. In the bright light of the window, her skin seemed transparent, her flushed cheeks were thin and her white hands, holding the unread letter, lay limp and bony upon the coverlet.

The change of position rested her cough-racked body and breathing slowly and more heavily, she fell asleep.

She awoke late in the afternoon. Fruitlessly, her eyes sought Miss Worth. Becoming conscious that she had left some desire unfulfilled, she recalled her neglected letters. She found one still in her grasp and lifting it, she eagerly read it through. An expression of contentment spread over her face and when she had replaced the letter in the envelope, she sat smiling—at

nothing, just smiling because she was happy.

The nurse, carrying a large towel on her arm, a white basin of steaming water in one hand and a soap-box in the other, stepped into the room and found her so. She smiled in response to Kate's bright welcome and turned to the table at the head of the bed for the pitcher of water with which she lowered the temperature of the wash-water which she had brought.

Testing it with a finger, she said, "I guess, someone had a pleasant dream, didn't she?"

"That's it, Miss Worth, I'm afraid its only a dream—my going to see Mibsie, as she thinks I will soon. She says she can hardly wait for me to get well. But she'll have to wait a long time, won't she, while I'm out west? Shall I sit up straight while you fix me up?" Kate spoke with an unexpected vigor and Miss Worth's face grew anxious for a moment.

But she replied with professional calm. "You may when I get ready to comb your lovely hair."

Kate was not to be diverted from her subject. She continued in her talkative strain.

"Miss Worth, you should see what a nice letter my little girl wrote. She isn't seven yet and, I guess, this is the first one she ever wrote to anybody."

The nurse paused in her attentions upon Kate and read the child's little letter.

"Doesn't she spell well, though, Mrs. Weston?" she remarked. "That's quite a letter I should say."

"I think so. I hope Mabel will learn to do everything that she does well. If she can't have a big education, I want her to know some thing, thoroughly. I didn't know that, when I was a girl, or I didn't believe it. I studied stenography a little, but just as soon as I could get any position at all, I stopped. And look at me! Do I want Mibsie to come to this, to do what I've done?"

"Why, Miss Worth, I was only seventeen when I started to work. Just think of that! I got just twenty dollars a month, but I didn't care, because I was going to get married in less than a year. Joe was working in a bank and he said that I didn't need to earn any money, that he would have enough, easily, for us both. Weren't we foolish? Wasn't I foolish? Oh! I've had so much time to be sorry in. It seems as though, all the time, I'm sorry for something or for everything. Sometimes, when I look at our little Mibsie, I'm sorry for everything."

"Joe only lived two years after Mibsie was born. Oh! that horrible, horrible, night, when they brought him home to me—dead! I didn't know that he was hurt or anything was wrong until they brought him home,— Why are you going, Miss Worth? I won't talk about it any more."

"I think I'll take this water out before I comb your hair, I might tip it over the way I did yesterday."

The sudden disappearance of Miss Worth displeased Kate. By way of occupation she decided to read Aunt Jen's letter.

She knew that it would be hateful to her.

She couldn't enjoy a letter from anyone who was taking the place of Mibsie's mother, who could enjoy her cute grown-up remarks, who could make her curls in the morning, and tuck her in bed at night. Besides, she was afraid that Aunt Jen, in her quiet forceful way, would touch her sorest spot and say, "You should have been prepared." Kate knew too well that she should have been, but till then she had not felt the courage to entertain such an uncomfortable conviction, and so, she had allowed the letter to remain unread.

Now, she drew it from the envelope. She saw, "My Own Dear Girl." Aunt Jen, then was going to be nice about it. The whole letter pleased Kate so much that she rang for Miss Worth, too impatient to await her return.

"Please, excuse me for calling you," she begged. "I didn't really need you, but I want you to see what Aunt Jen said."

"Do you want me to read this one, too?"

"Yes, I want you to know how good she is. I never can do enough for her, never."

While Miss Worth read the letter, Kate followed anxiously every movement of her face, and more than once she asked, "Now, isn't that nice of Aunt Jen? Isn't she lovely?"

"I think she is. I wish I knew her. That letter was written by a woman that you can trust Mibsie with while you're here. Now, you needn't worry any more about money. She offered you all you need and asked you to come up there to her as soon as you're able to. Now, my dear, you just put in your time keeping still and getting

well."

"Dear heart! think what a fool I was"—. A fit of coughing broke off her sentence. When it stopped she said, "I want to lie down."

Miss Worth made her comfortable, and seeing that Kate was still, she moved quietly to the window, thinking that her silent presence might induce in her patient the sleep which she so seriously needed. But she was disappointed, for a very sleepless voice inquired, "What are you looking at, Miss Worth?"

"Oh, I thought that you were going to sleep, little lady," replied the nurse, turning around.

"I can't sleep. I'm so glad that Aunt Jen wants me that I can't go to sleep. When my husband died, she asked me, then, to come with Mibsie, and I wouldn't go. Do you know why? I couldn't say that she'd been right and I'd been wrong—you know what about—about my quitting the business-school. She wanted me to finish my education, so that I could take care of myself. I thought I'd show her that I could get along. I tried to get a chance to do stenography, but everywhere I found a vacancy in the city, I wouldn't do. I waited for eight months. Then, I found a position in a doctor's office. I only had to use the typewriter and answer telephone calls. I was promised eight dollars a week and I took it.

"I had to pay a little girl to stay with my baby and twice I got so worried that I went home during hours. One time, when the doctor was at the hospital, I left the

office in the forenoon. He called up for something and couldn't get me. When he came back, he handed me sixteen dollars and told me to go. And I hadn't worked a week!

"I spent as little as I could, but it wasn't long until I only had one dollar left. I cried and cried that night until I fell asleep in my chair.

"Mibsie woke me, next morning, pulling on my dress. I picked her up and we sat there, a long time, together. I don't believe she dared to speak to me, poor child! Finally, she said, 'Hungry, mamma,' and I got her something to eat and dressed her.

"I had decided in the night to write to Aunt Jen, but when daylight came, I couldn't do it—not until I had tried once more to find work.

"Mibsie and I walked down to the 'Glass Block.' It seems, now, as though I was led there, because it was there I found something to do. They put me behind a counter with Mrs. Rogers. She let her little girl take care of Mibsie until I sent her to kindergarten. Mrs. Rogers was a good woman at heart, but, Miss Worth, I couldn't have done the way she did.

"It was awfully hard to get along. Of course they raised my wages a little, every now and then, but Mibsie and I never had a room bigger than a closet. I used to have to sit up in it and do our sewing at night.

"One night, in winter, I sat there till after midnight, and while I worked I saw the window grow red around the curtain, and I heard people running on the pavement below. I peeked out. There was an awful

fire not far away. Mabel was sleeping so well that I went down to the street-door. No one could tell me where the fire was, and so I walked on to the end of the block, and there it was—my store, the 'Glass Block.' Without a wrap, I ran down the street. A crowd gathered around me and I couldn't move. I wanted to step upon the curbing, but everyone else wanted that place, too, and I had to stand still.

"I watched the fire until I began to chill and when I started home, I saw that I had been standing in cold water.

"The next day, I was sick. I couldn't work for three weeks and when I went back there was no need of me. The fire-sale had closed and the force had been cut down."

"Did you have to look for another place then?" asked Miss Worth, though she knew that she shouldn't have asked it.

"No. I didn't. The proprietor of my department told me of a chance in a little dry goods store. It was dark and narrow, but I was glad to get the place.

"I thought I soon would feel better, but I didn't. Sometimes, I'd cough nearly all night. Poor little Mibsie, I don't see how she ever used to sleep at all. She did use to wake up and look at me, but went right to sleep, again."

Kate paused. There was a look of tenderness in her face, as she hung over the recollection.

The nurse made use of her opportunity. "You must be tired of sitting up. Let me help you get down into bed, again."

"No, don't, I want to sit here. I feel

so well this afternoon. I'm lots better, don't you think, Miss Worth?"

"Yes, but you want to stay better." Kate submitted.

Miss Worth, noticing how active her patient appeared, feared to leave her, and feared as much to remain, for she knew that Kate had not finished what she had to say.

"It may help her, though," she thought, "if she relieves her mind," and she sat down in the room.

"How long have I been here?" Kate asked, turning to face the nurse.

"Not very long."

"It seems years ago that I worked in that store. How tired I used to be! I feel lots better now than I did then. You see, the boss made us stand up, and he seemed always to be hanging around my counter. While he was in sight, of course I couldn't sit down, but I used to lean against the shelves behind me.

"One day, he walked up to me at closing hours and told me that he couldn't employ me any longer, that it wasn't right to the other clerks or to the customers. I didn't know what he meant at first but I thought, Miss Worth, I thought.

"I couldn't do a thing after he told me that. I had tried so hard to keep from coughing in the store, and I had tried so hard to keep from looking tired, Miss Worth, so hard, for, you see, there was Mibsie. After that, I couldn't keep up any longer. I let them bring me here.

"I didn't care so much that I had to come. I cared because I had to come with-

out any money. I couldn't ask Aunt Jen—not even for Mibsie, for Mrs. Rogers promised to take care of her till I got well.

"Dear little girl! She was lonesome when her mother got sick. Mrs. Rogers liked Mibsie. I don't see how anyone could help it. She hasn't had anything to spoil her, and she's sweet and pretty. May be, because she's mine, I shouldn't say it, but she has big, brown eyes like her father's and light, curly hair—the same as I used to have. And now, she's gone way off. Miss Worth, why did Mrs. Rogers send her to Aunt Jen? Why couldn't she have kept her, a little longer? Sometimes, it seems to me—oh, I don't know—it seems to me that if I have to go out west without her, I don't want to get well. You don't know what I mean. You can't."

Kate spoke faster. "You can't understand how I feel about her. She has been everything in this world to me since her father died. Dear little kid! Oh Mibsie, I want to see you!" and she broke into violent sobbing.

At Kate's sudden agitation, the nurse sat down on the bed-side and stroked her head saying, "There, there, Mrs. Weston, you can tell me the rest some other time, dear. I hate to have you get so excited. You must remember that the quicker you get well, the sooner you can see Mibsie. You'll feel better, now you've told me."

"Can't I see her before I have to go away? Don't you think I can, Miss Worth, some way?"

"We'll talk about that, to-morrow, for it's time I fixed your bed and brought your

supper. We have been visiting and haven't noticed how pretty the sunset is, to-night. I believe you feel well enough to sit here at this window until I come back."

Miss Worth moved a big chair near the window and lined it with a soft, thick blanket that transformed Kate's slight body into a shapeless hulk.

"Now you be good while I'm gone, and don't you move," warned the nurse, as she stepped out of the room.

Kate stared again down into the familiar garden-plot, below her window, looked on across the road just outside the pointed, iron fence, across the green slope and the river that ran at the foot of it, to the range of hills, lying under a bank of brilliant clouds—bright, then, but soon to lie in darkness.

Kate wondered if Mibsie could see that same sun and the same bright glow. She wondered when she could write to Aunt Jen and Mabel. She had decided to write to Aunt Jen, first, and tell her that she paid high for a lesson that she should never leave for Mibsie to learn for herself. It was easy to say it; she wanted to.

"I wonder if I can do it, now," Kate thought. "I believe I'll get my pencil out of my hand-bag in that drawer."

She rose to her feet, swayed back and forth, and fell prostrate on the floor.

The nurse came in with the tray and smiling over it she began, "Aren't you—?" She stopped. Quietly she set the tray down on the stand, and hurried to lift Kate from the floor. She found her unconscious,

bleeding of the hemorrhage which she had known would come, soon.

When Kate was again in the white, clean bed, once she looked up inquiringly into the nurse's watchful face.

"Shall I tell Mibsie something for you?"

Kate nodded and whispered, "Goodby."

* * * * *

The Woman Who Was Not Fine Enough

Some Random Impressions of Galsworthy's New Play: The Fugitive

W. A. Freehoff



THE Fugitive, the latest of Galsworthy's published plays, is plainly an attempt to interpret a phase of the intellectual and emotional unrest of woman; it is part of that great sea of feministic literature which has been engulfing us.

There are those who would put the drama in a classification other than literature, and strictly speaking, they are right in so doing. But the Fugitive, a play which I have not had the good fortune to see acted, and the impressions of which I must get from the printed page, I shall review much as I would any novel. With The Fugitive as a play I shall concern myself not at all.

As my first sentence showed, Galsworthy's attempt to interpret woman is neither novel nor new. The Greek Aristophanes tried it rather successfully hundreds

of years ago, and to bridge the gulf between him and the present day and age I have but to cite *A Doll's House* for the conspicuously sensational effort in feminine psychology on the stage. As a matter of fact, I hadn't read along very far in the *Fugitive* before I was distinctly reminded of Ibsen's celebrated triumph. There are many things buried in *A Doll's House* for those who delight in the search, but the story itself is rather simple, namely: Nora, the young wife of a serious minded and unimaginative professor, after being treated like a doll for a number of years, suddenly develops unexpected strength and complexity of character and leaves her husband and children on the plea that she is stifling.

Ibsen did not try to tell us what happened to Nora after her emancipation; he has her declare that the day of miracles is past and that accordingly her husband can not suddenly pick up the thread of her new life, yet even as she slams the door in his face the good man really seems to be beginning to understand. Galsworthy, superficially at least, in *Clare* gives us another Nora, endeavoring to show what had happened to her after Ibsen had dismissed her with nothing more definite than a veiled prophecy.

The story of the *Fugitive* is rather simple. A penniless young woman, *Clare*, married a sluggish, respectable, rich man. With not a thing except a name in common with her husband, the state of her mind may easily be guessed when she tells her brother:

"Get married and find out after a year

that she is the wrong person; so wrong that you can't exchange a single real thought; that your blood runs cold when he kisses you——then you'll know."

Malise, a struggling author, is the third person in the tragic triangle. He rages impotently over the fact that *Clare* is married; the two seemingly have everything in common, and it is not long before their intimacy is noticed.

Clare's husband, in a dull sort of way, tries to reason her out of her repugance towards him. She wants to leave him, to obtain a divorce, anything to get out of his life; he does not care to put his pride to the test of announcing to the world that his marriage was a failure; he refuses even to consider separation. So on the advice of *Malise* she runs away.

Not even *Malise* knows where she went, but in several months her husband's spies find her, whereupon she goes immediately to *Malise* and throws her fortunes with his.

Her husband, furious at last, and smarting for revenge, commences suit for divorce and puts in motion the machinery which will ruin *Malise* financially. In order to save him, *Clare* runs away once more. She finds, not being trained in any trade or profession at which she could earn money, that she is at the end of her resources. Rather than surrender to that life which is worse than slavery, she commits suicide.

Of course, the drama is not as simple as the story I have outlined. The relationship between *Clare* and *Malise* is complex and somewhat ambiguous to me. Certain it is that their passion brought them both

ruin, and just to what extent the play is complementary to his novel, *The Dark Flower*, is problematical.

That *Clare* is intended to be a rather ambitious study in feminine psychology is affirmed when she says, just before drinking poison:

"You see, I'm too fine, and not fine enough. (She laughs) I couldn't be a saint and a martyr, and I couldn't be a soulless doll. Neither the one thing nor the other—that's the tragedy."

This at once removes the play from the province of those pieces which attempt to show whither woman is drifting and to add to the understanding of the feministic movement or unrest in a general sense. It must be regarded more as the study of an individual than a type; and the minute an author succeeds in getting away from a type he must be subjected to examination rather more searching than usual.

This keen analysis I must confess myself frankly unable to present because I find it extremely difficult to subject any piece of writing to the cool review necessary for a balance judgment. I find myself too much interested in the characters, am too biased, too partisan, to remove myself from the spell of a story. I still read very much in the manner of the ten year old who devours *Nick Carter*.

Viewed in this light, I must admit I did not like *The Fugitive*,—very much. If writing the play myself I would not have chosen the woman who was too fine and yet not fine enough. I would have done the more commonplace and easy thing by tak-

ing another *Emma McChesney*, say; have her leave her husband with a great flourish of Ferberian trumpets, fight her way onward via another *Featherloom* route, and in the last act proclaim from the house tops that man is a poor, blind po'troon not deserving of the blessed privilege of marriage. I would have written with one eye on the balcony rather than either the dress circle or the despised "pit," so as not to bore an audience with a double edged play that requires some thought to digest.

Again, the soulful, all-comprehending writer with the frayed cuffs and shiny trousers has been a foil in feministic literature long enough. While *Galsworthy* is naturally too clever a writer to prate about soulmates, *Malise* certainly has a narrow escape from being one. The only time that the masculine poet soul ever shone to advantage in the drama as far as I can remember, is in *Shaw's Candida*, where the wife says, choosing between her husband and her ecstatic admirer: "I choose the weaker man," and rejected the poet. But the *Shavian* creation belongs to quite another race than *Malise* with his somber, cynical face.

The Silver Box, *Justice*, *Strife*, *The Eldest Son*, other plays by the same author, I have liked better than *The Fugitive*, perhaps because they are less ambitious and therefore tell a story more effectively and hide a moral more cleverly. All exhibit to the scorn of the world the hypocrisy of respectability and the injustice of wealth, traits which *The Fugitive* has put to a lesser degree.

It does not seem that Galsworthy has achieved anything new or noteworthy in his play, since Pinero in *Iris* and a few other dramas of a similar character, has done better studies in feminine temperament. Still I am willing to admit that the *Fugitive* correctly staged, and presented by actors of talent, might make me reverse my present judgment. All of which goes to show that when I proceed to review a drama on the same basis as a piece of narrative fiction I place myself at a fundamental disadvantage and in great danger of doing the playwright an injustice.

The woman who was too fine, and yet not fine enough, when all is said and done, was not drawn carefully enough nor accurately enough to be wholly satisfactory. While she does get away from the conventional and assume a flesh and blood presence, the author appears to be not entirely sure whither he is going but merely certain that he is on his way.

Student Activities

(Continued from page 8)

there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, then I say, you should go to school primarily, rather than incidentally.

I am a great believer in atmosphere. The atmosphere of this school is to "do things around school," and so it is pretty hard to convince a student that he is here primarily to study. If every man who came here came only because he was intellectually curious, student activities would die a natural and unlamented death. The men in student activities may be the most ambitious, and therefore the most aggressive, but they are not the best informed. The men who put their time on activities have not time to learn how to think, and it is the thinkers that add to the sum of human happiness. If the atmosphere of the University of Wisconsin was such as to im-

press upon the new students entering for the first time that first of all they should get their lessons, and then they could do as they pleased, there would be fewer coned out, and very many fewer cases of sore eyes. An intellectual atmosphere in a state so progressive as Wisconsin cannot but be healthy and vigorous.

Some will say that since we are a state university, we must preserve the intellectual democracy, and take them all, dullards, loafers, grinds, and stars alike. Of course, we should take them, but since we cannot bar them our responsibility is therefore all the greater. A private school can choose its students by means of its entrance requirements, but its fruits are correspondingly limited. Let the state university take them all, rich and poor, ignorant and wise, and by its stimulating atmosphere rouse the spark of intellectual curiosity that must sleep in every one, and see if it cannot be disproved that true culture can be enjoyed only by the leisure class.

I am sure it is far healthier for the University of Wisconsin to be known as the educator of the state than the possessor of a champion football team or the best dramatic club in the country, or the largest college daily paper, or the biggest college annual. If we must follow a leader, if we must worship a god, let that leader be Intellect rather than Fame. That very intellectual curiosity which makes us seek the interpretation of the movement of the ages shows us beyond equivocation that the only thing worth striving for is knowledge, besides which all else is superficial and ephemeral. Thinkers are leaders and leaders must be thinkers. The college must turn out leaders, but if the college man is not a thinker, he cannot be a leader merely because of his degree. Many estimable men have been leaders in spite of their lack of college training, but the college with the right atmosphere makes more leaders, and tends to reduce the chances of the "mutilated Miltons" being able to waste their sweetness on the desert air. The right of student activities to exist in a university seems to me to hinge on the *raison d'être* of the college itself; and in the college as I see it there is no place for student activities.

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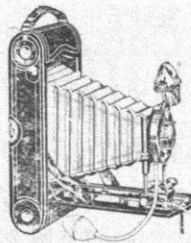
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