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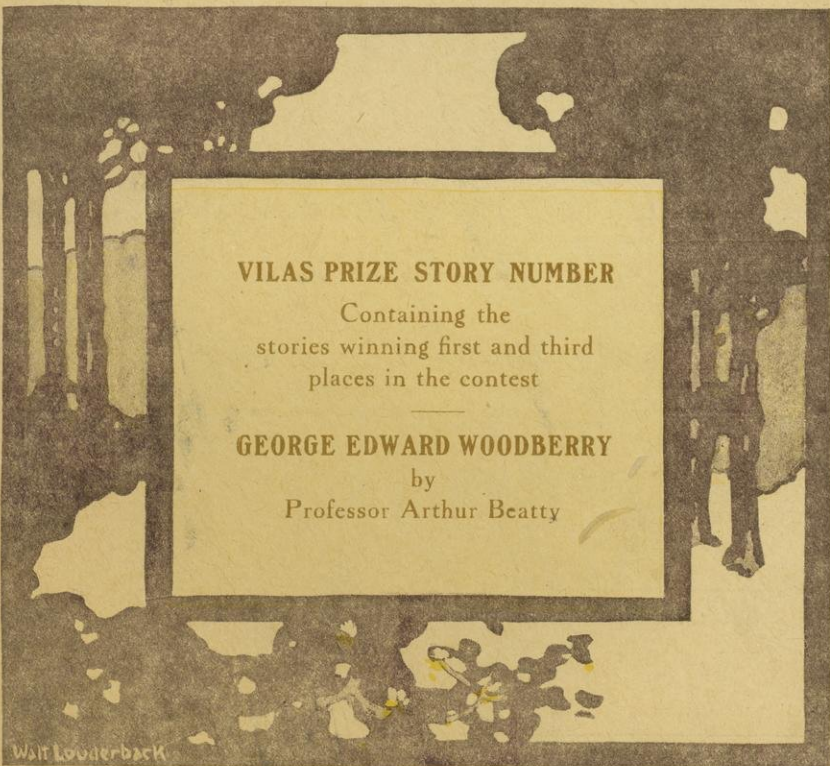
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Volume XI

FEBRUARY, 1914

Number 5



Walt Louderback

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# The Wisconsin Magazine

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The March Issue of the Wisconsin Magazine will be the Woman's Number, issued under the editorial direction of Margaret Armstrong. Among other striking features, it will contain the story winning second prize in the Vilas Contest, When the Valkyrie Came, by Iva N. Ketcham. Note what the chairman of the contest has to say of her story in the present issue.

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*The*  
**WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE**

*"Ipsa scientia potestas est"*

Vol. XI.

February, 1914

No 5.

## THE VILAS STORY CONTEST

By the Chairman of the Judging Committee



IN some ways the stories submitted this year for the Vilas Contest, taken as a whole, were more interesting than those of a year ago. For instance, with scarcely an exception the stories were well constructed, the technical problems of narrative writing having been squarely met and at least partially conquered. Last year too many introductions were wasted, too many conclusions were fumblingly and uncertainly worked out. Furthermore, the earlier stories showed too great a love of description for its own sake, and a tendency to employ stilted dialog. On these points, then, there was an advance this year. But while there were no really weak stories, there were none of great brilliance. Even the first two call rather for strong praise than admiration. The first story deserves especial commendation because it carries with it the sense of conviction that any simple plot naturally conceived and realistically executed, must arouse. The writer drew on experience for inspiration, refusing, as so few refused, to go beyond life as he had seen it lived. One of the chief troubles with the con-

testants lay in this very refusal: too many wrote about things of which they knew nothing, things that only the experience of living awhile longer or more deeply could reveal to them. One's reach should exceed one's grasp, but one should always know what he is reaching after. In this very connection it might be of interest to mention that there were several stories involving a triangle situation, that of two men and a girl, where the writers were beyond their depth. The winning story, it is true, was of such a nature, but its author was on the true ground of observational experience.

The second story, "When the Valkyrie Came," was the best of the fifty submitted, stylistically. Its author showed rather unusual power over words. Then too, the tale possessed charm and delicacy of imagination.

The story awarded first honorable mention, "A Pedagogue's Romance," attempted the extremely difficult problem of localizing its plot in the Madison of the summer session, a setting so familiar to all Wisconsin students that all can criticize it. For this the author is to be highly commended. Had his story scored as deeply from the standpoint of power to interest as it did for its attainment of local color and its firm technique, it would have been placed higher.

It is to be hoped that next year fewer contributors to the contest will reveal a leaning towards the glib cleverness of the "Smart Set" and the theatric melodrama of the moving picture show.

WARNER TAYLOR

## THE WORM

W. L. Tiernan

This Story Won First Place in the Vilas Short Story Contest



LL abo-o-ard," shouted Sam Bailey as he reined up the big, spirited farm team before the farmhouse door. John Nelson and Bob Anderson, who had helped him hitch up, jumped from the "bobs" and stamped around in the crisp snow. The horses pawed and champed and breathed out great clouds of white breath upward through the biting chill of the night.

The summons brought a noisy crowd of healthy young people streaming out through the opened door, the boisterously joyful crowd that a farming community can produce when the sleighing is good and the moon shines. Their goal was the second number on the Newton lecture course.

Plump Mrs. Bailey brought up the rear with a shawl thrown over her head.

"Have you got plenty of blankets?" she

inquired with mild concern.

"Sure, plenty," was the jovial response from the crowd.

She cast an anxious glance at her pretty daughter Nellie.

"Hadn't you better wear my brown scarf?" she ventured hesitatingly. "You'll freeze with that little hat on."

The remark mortified the willful Nellie who did not wish to appear "bourgeois" in the presence of the school teacher, Ernest Needham.

"My goodness, Ma," she cried, remonstrance and irritation in her voice, "I'd look fine with that old rag over my head."

The look accompanying this speech was charged with dangerous meaning. Mrs. Bailey remained silent.

Nellie was carefully tucked in the rear of the box by the attentive hands of Ernest Needham and John Nelson. Needham, "professor" as he was locally called, was a tall well-built, though slender youth, just out of high school, who boarded at Bailey's while he taught the district school. John Nelson, short and stocky, was suspected of being engaged to Nellie. Rumor had it that they were to be married in the spring, for he had bought the Gordon farm the preceding fall. To his chagrin Needham sprang into the empty space beside Nellie and he himself was forced to take a position at her feet.

The sleighing was "swell" and the moonlight "just grand," as Mary Mapes remarked to the gallant Bob Anderson. He sat beside her and put his arm around her, ostensibly to hold up the shawl by which

she protected her ears and her new winter coat.

Somebody started a song and all joined in with wild abandon. The clear, young voices rang out joyously over the frosty fields. One song followed another as the big greys trotted steadily over the even snow. The red-windowed farmhouses were greeted with shouts of pure animal joy. Finally Nellie started a recent, popular song which only she and Needham knew and they sang alone. The others lapsed into respectful silence, with the exception of John Nelson, who interrupted once to ask Nellie solicitously, if her feet were cold.

"Gee, that's grand!" exclaimed Jennie Moore when the song was finished.

"You should have heard that sung in the 'Isle of Bong,'" said Needham, secretly pleased.

"It must be fine to live in Benton and see a good show once in a while," said Mary Mapes. "I saw East Lynne there last winter, when I was visitin' Aunt Mary, and 'twas great."

"John Norton's cousin from Dodgeville told me that no good shows stop at Benton," broke in John Nelson rather maliciously.

"Oh, everybody in Dodgeville is sore because we beat them at basketball last winter," asserted Needham.

Over by Duncan's Corners Nellie declared that her ears were freezing. Needham insisted that she nestle one ear up against his fur collar while he covered her other ear with his fur-mittened hand. Nelson beheld this arrangement with disapproval.

"If your feet are cold," he blurted out, "I'll lay on them to keep them warm."

And he leaned over on Nellie's feet.

"Great Scott!" screamed Nellie, "get off my feet, you're breaking them. I'll tell you when I want them warmed."

The crowd laughed at Nelson who relapsed into gloomy silence which he maintained until they reached Newton.

The lecture course was a great success. The Shakspeare club of Newton thrilled at the dramatic recital of the closet scene from Hamlet. Mary Mapes and Nellie Bailey, who took music lessons, declared that the man who played "Poney Boy" on bells was good, while the young men enjoyed the colored comedian. John Nelson bought ten cents' worth of candy as a peace offering to Nellie, and the company devoured it greedily although it consisted chiefly of gumdrops.

On the return trip John seized the opportunity to sit next to Nellie, but his happiness was marred by her evident displeasure. Needham insisted also on talking continually to her. John, jealous and hurt, was completely ignored.

There was to be a house dance at Waxter's on the following Tuesday evening, a surprise party on Amy Waxter, and such a surprise that she had not heard of it until the preceding Friday.

John Nelson called at the Baily home on Saturday evening to ask Nellie for the privilege of taking her to this dance. Nellie assumed an air of indifference.

At first she was not sure whether she had a "date" for that night or not. After a little reflection she decided she hadn't.

Yes, she supposed she'd go — stifling a yawn — if nothing happened.

"I know Ernest would like to go, she added tantalizingly. "We must take him along."

John's countenance fell. "Why can't he go with Sam?" he inquired.

"Because there's no reason why he should. He livens things up. I enjoy his society."

"But," protested John, "we're engaged and people will talk."

"They won't talk if you act sensible and not make a fool of yourself as you did the other night."

"I didn't make a fool of myself," retorted John. "But I always thought when a girl was engaged other fellows shouldn't be huggin' her in public."

"Oh, you big boob," snapped Nellie, "who was hugging? He just put his hand to my ear to keep it warm. Besides, people in town don't think anything of that. When a fellow is engaged to a girl there he don't own her. Anyhow it's easy to break an engagement."

This last sentence conveyed the germ of a threat and John's temper cooled.

"I suppose I don't look at things right," he said slowly. "Of course he can go along with us, if you say so."

Accordingly on the following Tuesday evening Nellie, Ernest, and John occupied the same cutter.

There is an old custom in vogue at country dances whereby the Old Folks' Quadrille, a rollicking, noisy, old-fashioned square dance, always occurs immediately after supper. This custom also demands that

each girl reserve this dance for her "fellow." Failure to do this always elicits surmises and gossip. Needham was ignorant of this custom, so when Nellie requested him to come around and get her for the "Old Folks' Quadrille," he did so, and entered into the frolic with noisy zeal. When Nelson came searching for Nellie a few moments later he was incensed to find her already on the floor with the meddlesome Needham.

This was a direct slap at him before the crowd. Of course everybody noticed it. He retired to a corner, a hot wave of anger and jealousy surging through him, and glowered upon the scene of noise and mirth. Laughter filled the room, eyes sparkled with joy, skirts swished against him as they "balanced on the corners," the floor shook as the boys "hoed it down" on the "grand right and left," but Nelson saw only one couple, heard only one silvery peal amid the storms of laughs, followed only two forms through the intricacies of the dance. When they "balanced and swung," Needham's arm about her, she clinging gracefully to him, their faces flushed with the vigor of the dance, their eyes sparkling from sheer buoyancy, Nelson could scarcely restrain himself from bounding out on the floor and tearing them apart. At last it was over, and Nellie, through malice, or by accident, desired Needham to lead her to the corner where Nelson sat. He seated her not three feet from Nelson, thanked her, and excused himself. Then for the first time Nellie noticed John.

"Ain't it hot?" she exclaimed, smiling graciously and fanning herself with her

handkerchief. John's anger stifled him.

Both remained silent while the crowd started to stroll around the room awaiting the music for a waltz. At length Nelson edged over toward Nellie and said in a voice husky with suppressed rage, "I suppose now you'd just as soon dance this dance with me?"

Nellie ignored his tone.

"Really," she protested wearily, "I'm too hot and tired to dance this time. Let's sit it out."

"You're never too hot and tired to dance with Needham."

"It's queer, ain't it?" she retorted with provoking coolness.

"Nellie, you know you should've danced that last dance with me."

"Oh yes, I s'pose. But what are you going to do when a gentleman comes around and asks you to dance?"

"You should've had decency enough to refuse him."

"John, dear, don't get so hot; you may melt your rubber collar."

And Nellie laughed scornfully.

John, choking with jealousy, clinched his fist and felt an almost irresistible impulse to strike her. Presently he said with a low oath,

"If you're so damned fond of him, he can see you home. I'm in the way, anyhow."

He got up and put on his hat and coat and drove home at a furious rate, hot with anger and resentment. Nellie and Needham were forced to beg a ride with a bob load that went in their direction. The in-



cident became the topic of absorbing interest throughout the neighborhood.

Nellie enjoyed the notoriety of the thing. It pleased her vanity to have two young men showering attentions upon her. She liked to show to her less fortunate girl friends the completeness of her power over the lovelorn Nelson. He would be at her feet any time she smiled at him. In the meantime she would add to her laurels by ensnaring the much-admired Needham. As for Needham himself, he was ignorant of the real cause of Nelson's sudden spleen. It was a mere fit of jealousy, he reasoned, which was more amusing than otherwise.

At the end of a few days Nelson's cooler judgment gained the upper hand and he began to lay plans by which he could regain the favor of the haughty Nellie. He felt that it would be a hard task. The breach he had opened was wider than any which had separated them before. Consequently it was necessary to employ tact. He lacked nerve to appear in person, so he wrote a letter. In this he sued for pardon in the most humble terms, assumed all the blame, and requested the privilege of taking her to the dance to be given by the Newton Glee Club in the Newton hall on the approaching Friday evening.

Nellie was immensely pleased that this letter arrived while she was entertaining her friend, Mary Mapes. She read it, laughed, and tossed it to Mary.

"Nellie," exclaimed Mary with slight envy, "you've got him feeding from your hands. If I dared to use Bob that way, it would be goodbye Bob."

"Oh, you have to keep them in their

places," asserted Nellie.

Then she framed up a reply. How dared he address her after the way he had insulted her? She had no need of his escort for Friday evening, for Ernest Needham had already obtained that privilege. Furthermore Needham had sworn that if he caught Nelson at that dance, he would beat him to a pulp, and he could do it, too.

Mary protested. This was using John too "rough."

"It's good enough for him," declared Nellie with spirit. "He's made me the talk of the neighborhood. I wouldn't have had it happen for the world."

Of course Mary promised to tell nobody, and then told someone, who promised to tell nobody, who in turn told somebody else, who promised not to tell anybody, which was precisely what Nellie had forseen. Before Friday evening interest in the impending combat was at fever heat, for nobody doubted that the two principals would appear. Conjectures were made in regard to the probable victor. All conceded to Needham the most science, because he was from town, but many maintained that Nelson's strength would offset this advantage. This dance promised to rival in historic interest the never-to-be-forgotten occasion when the giant Bob Anderson with his back to the wall and flushed with drink, pounded almost into insensibility three aspiring young Newton pugilists.

Everybody was there and an air of suppressed excitement pervaded the crowd. Little knots of people gathered in corners and conversed in low tones, only to disperse

when either of the principals approached. The girls feigned the wildest alarm, but many of them looked forward to the approaching crisis with a thrill not entirely of fear. Nellie attracted a great deal of attention. It was the most glorious event of her social career.

Nelson was visibly nervous. The uncertainty, the waiting for events to take their course, and the keen observation of the crowd told on him perceptibly. His face was flushed, he talked at random, laughed immoderately, and danced with reckless vigor.

Needham, on the other hand, was calm, smiling, graceful, courteous, as much at ease as if nothing more arduous than a lively twostep awaited him.

Several dances passed by and nothing out of the ordinary occurred. Then came a situation, fraught with the greatest possibilities, when the two rivals lined up opposite each other on the same "square set" and Needham danced with Nellie. The big hall grew silent as the dance progressed and everybody watched the set where the rivals danced. The slightest incident might now start the volcanic eruption. Then came a moment of intense breathlessness. The opportunity had come. In the evolution of the dance Needham crossed over and stood by Nelson's side. For a moment they stood erect, proud, oblivious of each other's presence, shoulder almost touching shoulder, awaiting the further command of the "caller off."

"Opposite gents forward. Forward again and swing partners to place."

Nelson and Nedham clasped hands and

stepped forward and then swung partners to place, while a sigh of relief mingled with disgust ran through the hall. They were afraid of each other.

Nelson felt that he had lowered himself in the estimation of the crowd. He vowed that he would avail himself of the next opportunity. Needham had shown cowardice. He would prove conclusively to Nellie that he was more of a man than was this white-livered city boy.

After the set was over he passed out to the smoking-room. Fate decreed that Needham should follow shortly. They met face to face, Needham entering, Nelson coming back. For a second they gazed squarely into each other's eyes. Then Nelson swung with his right and landed a stinging blow on Needham's jaw, which sent the latter reeling back into the hall.

Instant confusion ensued. All the pent up suspense and excitement burst forth as the crowd rushed wildly toward the scene of conflict. "Stop 'em!" "Let 'em fight!" "Give 'em room!" "Make 'em fight fair!" "Wallop him John!" "Nice work, school ma'am!" And this din was augmented by the screams of timid girls. Not all of the girls, however, were timid. Morbid curiosity urged a number of them, including Nellie, to the fringe of the crowd, and there, from a bench they caught occasional glimpses of the fight.

John fared badly. He had no science. He had only fury, gameness, and strength. The tide of the battle soon turned against him. He could not get inside of Needham's guard after the latter had recovered from the first shock. His agile antagonist danc-

ed all around him slipping in blows from all directions on the furious Nelson, warding off counter-blows, dodging the fierce rushes of his slower opponent, all the time alert and cool, taking every advantage. John soon saw that his only hope lay in clinching the elusive Needham and pulling him down through sheer strength. But his blind, bull-like rushes were stopped by terrific punches. Blood spurted from his nose and from a nasty cut above his right eye. He finally dropped dazed to the floor beneath a shower of blows.

Needham stood still waiting for him to rise, not caring to get into the clutches of the sturdy farmer. Nelson cursed this "scientific" way of fighting which enabled his opponent to escape his grasp. He staggered to his feet and rushed at Needham with renewed fury, only to fall again before that cool, machine-like fighter. Again he rose, and again he fell. Then his friends, at the request of Needham, carried him away, while he fought weakly to return.

As he was dragged away he passed the bench where Nellie stood, and his eyes, half-blinded by blood and blows, met hers. She was flushed with excitement and was smiling, partly from amusement, partly from pleased vanity. There was no pity, no relenting as she gazed on him with a glance that she might have bestowed on a licked cur. This was the final knockout blow. He ceased to struggle. He went along passively, crushed, hopeless.

A great bitterness seized him. He had made a fool of himself before the whole neighborhood. He had lost his own self-respect. He had groveled in the dust. His

prestige was gone. Henceforth he would be the laughing stock of the community, the target for jeers and taunts. Pounded, licked completely by a white-faced town boy before a crowd of his lifelong friends. And all this for what? For her. And now she did not give one continental damn for him. She stood by and watched his disgrace and smiled and enjoyed it.

The orchestra struck up a waltz. He was washed now, and though his face looked like a piece of pounded steak, he re-entered the hall, slunk into a corner, and sat down. He felt no desire to go home. He had no desire to do anything but to try and think his way out of it. He no longer felt uneasy under the gaze of others. Nothing could further humiliate him.

A dash of water and a comb soon restored Needham to his former well-dressed appearance, and he came over to Mary Mapes to claim her as his partner for the waltz. They waltzed around the hall once in silence. Then Mary said:

"I don't think you acted right, Mr. Needham."

"Why, how so?"

"You haven't acted square to John."

"Why I'm sure I couldn't help what happened," protested Needham, "He forced me to fight."

The placid Mary was aroused.

"But you forced him to force you. What business had you buttin' in on his little scrap with Nellie?"

"I didn't butt in," protested Needham.

"Why did you bring Nellie here tonight?"

"Because she asked me to. She said it

was the only way she had of getting here."

Mary gasped.

"Didn't you ask her before last Tuesday?"

"No, I had intended to go to Benton tonight. In fact I decided to come here as late as four o'clock this evening."

"Didn't you threaten to lick Nelson, if he appeared here tonight?"

"No," exclaimed the astonished Needham. "Who started that?"

"Why, Nellie wrote a letter to him last Tuesday telling him you had asked her and had said you would lick him, if he came."

"She did? Why she's a liar," exclaimed Needham in a burst of anger. "She's been making fools of both of us. She'll never make a fool of me again."

"She ought to be horsewhipped," was the Christian sentiment uttered by Mary.

After the waltz Needham seated himself alone, burning with anger at the thought that Nellie had made a fool of him and that he had walked into her trap without the slightest suspicion. A voice by his side aroused him.--

"I guess you forgot that this is our dance."

He knew her voice. He replied without looking up.

"No, I didn't forget, but I've changed my mind."

"Oh," answered Nellie scornfully, "that fat Mary Mapes has been filling you with gossip, eh?"

"And if it's convenient," continued Needham, ignoring her remark, "get your brother Sam to take you home."

Needham arose and walked away.

Nellie continued her course down the hall until she arrived at Nelson's side. She smiled at him and sat down.

"I just turned down the 'schoolma'am,'" she said laughing.

John did not reply, but stared at her moodily. His gaze slightly disconcerted her.

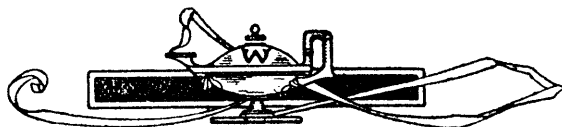
"You could've licked him, if he'd fought fair," she ventured.

John still gazed at her and there was a suggestion of scorn in his glance. A slight alarm seized her. She changed her attack.

"I'm awfully sorry for what happened," she said. "I'm sorry I acted that way."

"I ain't," retorted John, rising to his feet. "If you hadn't, I might've married you."

He walked away.



## A PEDAGOGUE'S ROMANCE

Howard M. Jones

This Story Won Third Place in the Vilas Short Story Contest



ROBINSON met her at one of the open-air sing-songs which impart a slight varnish of college life to the hollow pretences of the university summer session. He noticed that when she sat down on the sloping grass of the campus, she did not sprawl with the factitious air of gay abandon by which the summer school ma'ams brazenly tempt back their colorless youth; nor, on the other hand, did she fuss and fret with much arranging of skirts and touching of hands to hair, after the manner of ingenuous nineteen.

Instead she chose her place in the soft, cool twilight and settled into it with the collected air of a wood-dove returning home. Secretly he told himself she was like a nymph austere awaiting the antics of a company of satyrs. By this observation, so unflattering to the satyrs, it will be seen that Robinson was sentimental—sentimental with all the ardor of a male of twenty-nine who has looked in vain for the dreamed-of passion of youth. Nay, more, he was a poet, shyly and chastely a poet, as only masculine school teachers with a spreading bald spot can be poetical.

When the singing began, led by a straggling and pessimistic glee-club, he strained his ears to catch her voice. With satisfaction he noted that so long as the crowd was trying to remember college songs of the Academy Songbook type—which no

college has been known to sing—she remained interested but silent, with now and then a quick twitching of the lip at some specially quavering note. She sat below him but facing him, and it was only occasionally that he thought it advisable to look at her and catch the humorous curve to her mouth.

Her good sense gratified him; it was as though he were personally responsible for it. For him the sing-song was a kind of test by which he told the college sheep from the summer session goats. For the summer student is an outsider, and is ever by aping college life as he thinks it ought to be, fondly pretending he is of the elect, though he knows—and everybody knows—that he is not.

It was not until the crowd straggled to its feet that she joined a queer, throaty little alto to the majesty of the varsity hymn. Robinson was a little relieved to hear her sing at last; he didn't want her to know the banalities which the crowd found so amusing, but on the other hand, neither did he want her not to sing at all. Again her selection complimented him subtly.

With the hymn the crowd broke up, and began wandering in groups of two and three and four across to the lake and down the campus to the street. The white dresses of the girls in the warm half-light shone like virginal petals adrift on the night. Lit-

the ripples of laughter sailed around them, with now and again strange minor cadences that always made Robinson catch his breath, he never knew why. Perhaps it was because beside the petals was steadier foilage in the shape of scarcely discernible dark coats, and underneath the silvery laughter, the mellow murmur of masculine tones, and because he, Robinson, though he attended the sing-songs with the regularity of a devotee, had never yet summoned up resolution to include himself among the loiterers.

It was not for lack of suitable introduction—society at the summer session is as free and easy as it supposes college society to be. They would not be interested, he told himself a little bitterly, in the sedate diction of twenty-nine, especially when it is working off so portentous an affair as a Ph. D. in philosophy. His shyness was a good deal like that of a small boy who hasn't yet achieved the dignity of a girl, and he was somewhat ashamed of invariably loitering for a moment after the singing, just as the small boy is ashamed, for fear of Getting Caught!

He lingered tonight as usual, with a sudden hypocritical interest in astronomy which did not deceive even himself. Slowly he went down the walk, and as he felt a group approaching him, his gaze became, by way of apology, fixed on one particular star—so very fixed indeed that he just saved himself from collision with a girl. As he raised his hat to make his apologies, much to his relief the group passed on, and a second's scrutiny showed him that he had almost run down the nymph. A fleeting

sense of the inappropriateness of his image flashed over him. He caught a quick impression of a twilight face, surmounted by an indeterminate amount of dark hair, and set with a pair of demurely amused and altogether charming eyes. It was not until after he had spoken that he realized she was alone and apparently quite as aimless as himself.

"I am very sorry," he said gravely, with an almost unforgivable lack of excitement, "it was awkward of me, I am sure."

"Not at all," she protested, tipping the conventional phrase with the slightest shaft of irony. "You didn't bump into me, you know."

The statement was so undeniably true that he had no other recourse than somewhat lamely to repeat his apology. He rather expected her to pass on, but as she showed no disposition to do so, he turned and walked with her in awkward silence. It was broken by a chime of laughter.

"Don't you think this is deliciously absurd?" she queried. "Here for apparently no reason we are suddenly as tongue-tied as two girls at their first party. I am sure," she continued with mock seriousness, "that you have lots of conversation bottled up inside of you."

He laughed a little hesitantly. "Shall we consider ourselves introduced?" he asked, feeling that the situation required some justification. "Perhaps that will serve — er — to pull the cork."

The success which met his modest joke made him glow slightly with the gratification of the shy man at his own wit. A more practised observer would have noted

a shade of nervousness in her laugh, but Robinson saw in it merely a tribute to his metaphor. It set him up amazingly.

"What shall we talk about?" he said, clumsily enough, and was afterwards amazed at the enormous number of things his words took for granted. But his presumption in supposing they were to talk at all did not seem to offend her.

"Well," she said, and her voice was rich with bubbling laughter, "there is always the weather — and Professor Samuels — and the singing. I think myself that we would show most courage by discussing the weather — it's become so awfully bromidic that it would be refreshing to talk about it."

Very earnestly he launched into a eulogy of the wonderful summer, while step by step she kept pace with him down the walk and towards the cool dim border of the lake. To his surprise Robinson found himself talking quite easily, and the eagerness with which she took up his points tickled his modest vanity. Apparently he was in an unusual vein, and she responded with an exhilarated, nervous laugh and quips as good as she got. They slid naturally from the glories of early morning down Professor's Samuels' unconscious back to books and men and the thousand and one disjointed things that make up conversation. It seemed he was sufficiently interesting to make her forget the hour, and it was after nine when she remarked with a start that she must go. She lived at Blake Hall, the girls' dormitory, where he left her on the steps with a sense of not unpleasant conspicuousness and the request

that he might see her again.

As he walked to his room through starlit streets still musical with voices, he was conscious of an exhilarating sense of adventure. It is indicative of the colorless routine of his life that this mildly unconventional meeting began more and more to loom with the proportions of romance. Not that Robinson had the remotest idea of reading into the incident more than a chance encounter in the dusk, but that to him, Arthur Robinson, an assistant principal of a high school, this unbelievable thing happened. As in books a woman had dropped from the clouds, and if she was no Lynette in whose service Gareth might chance a sword, still he had spoken intimately with a strange young lady and had asked to do so again. Perhaps he was not such an oldster after all. The seriousness with which twenty-nine regards its hoary years was implicit in the thought. And either because the wine of the summer night had intoxicated him and the stars were amorous in the dusky lacings of the trees, or because he had so long accustomed himself to be treated as a fossil by youngsters under his tutelage and the fires of youth must sometime burst the lava, Robinson took from his head the straw hat whose innocuous recklessness made him feel ever guilty, and at the next corner but one did then and there frisk a measure with the careless deviltry of youth. Then, fearful of being seen and locked up or laughed at, he clapped his hat upon his bald spot and, grinning sheepishly, hurried away to his room.

He awoke the next day with a vague

sense of having dreamt something improbable. The morning's program kept him busy and it was not until four that he suddenly recalled the incident of the night. The remembrance came with embarrassing clearness and he burned at his boldness. He had a vague sense of intrusion as if he had overheard an intimate conversation. Then he realized that he had asked to call, and quite forgetting his sense of forwardness, he wondered when he ought to see her again. Ought he to call? Probably she had merely made the best of an awkward situation, and expected nothing further from him. When did young men call on young ladies? Did one present a card or not? He debated these questions at length, and finally decided that he had better not call for three or four evenings; it would look less presumptuous, and he flushed a bit as he thought how very forward he had been. It may be the thought of confronting the Argus eyes of a hundred girls at Blake Hall had something to do with his decision.

Accordingly, although Robinson, having tasted companionship, was now hungry for other society than his landlady, hungry as only a starved sentimentalist can be, it was not until several days later that he summoned courage to present himself before her. It would have increased his inevitable confusion had he known that she had dressed herself three successive nights in expectation of his coming, and, somewhat hurt at his negligence, had about given him up. Her greeting was, however, cordial. He noticed only that she looked exceedingly nice and rather wondered if the dress

she wore was donned especially for the occasion. Though light and cool, it seemed to his inexpert eye rather costlier than those of other girls he had noticed.

To Robinson's excited vision the place seemed to swarm with women and either in pity for his embarrassment or in desire for his company, she proposed a walk.

"You see," she added in explanation, "we had such a famous one after we met so — so — so —"

"Unceremoniously?" he prompted.

"That isn't what I was going to say, but it will do."

Robinson rather expected a slight confusion in her manner but she seemed to accept the whole incident naturally, for which he was at once grateful and a little hurt. Perhaps she was used to making friends of strange young gentlemen who bumped into her!

He flattered himself he talked even better than last time, surprising as last time had been, for the give-and-take of the conversation grew warmer until they were both flushed and laughing. He looked down at her fine-spun cloud of hair and her demure eyes, from which the fire of repartee had not yet died, and the thought ran over him that, in spite of its plain lines, hers was an undeniably pretty face. It made him tingle.

He proposed refreshment and upon her assent they entered a confection shop and seated themselves in a booth. There he had a chance to study her more carefully, and though he could see nothing extraordinary in her features, the impression that



the face was pretty still remained. Perhaps it was in her eyes and hair.

Greatly daring, he proposed a canoe trip for the morning, which was Saturday. She consented with evident pleasure, stipulating that it was to be early to avoid the heat.

The following day he discovered that she could paddle as well as she could talk. Accordingly he suggested following up their trip with another and again she consented, laughingly exclaiming that she mustn't monopolize his attention.

"But I assure you that you're not," he said impulsively, and then reddened at his break. They laughed together over the blunder and in the resulting sense of pleasant intimacy she made sport of imaginary philanderings.

Two days later he called again and the next afternoon, which happened to be cool, he rented a canoe and they went out on the lake. She seemed more serious than usual, even sad, but upon his pressing her for the cause, she would not state the reason and rallying her spirits, entered into a discussion of Masefield's poetry. He proclaimed the virtues of Noyes, to which she retorted that he, Robinson, was a swashbuckler and nurtured piratical tastes. A third person, viewing him, would have compressed his lips.

"You mean Drake?" he queried. "By, my dear lady, look to your own society. At least my poet doesn't get intoxicated and ring firebells."

His reference to Masefield drew forth a spirited rejoinder. Thus debating, they drifted through the afternoon.

Robinson began now to be seen regular-

ly in her company. He was shyly vain of her. If he passed a couple on the hill, his eye viewed them knowingly. Even a cry of "fusser," from some group of collegians, gathered round the door like belated ships in the calm of the summer session, to whomever addressed, thrilled him pleasantly. One day, when he was coming up the hill he met her just above the law building, and they walked on together. That day the cry was directed against him. He smiled at her faintly, and she smiled back, encouraging him. He found an excuse to adjust his hat at the least possible angle of recklessness and they passed on.

That night he knew he loved her. They were walking on the lake drive in the soft shadow of the willows and at their loitering feet the water sipped shyly to and fro. The air was hushed and weighted with expectation. It was a night for sentimentalists. A silence fell upon them, and, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, he took and held her hand. The burden of the night was evidently upon her, too, for she permitted him until they came to an arc light. Then, very rapidly, they began to talk of a dozen things.

When he returned to his room he sat down in the darkness to reason things out. And suddenly, very clearly, the truth flooded him — it was impossible. As a gentleman he could not ask her to marry him. A girl of her position could not be content on his salary as an assistant principal. He remembered now that her dresses had always been better than the other girls'. He realized that this should have warned him. Very shamefacedly and with a sense of the-

atricalism he dropped his head in his hands and swore softly.

With a sudden rush of blood the enormity of his conduct that evening enveloped him like a choking thing. He, Arthur Robinson, had of his own accord held a girl's hand. That she had permitted him only made the offense greater. It showed what she expected of him. He was wise in the ways of women now, and groaned as he thought of what he had perchance aroused in her. In Robinson's view girls gave their hands only to the men they loved, who were to marry them later. And she had let him hold her hand.

But the thing was finished, and the question was what to do now? He resolved to write to her. He could not bring himself to the thought of seeing her and making a confession. He pictured her eyes as they would be, loving and trustful. He could not tell her—he must write.

He turned on the light and set himself to the task. After a dozen attempts the best he could do seemed absurd and inadequate, but it would have to pass. He sealed it, addressed it, and lay down on his bed without taking off his clothes. Again he was oppressed by a sense of theatricalism, so he arose and undressed, but he could not sleep. Bitterly he went over every step of his conduct, bitterly and without concealment. It was monstrous, unpardonable. And besides he loved her. With a sense of savage satisfaction he recalled his damning letter. Everything was in there — his salary, his age, the utter hopelessness of his ever being able to support her. One sentence he whispered aloud in a kind of right-

eous humiliation:—"My salary would not even buy your every-day clothes." It was true, brutally true. He had acted like a love-sick boy. And suddenly he realized that he was twenty-nine years old.

The next day he posted the letter. That night, by coincidence for which he thanked the gods, his work ended, and he left without seeing her. It was only just, he told himself, not wanting to see him, and yet he wished she had seen him, if only to say good-bye. He didn't expect her to forgive him.

A week later a letter followed him to his home. He had never seen her writing but he knew it was from her. It began abruptly:

"You speak of deceiving me. It is I have deceived you. Instead of being the daughter of evidently wealthy parents, as you say, I am a school-teacher and alone in the world. I was lonely, desperately lonely. Do you know what that means to a girl? I wanted to be like other girls, and when you ran into me that night, I stayed and talked with you because the others had escorts and I had none. You speak of my dresses. I was afraid if I did not dress well, you wouldn't want to take me places, so I spent my savings in clothes. I am ashamed. Goodbye. Forgive me if you can."

The letter was undated, and an inquiry addressed to the town which she said was her home, was returned to him with the curt comment, "No such person at this address."

## George Edward Woodberry

Arthur Beatty



THE coming of Professor Edward Woodberry to the University for the second semester is an event of great importance to the undergraduate body, because it gives to the students an opportunity to hear, and to come in contact with, a man of altogether remarkable gifts and attainments.

In the first place, Professor Woodberry has a claim on the attention of the undergraduate because he is a lyric poet of great beauty and power, with a depth of thought and emotion akin to Shelley, combined with an exquisite sense of lyric form. His sonnets are especially notable, and are among the finest in the English language. Thus, when Professor Woodberry speaks of literary genius, he speaks to the undergraduate not as one to whom the subject is alien, but as one who speaks of his own experiences in the production of poetry, and in endeavor to express the life of men and women in "art's way."

Moreover, Professor Woodberry speaks of poetry by virtue of another right, for like Shelley he has defended poetry not only by writing it but by writing about it. In the volume of Essays entitled, "Heart of Man" there is an essay, "A New Defense of Poetry," in which he pleads for the oneness of literature with life, and establishes the conviction that "poetry, politics and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, and have their feeding roots in a common soil, 'deep in the general heart

of men.'" The essay is a trumpet-call to youth to throw off the sluggish apathy of unimaginative acceptance of merely earthly facts and to fix eyes upon the ideal—upon the blue skies that have kept watch over man's mortality:—

"O youth, for whom these lines are written, fear not; idealize your friend, for it is better to love and be deceived than not to love at all; idealize your masters, and take Shelley and Sidney to your bosom, so shall they serve you more nobly and you love them more sweetly than if the touch and sight of their mortality had been yours indeed; idealize your country, remembering that Brutus in the dagger-stroke and Cato in his death-darkness knew not greater Rome, the proclaimer of the unity of our race, the codifier of justice, the establisher of our church, and died not knowing;—but do you believe in the purpose of God, so shall you best serve the times to be, and in your life fear not to act as your ideal shall command, in the constant presence of that other self who goes with you, as I have said, so shall you blend with him at the end. \* \* And have recourse always to the fountains of this life in literature which are the wells of truth. How to live is the one matter; the wisest man in his ripe age is yet to seek in it; but Thou, begin now and seek wisdom in the beauty of virtue and live in its light, rejoicing in it; so in this world shall you live in the foregleam of the world to come."

These concluding words of the "New Defence of Poetry," give the quality of Professor Woodberry's idealism and the secret of his profound influence on the

youth who thronged his classes when he was a university teacher.

The undergraduates should note in Professor Woodberry yet another claim upon their attention, and that is the fact that he is a notable scholar. He has to his credit biographies of Emerson and Poe in the American Men of Letters Series, the last of which has been expanded into a large two-volume life of one of the earliest, and in some respects the greatest, American poets, story-tellers, and men of letters and which shows a great wealth of independent research, with the rare combination of co-ordinating and constructive power in the moulding of the materials into a book of noble proportions and sympathetic insight and interpretation. To these biographies must be added a long series of interpretative essays on makers of literature as diverse as Whittier and Landor, or Cervantes and Cowper.

Not only is Professor Woodberry a scholar; he is the cause of scholarship in others, as is abundantly attested by the series of Studies in Comparative Literature at Columbia University and written by his pupils. In some respects it is the most notable series of books issued under the auspices of any American University. And this fruitfulness on the part of his pupils is closely connected with his personality, as it is displayed in the classroom. The present writer can attest that daily contact with Professor Woodberry impressed on young men who were beginning the life of the scholar the dignity and worth of simple truth when it is connected with life in all its aspects and with the "general heart of man."

As poet, as creative essayist, as scholar, as teacher, Professor Woodberry should appeal to our undergraduates and graduates. It is to be hoped that they may rise to the heights of their opportunity.

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## A NIGHT PIECE

Jerome Reed Head

One hour tonight, amidst the crowding mass  
That throngs the plaza, when bright lights are  
    gay,  
We felt them brushing by us on their way  
Fair women, and young girls, and saw them pass  
Each happy that gray time's slow-moving glass  
Had closed another work hour; that their day

Now started with its laughter, its array  
Of tinted cheek, and fair pearl-powdered lass,  
Thus walking with them in the jostling stream,  
We too could feel the gladness in their eyes;  
We, too, were captured by their young romance  
And followed aimlessly. As in a dream  
We heard soft strains, and entered in where flies  
The sweet intoxication of the dance.

## Diary of an Upper Classman

### A Varsity Knight Rampage

Lucile L. Huntington



O REALLY care for your college you need a vacation. It all started at Borkum on the German North Sea when Helen and I met Jack Hibbard and Joey-Joey the summer of my Sophomore year.

As Helen and I came running in from a swim, we were greeted by a friendly bull pup with a brown patch over his eye.

"What's your name, cutey?" laughed Helen, as she sat down to cover her red sandals from his ravages. "Oh look!" she exclaimed, turning his collar. "He is an American dog—'Joey-Joey, best pal of Jack Hibbard.'"

"Jack Hibbard! Why he's a varsity man!" I shouted jumping up and down. "Let's go hunt him up and tell him we found his dog. Maybe he will talk American slang and tell us how our crew got on at Poughkeepsie."

"But how can we?" cried Helen, dismayed. "We would scandalize all the little Kaiservitches should we climb over into the men's beach."

Then Joey-Joey, Helen and I scrambled into our bath wagon and had a fine time. There wasn't very much dressing, for Joey-Joey insisted on growling and pulling at everything we put on. When we slipped our white middy blouses over our heads and "booded" at him through them, he simply went frantic.

"Such a nice dog must have a lovely master," remarked Helen as we clambered down the bath-wagon steps and started

across the beach towards the nearest restaurant. Hardly had we stepped on the walk when some smirking man came up, and bowing low, said in an insulting tone, "Good morning, Fraulein! Where go you?"

Helen and I gave him a cold snub and stalked on angrily. "Now why was that?" asked Helen.

"Oh lovey! You simply must take off your blazer jacket and carry it inside out, and we shouldn't have worn our middys on the street. We can expect that," I answered cynically. I had been in Germany before.

"Expect! Expect!" exploded Helen.

"Yes, dear," I explained patiently, "they don't do that here, therefore, if we, foreigners at that, do so, we get insulted."

"Outrageous!" cried Helen stalking into the cool retreat of the restaurant and plumping down at a nearby table. "I just wish a varsity man were here, he'd—he'd—he'd knock their block off!" and she flushed up at her own audacity in using such slang.

Joey-Joey, who all this time had silently followed us, just then began to bark and caper around. A tall, thin, unmistakably American man stood up and started towards him.

"Joey-Joey," he called in a happy, ringing voice. "You little rascal! Where have you been? Come here!"

But Joey-Joey would not "come here," instead, he kept jumping on the girls and then barking at the man, as if to say, "Just see what I found."

"I beg your pardon for my dog," said the American raising his hat.

"You don't really have to," I smiled. "It's all sort of in the family," and I dangled my Wisconsin fob before him.

"Really! No! Oh, this is too good," shouted the man loud enough to make even a few placid Germans turn around. "I am Jack Hibbard."

Needless to say, we were well acquainted in five minutes, and after we had gossiped half an hour over our bietchen and coffee, we were bosom friends.

"Let's go back to the hotel where you can meet Aunt Martha," suggested Helen as we got up to go.

On the way to the hotel, another street dandy stepped up and spoke to us. We both saw Jack Hibbard's jaw square and reached for his arms to hold him back.

"Remember we are fish on land," I admonished trying to laugh it off.

"Oh, it makes me sick," he growled. "What I wouldn't give to have just one fair and square go at a fellow like that. Why, every night, I go to a little cafe for something to eat before going to bed. And just as sure as I or some other American or Englishman steps in that door, a certain loud, fat hulk starts abusing us collectively and individually, to the amusement of his friends. Someday, he is going to do that once too often."

Soon we came in sight of the hotel and Aunt Martha on the promenade along the sea. Bounding up to her while holding Jack Hibbard in front of us, we cried breathlessly, "Look what we found, a varsity man!"

"Three cheers for Wisconsin," said Aunt Martha, genially extending her hand.

And then our fun was suddenly broken by some German man-creature who passed and leered at us.

"That's the cafe fellow," whispered Jack Hibbard, scowling meanwhile at the man.

Aunt Martha tried her best to cover the affair up, but just as we were again laughing and comfortable, the man paraded by and leered. Again and again we turned our backs on him, yet always he came back to ogle us. Finally he went away and we had just about decided he had left us, when we heard a great commotion out in the garden. We saw this same man jumping about. He was waving two huge, red roses at us and shouting, "Fraulein! Fraulein!"

Jack Hibbard started towards him with all of us hanging on his coat and arms and begging him not to get into trouble.

"I beg your pardon," came a deep, quiet, voice over Aunt Martha's shoulder. "You seem to be in trouble. I am an Englishman. May I assist you?"

We all turned around to stare at a man, I should say about thirty years old, tall, dignified, and with all the marks of a perfect gentleman about him.

"Yes," snapped Jack, "help me beat up that fellow yonder."

"The wisest plan," answered the man, "might be to let him alone. Americans and Englishmen are classed together, and you realize the great hostility felt toward us here. Should you attempt such a thing to a loyal subject of the Kaiser I assure you that political influence would be brought to bear, and that you would be held in prison for a great while. Order must be main-

tained here at all cost. Being secretary to the English Consul, I realize fully just how much unpleasantness you would go through."

"Oh, thank you," Aunt Martha sighed, "for restraining this revengeful young man."

The new man then made himself so very agreeable that we forgot everything, and almost forgot to leave and dress for dinner.

That night the hotel gave a dance at which we had a wonderful time. After the dance, just as Helen and I were going up stairs, Jack Hibbard and the new man, who by the way, was Mr. Ainslee, ran after us.

"We will call for you at breakfast time tomorrow; we may have something to tell you," whispered Jack Hibbard, and then they turned and ran like guilty school boys.

All that night Helen and I dreamed of what fearful adventures the men were on, and in the morning, giggled and speculated over the affair. Early for breakfast we ran downstairs and danced out to meet the men. At the same time the men came quickly over a near-by sand dune, and turned into the hall.

"For goodness sake!" we gasped when we saw them close at hand.

"What is the matter?" asked Helen, anxiously.

"We are all right," Jack Hibbard grinned winking atrociously at Mr. Ainslee.

"Yes," echoed Mr. Ainslee with an accent on the we, "we are all right."

"Then who isn't?" I demanded.

"To make a long story short," Mr. Ainslee began, "we saw our German friend."

"Oh," breathed Helen, "that accounts for the black eye and swollen lip."

"You bet!" shouted Jack Hibbard, "but you ought to see that German man."

"You see," continued Mr. Ainslee, "we went again into that cafe last night for something to eat, and, as usual, the man was there. As soon as we entered he announced that the place was getting contaminated by English swine. Surely no gentleman would have made all the remarks that he did, had he realized we would understand his language. When we had finished eating we walked over to his table. Mr. Hibbard raised him by his collar, dangled him in mid-air, and slapped his face, while I told him he was mistaken and should realize his mistake. The creature's friends stood around wringing their hands, and then there was quite a commotion."

"Some commotion!" interrupted Jack Hibbard.

"It really was quite annoying being the center of things; and so, finally, we threw the fellow out in the street on his head."

"Oh people," Helen and I wailed in excitement. "Now you will go to prison and everything. And you are so smashed up you never could run away unnoticed."

"I doubt the going to prison part," soothed Mr. Ainslee.

"I should say so," interrupted Jack Hibbard again, and continued with his version of the affair. "And Mr. Ainslee had the nerve to call him over. He flashed one of the consul's cards that he happened to have in his pocket and said, 'Sir, this is out-

rageous. I have been insulted by that man long enough. Every time I come in here he begins to insult me and my country. Should it happen again, or should I hear of it happening to any of my countrymen, I shall see that you go out of business. Please remember that.' The proprietor was scared green. He thought we were some big political guns or multi-million-

aires and you should have seen how politely he apologized seven different ways and bowed us out."

"Mr. Ainslee," I laughed extending my hand, "Congratulations!"

"Now do you think we will go to prison?" he teased.

"Never, with that nerve," Helen sassed back.

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## TWO TRIOLETS

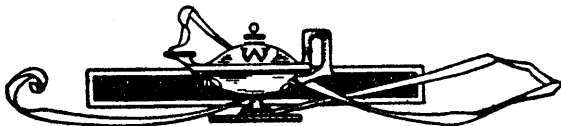
John VanDorn

### Skating

Over smooth and glistening ice  
 Have you ever skated?  
 With swift, even, strokes, and nice  
 Over smooth and glistening ice,  
 It will make your spirits rise  
 Till with heav'n you're mated;  
 Over smooth and glistening ice  
 Have you ever skated?

### On Mendota

In a graceful, trim canoe  
 Did you e'er go gliding?  
 'Tis a pleasant thing to do  
 In a graceful, trim canoe  
 When the lake is still and blue  
 And the winds are hiding.  
 In a graceful, trim canoe  
 Did you e'er go gliding?





# The Image Maker.

Translated from the French of Jules Lemaitre

By James F. Jenkins

Note: Jules Lemaitre is the acknowledged leader in France of the line of literary critics known as the subjective or imaginative school, in contrast to the objective or scientific side, of which M. Brunetiere is an example.

Six volumes of his critical essays have been collected under the title of "Les Contemporains" and two volumes of dramatic criticism called "Impressions de Theatre."

The charm of Lemaitre's style as observed in his critical essays, dramatic reviews, poems, stories, novels and plays—for he has written all of these,—is in its extreme directness and in the simplicity of expression. As a censor, he is full of life and vigor and enthusiasm. Because of his elegant use of French, his fellow-critics have bestowed on him the title of "the virtuoso."

In this story may be noted the various points of view with which he presents an idea, the subjective, imaginative and mystical treatment of the theme, and his unaffected and wholly simple style.

\* \* \* \*



FINE abbey, it was, built on a lofty plateau above the mountain covered with firs. The pointed roofs and the towers of the house of God outlined themselves on this somber background. Below, a broad val-

ley, vineyards, fields of wheat, meadows edged with poplars and a village beside a sleepy stream.

The monks of this abbey were, at the same time, good servants of God, learned savants and excellent husbandmen. By day, their white robes appeared here and there over the countryside, bent over the works of the soil; and by night, one could see them passing from pillar to pillar, under the arches of the wide cloister, with a murmur of conversation or of prayer.

There was among them, a young monk by the name of Norbert, who was a very good image-maker. In wood, or in stone, or even with clay which he painted in bright colors, he knew how to fashion such fine statues of Jesus, of Mary and of the saints, that priests and pious persons came from afar to see them and paid a high price for them in order to ornament their churches or their chapels.

Norbert was a very pious man. He had an extraordinary devotion for the Holy Virgin; and often he remained for hours before the altar of the Immaculate One, motionless and prostrated under his cowl, the folds of his robe spread out behind him on the flag-stones.

Norbert was at times, a dreamer. In the evening, especially, while watching from the summit of the terrace, the sun fading away at the horizon, he became restless and sad. He would have wished to go far away, to see other corners of the earth than that in which he lived.

The prior would say to him at these times:

"What could you see elsewhere that you

do not see where you are! There are the sky, the earth, the elements. And it is from them that everything is made. Though you could see everything at the same time, what would it be but a vain vision?"

The good monks were very charitable; and as they were rich, there came a day when there was no longer a single poor person in the vicinity. Then they resolved to construct at their expense a magnificent church near their abbey.

They had several hundred workmen come to their aid. They hollowed deep quarries which were like sores in the glaring whiteness in the flank of the mountain. They drew from them innumerable blocks of stone which they hewed with art; and all the abbey was enveloped with a dust as white as flour.

On the wooded slopes which dominated the monastery, they cut down the most beautiful oaks and the most splendid fir trees in order to make of them the framework of the church. They squared them, then they sawed them, placing them on high trestles, and all the abbey was covered with a dust as yellow as that of gold.

In the midst of immense solitude, it was like a buzzing human bee-hive. Each workman in cutting his stone for the future cathedral, did not know where that stone would be placed and even if it would be seen by the faithful but he knew well that it would be seen by God; and all of them rejoiced in furthering, each in his humble way, this holy work.

And soon, stone by stone, the church rose—and rose towards the sky.

One of the old monks of the abbey had written these words in a little book of pious devotion, that he had named the Imitation of Jesus Christ:

"Do not dispute about the merits of the saints. These investigations produce often useless wranglings; they nourish pride and vain glory, from which are born jealousy and dissensions, one preferring this saint, another, some other. The examination of such questions, far from bringing fruit, is displeasing to the saints."

The good monks failed to follow this precept when one evening they were chatting among themselves on the terrace of the abbey, after the Angelus. Not only did they dispute about the merit of the various saints, but even that of the three persons of the Holy Trinity.

It was a question of knowing under what name their church should be placed; and each offered his opinion and sustained it with ardor.

Perhaps if they had been less pious persons, they would have preferred to enjoy in silence the peace of the evening. Not far from them, the unfinished walls of the future sanctuary arose, blurred and magnified in the twilight, in such a way that these new walls were as beautiful and majestic as ruins. Below, the river meandered, flecked with silver. The gold of the setting sun made the trees of the plain towards the east appear as violets; and by moments, a solitary barking and a far-away creaking of cart-wheels intensified the silence.

The prior, the upholder of rule and tradition spoke the first:

"It is fitting that our church should be

named for our founder, Saint Eustace. Otherwise, the faithful would believe that there is perhaps a greater saint than the illustrious cenobite who instituted our order."

The sub-prior said in his turn,

"The most venerated saints are only pale reflections of Christ, their model. If you will believe me, we will consecrate this church to Our Lord Jesus through whom salvation is come to men, and from whom comes all holiness."

The monk Alcuin, more than a hundred years old, spare and bent by the years, whose white robe made angles like a cloth thrown to dry on a gnarled vineshoot, in his turn began to speak.

"I propose God the Father. He is being somewhat neglected. He would be almost forgotten if it were not the custom to recite the Paternoster. And yet, it is He who created the world. For more than four thousand years, men have had no other God. At the present hour, numberless people worship Him who do not know His son."

The monk, Theobald, shrugged his shoulders. He was the most profound theologian of the abbey. He never went out into the country; he lived in the library, buried under parchments, deciphering ancient writings; and he passed as a man having peculiar opinions on everything.

"It is to the Holy Ghost," he said, "that I should wish to dedicate our church. For his reign is coming. After the revelation of God the Father to Abraham, after that of Christ to the Apostles, there will be that of the Spirit. It is necessary for you yourselves to see how the world is going on.

Impiety reigns and lust, and the majority of men continue to damn themselves. The Spirit will achieve the Redemption. That is announced in the Evangel; only you must know how to read."

At these words, the prior looked stern and the sub-prior made a sign to Theobald to be silent. Eginard, a monk of thirty years, with domineering and rugged features, said in a loud voice:

"Gladly should I choose as patron of our church, the Pope Saint Gregory. He was more powerful than emperors and kings. He understood that material strength which like the rest comes from God, is also the most efficacious means of action in the hands of his servants, and that he is really charitable who dares to force humanity to work out its own salvation."

"As for me," said the gardener, "I prefer Saint Fiacre. Throughout his mortal life he was but a poor man who followed his trade as best he could and who lived in the fear of God. And precisely, the majority of men are only poor fellows before whom it is necessary to set as an example virtues which they can understand and imitate."

At this moment, there passed a peasant in the footpath, at the base of the terrace, his pick on his shoulder. The prior called him civilly and said:

"If you were rich enough to build a church, to whom would you wish to consecrate it?"

The peasant answered:

"I am not saying anything bad of God, nor of the Virgin Mary, nor of any of the saints in Paradise. But if you want to know my idea, I would choose Saint Evroult. It

is in him that I have the most confidence. For he has cured my cow and has helped me find three hens that I had lost."

A short time after, a young woman appeared at the turning of the path. Humble, but neatly dressed, she held a nursling in her arm and led another child by the hand.

The prior put the same question to her that he had posed to the peasant.

The woman answered without hesitation.

"I should dedicate the church to the Mother of God."

"Why?"

"Because she is a mother."

Norbert had been silent till then. Pensive, he had been watching the gold and purple of the setting sun. When he had heard the response of the peasant woman, he said:

"My good woman, you have well said. But for me, it is not to Mary, mother of God, it is to the Virgin Mary that I would consecrate this temple. It is because she was charitable to all men. And it is because she was absolutely pure and absolutely kind that she merited to be the Mother of God. I am then permitted,—and it is more pleasing, I confess,—to love her especially as a virgin and as a mother of men, to honor her simply and solely for her love."

Suddenly the steward of the abbey, fat and florid, with a broad face and shrewd eyes advanced into the midst of the monks.

"Fathers," he said, "if you will believe me, it is neither to God the Father, the Son nor the Holy Ghost, neither to Saint Greg-

ory, nor to Saint Eustace, nor to Saint Fiacre, nor to Saint Evroult that you shall dedicate your church. With all due respect to you, but it will be to the good Saint Gengoul."

"And the reason, father steward?" asked the prior.

"It is because that is the name of the noble duke whose vassals we are. That will give him pleasure and will turn him perhaps from levying tribute upon us, under pretence that we are rich. It is necessary to disarm the powerful, if such a thing can be done by politenesses. For the times are bad and people are beginning to have less regard for those of the church and for the poor monks."

"But," said the monk Eginard, "your Saint Gengoul is not a very shining light. What has he done and what is known of him?"

"Little in fact; but we are certain that he was at least an honest man since he figures in the calendar."

"That is no proof," murmured the monk Theobald.

"After all," replied the steward, "I hold that for us, the greatest is who can best serve us. Besides, every temple is God's, that goes without saying; and furthermore, when you shall have rendered due to the patron of our worthy liege-lord, nothing shall prevent you from ornamenting your churches with the images of the Most Holy Virgin."

After quite an ardent discussion, the monks embraced the opinion of the steward. It was decided that the great doorway should be surmounted by the statue of

Saint Gengoul. A little above, they would place the Virgin Mary and at the top of the bale, the crucified Christ.

Norbert was commissioned to sculpture these three figures. He carved with no great zeal the figure of Saint Gengoul. Not knowing exactly what profession this saint had followed during his life-time, Norbert made a knight of him, in order to please his lordship, the duke. He clapped him straight and stiff in an armor of iron, joining with exactness on his breast the huge fingers of his gauntleted hands. All this was quickly done.

Then he sculptured in a block of granite, Jesus on the cross, twenty-five feet high. Slender, emaciated, his knees like death's heads, the tension of his arms making deep hollows under his arm-pits, streams of blood crossing each other on those swollen feet and flowing between his toes, the head bowed and limp,—in truth this Christ seemed to incarnate supreme human misery, the despair of the famished, the distress of the abandoned, the tortures of the sick, of those possessed, of lepers, of those who are put to death, of all those whose flesh is put to the test. And at the same time, his face betokened resignation, expressing the certitude of deliverance and of repose; and while the body, bleeding, bespoke suffering, the head, although crowned with thorns, said, clearly: Hope.

But although Norbert lavished upon this work all his efforts and all his piety, he thought without ceasing of the Virgin Mary, whose likeness he was next to carve; and he reserved for her without speaking

aught of it, all the genius of his art and of his love.

\* \* \* \*

"And now, my son," said the prior to him, "may God direct your hand in order that you may give us a true likeness of the Virgin Mary holding the child Jesus in her arms."

"But," asked Norbert, "should she not be represented in the manner which must be most pleasing to her?"

"Well," asked the prior, "is not her fairest title that of Mother of God?"

"Yes," replied Norbert, "but to my idea, I shall honor her more in representing her, not in her glory, but rather in the attitude of the virtues which have gained it for her. If she is shown to us bearing God, even as a child, how can our prayers reach her without stopping at Him? And then, what expression could I give her face? Can she for a God show the real feelings of a mother: tenderness over the frailty of such a little being, the deep joy of having Him all to herself and of protecting Him? Indeed, if she loves her son like a real mother, with a tenderness of flesh and blood, it seems to me then that she will no longer love men as much. Now, I feel that she loves us. Nearer to us than God the Father, she understands us better. There are sins which God alone would not pardon, that he perhaps would not have the right to pardon. But the Virgin is there; she obliges Him to absolve, she says to Him, 'Pardon. I take that upon myself. If you knew how unhappy these poor men are, how matter oppresses them, and how little they do that which they wish! They would all be saints

if they had all the special favors which I have received.' She has boundless compassion and infinite mercy. It is her very essence and that is her true glory. How, I ask you, is it for God that she can have pity? I wish to represent her with her two hands open and stretched out to mankind. She could not hold them out if she had a child in her arms."

"My son, these words are strange and smack of heresy. I command you to make the statue of the Virgin Mary as I have said."

\* \* \* \*

Norbert did not obey.

During all the time that he was working at the statue, he would not permit it to be seen, under the pretext that the remarks of his brothers would disturb him and would confuse his ideas. And alone with his dream, he carved the Virgin Mary as he imagined her.

Slender and draped in great folds, the head inclined towards men, the Immaculate One stretched her two open hands to them, the hands from which flow pardons. To tell the truth, it was scarcely a body; but the face was so lovely, the eyes regarded one with so much tenderness, the mouth smiled with a gentleness so sad, the gesture of the hands so well expressed pardon to the entire world, that the mere sight of this image gave one a desire to pray, to weep and to be a saint.

When the monks saw it, they cried out in admiration; and the prior himself declared it marvellously beautiful. But because of his disobedience, he condemned

Norbert to fast for a month on bread and water.

\* \* \* \*

Then, the holy cross, the statue of the Virgin and that of Saint Gengoul were set in their appointed places.

The church was almost completed. Two lofty towers flanked the portal like clusters of little columns and belfries. Norbert, animated by a fervent zeal for the house of God, passed his days on the roofs, in the midst of the aerial forest of stone, along the delicately fretted galleries, among the monster gargoyles, under the arches of the buttresses.

One evening, however, he did not descend. He wanted to dream there, all night long, at his ease, and to surprise the fantastic play of the moonlight through the arches.

He was at the summit of one of the towers, on a platform, the balustrade of which was not yet in place. He was trying to find out if he could see from such a height the statue of his cherished Virgin.

He leaned over and far below him he thought he could distinguish the two hands extended from the niche. He bent over a little further,—his foot slipped and he fell with a loud cry.

In his fall he encountered a scaffolding, rebounded on the boards, and was hurled towards the pointed gable of the facade, from which rose the stone cross.

With his two hands, he grasped the arms of the crucifix; and his body hung in space, beside the great cross.

It was too large to permit of his grasping it between his knees, hampered as they

were by the folds of his white robe.

There, face to face with the Christ, his hair bristling with terror, he begged him, humbly and frantically to save him. Then he began to shriek with all his strength; but the good monks, being at peace with God, were sleeping a sleep so profound that no one heard him. The night-birds, terrified, whirled around his head. His feet scratched the stone, seeking in vain to find a place of support. His fingers were crushed on the granite arms; his nails were bleeding; he felt an enormous weight pulling him downward. At one moment, it seemed to him that the face of Christ, lighted by the moon, recoiled with a grimace of refusal and of cruel irony. His fingers slipped, released their hold.

"Ah, Jesus, you are revenged. Help, O Virgin Mary!"

And again he fell.

He fell without injury, on the two marble palms of the Virgin. The merciful hands rose a little in order to retain him.

He fell asleep there like a child in a cradle.

At dawn, the priests saw him. They raised long ladders. When they came near him in order to rescue him, he was still sleeping.

"Why did you awake me?" he said.

He told to no one the dream that he had had in the arms of the Virgin, nor what she had said to him.

But beginning from that night, he showed a distinct devotion for Christ, the Redeemer, and lived in the highest sanctity.

## Jacob Gould Schurman

### President of Cornell

Jessee H. Reed



ACOB Gould Schurman was born at Freetown, Prince Edward Island, on May 22, 1854. Being of sound Tory principles, his family had moved there from New Rochelle during the Revolution, and was engaged in farming. It was here that Jacob Schurman lived until he was twelve years old, when he commenced his career as clerk in the little general store at Summerside. Two years of this proved sufficient for young Schurman. He decided that he wanted an education, and that he wanted it right away. So he attended the Summerside Grammar School, winning in 1870 the first of six scholarships offered for the Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown. This gave him a living and an education for two years, when he won the scholarship to Acadia College, entering into his Sophomore year at that college in 1873. By this time scholarships had become a habit with him, and after a year and a half at Acadia he sailed for London, bearing in his pocket the Canadian Gilchrist Scholarship to the University of London. Here, under the tuition of such masters as Morley and Martineau and Jevons, he received his degree in two years, with his indispensable scholarship—the University Scholarship to Edinburgh. Incidentally he won first honors in Greek, English, Logic and Political Economy—but these were of only secondary importance. The thing to be borne in

mind is that he wanted another scholarship, and that he got one. For the next three years Schurman was a student at Paris and Edinburgh, emerging with a Ph. D. from Edinburgh, and — another scholarship! This time it was the Hibbert Travelling Fellowship, with a thousand dollars a year for three years. Upon this meagre income Jacob Schurman proceeded to take time out at Berlin and Heidelberg, with occasional periods of study at Gottingen. Here he came into personal touch with some of the greatest minds of the day: Reymond, and Fischer, and Paulsen, and Pfleiderer. This was perhaps the most valuable part of his study, and marked the climax of a long and careful education. Perhaps there were no scholarships offered at Heidelberg—perhaps they were becoming monotonous to him. At any rate we find Schurman deciding to return home as suddenly as he had decided to leave, and in 1880 he was installed as Professor of English Literature and Political Economy at his old Alma Mater, Acadia College. From 1882 to 1886 he held the chair of Metaphysics and English Literature at Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia. In 1886 he became the Sage Professor of Philosophy at Cornell University—a full professor at the age of thirty-two. In 1891 he was Dean of the Sage School of Philosophy, and in 1892, by a unanimous vote, Jacob Gould Schurman was elected President of Cornell University.

In a way the election of Schurman to the Presidency was a remarkable event. There were no contenders for the position. So predominately did the man stand above his fellows that his name was the only one

considered. Faculty and student body alike were unanimous in their choice of Schurman, and they have had no cause to regret it.

Jacob Gould Schurman's activities have not been confined to the acquisition of scholarships alone. He was President of the United States Philippine Commission in 1899 and United States Minister to Greece and Montenegro in 1912. He is an extensive contributor to periodical literature, and a philosophical writer of no mean repute. In 1892 he commenced the organization of the Philosophical Review, which is now acknowledged to be the best of the modern philosophical journals in America. Among his many publications may be mentioned "The Kantian Ethics and the Ethics of Evolution," "The Belief in God," "The Ethical Import of Darwinism," "Agnosticism and Religion," and "The Genesis of the Critical Philosophy."

Jacob Gould Schurman is an excellent type of clean-cut American — perhaps I should say Englishman. His face is square and determined, his eyes clear and wide apart, his mouth firm. There is little of the academic about the man—one would take him for a railroad president or a corporation head—anything but a college professor. He does not even use the timehonored initials after his name, altho he could, with propriety, employ a miniature alphabet. It is a part of him, this democracy. He is athletic, too, varying in his tastes from golf in the summer to tobogganing in winter, taking his recreation in



somewhat of the Englishman's "sport for the sport's sake" attitude, which is the only sane method for the middle-aged man.

But it is as an orator that President Schurman is most noted. He possesses to a marked degree that peculiar magnetism which sets apart the orator from the mere lecturer and public speaker. This, with his clear perception and natural quickness of wit, forms an irresistible personality, which is felt equally keenly whether in the lecture room or at the banquet table. There are no dreamers in President Schurman's sections, and that is an excellent index to his popularity in the undergraduate world. Jacob Gould Schurman is not one of those pedantic beings who deem it sufficient to spend one hour each day making impressions upon the mental wax cylinders of some hundred odd freshmen, and then calmly expect each cylinder to reproduce his lectures in detail one day each month, with a special concert examination week. His classes at times resemble a debating club rather more than anything else. Every man's ideas, be they good, bad, or indifferent, are listened to with equal respect and corrected with promptness. He is a seeker after truth, and he has succeeded because he is himself true. He is an advocate of democracy, and he has established it simply because he is himself democratic.

In Jacob Gould Schurman Cornell has an executive who is as practical as he is scholarly, and as diligent as he is talented.

## The Musical Clubs on Their Trip

Richard A. Zwemer

The Wisconsin Glee and Mandolin clubs took their twentieth annual tour during the Christmas recess. The trip this year included only the Wisconsin cities, Wausau, Appleton, Oshkosh, and Green Bay.

The two clubs under the leadership of Arch Taylor and Rolland Mauer were in very good condition considering the large number of new men in the clubs.

Wausau is a city of hospitable people and large lumber mills. The two leading citizens of the town are Curtis, the president of the Curtis Sash and Door Co., and Schmidt, the secretary of the commercial club. The rest of the people either work for Curtis or else work Schmidt. Great interest was taken in the saw mills by the members of the clubs, who learned something here of that great industry, the lumber trade.

Appleton, the city of fair women, was the next stop. It was here that the old year was rung out and the new year rung in. By special invitation the university boys danced at the Elks Ball. Arrayed in their dress suits and peaked tissue paper caps, they displayed their excellence in the Terpsichorian art. The ball lasted until the wee small hours of the morning. It is needless to say that the fair Appleton belles learned all the tango steps which were known and some which were not. The boys were not all on hand to take the first train out of Appleton, but the stragglers managed to get to Oshkosh in time for the evening's concert.

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

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

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

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

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

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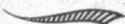
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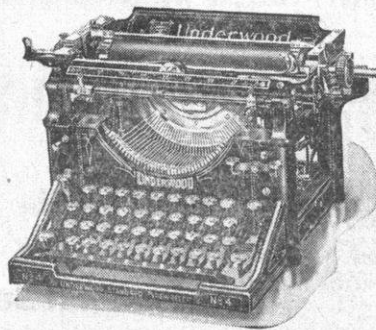
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