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The Wisconsin magazine. Volume XI, Number 3 December 1913

Madison, Wisconsin: The Wisconsin Magazine Association,
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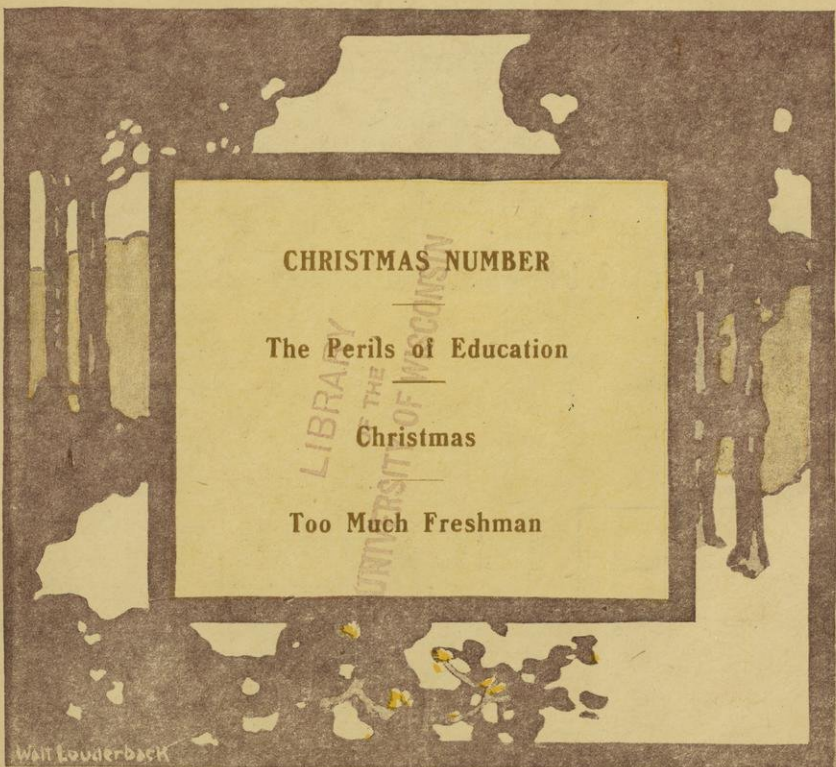
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Volume XI

DECEMBER, 1913

Number 3



Walt Louderback

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NEXT MONTH

WHAT OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES? will discuss in detail the status of student activities in the life of the Wisconsin student.

CHARLES N. WEBB will review the work of the much-talked-about Wm. J. Locke.

The **COBURN** and **BEN GREET** players, who have been here before, and who will probably be here again next spring, will be reviewed.

NEXT JUNE will be the 60th annual commencement of the university. There will be an article suggesting a program for its adequate celebration.

DARTMOUTH and **YALE** will be the college presidents told about next month.

RALPH YEWDAL will write another of his absorbingly interesting stories founded on historical fact.

THE CO-ED DIARIST will tell of the second year of her attempt to keep from the absorption of knowledge.

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

Entered at the Post Office, Milton, Wis., as second class mail matter.
Published at Milton, Wis., by The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated.
Monthly from October to May, inclusive
Madison Office, 521 North Henry Street, Phone 1684
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"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

The Perils of Education

Howard M. Jones

POSSIBLY the sanest way to view the world is to look at it between your legs. Familiarity breeds, not contempt, but indifference which is far more disastrous, whereas by elevating your feet and depressing your hat, old things suffer a translation into something new and strange. It is probable that if Napoleon, upon arising, had stood on his head five minutes of that seventeenth of June, 1815, the history of the world would have been different. The omission was not creditable to so brilliant an intellect, especially when his antagonist was too stupid to do anything but ride horse-

back. So likewise, if the citizens of Madison could be placed upside down for half an hour each week, the solution of the billboard nuisance, the Orpheum, white slavery, and other forms of bad art would speedily be attained. The crowd is not dull because it is stupid, but because it is accustomed. To accomplish reform is to turn other people upside down.

Where it is orthodox to walk on your feet, the pedestrians naturally resent the presumption which leads the non-conformist to walk on his hands. In every day life he is called a lunatic and locked up; in literature he is called Chesterton and misunderstood. That is one of the misfortunes of literature. Despite the fact that truth, even of the most bromidic order, is always a contradiction, when a man is called para-

doxical, he is condemned. The bromidic is merely the extraordinary things we get used to—if it were less common the sight of a man putting on his hat would draw a gapping crowd to witness the miracle. Yet when the world decides that an author is witty, it too often means that he is worthless. This should not, however, affect the value of the epigram which is to the mind what the shower-bath is to the body. It is fact armed with a club.

This initial digression is necessary since it is the purpose of the essay to advance the proposition that no one ought to enter college until he has finished it. That this truth is impossible of fulfillment in no wise impairs its validity. Facts are always illogical and seldom true, but theories are not thereby destroyed. Nobody has ever seen a case where virtue is its own reward, or an accurate illustration of a parabola—do we therefore, consign the proverb or the formula to the dust heap? The metaphysician ought to have that same fine scorn of fact that Mrs. Battle had for cribbage. Logic, after all, is merely an attempt at reasoned insanity, and the greatest philosophers and the greatest madmen, it is often enough observed, are of the same kin. We ought not, for that reason, to despise the lunatic.

If the fundamental truth above enunciated is hopeless of attainment, let us not therefore disregard it, since, after all, the squaring of fact with theory is a matter of little importance. And, by way of proof of the verity of our theorem, let us advance another paradox, namely, that education is the most dangerous invention of

modern times. Theology numbers its hundreds, and art its thousands, but education, like Saul, has slain its tens of thousands.

That the deadly nature of education has not long ago been recognized is due to a number of causes, including Froebel, a man who was fully as wrong as Marx and much more destructive. Since the death of Rousseau, a great soul, whose logic we do not have the courage to admit, there has been none brave enough to warn us of our peril. And educators, who are sometimes among the philosophers and often akin to the fools, have cleverly befogged the issue by talking vociferously about their raw material and very little about their finished product. This state of mind is natural among men who are conscious of doing a bad job. It is as though the war college should write articles about the militia and forget to explain the dead.

Then again there are books on pedagogy, without at least one of which to his discredit, the modern educator dare not face his friends. The Greeks, when they wished to arouse the deities of mirth, had Zeus thrust Vulcan out of heaven; nowadays, with our keener sense of humor, we have treatises on education to arouse the extinguishable laughter of the gods. The subversive thing about these books is not that they say nothing which an intelligent man could not comprehend in half the syllables and a tenth of the chapters—many books do that—but that they throw a veil of impenetrable mist around the carnage. Were the sun to clear away the cloud we could see the perils to which education exposes us, but alas! as soon as a ray of clear

light appears to thrust an investigating finger into the gloom, there belch forth fresh clouds from a thousand bellows, in the shape of pedagogical reviews, reports, magazines, and papers, and again Egyptian darkness covers the land. Education used to consist in learning the rudimentary facts of life somewhere between five and fifty; now it is an esoteric slight-of-hand performance in a factory building.

Children used to play; now they "function." After being spanked a sufficient number of times for pulling the cloth from the table, the wise baby formerly concluded it might be the part of valor to cease pulling that particular cloth; but the modern child, in the language of a keen critic of pedagogics, progresses by the five formal steps from "nothing to nowhere." All this is somewhat confusing to the layman with an inquiring turn of mind.

In other words, reports from the field of battle are written in Hebrew instead of newspaper English, and when the public at home points with wonder at the coffins going to the front, it is blandly presented with a volume on pedagogy. Again placing the emphasis at the wrong end, we are required to send our children to school, but regarding their welfare after they get there, we have no statute compelling us to inquire. If they come limping home after the campaign with a misfit philosophy and manual-training where they ought to have Greek, there is always the example of the Spartan mothers to console us. The only difference lies in the fact that the Spartans were fortunate enough to have to deal with shields and not nature-study.

It is a striking instance of the carelessness of the public in facing grave problems, a carelessness offset however, by the gravity with which it considers trivialities, that it seems to trouble nobody when we are called upon to face this dragon in the most ignorant period of our lives. It is always a children's crusade. Without a qualm we send forth St. Georges ten years old. Having agreed that education is uncertain and puzzling, we proceed to try it on the dog. Instead of detailing an efficient scout to map the undiscovered country, we thrust an infant forward to toddle among the morasses. It is safe to say that no adult man would go through half the trials, the mortifications, the circumlocutions to learn calculus, that he sends his boy to endure in acquiring arithmetic. If the father wants to figure compound interest, he gets it out of a table; if his son has to learn algebra, they put him under a female of the species that remotely contemplates marriage, take his books away from him, impose absolute silence, give him a desk he can't sit in and a pen he abhors, and make him write an examination composed of questions from a commercial algebra—by another teacher. Naturally the boy doesn't know what they are doing to him, so he can't fight back intelligently by writing to his Congressman and getting the alderman of his ward to discharge the teacher, but he resents it in his own way and—it is comic enough for Meredith—we find mobs of gentlemen who write with ease scribbling away on discussions of How to Keep the Boy in School.

The only stable thing in the world is the

individual soul, as Descartes long ago discovered, though he put it somewhat clumsily. It therefore becomes the most valuable thing in the world. Yet we ask this soul while it is still trailing clouds of devilry as it comes, to attempt the most difficult thing in the world—to adjust itself without warning to thirty other souls gathered at random and placed under the supervision of another larger salaried soul of the unfortunate gender. We blandly call upon the most independent thing on earth to achieve discipline and submission at once, attributes which few people ever attain at the end of their lives. We expect of an adolescent what we despair of finding in Solomon.

Perhaps the enormous number of misfits in education are its greatest reproach, a fault which goes back ultimately to the anomaly stated above. Is it not strange that after these thousand years of philosophy we do not know enough to make a carpenter out of a carpenter, but are just as likely to make him a minister or a walking delegate instead? To think of the unnumbered thousands who have been misshapen into mechanics, doctors, railway conductors, or football coaches when they should have been poets, bartenders, philosophers or soda fountain clerks, is to realize with appalling sense of nearness, the perils which lurk in the path of the schoolboy as, not unnaturally, he creeps like a snail, unwillingly to school. To count the square pegs in round holes is like counting the cripples of a great war. A thousand souls went forth to the fighting, careless, singing and strong, and of these, two returned un-

wounded, and the rest came back grocery clerks! There is no more pitiable thing on the face of the earth. It must be at the schoolhouse that angels weep, that giant blunderbuss in the hands of the unmarried. Tragedy lies in the proverbial truth that women do not know how to handle a gun.

Truly, he who first sets foot on the initial path to Parnassus, or rather he who is first compelled to set foot there and is then pushed along till the path is the only thing familiar enough to follow, has begun an exploration more beset with pitfalls than Livingstone's journey. And the gods become grimly ironic when we realize that this heroism is all Hobson's choice, and willy-nilly, the educational explorer must enact the part of Ursula among the lions.

Let us apply our thesis to the immediate. Lightning is merely interesting on the horizon, it becomes significant when it blazes on our neighbor's chimney-tops. Here we are, six thousand souls more or less, gathered together into what is called a university, which means that we go through certain formulae until we need not hunt for formulae of our own. The problem lies in the question of getting the right formula for our individual selves—the awfulness of the situation springs from the immutable consequences of choosing the wrong formula.

Upon the surface of things, all is calm, methodical, orderly. At the gate you go through certain motions, you are picked up like a tin can on an endless chain and carried through four years of work, when you are neatly deposited, with a label signifying your interior contents, upon a pile

of other finished cans, which, after some turmoil, Death, the ragman, shall throw into the rubbish-heap. Along the route you have met with the most admirable system—in this room the cans are filled desiring a scientific sauce, that gentleman with the Van Dyke beard and the impoverished digestion is busily engaged in pouring fifty minutes worth of French into whole rows of waiting cans, and yonder in the testing room frequent examinations are made, where defective cans are either sent back to be filled anew or else thrown prematurely to the rubbish-heap. This is the scientific method of education.

Alas! Little can, other turmoil will beset thee beside the ultimate struggle ere the ragman cometh! Upon the way there lie perils, of accident, of wrong fillings, of wrong labels, of misfit formula, of clumsy hands!

The earliest enemy the Freshman meets is his class advisor. It is a terrible and solemn thing to throw two souls into any lasting contact, yet we blithely draw lots and assign twenty-four random cans to each instructor for labelling! What if he be not congenial, not sympathetic, not understanding, mathematical where I am literary, enthusiastic where I am cynical, orderly where I am heterogeneous, sceptical where I am a firm believer? Are these matters of no importance? Or must each professor, like another and more impersonal Lachesis, finish his stint of labelling cans and trust to the great god Chance for the consequences? Think for a moment of the hazard of the undertaking, the solemnity of guiding a mind to the world's wisdom,—

yet we go about it with the systematic air of a man selling coal. Has all our science come merely to this that we must draw lots with fate and accept the tally of victims as necessary to the universe?

It is useless to make general pleas for a sympathetic understanding on the part of the advisor. That is mere surface rebuttal. What is a sympathetic understanding? If he is at heart an idealist and I an unconscious, though nonetheless real materialist, we can not get together though he had the penetration of Socrates and the love of St. Francis of Assisi! Philosophies are merely ingrained prejudices and you can not overcome a prejudice. No, we must resign ourselves to the inevitable and roll around in Life's dice box with as much dignity as we can muster. I can not unbosom my soul to a man five feet high, nor, being twenty-one, understand the mental operations of sixty-two.

Consider next the curious triviality with which we shape our courses. We run hastily through the catalogue, check so many segments of wisdom, which our instructor mildly approves or changes at his will, and there we are, damned for a semester, if not distorted for life. We long ago gave up the idea that culture deals with information. The logic of that position would have abolished the universities. Knowledge is no part of education. Instead it is agreed that we attend classes in sociology, algebra and German, not for the sociology, algebra and German, but for Professors A, L and X. Education is the contact of personalities, and to this, text-books are a superfluous impertinence. Yet we handle this

delicate mixture with the nonchalance of Lord Dundreary's opinion of Euclid.

It is an astonishing and tragic fact that we go to college to meet men and that the college devises absolutely no system of determining the kind of men we need to meet. The rules for the study of English are carefully worked out on the basis of what has been done in high school, but the procedure for meeting men is never ascertained on the ground of the men we have met. We are huddled together like coals in a scuttle, with the inane hope that somehow everything is going to turn out all right. We do not handle chemical elements with the bravado which we display in mixing personalities. Is it because in the former case an instantaneous flash teaches us to know better, while in the latter there results only a smouldering fire, hidden, but nonetheless corrosive? More astounding still, it occurs to nobody that the most important thing in the university is that a Freshman shall get into the right section of English 1. We pry deeply into the geometry he has had and the amount of Hamlet he has studied, but we forget to ascertain his reaction towards a redheaded man. We measure his body with scrupulous exactness, but we devise no Bertillon system for what is most needed, a measure of his shyness or his sociability. Perhaps it would be better to do away with entrance requirements and substitute a questionnaire on the candidate's preference in nervous men. Of the two the latter is manifestly far more important than whether or not a given pupil has read Burke or Irving.

If by any chance the student is not mis-

directed for life by the time he becomes a Junior, we force upon him the necessity for another fatal option. Stevenson said in *Aes Triplex* that the most dangerous thing he knew of was for an elderly gentleman to go to bed, but it is questionable for the purposes of life, if the selection of a major subject be not fraught with weightier issues. The appalling inexorableness of the choice, the grave consequences of harnessing your energies to a given task, the still graver results of choosing the wrong subject ought to make us remember John Wesley who preceded his every decision by prayer. Indeed it is likely that the election of a thesis should be accompanied by fasting.

Here again we treat the occasion with the most regrettable levity. A yearling saunters into his advisor's office some morning, casually announces that he guesses he'll major in Spanish, the instructor puts one or two questions to him, and the die is cast. The undergraduate is chained to the consequences of Spanish, not for two years, but for life. It is as impossible as marriage. It seems as though so eventful a decision should be accompanied by some of the pomp and circumstance of state and the regiment parade or the faculty don their gowns in solemn conclave every time John Smith takes chemistry.

The savages know more of such matters than we when they accompany a boy's coming of age with the most impressive ceremonies. So, too, with the Roman youth when he laid aside his childish things and donned the toga virilis. So, too, the rites that accompanied the oath of knighthood.

Either we should imitate them or else write on each text-book, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

It is eminently useless to put a cheerful face on the matter and say with easy optimism, "Oh, well, of course some men guess wrong, but on the whole, the world gets along." The world might get along so much better. It would be extraordinary if the universe were ten per cent efficient. Out of every hundred graduates, it is doubtful if there are five that have received a proper education. The rest are run through various compounds in the hope that the right plaster will somehow stick. A student is like an explorer setting out for an unknown country: we victual him against all the contingencies we can think of, and then hope for the best.

Peril by land, peril by sea, peril of wrong courses, peril of wrong teachers, peril of wrong interests, all heaped up on the uncertainties of grammar schools, the dangers of a high school curriculum—is it any wonder that education partakes of the nature of a battle with the Boyg? It is easily the most hazardous thing in life. For as it shapes the individual of next year's nations, so it is equally likely to misshapen them, maim them, hinder them, blind them. How many doctors should have been poets, how many poets should have been doctors? No one should enter college till he has finished it, or else he knows not what he doth or whether he goes.

There is no such thing as a science of education. It were wiser to be more humble in the matter, and less systematic, and where we have admired the administrative

efficiency of our schools, to wonder sometimes if we ought not to despise them, and when we are counting the misfits of life, to ask ourselves for how many of these are the schools responsible. It will be a bright day for our colleges when they insist, not on the student's having read Goldsmith, but on his presenting a statement of the personalities he has met.

* * * *

Christmas

Waldo Bauer



SOFT snow, falling through an absolutely still evening, was making the Christmas season perfect. In the suburbs and the country, everything was white—the laden branches and the unbroken roads, the drifted fences groaning under their load of snow. In the city streets the snow was crushed and trampled under the many passing feet, till its beauty was but dirty-grey slush, to be splashed about the sidewalks till some enterprising businessman could have it swept into the gutter. For the most part, however, the down-town walks remained unswept. It was Christmas Eve, the rush of the holiday season, and there was no time for mere sweeping.

The crowds made their slow but hurried way from store to store, heedless of each other and of the tired clerks, who dragged themselves from showcase to shelf and wondered if the season of peace on earth

would ever end. What an array of faces in the throng! Here a dainty lady, stepping out of her carriage, here a youth making his way through the shifting crowd with light and careless step, there a fair-faced child glowing with the gladness of the time, there a man with care-lined face wondering, perhaps, how his little salary was going to cover the cost of a merry Christmas for all the loved ones—all hurrying on their way as if none of the others were in existence. And the snow fell alike on all of them, dusting their shoulders with white, and throwing itself into their faces as if to remind them of something. There were some to whom the flakes seemed to act as a tonic, for they raised their heads to face the storm.

There was a little girl in front of one of the show windows, who found but little exhilaration in the touch of the snow on her cheeks. To one warmly clad, there is a delight in feeling the soft touch of falling snow on the face, but when every flake is just so much more added to the already numbing cold, there is but little pleasure in a snowstorm. No one took any notice of the tiny figure huddled in a corner next to the brilliant window. They were too busy to stop for a mere child gazing at a window filled with toys. What could it mean to them that her clean dress was thin and showed signs of neat but frequent mending, or that she wore no wrap of any kind on this night when men buttoned up their fur collars with a shiver of content?

One man there was, who saw the little girl, and was not too busy to pause a moment. He spoke kindly to her, and she

turned her big eyes up to his for a minute, and shrank away from him in something very like fear. He smiled a trifle sadly—perhaps his Christmas was to be no happier than hers—and pressed a coin into her hand. It was a very large gift, but it might as well not have been given, except for the kindness of the intention. She paid little attention to him as he moved away, and did not seem to know that she was holding a piece of money in her hand. The window absorbed her attention. It was a wonderful sight, truly. All Toyland had been assembled to afford material for that display. An electric railroad ran its trains about over mountain, valley, and bridge with utter disregard for switch or schedule. Animals of every known variety prowled among trees no bigger than themselves. Dolls there were in plenty—Kewpie babies with their rougish eyes upturned in saucy challenge to come and buy, jointed circus dolls, droll German sailor dolls, and waxen dolls no more trim than the misses whose Christmas tables they would grace. And queen of them all, a great French doll. She was bigger than many babies, her pink-and-cream face was wreathed in real flaxen hair, her blue eyes were fringed with long lashes. Her costume was as perfect as a beautiful white dress, a real watch on her wrist, and a pearl necklace could make it. From the tip of her saucy nose to the trim patent-leather pumps, she was a sight to warm any little girl's heart.

Dorothy had been watching that doll for many days. Only a few days before Christmas she had gone with her mother

to the store where a white-haired man at a desk bought beautiful embroidered things at a ridiculously low price. On the way they had stopped at admire the big doll. Little Dorothy had not seen the pain deepen on her mother's face when she asked if Santa Claus might not possibly pick that one out for her. Santa Claus had always been so very good to her when her father still lived.

She could not remember very much about her father, but there was a vague recollection of a big, kind man who went away and never returned. Dorothy could remember that her mother had cried a good deal after that, and that she had wanted to cry, too, but she could not think what the reason had been. Santa Claus had not been so good to her since that, and she did not like to ask why, because once when she asked if her father had gone away because Santa Claus was angry with him, and if that was the reason she was no longer so well remembered at Christmas, her mother had begun to cry again. Dorothy did not like to see her mother cry, it made her own throat feel lumpy inside.

Not even a week had passed since their visit to the store when Dorothy had admired the big doll, and wished that she might have it. Something had happened the night before. Dorothy did not know exactly what it was. Their little home had been cold, and her mother had gone to bed very early, saying that she was tired. Usually she stayed up to make pretty things with her needle for the man at the store. She had coughed more than usual, too.

In the morning Dorothy had been unable

to wake her with the usual kiss, and had gone across the hall to tell the neighbor woman about it. After that, she had not been allowed to see her mother. An automobile had taken her away, and she could remember being wrapped warmly in furs and taken to a big house, where she was given better things to eat than she had ever tasted, and treated kindly by a beautiful, little, old lady and the white-haired man, who had bought her mother's needlework. Her mother, they told her, was very tired and would sleep for a long time, and they were going to keep her till her mother should have her again, when she awoke. The little girl listened with wide eyes, and wondered a little at the choke in the man's voice when he told her that her mother was safe, and Dorothy should surely see her again. Then they brought her new clothes, as pretty as those the big doll had worn. But she would not change from the dress her mother had made for her. Wisely, they let her have her own way in that, and they learned very soon to let her alone, because she did not seem to care for their kindness.

She played for a time before the fire in the living room. It was warm there, and pleasant, but Dorothy wanted her mother. So when she was left alone, she slipped out of the front door, and clad only in the thin dress she had worn before, she made her way to the show window where the big doll presided over her toy kingdom. Dorothy was going home, but she knew no other way than from the store, and she would stop for an instant to see the doll, and then go home to her mother. It was long before

she could tear herself away from the fascinating window. The sad-faced man who spoke to her and gave her the coin recalled her, and she moved on not long after.

The night was growing colder, and the snow, already deep on the streets, was falling faster. She turned toward her home. Soon she had left the business streets behind, with their rushing crowds, and entered the long, still avenues of the residence section. The snow was deeper here, and the walking became very difficult for the little girl. She was just a little tired now, too. Street lights gleamed large and ghostly among the whirling flakes, carriages flitted by like wraiths in the storm, pedestrians stamped and plowed their way through the drifts. After a time it seemed to Dorothy that she had never before seen the streets on which she was walking, but she could not remember where she had turned off the way home, and because the cold was beginning to numb her, she did not turn back. She was beginning to be very tired. But her mother would be waiting for her, and so she went on.

She passed fewer houses now. The way grew more drifted and harder to walk on. But the big doll would be lonely if she did not come. Then her limbs became too heavy to carry her any farther. The snow was so soft, it was softer than her own little bed; she noticed that when she stumbled and fell into a drift. It was very hard to get up again, too, because she was so sleepy. Her mother, probably, was sleepy too, and surely the doll must have gone to sleep long ago. Its lashes would be so long when it closed its eyes.

The snow was no colder than the air of this Christmas Eve. It was so soft, too, that it would be nice to sleep in it. A big drift covered the sidewalk in front of her. She began to wade through it, but it was a long way. Then she lost her footing, and fell into the deep, soft snow. This time she did not get up again. The snow was so much softer than her own bed, and her mother was asleep so she wouldn't miss her and the doll, too, was sleeping, and she was so tired—and after all, the snow was warmer than the wind which had begun to blow, and the flakes came down almost like kisses on the tired eyes. And so the little girl went to sleep on Christmas Eve, and the snowstorm ceased, and the frost devils came out and danced upon the crusting snow under the winter moon, while merry children laughed and sang, and danced about their Christmas trees.

* * * *

Light-loved

Ruth M. Boyle

A pool in the street unseen before
In quivering radiance for a too-brief space
Wakes from a dull dream of earth-gotten lore,
The kiss of lightning on its face.

My heart was that unnoticed pool when you
Its dull dream broke and laughed away;
But now the moment-gilded pool and my heart,

too,

Deserted are, and all the world is gray.

Arnold Bennett of Five Towns

Hugh Jackson Reber

"Devise wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio."—Shakespeare.



HERE was a first work bearing the unexplained signature, Arnold Bennett; then after his first notable success, the titled page would read, By Arnold Bennett, author of "The Old Wives Tale;" later it became Arnold Bennett, author of "Clayhanger;" and finally it was once more merely Arnold Bennett. But always this author will be associated in the minds of his readers with the "Five Towns," and many a minor work will be read and judged too favorably because its author wrote some other stories the greatest of which is "Clayhanger."

Concerning the "Five Towns," no general and comprehensive description is needed. In fact one may read a dozen volumes by the author and not know the names of more than three of them. But they are very real. You are inside, and looking around you, Bursley is very clearly in view. Its particular features become familiar. An explanation of the local peculiarities of this section of Staffordshire, is not made. Once acquainted with the city, it is not difficult to draw conclusions. But it is well to explain "Oldcastle" to the reader who will come to Bursley.

"The fine and ancient Tory borough provided education for the whole of the Five Towns, but the relentless ignorance of its prejudices had blighted the district. A

hundred years earlier the canal had been obtained after a vicious Parliamentary fight between industry and the fine and ancient borough, which saw in canals a menace to its importance as a center of traffic.

"Fifty years earlier the fine and ancient borough had succeeded in forcing the greatest railway line in England to run through unpopulated country five miles off instead of through the Five Towns, because it loathed the mere conception of a railway. And now, people are enquiring why the Five Towns with a railway system special to itself, is characterized by a perhaps excessive provincialism. These interesting details have everything to do with the history of Edwin Clayhanger, as they have everything to do with each of the two hundred thousand souls in the Five Towns. Oldcastle guessed not the vast influences of its sublime stupidity."

For one moment we feel that the secret of the locality is being unfolded, but this is the impression of a moment only. Once more we are in Bursley, and in the whole book we learn nothing that is not a part of the life of Edwin, his father, Mr. Shushions, or the Orgreave family. The work is essentially of Edwin. He is not curious to find out the hidden workings of his city. He accepts it as it accepts him. He lives there. We see Bursley as he sees it.

Darius Clayhanger, the father, and Mr. Shushions, the Sunday School teacher, are explained; the rest of the book must explain itself or remain a mystery. The reason for the exceptions is very clear. Old men are naturally mysteries. Their past is wrapped up and hidden in their old age.

Edwin failed to understand his father, and so would the reader if he were left unaided; for to look through Edwin's eyes meant to see an old man, though he was not old, and to see a cruel tyrant. Chapters four and five open the past. The reader sees the youth grow old and forget, therefore the tyrant, but he sees also the real Darius and the real Mr. Shushions, and he knows later that these men deserve a sympathy that Edwin will never give, not even to his father on his death bed. Edwin even to the last fails utterly to understand. It is inevitable.

But see the great tribute that almost unconsciously Edwin pays to Hilda. It was on the Square on the day of the Sunday School centenary. How little he understands the transformation in her as she bends over the decrepit body of Mr. Shushions, yet he comprehends enough so that he can appreciate and will never forget the picture—"the silly old man looking up" and "Hilda looking down."

For the present, then, the author seems to desire us to look upon Edwin as most deserving of our admiration, as a true hero, because he understands enough to locate in the tableau the heroine, Hilda. As they lead Mr. Shushions away, the author makes his comments:

"Thus was the doddering old fool, who had given his life to Sunday Schools when Sunday Schools were not patronized by princes, archbishops and lord mayors, when Sunday Schools were the scorn of the intelligent,—thus was he taken off for a show and a museum curiosity by indulgent and shallow Samaritans who had not even the

wit to guess that he had sown what they were reaping. And Darius Clayhanger stood oblivious at a high window of the sacred Bank. And Edwin, who all unconscious owed the very fact of his existence to the doting imbecile, regarded him chiefly as a figure in a tableau, as the chance instrument of a woman's beautiful revelation. Mr. Shushion's sole crime against society was that he had forgotten to die."

"Disillusionment is the keynote of his novels," says Bettany. "The revolt of youth against age furnishes the drama." But this brief summary is not enough. In it there is no place for Hilda. To be sure there are heroines in other novels, and Hilda is not a part of the book Clayhanger except as she enters the life of Edwin. It is the growing process. Mr. Bennett takes a school boy and discloses him as he is. Then twenty years of life are described. The development of the boy takes half the book and ten of the twenty years. From then on there are two factors affecting the development of the man, Darius and Hilda. Their lives are cut into the book as they are cut into the life of Edwin. On each page of the book, Edwin lives. Mr. Bennett is a great realist.

It is interesting to read "The Truth about an Author" and see what the author has to say about his life and work. Arnold Bennett says of this work, which was first published anonymously, that its success was "terrific—among about one hundred people."

He began his literary career at an early age by entering a newspaper office in one of the Five Towns. He secured this posi-

tion as an entirely sufficient reward for his first work—"a sinister narrative" illustrating "the evils of marrying a drunken woman." The story proved to be "entirely without serial interest."

Later he became a clerk in a lawyer's office in London. Then he became an assistant editor of a ladies' paper. After leaving this position, he entered his profession in various capacities. As a reviewer he claims great efficiency. "I well know," he crows justifiably, "that there are not many men who can come fresh to a pile of new books, tear the entrails out of them and write a fifteen-hundred-word causerie on them passably stylistic, all inside of sixty minutes."

He describes his successful attempt to convince a publisher that his first book was worth printing. It was truly a feeble attempt, but as the reader had recommended that it be published, it was done; and the whole affair terminated very well, Mr. Bennett thought. "Many a first book has cost its author a hundred pounds," he remarks. "I got a new hat out of mine."

One of the interesting things in Arnold Bennett's essays is his discussion of literature. He writes at length on the subject in general. As to the aim of literary study he says, "it is not to amuse the hours of leisure; it is to awaken oneself; it is to be alive, to intensify one's capacity for pleasure, for sympathy, and for comprehension. . . . An understanding appreciation of literature means an understanding appreciation of the world and it means nothing else." When he tries to describe literature, to tell us of exactly what it consists,

he is forced to illustrate and writes as follows:

"That evening when you went for a walk with your faithful friend, the friend from whom you hid nothing or almost nothing. . . . You were, in truth, somewhat inclined to hide from him the particular matter which monopolized your mind that evening, but somehow you contrived to get on to it, drawn by an overpowering fascination. And as your faithful friend was sympathetic and discrete, and flattered you by a respectful curiosity, you proceeded further and further into the said matter, growing more and more confidential, until at last you cried out in a terrific whisper: 'My boy, she is simply miraculous!' At that moment you were in the domain of literature.

"Let me explain. Of course in the ordinary acceptance of the word, she was not miraculous. Your faithful friend had never noticed that she was miraculous, nor had about forty thousand other fairly keen observers. She was just a girl. Troy had not been burnt for her. A girl cannot be called a miracle. If girls are to be called miracles, then you might call pretty nearly anything a miracle. . . . That is just it, you might. You can. You ought.

"Amid all the miracles of the universe you had just awakened to one . . . You had a strong sense of the marvelous beauty of something, and you had to share it. You were in a passion about something, and you had to vent yourself on somebody. You were drawn towards the whole of the rest of the human race. Mark the effect of your mood and your utterance on your faithful friend. He knew that she was not a mir-

acle. But you, by the force and sincerity of your own vision of her, and by the fervor of your desire to make him participate in your vision, did for quite a time cause him to feel that he had been blind to the miracle of that girl.

"You were producing literature."

In Your United States, Arnold Bennett presents to the American public the impressions of a first visit. Parts of the work are certainly worth reading. His appreciation of Boston is remarkable; his comments upon the great power plant and the telephone exchange are reflections of a real, poetic inspiration; and his trip through the mail order house in Chicago is the best of it all.

His discussion of American painting reaches the other extreme, to my mind. But his apology for the work is so generous that criticism is almost useless. At the end he writes: "Were I to assert, in the phrase conventionally proper to such an occasion, that no one can be more sensible than myself of the manifold defects, omissions, inexactitudes, gross errors, and general lack of perspective which my narrative exhibits, I should assert the thing which is not. I have not the slightest doubt that a considerable number of persons are more sensible than myself of my shortcomings." And he closes by stating that he is not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view that he has put forward.

The first visit and the book which resulted thereby, have both served the good purpose of advertising the author. Thus it has come about that several books have become very well known in America, the greatest of which is Clayhanger.

The Black Death

Ralph Bailey Yewdale



MRU, the Arab merchant, was trading among the Tartar tribes, northwest of Bagdad, in July of that eventful year, 1347. The spring and early summer had been the hottest within the memory of man. The sun was like a fiery, golden globe, fixed in a glowing, brazen sky. Not a drop of rain had fallen for months, and the grass was scorched and brown, as from a fire. During the heat, the Tartar village was a veritable Hell.

The black tents, which were the only shelter from the arrows of the sun, stank foully, and were close, to the point of suffocation. Even Amru, accustomed to the heat of the Arabian desert, swore by Allah that never before had he experienced a summer like this, and wished that he were back in Bagdad on the banks of the Tigris. But trade was good, and Amru smiled when he thought of the many damaks which his goods would bring him; so he tarried among the tents of the Tartars.

In mid-July, a sickness broke out in the Tartar village. Two women died of a strange and alarming disease, which even Amru, who was somewhat skilled in matters of leech-craft, did not understand. The days were hotter than ever, if such a thing were possible, and Amru, satisfied with the gain he had reaped, said farewell to the Tartars, and turned his camel's head across the desert toward Bagdad. But somewhere in the folds of his burnous, or among the

goods he had brought back from the Tartars, lurked the new disease, and though Amru did not know it, pale Death sat behind him on the camel.

At length with the circling suns, he reached Bagdad strangely hot and fevered, with a thirst beneath his tongue which he could not quench. That night he lay at a 'khan,' near the Mosque of Ionam Azam Hanife, and through the long hours of the night, he tossed and groaned, and held his aching head, while an Italian traveler, who slept beside him, cursed him for a restless bed-fellow. But in the morning, when the muezzins were calling to prayer, Amru was too ill to rise, and he vomited forth blood, and great swellings appeared upon his body. The Italian spat upon the ground, muttered a prayer to the virgin that he might forget the sight, and set out for Aleppo.

But the curse was upon him also, so that when he reached Aleppo days later he was hardly in his right senses, and the cloak which he let fall in the street was picked up by an English adventurer out-at-elbows, who was bound for Constantinople. But the cloak was the mantle of Death for him, and when he staggered ashore at Constantinople, and fell upon the dock, with a pain as of a knife in his breast, and a skin that was foul and moist and not good to look upon, he cried aloud against the curse which God had put upon him, and died. Few people heard of it that day, but most of these shrugged their shoulders, and promptly forgot, but, none the less although they knew it not, the Pestilence, the Plague, the Black Death, had come to

Europe, and was abroad in the land.

The Castle of Champtoce, with tower and battlement, rose sheer and high, a gray mass, commanding the level, green plain below, and at its foot lay the town, with row upon row of tiled and straw-thatched houses, up and down the narrow, crooked streets. A mighty fortress it was, for the Lords of Champtoce were among the great nobles of the land, and their sword-hands and treasure-chests were alike strong and powerful. But the present Lord of Champtoce was old, and he seldom donned his armor, or summoned his fighting men, for old men do not love war, as they do a warm chimney-corner, or a soft bed, when the blood begins to freeze, and the heart to beat slowly, and when the world seems grayer than the world of yesterday.

He was an ancient man, and the old wives in the town whispered, that when he left the castle again, it would be feet first upon his back, and they wagged their heads and talked of his successor, Colin de Retz, who was well-beloved throughout the wide lands of Champtoce for his kindness and generosity; for the ancient lord of Champtoce had no kin, save three nephews alone, the sons of a younger brother, long dead. And of these nephews Colin was the eldest and best loved, Jeham, a lover of swift horses and fair women was the second, and Gilles, a black-browed, silent, surly man was the youngest, yet all were men no longer young. Gilles, whose chances of succession were to be counted as naught, had wandered afar, and had seen strange lands in his younger days, and was wise beyond

most of the sons of men.

In his travels, he had met with a misshapen Saracen, named Yusuf, who had fled from Bagdad to escape the wrath of the Khalif, and to save his head. He was ever at Gilles' heels, albeit he did not love him, nay, rather, hated him, but he served him well, and received naught for his pains, but kicks and blows. Whenever he walked down the streets, dragging his twisted, shrivelled limb after him, with his black cloak over his head, the children would shriek "The Saracen! The Saracen!" and would leave off playing to run and hide behind their mother's dresses. The dwellers on the lands of Champtoce love Gilles little better than his Saracen familiar, and when he rode forth on his great, black horse, followed by his six black armoured retainers, they doffed their hats but surlily. He was proud, and haughty, and jealous for he was only the third in succession. Yet withal the thought that he was the youngest son gnawed at his heart like a worm. He did not dwell in the Castle with his aged uncle and his brothers, but had a great house outside the village, besides the black Mere of Machecoul, where he brooded over his lot, and where, according to the tales the villagers told, he practiced sorcery and magic with Yusuf.

News traveled slowly, and none in the domains of Champtoce had heard of the coming of the Death, but one day, Black Francois, the cross-bow man, who had been on a journey to the eastward, returned with the news of the Great Plague, and, although he told no one, he had seen men taken with the pestilence, and in his heart, he feared

that the Death might be running in his own veins, for he knew how nimbly it leaped from man to man. And when, at length, he fell sick and died in the guard-room, with a great swelling under his arm, and a skin like that of a dead snake, a great shudder of fear ran through Champtoce, for they knew that the Black Death had come. The servants burned frankincense and juniper in the guard-room of the Castle to purify the air, but they did not drive out the Death, and the old lord in his great arm chair knew it, and the scullion's knave in the kitchen knew it as well. And the next night, the chaplain was taken with a great fever, and he fell down upon the rush-covered floor, and never spoke again.

The plague crept down into the town. Some men died a half-hour after they were taken, and coughed forth their lives with blood from their throats. Others became afevered, and fell into a deep sleep, from which they never awakened. The Death was everywhere; it took the old and the young, the fair and the foul, the good and the bad, alike. So many died, that they could not be properly buried, so that they must needs be dumped into a large trench, with neither ringing of bell, nor reading from Book.

People fled from Champtoce, parents foresaking plague-stricken children, and children parents, so that there were none to give the sufferers to drink, when they cried for water, and rolled their black tongues in their mouths. Doors and windows of deserted houses stood open and anyone who listed might enter, and carry off plunder. And many did so, but of those

who entered, some never came forth again alive, while others who bore off the booty on their shoulders, likewise carried Death upon their backs. And the faithful lifted their hands in supplication to the heavens, and prayed God that he might remove the curse, and stay the Death. But no answer came out of the empty sky.

At length, the old Lord of Champtoce fell sick of the Plague, and the doctors at the Castle could do nothing to cure him, for all their skill. His two nephews, Colin and Jeham, remained in the Castle, and tarried without the door of his chamber albeit they knew that the Death lurked within. But Gilles had shut himself up in his great stone dwelling by the black Mere of Machecoul, when first he learned that the Death was abroad in the land, and he had driven out all his men-at-arms and servants to shift for themselves, as best they might, for he was deadly afraid of the Plague, and he wished to be alone, and far from all which might bring the Death within his dwelling. He kept by him only Yusuf, the misshapen Saracen, for he was skilled in medicines, and the two of them had barred the great gates and window-shutters fast, to keep out the breath of the Plague.

On the third day after the old Lord of Champtoce had fallen sick, Gilles sat in his own hall, and shivered in all his limbs, though the room with its barred windows was stifling. For he was afeared of the Death. The Saracen crept into the room, and prostrated himself at Gilles' feet, after the manner of Orientals.

"What, dog!" said Gilles harshly.

"Master," muttered Yusuf, "Allah hath looked with favor upon thee, for know that I, Yusuf, have a drug which can ward off and cure the Death, providing that is drunk every twenty-four hours."

"Now, by the Rood of Calvary!" cried Gilles, "Where gottest thou that drug?"

"Master, I was a pupil of Abu Firas, the greatest doctor of the East, and I know and have this drug. Although the folk without die like the flies in the rains of Autumn, yet we, who drink this drug every four-and-twenty hours, shall be safe from the debt. Behold!" and from beneath his robe, he took a golden beaker and a thin strangely fashioned phial. With one blow, he broke off the top of the phial, and lifting it high in the air, he poured its contents into the beaker, and handed it to Gilles. The drug was yellow, and it smoked and frothed, as if with the heat of Hell or madness.

Gilles took the beaker and gazed long at the swirling, yellow liquid. He looked at the Saracen, and shivered for a moment at the look of hate and cruelty upon his face, but he felt in his heart the Yusuf spoke true, and he lifted the cup to his lips and drank. The drug seemed both hot and cold, and sour and sweet, and as he put the cup down, he could feel the yellow fire running through his limbs.

The Saracen prostrated himself again at his feet, and said: "O, Master, thou mayest open the doors and window-shutters now, for the breath of the Death may not harm thee now; but remember that thou must drink this drug, every four-and-twenty hours, if thou wouldst be safe from the

Death." And they opened wide the doors and window-shutters and looked forth upon the suffering, plague-tortured world. And Gilles threw himself back in his chair and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, so that his white teeth gleamed beneath his black beard, like the teeth of a were-wolf.

"Master," said the Saracen, "why dost thou laugh?"

"I laugh," said Gilles, "because I am the third in succession," and he went forth into the town, clad in his gayest raiment, with his head back, and a smile upon his lips, as though he enjoyed the plague-poisoned air. He gazed unafraid at the dead bodies lying in the street, and at the sufferers who groaned by the wayside.

Just at the foot of the Castle Hill, he met his brothers on their great war-horses, with their faces muffled in their cloaks, that they might not breath the pestilential air. And they cried to him, "Brother, art thou mad to go about thus, with thy face uncovered?"

And he answered, "I dare do this, for I have a potent drug, so that the Death may not touch me."

And they cried, "Give us also of this potent drug, for our uncle, and for ourselves, that the Death may not touch us."

And he answered, "It is not so written in the Book of Fate," and he turned his back on them and left them gnawing their fingers as they sat upon their great war-horses, while he walked towards his great stone dwelling, beside the black Mere of Mache-coul, with a twisted smile upon his face.

And in the night, as he lay in his bed, he heard the bell of Champtoce ring out,

and he knew that his uncle, the old Lord of Champtoce was dead of the Plague, and he whispered to himself, "Now there are but two before me," and straightway fell a-chuckling.

The next morning, Yusuf again gave him to drink of the yellow drug, and afterwards he sat by the open window, and gazed at the sufferings of Champtoce, with a smile upon his lips. And towards noon, his brother Colin, now Lord of Champtoce, came and beat upon his door, and begged him to open. But he sat in the window, and called to Colin, and as the elder brother turned, Gilles saw that his face was as black as ink, and that the Death had taken him.

"For the love of Christ, give me of that drug, or I perish," cried Colin, and Gilles, knowing that Colin's men-at-arms had fled the land, and that he was safe from force, threw his knife at his brother, and laughed as he grovelled in the dust, and begged for the drug, until at last, the Lord of Champtoce dragged himself back to his castle.

And in the night, as Gilles lay in his bed, he heard the bells of Champtoce ring out, and he knew that his brother Colin, the Lord of Champtoce, was dead of the Plague, and he said to himself, "Now there is only one," and fell to laughing like a madman.

In the morning, he again had a draught of the yellow drug, and when at sunset, Jeham, his brother, now Lord of Champtoce, came to his dwelling, and threatened him with death, if he would not give him of the drug, Gilles laughed in his face, for he knew that Jeham could not harm him, so that Jeham crept back to the castle, beating

his breast, and tearing his hair.

At twilight Yusuf came and said, "The drug is all gone, and I must brew more this night. Yet, for safety I ask, let us close the doors and window-shutters." So they did so, and barred them fast.

And Gilles went off to bed, and left Yusuf to prepare the drug. And in the night, the bells of Champtoce rang out, and Gilles knew that his brother was dead, and that he was now Lord of Champtoce, and he leaped from his bed and went to the window, and gazed through a hole in the window shutter at the scene out-spread before him, beneath the pale moon. Upland and lowland, plough-land, and fenland—it was a fair estate, with the great castle towering over all.

"Mine, all mine," he whispered, and he wrung his thin hands until the knuckles cracked again. And he went back to his bed, and fell asleep.

But in the morning when he awoke, his window-shutters were wide open, and the pestilential breeze was blowing into his room.

"Yusuf! Yusuf!" he cried, full of alarm, and, when there was no answer, went down the stairs to look for him. He could not find him anywhere, but doors and windows stood open everywhere. He searched for the drug high and low, but there was none of it. And then, he chanced to see a scroll upon the small table in the corner. He read it slowly.

"I leave thee to the Death, and thus I take my revenge. May Allah damn thy soul to the seventh Hell, thou spawn of the Devil."

"O God!" he cried. "God help me!" and began to run about the room like a caged rat. What was that dull aching in his head, and that pain in his chest? It seemed as if there were a red-hot wedge in his head. He could not breathe! The blood!

"Christ!" He reeled against the table. "O Jesus and Mary, save me!"

He fell upon the floor. His head rolled from side to side, his fingers opened and closed, but after a little time, he moved no more, and lay still.

* * * *

Abbot Lawrence Lowell

The Man who is filling Charles W. Eliot's Shoes

Jessee H. Reed

O ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations!
—Byron



WHEN in the Fall of 1909 Charles W. Eliot tendered his resignation as president of Harvard University, the Board of Fellows, which forms the governing body of that institution, found itself face to face with a momentous question. Who should fill President Eliot's shoes? Electing a president of Harvard is an important proposition indeed—second only in importance to the choosing of a Harvard football coach or electing the President of the United States. The man who was to represent Harvard must be a marvel of diplom-

acy and executive ability. He must be, above all, a man of ideas. And, in the estimation of the Fellows of Harvard University, that man was Abbot Lawrence Lowell.

Abbot Lawrence Lowell comes of the famous Lowell family of Boston, Massachusetts. Merchants, financiers, Harvard graduates for three generations, they have formed a background of academic culture, commercial skill and wise philanthropy which has always placed them well before the public eye. Boston would not be Boston without a Lowell. Abbot Lawrence Lowell was born in Boston on December thirteenth, 1856. He was educated in the Boston public schools, and as a natural legacy, received his degree from Harvard with the class of '77, having among his classmates such men as Bennet Wendell and Edward Martin and Frederick J. Stimson. A good athlete, and an excellent scholar, Lawrence Lowell took first honors in Mathematics, and was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa during his Senior year. Three years later he took his second degree in law, and entered into partnership with Stimson, devoting a great part of his time to travel and research. It was during this period that much of the careful analysis was done which was to appear later in his writings. In 1897 Lowell resigned from the partnership with Stimson to accept the Lectureship on Government at Harvard. Within the next few years he rose to the professorship of the Science of Government in that University, devoting much of his time to the preparation of his "Government of England," destined to

become world-famous. In 1909, upon the resignation of President Charles W. Eliot, he was unanimously elected to fill the office of President of Harvard University. There is little romantic glamour about his life—nothing which would inspire the feminine novelist to ecstatic flights. It is terse, prosaic, filled with slow and painstaking labor—the labor which counts.

Abbot Lawrence Lowell has little of that austerity of manner which characterized President Eliot. Built in a slighter frame than his predecessor, with the broad brow of the scholar and the nervous pace of high-strung temperament, he forms an excellent example of the best intellectual type of today. His speech is clear-cut, incisive, and as he paces up and down the platform of the new Lecture Hall, his own gift to Harvard, the points of his lecture are brot out with the force and effectiveness which has made his course in Government 1. famous for a score of years. At fifty-six he has the energy and aggressiveness of forty. His is the enthusiasm of a boy, the fighting spirit of a man of forty, the dignity of Harvard.

President Lowell has spent long years in the careful study of political government, at home and abroad. He thinks and writes with exactness, choosing his words with care, and setting forth his statements with illuminative clearness. There is nothing left to the imagination of the student. His remarkable completeness is the direct result of the care which he takes with every paragraph, every line of his work. And his reward has been in the fame of his books at home and abroad.

"The Government of England," which is by far the greatest of his works, has been rightly classed as "The American Commonwealth" of England. Added to these scholastic qualities, Lawrence Lowell has a wonderful knowledge of the undergraduate body and a ready sympathy with student activities and ideals. While he favors Harvard athletics to a certain extent, he has no intention of allowing athletics to interfere with the real work of the University. His watchword is Work, and he sets the example with twelve hours of work a day. A man with practically no executive training, whose time had been spent in research and study, Abbot Lawrence Lowell has developed an administrative ability which has been as marked as it has been surprising.

It was no sinecure which the Fellows of Harvard University placed upon the shoulders of the new president. Harvard was reaping the reward for her arrogance and contempt of the world at large in the antagonism of a community, which was prevented from taxing her out of existence only through the selfish interests of a few individuals.

Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois, heralded by democracy and supported by the unlimited wealth of State endowments and State taxation, offered keen competition in the very territories which Harvard had always considered as her own. There was dissatisfaction in the student body and complaints from the alumni. Harvard, sane, sedate, inaccessible Harvard, was trembling at last, and it was up to the new president to put in the necessary buttresses.

President Abbot Lawrence Lowell was

not long in showing that he had the necessary buttress material. While Ex-President Eliot had been busily engaged in the structure of his famous Harvard College, Lawrence Lowell had been just as busily engaged in educational explorations, with results which Eliot was only dimly aware of, or had never suspected. These discoveries Lowell carefully and conscientiously proceeded to file away in his mental reference library. He has been drawing from this supply ever since with a keen perception and practicality which has been instrumental in re-enforcing the Harvard prestige.

As was to be expected, the buttressing of Harvard's failing powers was to be a war upon traditions. And Abbot Lawrence Lowell was no respecter of traditions, Harvard or otherwise. The first tradition to fail was that of the Elective Credit. It offered too excellent an opportunity for the student mouse—the kind that takes a nibble here and there among the educational cheeses and graduates with an extensive exceedingly hazy assortment of ideas. Traditions have been falling ever since with a gratifying regularity, and the market quotations of Harvard stock have been rising with equal rapidity.

Abbot Lawrence Lowell is decisive in his actions as he has been in his books. He is sure of himself, and this very surety lends acceleration to his achievements. It is only a question of time, and not a very long time at that, when the exotic Harvard shall be a memory, and a new and more democratic Harvard shall take its place. And when Millionaires' Row shall be torn down and

the community of Massachusetts shall once again back the greatest American University with its wealth and power, the wish of Harvard's sons will be gratified.

* * * *

Mendota's Waters

William Dawson

Mendota! Thy dream of beauty lingers:—

Our minds no fairer fancy yet hath stored:

Wisconsin's sons and daughters

Know the laughter of thy waters

Where the sunset's lavish splendour is out-poured.

Mendota! For thy fairyland of waters

Lives a love abiding in us evermore:

When the shadows soft are falling

Still we hear thy waters calling

Where the winds make merry music on thy shore.

Mendota! In thee our joy was mirrored;

And thy waters seemed to echo back the glee:

When o'er them we went sailing

And our crafts came homeward trailing

In the far off days of treasured memory.

Mendota! Thy name still unforgotten:—

Through all the years our hearts shall turn to thee:

Like some divine emotion

Transfused into devotion

Forever stealing through our reverie.

From the Diary of an Upper Classman

Too Much Freshman

"Ambition's debt is paid."—Shakespeare.



W **OULD YOU** ever sit up with the crowd playing five hundred into the small, wee hours? And did you, by so doing, fail to learn those German verbs for your eight o'clock? Maybe between deals you also ate too much cake and pickles and fried chicken from somebody's box from home. Of course you were winning and would really just as soon go to bed, but the other people must see "What is coming next," and you had to be fair. Unless you have studied psychology, anatomy, religion, and philosophy, for that matter, all the brain disturbers, you can't get the connection between all this and being too much Freshman.

The trouble first began when one of the Seniors introduced me to the wonderful man. The wonderful man had a darling dimple in his chin and a most sympathetic way. He convinced me that I wasn't one whit different because I was a Freshman and came from a tiny town.

"Though, you do look quite young with short dresses and a hair ribbon," he said. "But now, of course, you want to be on The Cardinal."

I beamed happily and declared I loved work, especially newspaper work, while mentally I decided on just how much

lengthening each of my dresses could stand, and how to do my hair the Senior's way. And from then on I worked like a Trojan for this splendid newspaper; and also, for gratitude's sake, I did all the wonderful man's work too. Please don't blame either the paper or the man for letting me do all the scrubby, unheroic work. Even you would have done the same had somebody always been bobbing up eagerly to do those disagreeable things. And besides, the wonderful man wasn't as totally ungrateful and complacent about it as most men would have been. He spoke to a man, who spoke to a man, and by and by I was nominated for the vice-presidency of the best Freshman class.

I'll never forget the day of the election, when the Senior rushed out to greet me as I came home from the gym.

"My dear!" she gushed, "You have it. Your ticket won," and she tucked the little vice president under her arm.

Soon afterward, the Senior took me up to some girl's literary society party, and a little bit later I received an invitation to join. I ran into the Senior's room in great excitement, and, after talking with her and looking at the nice, round pin I could have, I answered, "I guess I will join right away."

The Senior raised her eyebrows at my haste but said kindly, "Then I shall instruct you, and you can be initiated next Friday."

Almost as soon as I joined the society, while I was still in the stage of "brown-dress-is-the-Jones-girl; p e a r l ring-the-Hancock-girl," I was put at the head of the Freshman stunt. I didn't know what a

"stunt" was, but I called a meeting of our Freshman girls, and, by the Senior's advice, told them we would give a kind of a play, like a sort of a vaudeville, or something like a Greek tragedy for the exclusive benefit of our society. They realized perfectly what kind of a "stunt" we would have, which was more than I did, and insisted on starting it right away, though it wasn't scheduled till second semester.

One day, while a crowd of us were up in the Senior's room drinking tea and eating Hydrox cookies, the Senior's "roomie" hurried in from tennis.

"Horrible, horrible!" she sighed, throwing down her racket and pouring herself a cup of tea.

"What's horrible?" I demanded.

"Why!" she condescended, "It is perfectly sinful to see you girls making tea guzzling gossips of yourselves instead of being out for your college and in strong, red-blooded athletics."

The rest of the girls remained calm and complacent, but I, not knowing this was Ella's pet rant, grew greatly agitated. After an hour of looking over her "W" sweater, examining her gym suit, plastered with "honors," and listening to the marvels of hockey, tennis, and basket-ball, I decided I, too, would try athletics. What I often wonder now is, how I had managed to escape the athletic germ so long.

The very next day found me on the hockey field with a crooked club and a fierce desire to hit something for the honor of my class. After much drubbing and coaching, I was made quick enough to be chosen for the Freshman goal-keep. Then, from the day

of my first appearance in my numerals and my red and white honor of "H," for hockey, on my suit, I vowed that athletics were the ultimate end in a college career. Later, by heart breaking work in basketball, I made the place of right guard, and had a red and white "BB" label. From then on my reputation as an athlete was established, and I more easily won my bowling "B" and later still a swimming "S." I also was a Woman's Athletic Association girl, and had the much coveted W. A. A. pin. But I am running ahead of my story, for it took way into the second semester to win all my honors.

To go back, the most wonderful man took me to Prom, and we had a lovely time, but things were never the same afterwards. I thought at the time it was because of our Freshman dance, for which I had worked very hard, had been a bit of a failure, but now I know it was the Senior. The Senior had considered the wonderful man as her special friend, and from Prom time on she acted snippy and snubbed me at the literary society. I didn't care much then, for I was too tired after all of Prom to do anything except settle back to work, but later I felt her spite-work deeply.

At the beginning of the next semester my advisor warned me, that, though I really did not do seriously bad work, I ought to do better. So, after coaxing his permission, by promising to do better, I let down in two-fifths of work, and started afresh on the new semester.

Each day I rose at seven o'clock, hurried up to my eight o'clock class, and kept on working steadily until supper. At night

I invariably stayed up till ten or eleven working very hard, yet I believe I could have shook all of that work, if there hadn't been those little Friday and Saturday dances. All feminine creatures are fundamentally frivolous, and I was no exception. Besides, I had to have some relaxation from the continual round of classes, committee meetings, rehearsals, special team practices, and those awful newspaper articles. By this time I had grown to feel toward the newspaper as a conscientious woman feels toward the huge daily stack of dirty dinner dishes. But I never yet had disappointed the wonderful man.

Also in the October try-out for the Edwin Booth play I had succeeded beyond all expectations, and now had a part in this, also, ahead of me. That, I always thought, was due somewhat to the influence of the wonderful man.

One day my advisor called me to him and said a lot of disagreeable things in a nice way. I horrified myself and scandalized him by bursting into tears.

"There, there," he gasped out awkwardly, "I know it will come out all right. You simply stop a few of these outside things."

"I will soon," I promised. And I really believed myself.

Soon the Edwin Booth play would be over, the championship basketball game played, the literary Freshman "stunt" off, and then I could let up. By throwing this sop to my conscience, I still went on. That afternoon I went to a committee meeting on the Freshman "stunt" and soon forgot my school work. I got very much engrossed in trying to discover exactly what it was

the girls wanted and why they wanted it. Finally "Marguerite, the Tactless" cleared the mystery when she blurted out exasperatingly, "Anyway you don't know as much as one of the Senior girls we talked to," meaning thereupon to permanently veto an act I considered clever.

"No dear," I purred sweetly, "I am only a Freshman trying to get up a mere Freshman 'stunt.' "

Then I ran into another room and burst into hysterical tears. At last the Senior had spiked me and effectively retaliated for the wonderful man.

That night, after getting my lessons miserably, I finally turned out my light at twelve o'clock and attempted to sleep. But though I ached clear down to my soul, I could not sleep for hours. When I rose in the morning, I felt fagged and blue, yet I hurried mechanically to classes. By one-thirty my much dreaded monthly quiz in Geology came, and I went there without even having read the text book. I sat dreaming over the incomprehensible, unanswerable questions, and making silly marks in the book when an instructor came near. With a start I came to realization as a door slammed. I had slept through that quiz, and was the last person in the room. Tearing up my blue book I rushed from the room, and shut the door as I heard the professor at the desk call me. I refused to think of what I had done.

I hurried home, dipped my face in icy water, stopped at a little German lunch room, and took two cups of heavy, black coffee. Then, feeling almost awake, I went to an Edwin Booth rehearsal. I know the

coffee would have kept me up, if it hadn't been, that in the part I was supposed to jump on a chair and sing. Somehow, I climbed on the chair, but I never sang that song again. The world slipped out from under me, and I crashed into the arms of the stage manager.

The girls took me home in a cab and put me to bed. After they all had gone tip-toeing away, I got up, switched on the light, and tried to get my lessons. This time I succeeded somewhat to learn about German verbs, and could sleep, when I did sleep, somewhat easily.

The next day the girls tried to keep me from going up the hill to my work, but I declared I felt splendidly, and even proved it by giving them a little song. I did do fine too; I went through all my classes without a hitch. That afternoon I lay down for a bit, and then, in the evening, after my now regular dose of coffee, hurried through the February snow to Lathrop Hall and into my gym suit.

We played our deadly rivals, the Sophomores, that night of the twelfth. As I trotted into the gymnasium room, the Captain called me over to where our team was gathered under a hugh green sign of our class numerals. She told me, before an admiring group of Freshmen, that I was the best girl to guard the Sophomore star, and asked me to please play right guard. Then we walked off mysteriously to the middle of the floor and repeated the signals.

"And don't forget," she whispered finally, as the whistle blew, "two fingers and you whirl and roll the ball hard clear across

to our forwards. It's the only sure play we have."

Time after time the ball came to our side, and I rushed to keep it covered from my forward. But each time I could only block her and make a quick pass to the other guard. So intensely did I play, that I found myself mechanically whispering, "Two fingers, two fingers," as I gasped for breath. Once my forward jumped for a high pass, I stepped in front and jumped just a little quicker than she, while she sprawled out across the floor. After that I knew she was hurt, for her game was slower, and she kept saying one word softly all the time, and that word wasn't very nice.

Suddenly the center passed the ball back to me, and I saw two fingers go up from the captain. I dodged, whirled, and deliberately passed the ball to the girl I had been guarding. She grabbed it, made a quick, clean basket, and then stood looking at me while the ball made a sickening thud on the floor. I looked about. Everyone was staring with horror and wonder at me. I smiled sweetly back at the team, and then burst into shrieks of laughter. Never had I seen anything so funny as the look on those girls' faces. I doubled on the floor, laughing, shrieking, and crying, while the room howled about me. The girls carried me, still convulsed, into the dressing room. There I writhed giggling, calling to the captain about two fingers. Always two monstrous fingers loomed up before me. The doctor came, and I heard him say something about rest and quiet and I seemed transported in a dream to a land of blue

linen, nurses, soft steps, and sanitary smells.

* * * *

One day I sat up suddenly. Before, I hadn't quite realized I was lying down, but now I began to know and understand, and I had a great question to ask someone. A woman in blue came quickly toward me.

"Who won?" I demanded.

She looked at me a moment, hesitated, and then said, "I don't know."

"You do to," I retorted impatiently. "We lost," and I turned over and slept again.

After a few days of luxurious idleness I called loudly for writing material, and the nurse, much against the wishes of a self-important interne, finally brought a pencil and some paper.

"What's the date?" I inquired, as I stuck the pencil in my mouth.

The nurse looked up, "Hatchet and Cherry Day," she laughed.

"February twenty-second!" I exclaimed slowly, "Why it's nearly two weeks since the Sophomore game!" And I quickly set to writing to the Dean of Women, lest I think of too much more.

The following day, the Dean answered my note in person and told me I couldn't come back. Thereupon, I cried, and the doctor had a little talk with her. After that things happened rapidly and effectively.

She came to see me, admired the roses the most wonderful man had sent, and told me they would help me finish my year's work, even to making up that nightmare of a Geology quiz. Nobody spoke of the

Edwin Booth play, that was now over, and the Freshman stunt had failed. All was gone. I was nobody now, not even a vice president; yet I pretended to forget even that.

Another week saw me back on the hill struggling merely to get through the work. Somehow, somehow, I got through, and mother came and took me away the day after finals. I still think I passed on charity, yet I refuse to write more about my grades, which exceeded all previous records in consistently low marks.

(To be continued.)

* * * *

The American Idealist and His Idealism

Jessee H. Reed

"'Tis true, 'tis not most perfect, still I know
'Tis better than it was."—Beaumont Fletcher.



HE AMERICAN Idealist is something of an intellectual Yogi. He turns from the common pleasures and common ideals of his fellows to bask within the silver aura of his astral form. Indeed, so fascinated has he become with his astral explorations, he can hear in our music only the discord of ragtime, and can see in our literature only the vaporings of minds even more idle than his own. And so he persists in searching for literary auras and artistic astralities where they do not, and in their very nature cannot exist, while his machinations in

Social Reform are a constant source of wonder and apprehension to those commoners whose commonsense must forever exclude them from their astral existences.

There has always been a deal of incantation and tom-tommery about American Idealism. It has been the legitimate prey of the politician and the office-seeker and the reformer for more than three centuries. Hitherto Idealism has been referred to as "the guiding star," or the "saving grace" of national welfare, according to the optimism of the orator. We have come to a full realization of the homeliness, not to say the crudeness of such outbursts. We now use the thoroughly modern, made-in-Germany negative deduction as being somewhat less barbaric. Its application is exceedingly simple. The tango is disgraceful; everybody dances the tango; therefore—everybody is disgraceful, or disgraced, or a disgrace to the community, and the nation is breaking all speed records towards inevitable destruction. Nothing could be more logical!

There is only one fault with this magnificent theory—The American Idealist must set himself up as the infallible critic of all things American before he can find a basis for his deductions. Thus we have as many shades of criticism as there are colors in our idealistic auras, and a resulting confusion of ideals which, to say the least, is Babelian. It would be ridiculous, if it were not so exasperating!

The American Idealist bemoans our lack of history, of art, of music, of literature. We did not commence our national existence with three dinosauria skins and a stone

hatchet. We have had no illusions about dragons and half-pennies. For all of which we ought to be exceedingly thankful. We shall not be obliged to waste a hundred good centuries in merely becoming civilized. Our history is potential—not kinetic—and it is the potential history of a Nation which counts. We have the wisdom of the world to draw upon as no other nation has had—we have the sword of science and the justice of New Nationalism—and above all we have the indomitable arms of youth.

History? We are going to make more history in the next few centuries than the Idealist has dreamed of in his astralities. This fad of judging art by its back-door, as it were, is a fair example of American Idealism. The Idealist overlooks the beauties of our boulevards and the grandeur of our sky-scrapers to count the freight-cars upon our side tracks. There is never a word of appreciation for the beauties of our cities—only the morbid wail about American sordidness and American degeneracy—a favorite term, by-the-way, which, like all favorite terms is decidedly obscure in meaning. The American Idealist ought to shunt a few of his mental freight cars onto a siding, and then, perhaps, he might see some of the true beauty of things as they are.

There is more art in these United States today, did one care to look for it, than in all Europe. We have been told so loudly and so persistently by these self-appointed critics that America had no art, that we have finished by believing it. It is not that we have no art—we have merely fail-

ed to acknowledge it. Even now, in spite of reformers and critics and idealists and other mischief-makers, American Art is coming into its own. Some time it will be paramount. As for American Music—if we are to believe the idealist—that is hopeless—absolutely hopeless.

The ragtime has destroyed whatever rudimentary knowledge of harmonics that America possessed. The phonograph has extinguished genius. Et cetera. Therefore the Idealist anathemizes modern music, forgetting that ragtime is but a flickering shadow among the million lights and shadows of musical history. In the very fact that America is producing mediocre music with such a tremendous rapidity lies her hope of redemption. Inspiration may not come from ragtime—it certainly does not come from the silence of musical apathy.

Our literature is by no means perfect, we must confess. But what does the American Idealist expect? A Caedmon risen from the cups of swine-herd? Miracles are not of today, nor of yesterday. A Shakespeare, master of human emotions? Shakespeares are not the product of years, but of centuries of national existence. Dantes, Miltons, Hugos, are a nation's rewards for long centuries of steadfast advancement. We must be content a while with our Emersons and our Irvings until age shall have forged the metal of our intellect and adversity tempered the steel of our wits.

All this dismal pessimism to which we have been subjected lately at the hands of the Idealists has been totally uncalled for.

Science, government, literature, all the generative plants of modern civilization have extended their resources to the commoner in recognition of the well-founded law that the nation can advance only as the individual advance. Their tools have been the novel and the movie and those things despised of Idealists. And the response which the commoner has given to their efforts has been electrical.

We are a stronger race today mentally and morally than we have ever been before. We shall be a stronger race tomorrow. But the latter-day idealist and reformer shall receive no part of the credit for it. The American Idealist must cease from this narrow and foolish criticism in accordance with his own lights. There is only one criticism, and that is the criticism of the masses. There is only one idealism, and that is the ideal of the commoner.

The only idealism of a nation lies in those humble and lowly ideals of the laborer and the mechanic and the common people—a balanced justice and a living wage. The American Idealist must quit his astral seances and realize the true form and meaning of idealism if he would see aright. Else the American Public will some day inform him, with its characteristic vulgarity, that he must get off his foot, for he is standing on it.

* * * *

The Kurumaya

(Jinriksha Man)

Theodore R. Hoyer

"I've done fer today, fer this blistering day

"An' my back is a-breaking in two,

"I've run like a beast on this scorching hot clay

"From Makuda to Komenotsu;

"That red-headed seiyo-jin drove me like mad

"And he cursed me for taking a breath,

"While I was a-running, a-running like mad

"In my kuruma, racing with death.

"So fan the hibachi and give me a smoke,

"Pass the cup of hot sake around,

"Here, take this go rin, that'll put me clean broke,

"What's the good of it all fer a hound—

"Shove up there a bit, let me lay my poor head

"On this bench fer an hour or two"—

And there he stretched out on his hard wooden
bed,

'Mong the coolies from Komenotsu.

"I've done fer today, fer this blistering day,

"I can run no more races with death,

"I run like a beast but my strength gave away

"An' I'm even now still out'er breath;

"So fan the hibachi, say, boys, I am cold,

"Yet my head is a-bursting with heat,

"What's happ'ning, my God, I am losing my hold,

"And the ground's slippin 'way from my feet."—

He's gone since that day, since that blistering
day,

When his back was a breaking in two,

When he ran like a dog on the scorching hot clay,

From Makuda to Komenotsu;

He's gone, but that day when they put him away

Not a soul gave a sigh or a frown,

For he was a coolie, a dreg o' the bay,

Just a kurumaya o' the town.

Seiyo-jin—foreigner

Hibachi—brazier

Go rin—one-half sen, or one-fourth cent.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."
TERENCE

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The Greek Theatre at Wisconsin

Waldo Bauer

"Once more Medea seems to tread the stage,
Electra's wailing seem to rend the air—Charles.



FROM time to time, while most of us are wasting our energies upon the petty disputes of today, there arises a man, with an idea—with a conception of something that rises above

our little aims. Such a man is Professor Thomas H. Dickinson, and his idea is that of a Greek theatre at Wisconsin. His idea is not that of a theatre to present play and to force the drama down the throats of unwilling victims. It is a conception as great as the ideals of the institution which this theatre is to represent. He means to make the Greek theatre a symbol of that elusive something that we call "Wisconsin spirit." And a word to cynics—Mr. Dickinson believes that Wisconsin spirit exists, and is not dead, but only sleeps.

There is a vast number of uses to which a Greek theatre might be put. A few of these will suggest all the others. They are every day uses—it might be said that they are commonplace uses but for the fact that they all point toward an idealistic end. They are means to that end—but as means they are each an end in itself. They may all be grouped under the great head of out-of-door gatherings. All kinds of out-of-door festivities could have a place in the conception of a Greek theatre. One of the things that is so pitifully lacking on our campus is song. What a splendid place a Greek theatre would be for summer evening song, where the music-lovers could come and go as they pleased, and sing the songs, old and new, that teach us to stop and let the spirit of music creep into our souls for a little! A new spirit of song would find its home there, and our musicians would find a new appreciation and a new joy in their art. Singing would lead naturally to instrumental music, and band concerts or mandolin club concerts could be given frequently—and surely to better ad-

vantage than on the Hill, where the street close by spoils everything. Oratory and drama would don a new dignity in an open air theatre. The drama especially should find a Greek theatre invaluable. Greek plays could be given, and all the drama of all ages could be portrayed so much better than on any indoor stage. Even vaudeville and circus would be welcome, for our Greek theatre must not be exclusive, it must be all-embracing. Historical pageants, carnivals, fetes, masques would find a dignified yet thoroughly friendly setting in the Greek theatre. Dancing should flourish there. What a place it would be to show the dances of all times and all nations, from the Bavarian Schuhplattentanz to the classic dances, and folk dances as well. Nor is this all. Athletics would find its place by the side of the drama upon the stage of the Greek theatre. Here victories could be celebrated, mass-meetings held, demonstrations of all kinds carried out. For any and all of these purposes, a Greek theatre built along the lines of beauty and utility, must prove inviting. It would help in another way. Wisconsin, in the very nature of its growth and its ideals, does not possess a wealth of tradition. What we call tradition is a set of laws laid down by classes gone, not so long before, for our guidance. We comply with them, not as if they merited it, but with a careless tolerance. A Greek theatre will surely build up around itself a wealth of custom that shall have dignity and shall be revered by future dwellers. Class rites in particular would gain a new charm if they were to be placed side by side—Senior Commencement and Freshman Cap Day—

in Wisconsin's Greek theatre. In all these functions, the institution would be fulfilling old needs which we have tried to satisfy by using the lower campus. Our lower campus is good enough for class rushes and regimental functions, but surely such a nondescript place is not a fit setting for the growth of Wisconsin's tradition.

Closely allied with this subject of tradition, and indeed embracing it, is the larger one of Wisconsin's greatest need—a center. Every great institution ought to have a center, and that center ought to typify the institution it represents. There is too much, in this day of utilitarianism, of centering around an economic value. A laboratory of chemistry or soils or steam engineering is a great thing, but it is not a fit center for a university. It is all very well for today, but we are building today the university of tomorrow, and that can never be centered about a laboratory. The ideals of tomorrow are altruistic. The center of a university, its symbol, must not make nor even save money—it must typify the spirit of an institution of learning. The University of Columbia has a symbol that shows forth the spirit of that college. It is a library. Now a library is a most excellent thing, but it will not do for a symbol of Wisconsin's spirit. It is essentially scholastic in appeal—it is a cloister. Our own University requires a symbol that will picture more truly the social nature of its ideal. Wisconsin is known for its learning, but not less is it known for the appeal which it makes to all who wish to enter its wide gates. The symbol of Wisconsin's ideal must stand for the highest of scholastic

achievement and the broadest of social appeal, for the loftiest ideals of the past linked with striving of today and the hopes of the days to come. To all these varied needs, there is but one answer—the Greek theatre. Nor is this all. The Greek theatre would represent a recognition of the beauty of nature surrounding our Hill, as well as symbolizing the return to nature that is in the air.

The Greek theatre is essentially a conception. It is an idea which must live in the minds and the hearts of the people. No man could place a building, however true and magnificent it might be, upon a hill and truly call it a Greek theatre, unless he has first taught the people to love and respect and use it. When he has achieved that, he has built a Greek theatre, and not until then. The building itself, then, is a minor consideration. It should be built upon a hillside—on the north slope, away from the summer sun, and where the shade of great trees can fall upon it. It should be on the lake shore, too, for the breezes from the lake and the music of the water would add much to its atmosphere of friendliness. Its material would be concrete and stone—it is not unlikely that some one would sooner or later present a stage in stone that would be a worthy monument to his memory. The theatre need not be built all at once. A stage would do for a beginning, and tier upon tier of seats could be added as the spirit grew and the building became insufficient. Thus the building would be a visible index of the spirit that put it there. Plans for the actual building have been prepared.

The project for securing this Greek theatre was launched last spring, mainly under the direction of Mr. Dickinson. The site has been picked—it is the lake shore slope of the hill just back of University Hall, and occupies the hollow through which the drive turns from the hill down to the lake. The visit last spring of the Coburn players was the first move in the campaign. It was a costly venture, because it was new and required extensive advertising. It netted, consequently, but little cash. The whole profit—\$25.75—is a nucleus for the Greek theatre fund. It is in the care of three trustees—Mr. C. N. Brown, Chief Justice Winslow, and Mr. T. H. Dickinson. The Coburn players did, however, plant the germ of a great idea that is sure to develop. The Wisconsin Dramatic society cherishes the Greek theatre as one of its aims. But no society can do it alone. A great deal can be done—and I have the temerity to say, OUGHT to be done—by the dramatic clubs of the University, by the managers of the circus and of the vaudeville and the minstrels. All other organizations, and not least of all, the classes, should bend their energies to this great movement. Not only financially does the project need help—more important than all, the idea must be spread.

We may not accomplish this today. But, to quote Mr. Dickinson:

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

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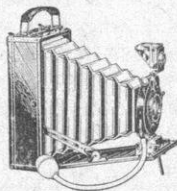
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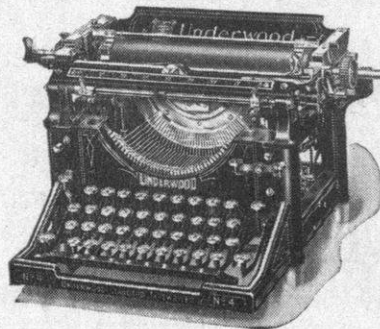
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