FRESHMAN THEMES

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SELECTED BY

WARNER TAYLOR
Assistant Professor of English, University of Wisconsin

FREDERICK A. MANCHESTER
Assistant Professor of English, University of Wisconsin

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PREFACE

Presumably all teachers of composition devote a portion of the time spent in the classroom to the reading and discussion of themes—defective themes, for the sake of the rhetorical lessons which they enforce; successful themes, in part for the same reason, but in part also for the sake of the stimulus which a student may derive from the triumphs of his fellows. No doubt a skillful instructor can in general obtain fairly satisfactory results through a patient reading and re-reading of themes from the desk; and no doubt much can be done by a judicious use of the blackboard; but few would question the desirability, if that were possible, of placing a copy of every theme criticized in the hand of every student in the class. Obviously such a practice would make for clearness and definiteness, and for economy of time. In many institutions, however, so long as it remains necessary to depend more or less exclusively upon the troublesome and expensive process of mimeographing, this procedure is hardly feasible. It is true that many contemporary books on composition contain examples of students' themes, but not as a rule in any considerable number.

Altogether, in view of these facts, it has seemed likely that a collection of representative themes would prove useful. At all events, we have undertaken the experiment of providing such a book. "Freshman Themes" is principally designed to serve as material for classroom criticism. Probably most instructors are inclined to feel that no "selected" themes can equal in pedagogical value the themes that come in day by day from members of the class; but, aside from the difficulty already mentioned, it is clear that an exclusive dependence upon such themes involves the necessity oftentimes of illustrating a rhetorical point by means of an inferior example. There are disadvantages on either side. Probably the wisest solu-

tion of the problem lies in a mingling of old themes, which can be carefully selected and introduced at appropriate times, and new themes, which, whether merely read aloud, or occasionally mimeographed, perhaps, and placed in the hands of the students, will assist in bringing to the work in composition a pleasant atmosphere of immediacy and freshness. Primarily, then, the present volume aims to supply a considerable number of "old" themes which may serve as a convenient basis for profitable criticism. It is thought, moreover, that a student who glances at the more successful compositions will very quickly obtain a comfortable notion of the scale on which he is asked to write, and useful hints as to kinds of subjects that will be suitable for his own purposes. Beyond the uses named, it is not supposed that the collection has any place or value. It should not, in our judgment, be allowed to occupy very much of the student's time. Least of all, it need hardly be said, are any themes which it contains to be regarded, in a serious sense, as "models."

The analytical table of contents provides a simple classification of the themes that follow. The categories chosen for unsuccessful themes represent what our experience has led us to believe characteristic elementary weaknesses, rather than any attempt at a complete rhetorical scheme. If the analysis should appear either unsatisfactory or superfluous, it can be ignored. The text of the themes is free from any obtrusive evidence of classification, except in relation to conventional forms.

It remains to say a word about the themes themselves and their authors. As the title of the book indicates, the work here presented is mainly that of freshmen. In the preparation of the manuscript for the printer, elementary technical errors, such as errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation, have, in general, been corrected; two or three short themes have been largely made over; minor textual alterations have been occasionally made, in order to render the compositions more suitable for their purpose; and in themes of an obviously personal nature such unimportant changes have been introduced as seemed necessary to place the authorship quite beyond identification. All of these alterations combined, however, in relation to the book as a

whole, are of slight significance. Some of the many students represented have kindly given us permission to use their themes. In the case of most, much as we regret the fact, we have been obliged to assume a consent which we have had no convenient opportunity of requesting. We can only believe that if chance should ever acquaint them with their involuntary contributions to this little volume, they will find their reward in this general expression of the thanks of their editors, and in the hope that the results of their own early efforts will make the path of composition appreciably smoother for a few at least of their known and unknown successors.

F. A. M.
W. T.

Madison, Wisconsin, July 1, 1917.

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UNSUCCESSFUL

With special reference to subject-matter

Subject too broad for the space utilized

With special reference to form

Crudely incoherent

Relation of parts to whole not immediately clear

Construction wooden, mechanical

Faulty emphasis

Main point lost or obscured

Parts not proportionately developed

NARRATIVE

UNSUCCESSFUL

With special reference to subject-matter

No "story" emerges with adequate distinctness

Story too long for the space utilized; material fantastic

Interest divided between two or more "stories"

With special reference to form

Introduction too long; slow beginning (see also examples under the following heading)

Undeveloped main "situation" (see also examples under the following heading)

Weak climax

RELATIVELY SUCCESSFUL

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I

EXPOSITION

1—The Evolution of America

Never since the beginning of the world has anything for any length of time remained the same. Four thousand years ago the mountains which make Germany a great chemical exporting country were probably nothing but a great stretch of lakes. The lakes gradually dried up and a mighty avalanche transformed the barren plain into mountain ranges, which, as the people of Germany now realize, are rich in chemicals.

It is believed that great America, rich in agricultural and mineral lands, was at one time covered by the waters of an ocean. Then a great upheaval of the land arose and divided the waters into two great oceans. The earthquakes created mountains and low valleys. Creeks began to find their way down the steep mountain sides, and meeting in the valley below constituted rivers which flowed down the incline toward the sea. Vegetation grew where sea weeds had flourished, forests sprang up, animals migrated from other lands over the straits into the new and fertile territory. Then a few people wandered over. They settled down and soon developed into great tribes with chieftains at their heads and roamed like wild beasts about the continent.

Then there came the discovery of America by Columbus. At first people were reluctant about leaving their homes and coming over to settle in a new land. Prisoners were promised freedom upon condition that they settle in America. They came, but were too lazy to work. They

excited the hatred of the natives by their crude manner in dealing with them, and the consequence was that they were wiped out. Finally a religious group, persecuted in their native land and exiled, came to America, and established the first permanent settlement. Others soon followed, establishing settlements along the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies. Immigration and natural increase of population added to their numbers. They pressed westward over the mountains, driving the Indians before them, and settled in the valleys of the Ohio. Migrating further, they finally settled along the Mississippi. A few more exploring parties advanced farther westward until at length they were halted by the waters of the Pacific.

Meanwhile industries crept into the country. Inventions and discoveries of all kinds have again revolutionized America and changed it from an unknown land, traversed by tribes of Indians, to the foremost country of the world.

2—The Advantages of Athletics

I am extremely interested in athletics, and I think that every student at the University should feel the same way. I shall therefore endeavor to show you how securing health, making new friends, and acquiring high ideals are related to athletics.

In playing a game of tennis, one breathes more deeply, develops his muscles, and becomes gradually stronger. After a game of basketball a person eats more heartily, when he gets in to have his supper. He also studies and sleeps well.

The outdoor life is another great advantage because of the fresh air. Whenever I have a game of tennis, I try my best to have my work finished as soon as I can. The thought of getting outdoors makes me feel good. When one works in an office from morning until evening, he realizes the advantages of outdoor athletics.

For recreation it is worth while to run out and play a game of tennis. It helps one immensely to forget his troubles; it relaxes his tired muscles and it rests his nerves.

Athletics is a great aid towards society. One can meet people in taking athletics. The girls at Lathrop Hall, for

instance, are more interested in each other than in any history or English classroom. They all work together for the same purpose—athletics.

Loyalty also plays a great part in athletics. Each girl works as hard as she can for her own team and class. She feels it her duty to give all the power that she can.

One of the highest ideals fostered in athletics is unselfishness. For example, in playing a game of basketball, when the opponent makes a basket the opposite side applauds and feels no jealousy.

One learns from athletics to be patient, courageous, and hopeful. In playing any kind of a game one waits until the game is over with a strong mind. That does not only apply in athletics, but also remains with the person the rest of his life.

It also teaches one to be sympathetic. One always feels sorry for the team that has lost a game. Each one feels for the other, when a game is lost, for he surely must have been in the same state.

In conclusion, one gets "something" out of athletics that remains with him for the rest of his life.

3—The Quest of Happiness

The quests of life are many and varied, but the one thing that all men seek is happiness. Whether it is sought through wealth or industry, through selfishness or sacrifice, the desire for happiness is as deeply embedded in man's nature as the instinct for life itself. How then can we obtain this greatest of life's treasures? Alas for the man who measures his success and happiness by the amount of his accumulations. There is no sadder story in the pages of life's history than that of the man who has loved wealth for its own sake and found too late that he has cringed and toiled for naught, wasted his manhood, and missed the enjoyment of life. We long for force and distinction, but these can never bring us happiness. There are some who think society is the key to happiness. Imagine yourself giving superb banquets and talking about your aristocratic friends. Surely these things alone would not bring happiness. Happiness is not attained by wealth, fame, or so-

ciety. It comes from within, and is the result of a consciousness that you have done your portion of life's work well.

4—My Hobby

When I understood that I was to write on my main hobby, I was greatly puzzled because I had never really thought about having a hobby. I have spent a great deal of time since then trying to determine what my hobby really is, and I have only succeeded in discovering one thing: I have no main hobby. It might appear to some people when they read, or hear, a statement like this, that I was not interested in anything. But I am; that is the reason for the statement.

I have several main interests, any one of which might be a hobby if I carried it far enough. One of these main interests is that in art. I do not care for every kind of art, but for the art of great and noted artists. I have made collections of famous paintings from the artists of the main schools of painting. These collections I have made from advertisements and articles in papers and magazines, "penny-prints," and prints from catalogues. I have tried to become acquainted with the lives of the artists and stories of their pictures.

When I go into a room, I feel as though I know almost the amount of education the person has by the pictures on the walls, and I always admire the person who hangs up good pictures.

I hardly call this a hobby, for I don't pursue it with the passion one does a real hobby. I am just interested in this as I am in many things.

5—Fall Touring

The fall is the most beautiful time of the year for an automobile tour. All nature is glorious in its autumnal colors. The trees are magnificent in their dry, red, yellow, and brown leaves, which rustle in the wind. The cornstalks are browned from the summer sun and are made more striking by the many pumpkins which grow here and there among them. The fields are burned out, and the cattle now nibble on the stony slopes of the hills. One

thing pleasing about a fall day is that the air is bracing, being very crisp. On almost all fall days the atmosphere is so clear that one is able to see a great distance. The most satisfying thing at this time of the year is the saving of tires, for the hot summer roads rot the tire rubber.

A fall tour of this sort is not at all pleasant unless properly provided for. The car is more comfortable if moderately large and roomy. The most important and main equipment for the car is that which enables it to run. The motor should be filled with all necessary oils, gasoline, water, and batteries, also the tools and extra tire materials, in case of an accident. On a long trip it is very advisable to be prepared for all kinds of weather by having heavy coats, steamer blankets, fur robes, tire chains, top and side curtains. As you are never sure when you start out in a car whether you will reach your destination at the time you expect to, it is necessary to have lots of good sandwiches, apples and fried chicken to keep down your tremendous appetite.

At this time of the year the roads are being repaired, and in this way you encounter all kinds. A main road, often being of gravel, which is worn and packed down by the summer's traffic, is the best to choose. Lots and lots of times, no matter if there were sign posts to guide you, in case the road isn't familiar, you are just sure to get on a side road while talking and looking at the scenery. It first appears fine, and you don't notice your mistake until you find yourself face to face with a prosperous looking creek, which you are forced to ford or else turn back. All these little side roads are very uncertain, and it is best to avoid them.

A good, congenial party of people can have a splendid time during a trip like this. The beautifully colored landscape makes every one feel cheerful and gay. One thing that makes it lively is to sing and play ukuleles. The ride is one of the most healthful sports a person can indulge in for it brings you out into the open air. It brings you face to face with nature and teaches you to put up with things. It gives you a chance to relax from your everyday duties. The crisp air stimulates you and affords you an opportunity to enjoy it to its fullest extent.

6—How to Get the Most from College Professors

A man who was once asked to lecture to a high school graduating class, was unable to decide upon a suitable subject for his speech until attracted to the word "Push" upon the door through which he entered the assembly room; so he spoke to them of the necessity of ever persevering, plunging, pushing towards the glittering goal of success. "Indeed," he said in conclusion, "the reason why I happen to have the privilege of being here at this moment addressing you is due to that quality so boldly emblazoned upon your door." All eyes immediately turned toward the door and read the upsetting word "Pull"—and perhaps the speaker's mistake pointed out only more strikingly a sad, sad truth!

That pulls are possible, I am sure. In fact, I have heard from authentic sources that such things are not impossible. I myself have noticed the kinship of dimples, smiles, and wiles to that unknown designated by x.

To most young people the entrance into college life is an important and serious step. It is then they break away from home ties and assume their own responsibilities. The period of transition from home to college is bound to be filled with mistakes, but, as Dr. Lyman Abbott says, "The mistakes that make us men are better than the accuracies that keep us children."

When the man fresh into the ways and methods of higher learning enters college, he needs counsel and friendship to help him out of his bewilderment into the open paths of advancement. The personality of a teacher, his power to inspire, and the example he sets have more effect upon his students than he may ever realize. Yet one must not expect too much from any teacher. The lecture-room and text will surely be great assets, but we ourselves needs must be the workers—the earnest workers and pushers. Once the door swings open there is an equal "push" and "pull" between professor and pupil.

College teachers are peculiarly human in contrast to the pedagogues of preparatory school, it seems. If students will take the friendly attitude, get acquainted with, and

profit through the experiences of their teachers, our generation may be made a great improvement over that of our predecessors.

I believe any student who will give his best work to his college, combining with it that enviable quality known as stick-to-it-tive-ness, will surely get manifold benefits from his college professors.

7—What is Meant by Plagiarism

Plagiarism is just a fancy name for a particular sort of dishonesty. It means the making use of ideas and expressions from the writings of another person. Of course, it is entirely right to make use of what some one else has said, if you are careful to make plain that what you borrow is really borrowed. Such a practice is entirely innocent, and no one would think of calling it by the unpleasant word *plagiarism*. *Plagiarism* is never used to name anything recognized as desirable and honorable.

The great man rises by doing well the things that are under his feet, while the honest man can only strengthen his character by doing right in even the smallest details of his everyday life. It is true that some people have stronger wills and characters, as well as higher ideals, than others, but those who are not fortunate should develop those powers, because where is the man to-day that has not a determined mind and self-control? Does the dishonest man ever get anywhere in this world? Some people may say that he is farther ahead than the honest man. He may be in material wealth, but is not the development of soul and spirit more highly to be valued than the luxuries that money can buy? The man who isn't honest surely is not worthy of true friendship, and I think that the man or the woman who goes through the world without knowing what it is to have a true friend has missed one of the greatest privileges to be had in this world. A man cannot know real love if he holds hatred in his heart; just so can no man be honest if he stops to take the thoughts of another and represent them as his own. Honesty is the basis of all good and great things in this world; so do not let plagiarism, the bottom round of the ladder, keep any of us from attaining the top.

8—The Mistakes of College Life

College is the place to make a man out of a youth, and it is done by increasing his responsibility and strengthening him to meet it.

It is not a crime to make a mistake. It is human to err. But to repeat the same mistake again and again is foolish. The youth learns by making mistakes, but he must also learn to avoid making them.

His mission in this world is to be of some use in it, and he can be of use by giving to it something worthy of his best labors. He can also help the weak ones, aid those in distress, be an example of good manhood by leading an upright life,—in fact, be "there" and be "there" with all his heart.

College days are sometimes days of sorrow as the youth finds many temptations in his path. But while the dangers are many, he has the advantage of living where ideals are noble, and if he can guard against evil and shun vice, he is becoming a strong character and is fitting himself for after life, which is a larger place than the college and with tenfold more obstacles to overcome.

Another mistake the college boy makes is that of being lazy. He must learn to work and to enjoy work and be happy. Now we learn to enjoy work by working with all our energy. If the college student would plan his daily hours, giving so many hours for each study, he would save time. Using all his time to his best advantage he would become prompt, and his happiness would increase, and when recreation time came, he would enjoy it because it was well earned. The one who loafs is trying to go through college dishonestly. He will never win success. He will never become a leader because no one bestows honors on a lazy person.

There is no place like college for ideals and visions. And it is through ideals and imaginations that one keeps a high standard of character. This high standard of character makes a man love his country and his college, and respect women and try to do all he can for them.

9—Good and Bad Points of Dormitory Life

The life at a dormitory is more lively, and one can have a good time there.

Then there is the objection that one will forget his studies and look to the pleasure-side of college too much.

If one lives in a dormitory he will meet more young people. They are interested in the same things as he is, and he will gain knowledge from meeting them. Then, again, one living in a dormitory is accustomed to a great many people, and he will feel at home in a crowd, whenever it becomes necessary for him to be in one.

One living in a dormitory will get more of the college spirit, and he will therefore have a greater interest in college. He will become more interested in sports such as tennis, hockey, and football. The other students in the dormitory know how to play tennis, and it is natural that he should want to learn also.

In dormitories the students receive their meals in the house that they live in, and will usually eat all of their meals, while the student who goes out for breakfast often will go without breakfast rather than go out for it.

The objection that is often given to dormitories is that the students are not alone very much and do not study as well as those living in private homes.

Another objection given is that the students are not out in the open air enough, but there are so many outdoor sports that they enjoy, that this is not usually true.

10—Reasoning in Daily Life

There are several forms of reasoning which we must use frequently in our daily life. The first and main form of reasoning is that form in which we reason with ourselves. Regardless of what we do or say there are always a great many little things that come before us that require us to use reason. For a minor example, there are eight of us on a camping trip. It is our third day out, and we have gone so far into the woods that we have lost all idea as to our whereabouts. If we should rush headlong in the first direction that we happened to start in, nine times out

of ten we should stay in the woods until some future time. We don't do anything so foolish, however, but on the contrary we stop and reason with ourselves. We argue each little thought that enters our minds in the hope of finally routing those that do not have a place there and of making plenty of room for those that we want. We reason out the logical direction to the best of our ability, and in the majority of cases we are successful in finding our way out of the woods. Another form of reasoning with ourselves is that one in which we are constantly doing so. On the average of once during every five minutes, we argue with our own consciences regarding some matter which, though trivial, is important, because it has troubled us enough to make us reason. We do not know why this little matter troubles us, but it does; therefore, before we jump at a possible conclusion, we reason as every one does just to satisfy his own mind.

11—What the State Expects of the University

The question of what the people of the state expect the University to do for their sons and daughters is one of great importance, for whatever the people decide upon and demand from the University will have to be given to them, and thus to a certain extent the status and character of the University will be decided. Every one agrees that there are three sides of a student's life to be developed, intellectual, moral, and social, but it is the degree of each of these which must be determined.

The parents of the undergraduates who have faith in higher education believe that no young man or woman of average ability, who half applies himself to the work assigned or chosen, can fail to be benefited by such experiences as are possible in the University. The product is the result almost wholly of the students' personal tastes and ambitions. Individuality asserts itself more than at any other time during the college period.

A student is expected to have the power to concentrate his mind and dispatch business intelligently. We find business men everywhere willing to test the college graduate for this reason. The world is demanding more tact, courtesy,

and quality of the men to-day. And the man or woman who has entered with unselfish enthusiasm into the varied social and literary activities of his *Alma Mater* is so much the better equipped for any vocation he may choose. The business world also tests character, for the responsible positions demand men of principle.

Thus far we have seen how in a general way the college student is prepared for the business world. Now, we will find out what other minute but important characteristics ought to be developed.

In college a young man or woman should obtain the training that will give him a clear insight into the problems of life. His breadth of vision and power of reason should be enlarged and intensified. The college graduate should be ready to meet any exigency. In the university many teachers try to train the students to work under pressure. The practice of giving examinations is one of the methods employed to attain this end. Yet Professor K—— says that we are not really working under pressure then, for we are told what to prepare for, while every day problems arise for which we are not prepared, and we must face them as best we can. However, the taking of examinations is to a certain extent working under pressure, and will gradually train the students to meet exigencies. Every young man or woman should obtain an education that would leave him well-grounded in the various studies such as science, economics, and languages; lastly, he should acquire social polish that would enable him to fill his place under any and all circumstances.

Thus we see that it is not merely for what one gets in the classroom that one attends college, but also for the training of the mental faculties in order to be a success, intellectually, morally, and socially in the world, and in order to stand foremost in one's vocation.

12—The Advantages of Living on a Farm

There has always been much argument about the farm life. It has been a question, which are the most prominent, the advantages of living on a farm, or the disadvantages of living on a farm. I have never lived on a very large farm,

but I have friends who live on large farms, and I think that the advantages counterbalance the disadvantages.

Farmers, as a rule, are more hospitable than people living in the city. A traveler is always welcome at a farmhouse, and perhaps he would be refused at a home in the city. Every one is welcome at a country home. In the winter the neighbors come to spend one of those long evenings. The men sit in the kitchen and smoke and talk about the crops, the women sit in the parlor and sew, and the young folks gather around the big, long table in the dining room and play cards, or pop popcorn and make candy. The only way that I can account for this hospitality is that the farmer usually has a big house, and the pantry is always filled with good things to eat. There are no shows and restaurants to draw the people away from the home. Consequently they visit their neighbors.

The country people are more sociable, anyway, than the city folk. Have you ever attended a literary society in a country school house? It is not only a society for young people, but for all who wish to take part in it. In the winter the members have box socials and oyster suppers, and in the summer they have ice cream or strawberry socials. It has been the custom of the young people in the neighborhood in which I live to go around to each home dressed as ragamuffins. We dress up with masks in order that the people may not know us. We go around each year at Christmas time and are always treated with Christmas cake and apples. Any one who has not done this cannot imagine how much fun it really is.

Of course the greatest advantage of living on a farm is that of having much fresh air and out-of-door life. It is much fun to go horseback riding at night after the cows. In winter there is also the opportunity of going tobogganing down the hills.

I am always welcome at my friend's farm, and I am glad to accept an invitation to visit her whenever I can find convenient time. I hope to spend many more good times on the farm such as I have had before.

13—The Conduct of the Students at the Recent Fire

The conduct of the students during the recent fire in University Hall was admirable. They were calm, orderly, and perfectly willing to help extinguish the fire.

The students were very calm during the fire. When the fire whistle blew, they did not rush for the doors, but were very quiet about it. Many of the students who were writing quizzes stopped to finish the sentence, and put their names and the date on their papers. The reason for this unusual calmness was that many did not think that there really was a fire.

The students were very orderly. They did not shout, rush ahead of each other, or push each other, but simply marched out of the building just as quickly and quietly as they could.

The volunteer student firemen displayed a willingness worthy of much praise. They played a great part in getting the hose up to the dome, and in carrying papers, records, and furniture out of the building.

The conduct of the students was admirable and praiseworthy. They were calm, orderly, and perfectly willing to help save University Hall from the ravages of a fire, which, at first, threatened to destroy the whole building.

14—The Right Preparation for College

If a person wishes to enter college, he must have the right preparation. The student should be prepared mentally, physically, and morally.

A student should have a certain amount of mental training. In order to enter the University one must have at least two credits in foreign language, three credits in English, and a certain number of credits in science and mathematics. He must also have credits in a few electives. The student who enters the University should be able to think for himself, and not depend upon any one else.

Besides being prepared mentally, one must be prepared physically. One who is not strong cannot do the work required of a university student. I have in mind an instance in the city in which I live. A young man, who was not

very strong, went to the university. He noticed that the work was difficult for him, but he would not give up. Finally, the doctor stated that he had a nervous breakdown, and sent him home.

Moreover, one must be morally prepared to enter the university. He should know how to lead a good, clean, moral life. He should know what is right and what is wrong, and act accordingly.

Thus, I have shown what the right preparation for college consists in. It consists in having a sufficient mental, physical, and moral preparation.

15—My Favorite Pastime

My favorite pastime is making fudge. There are two reasons why I like to make fudge. In the first place, I like the occupation itself, and, secondly, I like to eat the candy after it is made.

There is nothing that I enjoy better than stirring the fudge and watching it boil. At first, it just simmers; then it begins to boil more vigorously; and, finally, it will boil over the kettle, if one does not continually stir it. After boiling it for a certain length of time, one must beat the fudge. I am always very anxious to beat it, because, as soon as I have beaten it sufficiently and put it in a pan, I can lick the dish. "Licking the dish" is one of the most pleasant parts of making fudge. The fudge seems to taste better taken right from the kettle, than it does otherwise.

The second reason I have for liking to make fudge is that I like to eat it after it is made. I am content, if I can sit down and read a good book or magazine with a dish of rich, brown fudge at my side.

Therefore, my particular hobby is making fudge: first, because I like the occupation; and, secondly, because the finished product is very pleasing to my palate.

16—The Part Athletics Should Play in the Life of a Student

To my mind athletics should play a large part in the life of a student. Even if the student cannot take active part,

he certainly ought to show his enthusiasm and give such help as is needed for the support of the college team by attending the games or contests held between his college and other colleges. But there are so many forms of athletics that a student can enter into that he ought to take advantage of this feature of his academic career. Besides the enjoyment he receives from athletics during his four years of college, he also has pleasant memories of them when he goes out into the world to make his living.

A student who spends all his time in studying surely misses much of the glory of college life. Of course, if I were to participate in athletics, I should also want to receive good grades in my class-room work. If athletics interfered to such an extent with my studies that I could not do justice to myself in the course I was pursuing, I should prefer to be an onlooker and enthusiast, and every one who attends college surely must have enough spirit to show his interest in the activities which are taking place around him.

17—What May Be Said for Athletics

To the outsider college athletics seem to be the main thing of college life nowadays. To the student they are important, but not the main thing. Up until thirty years ago the typical student was Shakespeare's, "with brow sicklied o'er with care." To-day the average student is robust, with a keen interest in out-of-door sports, and a chance at twice the efficiency, because he has the physical health to back up his mental efforts.

As a means to recreation alone, athletics become the healthy outlet for overcharged nerves. It is what play means to the child after school, a thing never to be despised. It stimulates his imagination. The exercise causes him to breathe more deeply. After a set or two of tennis, he goes in to his supper, eats heartily, goes to his room, and studies with a clear, alert mind. He sleeps well.

If he is going to play in the tennis finals and win that cup from the seniors, he has to keep up a regular routine of athletics; and because he cannot qualify for the finals unless his class work is up to grade, the routine for athletic

training runs side by side with careful preparation for classes.

At the same time that he is forming habits for work, he is forming habits for clean living. His game would be slower, more uncertain, for a single night's dissipation. Good habits during training for athletic sports bring good habits of morals which are likely to last.

One of the ideals of athletics is good sportsmanship, which means "give and take" with a perfect good nature.

Last, but not least, comes the *camaraderie* of college life. The joy of good-fellowship with a hundred classmates and their respect and friendship make the longest and sweetest memories.

18—Simplicity in Everyday Life

The principle of simplicity, the principle, in brief, that means should be exactly suited to end, holds good in everyday life, as well as in literature. Daily we see it carefully observed by some but flagrantly violated by others, and the advantage always lies with those who pay it due respect. The degree of simplicity habitually observed is an index to character.

Dress is an important common gauge. One glance at the woman who wears a dainty afternoon gown and French-heeled pumps, while walking, shopping, or traveling, or who proudly displays an elaborate picture hat with a tailored suit, leads us to no flattering estimate of her common sense. The sensible woman is never guilty of such freakishness. Her costume is always appropriate to the occasion, and her appearance always leaves a favorable impression.

Even more important than simplicity of dress is simplicity of conduct, the one prominent attribute of the well-bred man or woman.

So, in every undertaking of human life, this principle of simplicity remains. Whatever we do, whatever we make, must, to be successful, conform to the maxims of suitability and fitness. Ornament may be used in abundance, but let that ornament be in the right place at the right time.

19—The Temperance Question in My Home Town

On the banks of a river in northern Wisconsin is situated a little lumbering town. Only a few years ago the place was nothing but a large forest with wild deer leaping through the underbrush and pausing at the strange sounds. A railroad was built through the forest, and soon a few houses covered with tar-paper were put up. Soon camps were built in the neighborhood, and rough lumbermen made their way from the railroad tracks to the camps some miles away. During the winter these lumbermen would walk back and forth from their camps in order to get a little "refreshment" at the saloon which is invariably found in a lumbering town. From year to year settlers brought their goods and started homes in the vicinity of the place. Farming of course was impossible at first, but some did their best in rapidly clearing the land. Others were satisfied, if, during the winter, they were able to earn enough money to last them until the ensuing winter.

The influence of the little town or rather of the saloons there was very detrimental to the inhabitants. As a whole most of the people were the ones that worked in the camps. They had but little diversion except their Sunday affairs at the saloon, and so when the camp people got to town, it was a lively place indeed. This influence reached also to the boys of the community, and the result can easily be seen.

20—Why I Like Swimming

In earlier days, at the time of the Revolutionary War, it was thought and taught that woman's place is in the home, and that for her to engage in anything outside of her sphere was little less than a sacrilege. Now, however, modern ideas and institutions have somewhat banished this fallacy, and we find women doing many things which before were considered beyond them, in a better manner than men.

So it is with swimming. It appeals to me, this sport, more than anything else in the athletic line, as nowhere else is there such a chance for the development of endurance, that quality so necessary in the life of every individual,

particularly woman. Nothing is so exhilarating as an early morning plunge in the summer time before the heat of the day. If one has a fickle appetite, a good swim will allow him to relish the plainest of foods. It drives the sluggish blood into circulation, clears the brain, and makes one feel the joy of existence, the glow of youth and life. Then, too, this sport develops the muscles as no other will. One's limbs grow strong and rounded from the sweeping motion which swimming has. It also fills out the hollows in the chest and sends the splendid warm color into many pale faces.

All these reasons count for little, however, beside the sense of freedom and independence which it develops in the individual. One has to rely wholly on his own strength to carry him whither he will in the deepest kind of water. Then there is freedom in all that the word implies; the freedom that a bird experiences in flying high into the air corresponds exactly to the idea which I strive to convey.

21—A Mistake of My High School Education

The great mistake of my high school life was undoubtedly the one of choosing the German course instead of the Latin course. As my parents are German, and I had been taught German at home, I thought it would be very much easier for me to continue in the study of this language than to begin the new and difficult study of the Latin language. But I have often regretted taking what for me was the easier course. Before I finished high school, I realized that the students who were taking Latin were for the most part studying hard, while I, who had chosen German, was having an easy time preparing my lessons. It was almost impossible for me to keep up the proper interest in the work, for it seemed so simple to me. Instead of gaining by taking the course, I really lost all enthusiasm for learning, which I should have gained by working hard in the Latin course. It is not only the time and enthusiasm that I regret, but in not having studied Latin, the language upon which the Romance languages and English are based, I feel handicapped both in the study of French and in the study of English.

The value of hard work in education is overlooked by many so-called educational experts of the present time. "Play schools," "grammar without effort," "painless study," "joy in the schoolroom"—such are the phrases that tickle indolent ears. The ancient doctrine that one works for what one really gets is forgotten. "Nothing work for, nothing have" would be a useful motto in every schoolroom. Let us hope for the time when people's common sense will bring them modestly back to a recognition of the common sense of their ancestors. Then, but hardly before, will our national educational system rest on a sound basis.

22—My Pet Diversion

Every one has a pet diversion, something in which he is deeply interested and about which he likes to talk continually. Some go in for swimming, some for reading, and still others for visiting their neighbors to exchange not only their favorite recipes, but also their favorite bits of gossip. People often go to extremes with things, and undoubtedly I talk entirely too much about automobiles, which I consider my favorite amusement.

Just the thought of gliding over the roads in a big touring car or a small roadster sets my entire being on fire, and I immediately start talking about my favorite make of car, of the wonderful trips I expect to take, and of the pleasure I will derive therefrom. But I am never content to talk only of trips, and I invariably find myself discussing the various makes of cars and the climbing and speeding powers of each. I often catch myself in a heated discussion over cars.

Finally, the question comes,—Does it pay to become so taken up in one thing that you continually rave about it, and that people know what you will talk about when they see you? Though we all have certain hobbies, I'm certain we will all agree that it doesn't pay to carry our hobbies to extremes.

23—A Blend

At a time when America is the melting pot of the peoples of the world, it is a question of large interest where we

shall find that blending of diverse Americanism that shall give to the world the truest and purest American citizen. New York is the most cosmopolitan city, yet New York gives us a provincial American type. Chicago blends East and West, yet it is distinctly Northern. Oklahoma City, the capital of the thriving new state, makes a bold bid to be the mold in which this full-orbed American citizen is to be cast. Its population is rather more Southern than Northern, and more Western than Eastern. There is a considerable population of negroes, and about one-half of the Indian population of the United States; but these give only a picturesque dash of color, for the bulk of the population is white.

When the "Rush of 1889" was made, this state was filled by settlers from Kansas, Colorado, Texas, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, Georgia, and many other states; and quite naturally the northern section of Oklahoma was made up of Northern people, the southern section of Southern people, the western section of Western people and the eastern section of Eastern people; but into the central city, which took the name of the state, and means "good-home," and became the metropolis and capital, naturally there came a balanced blend of North and South, East and West. In the early years when Oklahoma City was making more rapid increase in population, there was not anything more apparent than the rush and clash and the boom and bustle of such a city; but in the last few years there have been very striking evidences of a larger and fuller type of Americanism. The radical prejudices of the South have softened under the benignant influences of the public school, commercial and social clubs, and the religious and civic organizations of the community. Northern stiffness has taken on kindlier manners through Southern chivalry. Naturally there have been some clashes. At one time the school board, which was made up mostly of Texans, ordered the teachers and pupils of the schools to march down the street with Confederate flags, in celebration of a Confederate Decoration Day; but the stout refusal on the part of certain teachers and pupils of New England descent was sufficient to prevent the repetition of this foolishness. On a few occasions,

the rights of negroes have been wickedly violated. A few years ago the American flag was not so apparent as in many cities, but now Oklahoma City aspires to be recognized as the flag-city. On public occasions, it draws its speakers and entertainers quite equally from North and South, and justly earns an enlarged distinction for non-sectional community spirit. However, it would be false to the facts to say that the ideal has been attained, but here are the promising signs of a better American day, and a fuller American citizenship.

24—Washington, the Shop-Town

If you should happen to pick up a Vincennes, Indiana, paper some Monday morning in the summer time, you might find on the sporting page a heading something like this:

WASHINGTON WINS
FROM LOCALS

The shop-town boys are easily victors in . . .

In the one word *shop-town,* you have the answer to the question, "What has been the greatest single influence in the making of Washington, Indiana?" For it was not until after the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad shops were located here that Washington attained any considerable importance as a town.

Before this time it had been a mere village. With the coming of the shops, however, in 1888, came also a demand for labor, and to satisfy this demand there came many laborers, who usually brought their families with them. Consequently the town grew rapidly, the population increasing from 2,000 in 1880 to 9,000 in 1900. At present the population is about stationary, with slight fluctuations in periods of business depression or at times when work is more plentiful at the shops.

Not only the population but the various institutions as well, the schools and the churches, and business in general, have been greatly influenced by the coming of the shops. Under the impetus of the increase in population several

new churches have been built, and several others remodeled. The school population has quadrupled, necessitating a very great increase in the educational facilities of the town, and with new buildings have come better equipment, better teachers, and a much better grade of instruction. In a business way there has been much improvement. Many new business houses have been built, and a street railway system has been inaugurated. In a hundred other ways the city has shown a decided material awakening.

While the shops have had a great material influence on the town, they have also come to have a moral influence as well. To the people they have come to be a real, live, and invaluable friend, with whom in times of plentiful work the citizens rejoice, and in periods of depression mourn. For the people have come to realize that the welfare of both the town and themselves depends to a large extent on the well-being of the shops.

25—The Pleasure of Autumn Rambling

My parents assert, and they surely should be competent in this matter, that I am of pure Dutch descent. Personally, I have always been inclined to doubt this. Even if it is so, I believe that sometime in the dim past some old *burger* ancestor of mine, perhaps in New Amsterdam, was so influenced by his associations with his red-skinned fur-traders that a strain of almost Indian blood has come down through the family. And this, as your Eastern mystic would have it, has cropped out in me. I feel every year, at the beautiful Indian-summer period, an almost unconquerable desire to go to the woods,—to escape books and droning schoolrooms, and futile problems, and get back to the real things,—to shoot my own meat and cook my own food and sleep under the open sky. This desire I am forced to satiate by the very acceptable alternative of taking long, rambling walks. There is no sound in the world to me like the crisp crackle of autumn leaves underfoot, no sight like the blazing red, yellow, and russet foliage and the dim and dusty purple of the distant hills, and no tonic like the tonic of the fresh air of out-of-doors. Sunday

afternoon is my favorite time for these strolls, and many an afternoon do we, my chum and I, tramp it together from high sun to somber dusk. We take with us some bacon and a little bread, and when evening comes and we are hungry,—and you really know what it is to feel hungry when your appetite comes in this way,—we make a little hunter's camp-fire, and toast our bread and fry our bacon. And good? We wouldn't trade it for the ambrosia and nectar of the gods. So if you have never felt this lonesome-sweet feeling of a late autumn day, whistle to that dog, put that package into the pocket of your old coat, and get out and hear that *swish, swish, swish.*

26—Ideas Suggested by One of My Studies

The greatest mystery of life is the one introduced by the first chapter of Genesis,—i.e., the mystery of the creation of the world. This secret fascinates persons of all ages, from the curious child, with his countless questions, to the keen scientist, with his penetrating studies. But the explanation of the beginning of beginnings has not yet been discovered. The earth, its creation, its place in the universe, and its changes, occupy a large share of scientific thought and investigation. Geology is the most interesting science offered in modern curricula.

It is closely related to the life of man and all his interests and pursuits. People are greatly influenced by their surroundings. The life of a country is intimately dependent upon its physical features. Mountains, valleys, rivers, and oceans,—the topographic forms of the earth's surface, with their varying temperatures and climatic fluctuations, determine absolutely the very existence of life.

Geology, or, in a narrower sense, physiography, underlies and intensifies all other studies. Languages, sciences, philosophy, ethnology, and history are closely related to the study of the earth. Of history this is especially true. How much better we understand history if we know its physiographical background. Great movements and hidden incentives to change are often made plain by a study of physical conditions. Racial divisions, natural resources,

and decisive situations can be readily understood. Every map used in the laboratory work brings up recollections of past occurrences, shedding new light on their significance. The French settlements on the Mississippi, the gold-maddened rush for the Klondike, the staunch independence of the Swiss, are three widely different examples of geographical influence upon history.

My appreciation of nature has been fostered by this study. The different features on the earth's surface all reveal a complex story to be read by interested eyes. The past and future both lie open in the pages of this book and afford space for endless conjecture. The realization of life's eternal change cannot dawn until the reasoning power that such a study instils in the mind has been developed. Only now can I realize the evanescence of the grandeur of these hills and lakes, soon to be replaced by new forms. In these ridges and furrows and drifting soils, I see traces of past ages when ice and snow held the land powerless in its bleak grasp, and I can visualize fishes and strange amphibian monsters swimming over these plains in a mighty sea of water æons ago. Geology has opened a new world to me—a deeper, wider vision of the earth.

27—An Aspect of Social Life at Wisconsin

In the fall of the year the social life at Wisconsin is closely connected with athletic activity. As the dominant force and pervading influence in the daily life and thought of the students, football occasions or permeates most of the social events. The games themselves are of prime importance as opportunities for intercourse and companionship. The whole city takes an afternoon holiday and people gather, an excited, yelling, cheering, disputing mass, all intent upon the deeply-significant struggle before their eyes. Games with other schools also bring visitors to be entertained, or offer chances to go to other places with the team. Before the game the football spirit is in the air; the whole preceding week is but an expectant preparation for the fateful Saturday. Everybody collects at the mass-meetings and songfests to sing and cheer in ardent loyalty.

Men join in monstrous torch-light parades and "send-off" demonstrations, and this year a public banquet was given to the Chicago and Wisconsin teams. But even in every accidental group, in every place where students meet, football is the sole object of interest and discussion. Celebrations after the game are the most characteristic of all, however. The big bon-fire on the lower campus is the signal of victory, the signal that lights up the jubilant revelry of football enthusiasts, dancing about the bright flames. The streets are crowded with merrymakers; the air is filled with rejoicing, congratulation, animated discussion, and lively review; on every side the word "Football" greets the eye and resounds upon the ear. Dances take on the prevailing aspect, with football programs, favors, extras, and even titles—"The Boilermaker's Mixer," "Big Swede Dance," etc. The theaters are given over to the irresistible tide of interest, announcing scores, introducing clever allusions, and rendering appropriate music, while the walls resound with songs and cheers. Football is the magic word which breaks down all social barriers at Wisconsin and joins the students in a common bond of fellowship and loyal unity. The famed democracy of Wisconsin is nowhere more clearly shown than in its social life, so closely attendant upon its football enthusiasm and prowess.

28—Late Study

Much is said about the advantages of morning study. We are told that the mind is clear and thinking is rapid at that time. But thinking is more rapid at night, thinking, that is, which is logical and continuous; for the body must be at ease and perfectly composed if the mind is to work connectedly. I find it hard to concentrate the mind in the morning because the body, having been refreshed by a night's sleep, is not submissive, but stirs with the same sort of restlessness that seizes one on a spring day, when the whole world awakens from a refreshing winter's sleep. At night, however, the darkness seems to shut out all possible disturbances; and, indeed, the many little things that keep our eyes unconsciously moving about are fewer

by far at night. Then, too, the body is fatigued at the end of the day, while the brain becomes keyed to a higher tension, an intoxication, as it were; the vision seems to clear, concentration is not at all difficult. This is the best time to write a theme, especially a description requiring clear vision; or to translate a German lesson—the words run through the head steadily, words which one never knew were there; just as the words of a dream come forth from the corners of the brain. Of course, we are "saner," more conservative in the daytime, so that this is the best time for the business man to do his sort of work. But a slight visionary insanity would accomplish wonderful things for some people. The only trouble is, late study keeps the mind in such a state of activity that sleep does not come quickly, and thus the health is impaired. But, I repeat, when there is a task to be done that requires persistent application and intellectual fineness, do it late at night, when your vision is as clear and your vocabulary as great as in your clearest dreams, and when partial fatigue has supplied you with infinite patience.

29—The Influence of Students upon Each Other

The influence that students in a university have upon each other is truly remarkable. They themselves do not often realize its magnitude, but it is ever-present when students are together, giving them fresh ideas and brightening their ideals.

It was only a few weeks ago that I came to know the power of this influence. I was talking with a young student from North Dakota, a fresh, vigorous, and manly fellow, full of ideals and enthusiasm. I took the opportunity to air one of my pet theories. In the most self-assured manner possible I confided to him that it had always been my private belief that feeble old men and women and people who were incurably ill or deformed should be "put out of their misery" by doctors with some effective yet painless poison. I saw no use whatever in prolonging these people's lives,—in fact, I believed it to be cruelty, pure and simple. Why people should wish to live who are standing, as the saying is, "with one foot in the grave" was more than I

had ever understood. But three minutes after I had thus declared my beliefs, I was scarlet with shame that I had ever ventured even to think such a thing. My friend had scarcely made a reply to what I had said. He had just looked at me all the time I was talking, with horrified amazement in his eyes, and when I had finished, he said very coolly and distinctly, "I don't believe that you think any such thing!" And to my astonishment I realized that that was true. I began to feel the necessity of making excuses for myself, and I was very uncomfortable. He listened rather amusedly, it seemed to me, and then began to talk of other things.

Somehow when he had finished talking, I knew that my views of life had changed utterly. I felt that there really was a purpose in life. Never before had I recognized that. Time and again in my home town I had talked with people and found that they either held to my views already or were easy to convince. Yet here I was, ashamed from the very bottom of my heart that such ideas should have entered my head. Although my friend had not "preached" a single word, the unconscious influence of his strong, clear-minded ideals had shown me the grave errors in mine.

30—My Opinion of the Lecture System

The lecture system, as employed in most of the great universities to-day, has, especially for the freshman, many difficulties. In high school but little practice is given in the taking of notes. When, therefore, the new student is confronted with this problem, which is, of necessity, concomitant with lecture courses, he has, in many cases, great trouble in learning to take notes that will actually contain the gist of the lecture. In his effort to understand and duplicate particular phrases he is liable to have his thought focused to such an extent upon words that the salient idea escapes him. Again, for this same reason, he may have his mind cluttered with a conglomeration of detail and still have lost sight of the general trend of the subject. Furthermore, close personal supervision is impossible under the lecture system, for the lecturer and the instructor in charge of the quiz section are ordinarily not the same man.

Under such conditions the student is liable not to keep such a close hold upon himself and his work.

This system has, nevertheless, many distinct advantages. The note-taking teaches one to pick out that which is worth while from that which is not worth while. It develops in one a sense of proportion and of the relative importance of matter that can not but be of great advantage to him later. It teaches him the necessity of being honest with himself as well as with his instructors,—to pay attention during lectures even if he knows the lecturer does not know who he is. Under this system the student learns how to pick the wheat from the chaff, and then,—more important,—how to grind the wheat.

31—A Social Settlement

Most people have rather vague conceptions of what a social settlement really is. It is often thought of as a relief station, a free kindergarten, a club, a training school, or an institution for disciplinary purposes. As a matter of fact, it may include any one or all of these features. But it is much broader in its scope even than the combination of these ideas.

The social settlement with which I am most familiar is the Christamore Settlement of Indianapolis. It is situated in the northeast section of the city, not in the very poorest part, but within easy walking distance of a factory where many of the men in that district are employed. The building itself is neat and attractive. At the left of the entrance is a spacious sitting-room; next to this is a well-equipped library. There is a large gymnasium, a kitchen, and several rooms which are used as class rooms. These are all at the disposal of the people of the neighborhood. Besides, there are rooms which are for the exclusive use of the resident workers, including the dining-room on the first floor and apartments above.

Now, what is accomplished through this institution? In the first place, it offers educational advantages to children as well as adults. The library is well patronized by both. There are also classes in sewing and cooking, and in English and other academic subjects. In the second place, it pro-

vides opportunities for physical development. Gymnastic classes for all ages and special play hours conducted by a competent instructor afford ample exercise and recreation. In the third place (and by no means least), it is a real social center, for the men and women come together to talk over things of interest to the community, and to enjoy the worth-while entertainments. As a further aid to their social as well as educational betterment, there are classes in Bible study for old and young. The real reason, however, for calling it a social settlement in its strictest sense is that the residents conduct a model home as an example to the neighborhood. Out from this home go the workers on errands of mercy. Through its visiting nurse and friendly visitors, its influence is widely felt, and the benefits to the community as well as to the individuals cannot be overestimated.

A social settlement, then, of which the Christamore Settlement is a fair example, is an institution which contributes to the three-fold nature of man, his mental, physical, and spiritual well-being.

32—"Man's Good"

When the Creator built the earth we are led to believe there were a lot of scraps left over piled up here or scattered about there. One class of these scraps is listed under the head of "swamps." "Swamps" is an unlovely-sounding word, for it is crude, unpolished Anglo-Saxon. So are its brethren and cousins, "slough," "marsh," "mire," "muck," "mud," "bog" and "fen." Watery dirt, it seems, has never appealed to the human race as deserving an attractive name, and has never received it.

This is *prima facie* evidence that few men find anything attractive about a marsh or swamp. Why should they? The swamps, we are told, breed mosquitoes, mud turtles, malaria, and noisome smells. The most of them yield little fit to support human life. Every landman's ideal of a better earth always includes ditched and drained swamps, set to bearing seasonable crops on their black bosoms.

On the very edge of the city of Madison, Wisconsin, at the entrance of the Yahara River across Lake Monona, lies

a friendly little marsh, just wet enough so that no foot can cross it, just miry enough so that seldom is a boat launched upon it. It extends, with a meandering stream through wide reedy marshes that shut out the world's disturbing noises, and a few interruptions of open water, to Lake Kegonsa. For the reason that it is no man's land it is a bird's paradise. Here a colony of red-winged blackbirds nest and spend the pleasant months of the year. Hidden in the tangles of roots and leaves there are many nests of the tern, and gull, and duck. Herons find nest-sanctuary there, and during the spring and fall migrations, numberless flocks of all kinds of passenger birds make this a wayside tavern.

Slowly the work of reclaiming this marsh goes on. Before many years the marsh will all be turned to man's good. It is required that the natural condition of the country be modified to fit man's good. Man's good?—

It is the red-winged blackbird that most glorifies and endears the marsh to me. If draining the marsh must banish him from our midst, pray leave us a bit of the marsh. What a stylish, vagrant little troubadour is this bird in his shining black uniform with its blazing shoulder-strap! Dressed always in her kitchen gown is his work-a-day wife, yet he seems proud as Lucifer of her. His liquid note—there is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. If he were banished to dry land, would he still retain it, I wonder? If not—may we not keep a bit of the marsh, just to keep him?

33—The Third Man

Dean Briggs of Harvard University, in a chapter called "The Mistakes of College Life," quotes a "well-known railroad man" who "has remarked that he knows in his business two kinds of men: one, with a given piece of work to do before a given time, comes back at the appointed hour and says, 'That job is done. I found unexpected difficulties, but it is done'; the other comes back with 'several excellent reasons' why the job is not done. 'I have,' says the railroad man, 'no use for the second of these men.' Nor has any business man use for him." Nor would any

business man have any use for the first of these, if it were not for the absolute lack of a third man.

This third man does not bring his completed work to his employer with a story of the innumerable difficulties which he has encountered, a story intended to arouse the sympathy and to gain the good will of his employer. Nor does he ever bring the uncompleted work with a number of excuses for not having done the work. He does neither of these things. The third man encounters the same difficulties as the other two, but at the "appointed hour" brings the work, lays it on his employer's desk, and, unless he is requested to wait, walks away, without pouring into the bored ears of his busy employer the story of his hardships. To borrow Dean Briggs' apt expression, the third man is "there," the first is nearly "there," but the second is far away.

These three men are to be found in any kind of business, in any walk of life, but nowhere is their presence more noticeable than in the class room. The instructor assigns a certain amount of work to be done: the first man comes to class with his assignment prepared, but, if an opportunity is afforded, he lets the instructor know what a lot of time it took, what "unexpected difficulties" he encountered; the second man brings a promise to have his work in "tomorrow," and, relating his difficulties, asks to be excused; the third brings his prepared lesson and says nothing about his difficulties. Now it is safe to say that the third man has had the same hardships as the other two—if not more, for usually the third man is taking as many hours of work as he is allowed to take, besides doing outside work on his own initiative.

Here is the deplorable status of affairs: the first man is praised, when praise is not due him, simply because of the scarcity of men like the third man; he receives credit, when he deserves credit about as much as does a team which wins by default; he is the man to whom this "well-known railroad man" points as the ideal man, like whom young men should aim to be. Is this idealism?—is this worthy of ambition?—should young men aim to be like this first man, whom Dean Briggs has unconsciously pointed out as the best, the ideal, the man who is "there"? No! If this man, this first man, is the best, let all young men aim to be better

than the best, better than the first, more like the third man, who, because there are so few of his calibre, is ignored by this "well-known railroad man" and by Dean Briggs.

34—Amana

It was the hottest of summer mornings, and my mother and aunt were kept very busy preventing two small animated children from falling out of the car windows of a hot, stuffy train. It was with quite evident relief that they lifted us down from the steps at our destination, smoothed down our stiffly starched, uncomfortable ruffles, and led us toward the village.

The last cloud of smoke from the retreating train left us completely isolated from civilization. The small country station labeled "Amana" in the conventional large white letters was the only indication that the country we had reached bore any relation to America or Americans. Traveling down along a narrow two-plank board walk we were led into the midst of large cornfields. Here and there a man, half-concealed by the tall stalks, nodded and smiled as we passed. The cornfield afforded us a moment's shade and the cool green ribbon-like leaves nodded, too, as if in pleasant welcome to us. The stifling rays of the noonday sun beat upon us relentlessly, and we looked longingly ahead to where large oaks and elms enticingly beckoned. This was no desert we had come upon. Thus encouraged, we quickened our steps, rejoiced to know that beyond those large trees which steadily grew larger before our vision, we would find some solace for our weary spirits. But even before we reached the village a shout of merry laughter came to our ears upon the still air. Looking quickly in that direction, we beheld a picturesque sight. Half a dozen young women in sunbonnets, and as many men in overalls, were bent over rows of cabbages and turnips. They seemed to take a great pleasure in their work, their fresh and happy countenances betraying no sign of fatigue, except that there was an unwonted ruddiness in their shining faces due to the warmth of the sun. As we strolled past, all their faces were turned toward us, not in idle curiosity, but in a pleasant and unfeigned welcome. A

smile from each and a *"Guten Tag"* from several caused us to wonder where we were, as if by some strange miracle we had perhaps been conveyed to one of the quaint foreign villages of which we had so often read. Just as we came to a turn in the board walk, we were met by a lumbering ox-cart driven by a kindly-faced old man. *"Besten grusz,"* he said, as the horned pair bore him slowly down the hill. By this time we had become accustomed to the friendly greetings and returned them heartily.

As we turned the corner the little village came in sight. And such a village! Can I ever forget it? Surely this was not America! I looked about to assure myself that my mother and aunt were following. My childish vision still contained an imaginative agglomeration of fairy-tales. It would not have surprised me to see a light-winged fairy come tripping along the road to ask me if I should not like a delicious cold draught from yonder stream. As we crossed a quaint, old-fashioned rustic bridge, we came in full view of the villagers' homes. Grouped together in a friendly fashion amid the wildest profusion of blooming plants and trees, clustered the vine-covered dwellings. Many of these were two stories high, built of wood and unpainted, but almost entirely hidden from view by riotous flowering vines. The oldest dwellings, however, were of stone and proved to be most picturesque, almost stately, in their sombre dignity. The streets wove in and out in careless freedom, and clover grass grew up between the rude board planks. Had the streets been unadorned and bare of trailing vines and flowers one would still have felt a subtle and indefinable spirit of comfort and brotherly love. Rising above one of the dwellings was a tower-like structure in the top of which hung a huge black bell. My aunt asked a very small boy in very long trousers what this bell was used for. Hearing her use his own language the boy forgot his embarrassment and told us quaintly many interesting facts about his village. The people, as we gathered from the child's recital, worked together in the fields according to their age and strength. At noon and evening this bell and others summoned the workers to the several large houses where were the so-called *"Küchen,"* or kitchens. These kitchens, called after the name of the family

who lived in the house, were really large dining-rooms. The wife of the man who owned the house, assisted by the older women who could not go out in the fields, prepared the meals.

Since my mother and aunt knew German, we soon became acquainted with the Freie family, who invited us into their garden, and later—a pleasure we scarcely dared hope for—invited us to eat in their *"Küchen."* But we would have to wait, Frau Freie apologized, until the workers had eaten. Meanwhile two small girls in black and white dresses 'way down to their ankles, with their hair braided tightly about their heads and confined in a net, shyly showed us about the garden and house. The garden was truly lovely. Rose vines climbed up the wooden stairs to the house and up its dark stone walls. Every conceivable variety of flower flourished here in abundance, on either side of the well-trodden dirt paths. A large garden swing was placed among the flowers, and there we swung happily together until the large bells clanged out the hour of noon. Soon a company of happy young men and women, the very ones whom we had passed earlier in the day, as they toiled in the fields, gathered about the yard, casting friendly glances toward us as they talked and jested together. When the joyful group gathered together to set out for the fields once more, the small daughter of Frau Freie came to announce that our dinner was served.

My first impression of the room we entered was one of immaculate neatness. The long table was covered with shining white oilcloth, upon which we were invited to eat. As we sat there, the young women moved noiselessly about, each at her noonday task. We observed again that same sweet spirit of rest and contentment. The older women were seated about, preparing vegetables and other food for the evening meal. There seemed to be time for kind words and courteous acts, no matter how busy were their hands.

They were all so happy and contented, these Arcadian villagers! There seemed to be such perfect peace and harmony among them. They strove neither with each other nor with any man. Competition and jealous rivalry were unknown to them. They all worked together for the good and comfort of all, and as a result every one fared well

and had ample means. They had a very unique system. There was no money except that which belonged to the community. Every need was supplied at the discretion of the minister, who exerted a wide influence among the devoted people of his flock.

But, you may say, what a narrow and monotonous existence! Not so. These people loved art and nature, and their children were sent to schools which taught them many things not to be found in our own school courses. Each year two promising young men were sent abroad to study medicine. When they returned, they practiced in their little village at home. The people were not allowed to marry outside of their own race and sect. Thus they kept their little settlement away from the less vital interests of a corrupt civilization, and remained happy and earnest, never feeling the lack of the multifarious vanities of our day. Moreover, they promoted and preserved the highest ideals in a simple and beautiful way. Would that that vast multitude of toiling slaves who eke out their slender livings in the toil and strife of our large cities, might find in such places as Amana a truer, higher life of the spirit and a quiet haven and rest.

35—The Long Distance Transmission of Electricity

When the layman hears anything about the long distance transmission of electricity, he is sure to ask (if he thinks about the matter at all seriously) why electricity should be transmitted over long distances anyhow. Why not generate your current within forty or fifty miles of where you want to use it and not bother about long distances? This is exactly what has been done until recently: the electricity has been generated where it was needed. But there were two things which made it desirable to send electrical energy farther than was financially practicable according to the usual methods. Think, for instance, of the case of a town or even a small city perched on some mountain slope or in some other almost inaccessible spot, or of a shore resort which has shrunk as far as it can away from large cities or towns. The cost of installing and running a power plant is excessively great in such a place, where only a

small amount of current is needed any of the time, and in the latter case where none at all is used in the winter. But if there was an economical method of getting electricity from some distant city or if, shifting the point of view, one large city could find a financially practicable method of transmitting current to all the smaller cities and towns within a radius of a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, a large number of these one-horse power stations could be done away with, and many little wastes turned into available current. By the centralization of power plants which results from improved methods of long distance transmission, a whole group of cities and towns may ride sedately and economically behind one big traction engine, instead of each one jouncing along as best it can, each on its respective little motorcycle.

But even in the present system of long distance transmission, there is a point where the cost of transmitting the current exceeds the difference between the cost of generating the electricity and the price the consumer is willing to pay for his light and power. Now if some source of power could be found which would cost practically nothing, it is evident that this point to which electricity could be economically transmitted would be considerably farther away. It so happens that there are millions of horse-power annually tumbling down to the ocean from the mountainous parts of our country, of which no practical use is being made. It is only necessary to provide water-wheels for the rivers to turn and you have millions of horse-power of available energy which are now running to waste, at the cost of installing the machinery and keeping it in repair. The trouble has been in the past that the power had to be used where the river happened to be, however inconvenient this might be. The possibility of transmitting electricity over long distances has changed all this. The water-wheel is made to turn a dynamo instead of the machinery of a cotton mill. The dynamo transforms the energy of the waterfall into electrical energy, and sends it along copper wires to distant cities and towns where light and power are more advantageously used than in the vicinity of the stream. As a means of utilizing undeveloped water-power by acting as a connecting link between the

source of power and the distant consumer, the long distance transmission of electricity is most important.

Now I shall attempt to answer the next question, "How is it done?" Electricity, under a low pressure, cannot be transmitted economically farther than thirty or forty miles. It has been found, however, that electricity, under a very high pressure, may be sent out along a relatively small wire and with very little loss. In order to understand this better, imagine a pipe, say about six inches in diameter and several miles in length. If water were supplied at one end, at a low pressure, a certain number of gallons of water per minute would issue from the opposite end. If this pressure was increased several hundred times, it is evident that a very much larger volume of water would flow through the same pipe in one minute than before, or that a volume of water equal to that discharged from the large pipe under low pressure could be made to pass through a much smaller pipe if it was forced through by a much greater pressure. In the same manner, a given quantity of electricity may be transmitted under a very high pressure along a much smaller wire than would be possible if the pressure were low.

But electricity under such high voltage (as this pressure is technically termed) cannot be used directly for light and power, since it would immediately melt the wires of most of the apparatus used and put it out of commission. Some machine had to be invented to transform this high voltage to one which would be of practical use. There are two methods of doing this, according to whether the current to be used must be direct or alternating. A direct current is one which flows continuously in one direction and is used chiefly in driving electric motors and for arc lighting. An alternating current consists of pulses of electricity traveling alternately in opposite directions, these oscillations succeeding each other many times a second. It is used principally in incandescent lighting.

When direct current is desired, the high pressure electricity is passed through a specially designed motor which drives a dynamo that is so constructed as to generate direct current of the proper voltage. If alternating current is to be used, a much simpler device, known as a transformer,

is used. This instrument consists of two coils of wire wound upon a circular iron core. The current from the line is made to pass through one of these, known as the primary coil. The other wire, termed the secondary coil, is connected to the wires running to and from the apparatus to be operated. As the pulses of electricity flow through the primary coil, they induce, at each change of direction, a wave of electricity in the second coil. The successive oscillations in the dynamo current thus produce pulses of electricity in the wires leading to the electric lights or whatever apparatus is to be used. But the intensity of these pulses may be made different in the latter circuit from that of the former by varying the size of these wires. If the primary wire is larger than the secondary wire, the pressure in the secondary coil will be greater than the voltage of the primary current, while under the reverse conditions, the voltage in the secondary coil will be smaller than in the primary circuit, but the amount proportionately greater. Thus we have an apparatus which can transform the high voltage of the current which is coming from our generating station a hundred miles away, to a pressure which is of practical use. In practice, there are usually several transformers, one to partially reduce the pressure at the point where the current is divided for general distribution, a smaller one at some point of subdivision, and then perhaps even a smaller one on the consumer's premises. Transformers for increasing pressure are used at the generating end of the line to change the dynamo current to one which is under a sufficiently high voltage for long distance transmission. Thus, by the use of this simple piece of apparatus, electricity generated by some river which formerly flowed serenely to the ocean unencumbered with water-wheels, may be given a high enough pressure to enable long distance transmission to be made economically, and then reduced in voltage so that it may be of practical use.

36—Concerning Letters

Have you ever thought of what a continuous pleasure and lasting comfort the mail system of our day is? As I sit here and write, I consider seriously whether or not there

will be any mail for me to-morrow morning; and, if there is, whom it will be from. I count up the number of days since I last wrote to such and such a person; then, by an intricate algebraic process, figure out when I should receive another letter; and this cycle is gone through time and time again; twice a day in fact, each day but Sunday. Since I have traveled considerably, my correspondence is varied, taking in letters from Bermuda, with its secluded island life, from French school girls, from professional globe trotters, as well as from all sorts and conditions of plain Americans. Each note brings with it some mention of a life different from ours to some extent, however small; so that my mail constitutes a source of entertainment more pleasant than any book ever written. Sometimes the simple life with its pictures of home comforts makes me long for an instant for home and mother; again, the gossip of some village scandal brings to me the fact that I am lucky to be in the thriving, clean, healthy atmosphere of a big college where petty back-biting is considered mean; then the tale of a traveler in a far-distant land brings to mind my own wanderings among the remains of a former civilization, and I live over again in spirit the days when I could travel without thought of an education; again, the report of the intensely different life of a student in an Eastern college starts me planning whether or not to spend all four years in one university; so each letter adds a bit of interest to my life, a bit of the personal element which is usually omitted in ordinary novels.

Of course there is another side to the subject, the fact that one has to answer letters automatically in order to receive them regularly, but writing anything, even themes, has no terrors for me. A dozen times a day I think to myself, "That will interest mother," or "That's what Mary was talking about a few weeks ago. I must write and tell her the latest developments," or "I wonder what I should do in such a case. I'll ask my brother; he will know"; and the joys of composition urge me on to the business usually considered a task by most of my contemporaries. Just to-day I have done several things that I feel will interest as many people, and until I go to sleep, I shall take the greatest of pleasure in writing to various people about the very

ordinary occurrences of one day only. Sometimes my love for composition carries me to unfortunate heights—or depths; that is, I frequently forget myself and every one else, as I eagerly write on some subject that has occurred to me. I even go to the length of writing pieces of themes for other people when they give me a subject that interests me, and a few weeks ago I wrote a whole letter to the parents of a girl who was too sleepy to write her regular Sunday letter.

To-day, in connection with writing, I used a term which startled my friends immensely. As I was talking over the telephone, I was heard to remark, "Well, I really shouldn't go, because I have a theme and a letter home to write, but I'll go anyway, for they will just naturally write themselves." I really meant it, too, although my friends are still solicitously inquiring for the theme that is "writing itself." What I meant was that, if I would choose a subject that really interested me, I would merely have to sit at my desk and watch the thoughts put themselves on paper. Therefore, you may see that, loving to write as I do, I have no difficulty in answering my numerous letters, and it is an unalloyed delight, as every one knows, to receive those of other people. Wherefore, here's to the United States Postal service, and that of all the world; may they thrive to keep our lives interesting and joyous!

37—The Fundamental Elements in Artistic Piano Playing

The art of piano playing rests upon certain fundamental elements, a mastery of which every artist must acquire. Few people, when they listen to the rendition of a Beethoven Sonata, realize how much labor and energy and thought it has cost the player to be able to interpret the great master's work so that the depths of your soul are stirred by its grandeur and sublimity, so that your heart beats high to its surging rhythm and vigorous theme, so that your eyes become misty because of the wonderful beauty and sweetness of it. You may think that the player is merely inspired, and that it is a simple matter for him to draw from the inanimate instrument such marvelous har-

monies, such entrancing melodies. But in this idea you are mistaken. The artist has attained his command over the instrument at the expenditure of a vast amount of time in practice, of hard labor, of untiring energy, and of concentrated thought. He has made himself master of the fundamental elements of piano playing, which are: mechanics, technic, and the art of rendering.

By the mechanics of piano playing I mean those exercises which develop the hand from the machine standpoint, which make it capable of playing with the greatest possible rapidity, with the greatest possible power, and of playing with ease passages that are difficult to perform because of awkward fingering or unusual arrangement of piano keys. Mechanics is the first thing a piano student has to learn. He is made to play scales and *arpeggios* in every possible key and in every possible way. Czerny is said to have been one of the most prolific of all musical composers; but as ambitious students wade through his almost endless number of books of exercises and *études,* I am sure they would have been exceedingly glad if Czerny had not written quite so profusely. But the question comes, Is all this enormous amount of mechanics necessary to produce an accomplished player? Most certainly it is necessary. Your fingers are not naturally the servants of your will. They are rebellious and can be trained into habits of obedience only by constant practice and exercise. Each finger must be taught to do its duty quite independently of any other finger. The third and fourth fingers before they are trained apparently feel bound to be kind to each other; the fourth finger must always help its weak neighbor, the third finger, and the latter in turn comes to the rescue of the smallest finger, the fourth. Each must be made to work separately. And not until entire independence of the fingers is secured can the student hope to master the technical difficulties he will encounter in the works he takes up.

Some people would say that technic and mechanics are synonymous terms. But such is not the case, for they are entirely different. Technic is the brain side of piano study; mechanics is wholly manual. You do not have to exercise your brain to play scales, but faithful study of technic requires much brain work. In fact, if you do not use your

mind in this study, it is of no avail. Technic, though dealing somewhat with velocity of movement and dexterity of fingers, is mainly concerned with touch and tone. It includes such subjects as rhythm, accent, phrasing, and quality of tone. It has an infinitely broader scope than mere mechanics.

One who would become technically efficient must master many things. One of the most important and at the same time the most difficult to acquire is the habit of relaxation. Not only relaxation of the arms and hands is necessary, but relaxation of the whole body. It would seem to be a simple matter to relax one's body, for surely it is easy enough to do after a hard day's work, that is, if one gets the chance. But nevertheless when a person sits down to the piano to play, he invariably stiffens up, makes his body and especially his arms and fingers rigid. And what is the result? The tones produced are harsh and unmusical; not tones at all, really, but just thumps and poundings. What a world of difference when the keys are played with wholly relaxed fingers, with a pressure-touch of vigor, warmth, and sweetness! Then again, the seeker of technical proficiency must learn to make every muscular movement have a purpose; he must learn reservation of energy. Many players flap their hands wildly in the air, up and down, back and forth over the keys, until it would seem that they were trying to give an exhibition of flying sea gulls rather than to render a piano composition. Why all this waste of energy and strength when the composition could have been played fully as well, and more beautiful tones produced, by keeping the hands close to the keyboard and raising each finger only when it was time for it to strike a key? Furthermore, the student must learn all the various touches, how to play a perfectly smooth, singing *legato,* and a sharp, clear, decisive *staccato.* He must learn co-ordination of these touches, when to use this and when that one. Above all he must learn how to concentrate, for the mastery of technic requires careful thought and ceaseless work.

No one can say that technical skill is unessential to artistic piano playing. The object of technic is to obtain a position through conscious effort where one can dispense with all conscious effort. We study technic to be able to

play without expending any thought on difficulties of that nature. Only in this way can we acquire self-expression, without which our playing is worthless.

The third element to be considered is the art of rendering. If it were not for this element, a piano-player would be equal to a human performer; but it is not equal because it lacks a living soul, the essential thing for artistic interpretation. To be sure, some players put no expression, no feeling into their renditions, but what is the result? Their playing is meaningless, soulless, worthless. I would rather listen to a mechanical piano-player than to such a performer, because in the piano-player we have at least a high degree of technical perfection. No artist can be called great until he can interpret compositions so that the composer's personality, being, and soul stand clearly before your mind, until he can play somewhat as the master in whose mind they were born would have played them.

It is difficult to define the requirement of the emotional in piano playing. But one thing is certain. It must be developed through an inborn artistic sense. Even a simpleton could be taught to play scales and simple melodies, but not even every intelligent person can play with true feeling and expression. One can do much toward developing this art by listening to (and I mean really *listening to,* not merely *hearing*) the playing of master pianists. Try to find out how they put that feeling of desolate grief, of yearning, of unbounded joy into their playing. Then attempt to imitate it. But above all, the student should acquire a broad musical culture. He should think music, talk music, read musical magazines, get thoroughly absorbed in music, steeped in it, so to speak. This will do much toward the acquirement of an artistic temperament. He will then be able to play emotionally.

For, after all, what is music but the expression of the emotions of the composer, his joys, yearnings, sorrows, anxieties, triumphs, anger, despair, and love. Music is not music, however perfectly played, unless the emotions which it is intended to express are put into it. Then it has the power of lifting us out of sordid depths into higher and sublimer realms, of creating in us a desire to live better and nobler lives.

38—What a Book Is Made Of

What a wonderful thing is a book! As you hold it in your hand, what a combination of many forces of life it appears! You can let your mind wander far back in the vistas of time and visualize the material sources and the history of their composition into this beautiful thing before you. This dull Morocco came from far over-seas, from sunny Spain or hot Arabia. Or the binding may be sturdy calf-skin, once on its owner's back, frisking and gamboling over fragrant spring-time hills, but now richly tooled and wrought with gilded scrolls and cunning arabesques by skilful craftsmen in the workshops of art. When you look at the paper, do you see the waving fields of blue flax flowers that lie so far behind it through the maze of spinning, weaving, wearing, and pressing that changed the flax to linen and that to glossy paper? Or perhaps a gloomy forest stood tall and dense with massive pillars and roof-like foliage until the boisterous lumberman entered, and with crashing stroke and the vibrant thunder of falling giants laid the forest low and sent it in a turbulent rush down the river to be crushed and chewed into paper. The mere material composition of a book is a complicated process. Through a whirling vortex of noisy rollers, hurrying presses, and busy binderies this long-desired treasure, your book, must pass, before it is thrown out into your waiting hands.

But books were not always made thus. There have been many ways in which men have left their records. Clay, stone, papyrus, wax, parchment, and paper have all been used in the development of book-making. John W. Alexander has caught the pictorial spirit of this development in his series of decorations at the Pittsburg Carnegie Institute, I believe. The first picture is an Egyptian high up on a scaffold, nonchalantly carving a deathless record on a pyramid while he casts boastful glances over his shoulder at a Nile maid wondering at the strange hieroglyphics. Another picture shows a sun-bronzed Indian stretched out at full length on the ground over a bear-skin, absorbed in producing his picture-writing in his gay native dyes and

colors. In a later picture we get a glimpse of a gabled old scriptorium, with shaded white walls broken by the harsh rays of brilliant sunlight which flood the silent window-nooks. Here cloaked figures bend painstakingly over their precious ornamented manuscripts and parchments, writing, copying, or preserving their few books. The last of the series is the scene of Caxton's first success, the printing of the first English book with the crude Flemish press while the printer's noble patrons look on impressed by the coming power of the new craft they have encouraged. So books have always been precious and wonderful; the art of writing, the strangest and noblest.

Fundamentally, though, what are these books? What are they made up of but a great jumbled heap of symbols, intelligible and unintelligible. The basis of a book is a system of writing, a collection of symbols of small limit or great, an alphabet. Just as the art of writing has always been a sort of magic to savage races, we cannot yet recover from the mystery and power of an alphabet. Is it not wonderful that in twenty-six letters we express all of man's hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, aims and accomplishments, his life and his death? We learn a great deal of the world only as it is mirrored in these twenty-six little marks; through their compelling power we enjoy our life, complete our work, and leave our contribution to the world's progress.

The *why* of an alphabet is an engrossing question. Why are there only twenty-six letters? As a child I often wondered if there were no more sounds of the human voice than those represented in this small limit. I used to try and try to invent a sound not in the alphabet, but the a, b, c's held me by autocratic chains. The close dependence of our alphabet upon the ear is also peculiar. When we read, we don't really get a picture from the letters with the eyes. A page is a sound-picture, and only when we mentally combine the senses of sound and seeing does our brain get any comprehension. The sounds translate the meaning to the brain, not the shape of the letters alone. And why should the peculiar forms of our letters be chosen to represent the different sounds? The name *alphabet* also suggests an intensely interesting history.

The origin and development of the alphabet is darkened by the impenetrable veil of time. The first system of writing in all savage tribes was the comprehensive one of picture-writing, of which the Chinese is a lasting remainder. The Egyptian hieroglyphics were the most important development of this, and they fathered the two systems of writing which were to spread to such great developments, one in the east, the Semitic, and one in the west, the Phœnician. Their relationship was discovered by means of the Moabite stone, of which we have the romantic story of its being broken in pieces by the fierce Arabs, fearful of the strange, ancient Phœnician words, and then of its final rescue and careful restoration for the Louvre. From the Phœnician, the first real alphabet, comes the Greek alphabet, whence we get the name by which we call our system of Latin letters. As the Latin was influenced by the Greek, so many of our modern languages are an outgrowth of the Latin; even the inscrutable Scandinavian runes are declared to be linked in everlasting relationship to the Phœnician by the Latin. These relationships are preserved to us by the Rosetta stone, exhumed from the mud of the Nile, and by various low-buried fibulæ, vases, and monuments, which have come to light. Is it not significant that old mother earth, guarding these treasures jealously in her lap, finally yields them to the light of day and the enjoyment of man as she sends up the flowers and fruits and all the good and beauty which enriches the world?

Therefore, is not this alphabet by which we write and which rules the expression of all our ideas a wonderful, mysterious thing? The heritage of all past ages, it is the essence of all their work and life and art. It is the thing to which they devoted great effort, it is the means of expression of their life, its history involves the history of the world.

And it is this, a system of writing, which makes up a book, when enriched and given form by the printer and book-binder. A book is a bound volume of paper printed with a host of little letters—and one thing more. The mind of an author is the originating spirit, the miraculous organ which makes this hull alive. That is what makes it

man's most valuable possession. It is the wonderful power of a book to spread broadcast the message of an inspired mind, to classify and make vivid all knowledge in the world, to preserve the life and thought of an age forever. Paper, leather, letters, but greatest of all, the spirit of an author—that is a book, the sum total of all ages, the essence of life.

39—A Plea for More "Intellectual Fun" in College Life

In studying Dean Birge's essay on "A Change of Educational Emphasis," I was particularly impressed by one advantage which he says the simple course of study prescribed by the old college gave to the students. The limitations of the old college, he remarks, were "no doubt a loss to us on one side," but in other directions were "no small gain." "If the methods of teaching history, English, and science were imperfect, there were compensating advantages. At least, we had no assigned collateral reading, nor required notes, and literature came to us in the form of pleasure rather than of work. If we had no laboratory courses, we had at least the time which the laboratory would have demanded. When the day's lessons had been prepared, we still had leisure to waste or to improve at will. As I look back, I feel that many hours of my college life, wasted on ineffective work for natural history collections, in loitering in the remoter alcoves of the library, in turning over old and forgotten books, have in time yielded me a far larger harvest than much of my serious work. I have found that the intellectual fun of college life has given me quite as much as its labors."

This, it seems to me, is one of the serious defects of the modern college: that it allows its students too little time for the "intellectual fun" of college life. The required courses are in themselves too full, too absorbing, both in the time necessary for their preparation and the interest they awake in the mind of the student, to admit of time spent in profitable leisure. In order to do justice to his studies, the average student must devote almost every moment available to them. History necessitates a vast amount

of reference reading; English themes require measureless time and thought and energy; science courses demand long hours of exhausting laboratory work. Every moment is crowded to the utmost. There is the constant flurry of the thronging to classes,—the endless rush, rush, rush to accomplish a given amount of work in a given time. And as a result, when there is a moment of relaxation, the student swings to the other extreme and plunges himself into a whirlwind of "social dissipation," and the life of the mind and the spirit is inevitably crowded out. If only we had more time, if only we could take things more slowly, how much more we might obtain from our college years.

I am in no way attempting to underestimate the importance of regular college work,—that is farthest from my idea,—I am only pleading for a little leisure for the "intellectual fun" of which Dean Birge speaks. I have not read a newspaper or periodical dealing with current events since I entered college. I have no idea whether the German army is advancing or retreating. I do not know one thing of importance that may be taking place in this country. And surely any college woman should confess to this state of ignorance with the greatest shame.

Oh for the opportunity to strike out into the glorious out-of-doors with some understanding comrade with whom to discuss the wonders and beauties of the universe! Oh for an hour to browse contentedly in some forgotten corner of the library! Oh to be able to settle down in an easy chair for an evening of solid comfort with a volume of George Eliot or Victor Hugo!

And do not such things as these do their part to deepen us and broaden us? Are not they all a part of the requirements of a liberal education? To-day there is no room for these things in the college curriculum, and yet Dean Birge says: "I have found that the intellectual fun of college life has given me quite as much as its labors."

40—Shadowing Men

"I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars, and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

—Emerson.

At McVicker's, seven nights ago, after every light in the house had been snapped off, save those five remote, red exit-lights,—suddenly a flash of white light streamed from somewhere down through the center of the theatre. For just an instant, every face in that path was brought up out of darkness and oblivion into light and reality. The trail of light dimmed into nothingness,—but every white, gleaming face was indelibly impressed upon my brain. I snatched a stealthy glance at my companion in the box,—an abstract, rather bored look was settling down over his face; the white light had no message for him. I marveled that any human being could remain so stolidly passive, so entirely dead to the magnetic influence of personality. Then, before my mind's eye, a kaleidoscopic panorama of personalities began unrolling itself. With my head on my hand, and my eyes narrowed into slits, I saw endless numbers of people, people suggested by the memory of those faces in the path of white light. There passed before me every type of man and woman I had ever known. Those who had come close into my life; others who had never moved beyond the border-land of mere acquaintanceship; still others at whom I had had only the chance of a passing glance.

I seem unable to recollect what the orchestra was playing. It was something shadowy and vague; something of Schumann's, or, perhaps, of Schubert's: whatever it may have been came to me across leagues and leagues of distance. I heard the soft whirring of the rising curtain, a sound as of a slipping rope, and a couple of soft thuds as the immense curtain settled into place. But the actors were as good as not there for me: I was looking at actors,—real actors,—actors throbbing with life and personality, playing their world-old parts on the stage of Life. It was the drama of the universe that I was interested in.

They went before me, these dream-actors, vivid and true as life, every man, woman, and child of them. The spell was on me; again I was bewitched by the marvelous fascination it had for me. Their parts interested me far more than those of the actors in the theatre. As far back as I can think it has been my deepest interest,—I love to know people, to know their peculiarities, their hopes and fears. For a time, while still a young girl, I regarded it as my crime, and strove to unshackle myself from the fetters of its charm, but the old love for it came back stronger than before; and now I am more than convinced that it is not an unworthy thing, an idle, degenerate curiosity, as I had thought it, but a legitimate, powerful interest in human nature for its own sake. And so it is not merely a curiosity about idiosyncrasies; it is a desire to know the eternal bent of human nature, the man. Personality is the man; as Emerson says: "What you are stands over you the while and thunders so that I can not hear what you say to the contrary."

I saw the everlasting borrower; the religious fanatic; the person who has never outgrown his juvenility; the student; the overworked business man; the man of the world. I stopped to think of the girl whose fine personality quite held me captive. I took her for a marvel,—but only for a while! What magnificent poise she had; what a profound knowledge of men and things. At first, I was madly impatient to be oftener in her company; I desired to know all the secrets of her existence, all her interests in the world. My desire was soon gratified. I have often wondered why people tell me everything about themselves; perhaps it is because of the interest I take in them. In repeated bursts of confidence she told me everything; and I knew her as she was. No longer was she the formidable person before whom I was compelled to bow, whether or not I willed it so. By reason of its inherent weakness, she was undone by *her own personality.* It flung itself upon her genuine success, not her apparent success, and destroyed it. Her own personality directed accusations against herself and accomplished her defeat. She used every one with whom she came in contact as a spade to prepare the ground of her ambition, and just so soon as her protégée was of no more

mercenary value to her, just so soon was she no longer her protégée. It angered her when she discovered that she could not plan the events of my life, but nevertheless I was dimly conscious of her admiration for an individualism which would dare to refuse to fall a victim to her will, an individualism which would have the boldness to clash with hers. There were feminine claws beneath her velvety fur which I try to forget, for she has not given me many new ideas in the profession of personality. She was and is a brilliant, powerful person; but how ephemeral! I constantly hear others make sincere speeches concerning her success; I hear them acknowledge that they would gladly relinquish any project dear to their hearts, if that person but expressed a slight desire that they do this. No word escapes me, but inwardly I smile, for do I not know that her only success is her success? Success is power, but if it comes in a false guise it is meaner far than failure.

As if in a dream, I saw the actors on the stage before me perform their parts. I was annoyed by my inability to keep my mind on them, but, try as I might, I could not keep from thinking about those personalities which held so much of interest for me. I thought of the person whose lack of delicacy obstructed the assertion of a splendid character. You, no doubt, are as familiar with the type as I,—the person who bursts in upon your privacy unheralded even by so much as a knock; whose chewing-gum is ever as manifestly obvious as is her braggart-like, boisterous talk; the person who, when you are in a group of people, startles your sense of propriety by thrusting at you such unseemly questions as: "Oh, say, is your mother dead?" or "By the way, is it true that you got a *failure* in Chemistry?" or takes all of you into her confidence by projecting her favorite theory, that: "so-called men of learning don't know much more than the common run o' folks; they get their jobs because of a pull. It's a graft!" My sympathy with people like this is, although not a perfect and ideal one, still a genuine one,—I long to tell them what I have discovered will be the eventual outcome of their habits, so that, profiting by it, they might seize upon a greater joy of life; but always better judgment has kept me from so doing. That human nature is primarily and

innately modest and retiring, is a divine law. Nature will ever refuse to be cajoled into doing things foreign to her character; will never be cowed by the brusqueness of indelicate persons. She herself is infinitely unassuming; does not parade her secrets so that "all who run may read," but she hides them. Her loveliest violets are snuggling down in a heap of dry leaves; her finest ferns are imprisoned in crevice-dungeons far behind jutting rocks; you would never think of searching for the beauties of a dew-covered meadow through a field-glass. So, it seems a shame to me that some people will persist for a life-time in going contrary to the universal laws of fitness and of modesty.

Then, the sensitive, sickly person came to my mind: perchance you have noticed her. Things of the littlest importance cause her to fuss and fume for half a day. She assures me daily that no one else can have so unfortunate an existence as she; she weighs the advantages and disadvantages of ending her life; now if she were but certain that the net weight of the advantages was greater than that of the disadvantages, she does not know but what she would end it all. I say that if she ever did decide on this momentous step, it would take at least two full days for her to hit upon the proper method. In my imagination I can hear her even now enlarging on the relative merits of hanging and drowning. No sooner have I cheered her up than she is despondent again. Twenty times in every day she assures me that she is most "horribly" sorry she makes me nervous. Her temperament, like her adjectives, has a most disheartening effect upon my disposition.

Finally, there came to me the personality which most had affected my life, the personality of the woman who had taken the place of a mother. Her life was dominated by selfish will; Duty was the ruler by which she measured her existence and mine. Every atom of pleasure in her life died before it was created; when I tried most earnestly to bring into her life some happiness, she inevitably said: "Do you think I would do that for pleasure? No! You place too high an estimate upon happiness. I pray God you may see clearly some day!" Her religion was a fierce, inexorable Protestantism, a religion which clashed as greatly with my nature as it fully agreed with hers. It

brought her no joy; she was the slave of a religion which was only an urging towards Duty,—Duty,—always Duty; only an urging towards her unrelenting creed of "All or Nothing." So I was never allowed to arrive at a conclusion or even to think a thought of my own; she set my standards, intolerable, miserable ones, and saw to it that I lived up to them; forever chastising and rebuking me for my "worldliness." I have often thought that the only reason why I was able to stand it was because of my intense interest in human personality; it was, if nothing more, a "thing of joy forever" to have the knowledge of her nature to puzzle over.

As the curtain rolled down upon the last act, I realized that I knew nothing of the play I had come to see, but I was convinced that a follower of the "great profession" has many recompenses for a *wasted* evening.

41—First Effects of College upon a Freshman

Although a change of condition does not identically affect all people, the feelings of all freshmen entering college are to some extent similar. The effects must necessarily vary with the size of the college. In this discussion, therefore, only a large university will be the institution considered. The freshman finds himself in a busy world which gives an impression of haste and confusion. He is swept into the whirl apparently without his own volition, and he becomes an insignificant part of a great body. Against this amalgamation he struggles vainly for some days. But in the end the spirit of the place grips him; he embraces the life with satisfaction and contentment, and willingly becomes one of the throng of learners.

Rapidly, but by imperceptible degrees, the freshman changes the entire viewpoint which he has acquired in a preparatory school. It is a well-known fact that, almost without exception, the high school graduate is a creature of the most audacious self-sufficiency and conceit. He believes that he holds the key to a tolerably large amount of knowledge, from the height of which attainment he looks down upon the college as a sort of finishing school. The small town is an especially favorable place for the pro-

duction of such an egotist. Any young student whose work is slightly above the mediocre variety is soon regarded as a genius. Kind friends continually impress upon him his mental brilliancy and power. A roseate future full of fame and honor is unhesitatingly predicted. The result of this over-abundance of support is that at the end of four years he has developed into a self-sufficient egotist. It is this type in whom college produces so rapid and complete a change. The outlook of the student is broadened beyond his own narrow sphere. He catches a glimpse of the world outside of his limited personal circle. Thus his contentment in the sufficiency of the knowledge at his command is disturbed. He gains a slight conception of the great learning about him, and he realizes that those facts which he possesses are mere stepping stones to the attainment of true knowledge.

While his point of view is altered and broadened, the new and strange life of the college brings to him an appreciation of order and system. The subjection of every activity to a definite daily routine produces a high grade of efficiency. He observes, moreover, all about him the results achieved by the energetic use of time, and he becomes an ardent believer in the conservation of the flying minutes. Thus it happens that when he returns to the small town for his first vacation, the place fills him with vague impatience and dissatisfaction. He sees his friends living with what appears to be a total lack of system. Many of them plod contentedly through their work without a thought of gaining greater control over their occupations. No ambition seems to be present to impel them forward. But the criticism of the student fresh in the vigor of his newly acquired ideas, is not confined to his friends in general. He soon detects flaws in the management of his own home and family. He is most willing to propose new schemes for the systematic control of a household, and, with the idealistic impracticality of youth, he cannot understand that theories do not always materialize. For the moment, his complete metamorphosis tends to make him an exacting preacher. He demands flawless efficiency from other people, although he somewhat forgets his own failings.

The broadening influence which the college exerts over

the newcomer within its walls is not confined wholly to the intellect. The constant intercourse with numbers of energetic young people awakens his social sympathies. He is drawn into a huge circle of good fellowship, in which he soon finds his own position. The small town idea of clannish social leaders is discarded, and he becomes a part of a great coöperative band of people. The art of discoursing with his comrades begins to appeal to his pride; he endeavors to converse in a manner that will appeal to his listeners rather than himself. Moreover, he rapidly acquires a more complete knowledge of human nature. Contact with various types of people sharpens his discernment, with the result that he becomes from mere curiosity a student of humanity. He learns to realize the true value of his associates, while at the same time certain influences prevent him from becoming cynical. In athletics and in private intimacies with his comrades, he learns to sacrifice his own desires and comfort for the convenience of others. Gradually, the rule of give and take becomes the order of his life, and within a marvelously short space of time he is transformed from an individual of limited sympathies into a democratic, broad-minded member of a community.

Through the days that follow the first months at college, it is the task of the student to assimilate the new ideas which he has taken into his system. He must arrive at a conception of their value and significance through practical application. Yet this process cannot give him any complete benefit if he does not think further and correlate them with his old ideas. For from a combination of conflicting views, a broader general survey is evolved. As time goes on, a deeper sympathy with people of all classes will develop; and he will learn to modify his first radical plans of reforming the world, although he will not lose his broader vision.

42—My Favorite Quality—Gameness

It was the end of the seventh inning in last Friday's game with X——, and the score was tied at three runs all. Although there was a Wisconsin base-runner leading far off third, there seemed little chance that he could ever cross

the home plate with the deciding run, for, two men having succumbed to the tantalizing curves of the X—— pitcher, the count now stood three balls and two strikes on the last Wisconsin batsman. Slowly the opposing hurler coiled and uncoiled his lanky form for the throw, the crash of ball on bat broke the deathly quiet brooding over the field, and the tiny white sphere shot like a flash towards third base. With lightning rapidity the infielder smothered it in his mitt and tossed it frantically to the catcher that he might tag the Wisconsin runner, who, enveloped in a cloud of dust, was sliding desperately towards the plate. As the dust lifted little by little, a hush of suspense stole over the bleachers, freezing the spectators into marble statues; then at last, as the raucous voice of the umpire shrieked out "Safe at home," pandemonium broke loose over the field. The X—— first baseman with a maddened look cast his glove far over his head, shook his fist menacingly at the umpire, and, like a small child who won't play any longer if he can't win, started to leave the diamond. His team-mates, except for the few who formed a threatening ring around the umpire, followed him angrily to the bench, heedless of the jeers and taunts of the disgusted spectators. Either because of a tongue-lashing received from their manager or because of shame at their baby actions, however, after a few minutes they sneaked sulkily back onto the field to resume playing. That their spirit was broken from this time on was proved by their slovenly fielding and half-hearted batting; as a result of which Wisconsin not only held her lead but swamped her opponents with three more runs before the contest dragged to an end. Whether the body of Wisconsin students will soon forget this wretched lack of sportsmanship and gameness on the part of their rivals, I very much doubt.

In direct contrast with the spirit illustrated in the foregoing incident, a reputation for gameness has always been zealously guarded as their dearest possession by Wisconsin students, until the expression, "There are no quitters at Wisconsin," has echoed far and wide over the United States. Again, it is in the field of athletics that this "Never-say-die" spirit has most frequently manifested itself. In the track meet with Illinois about a month ago

B—— W——, the Wisconsin high jumper, appeared on the field with crutches after a week's confinement to his room with a spiked ankle; disregarding the excruciating pain caused by his injured ligaments, in a grand effort to make the cardinal wave victoriously over the orange and black, he cleared the bar at six feet two inches, a height he had never before attained. Lest we conclude that the quality of pluck is peculiar to Wisconsin athletics, however, let us turn to the case of the Michigan half-back who played the entire second half of a football game with a broken arm without allowing his team-mates to perceive his suffering, just because he knew that his toe alone could gain victory when his comrades should have forced the pigskin within drop-kick distance of Pennsylvania's goal posts. It is a wonderful thing, this quality of gameness. It has the power to grip the heart of the American youth as no other virtue can. The lack of it has done more to make a university hated, and the presence of it more to make her respected and admired, at least in the impressionable world of undergraduates, than any other characteristic I know.

Although it is in athletics, perhaps, that the brightest spot-light is fixed upon this quality of gameness, yet in the ranks of literary men, where the casual thinker would least expect, it is often to be found. Almost in the infancy of our English literature, the writer of our great *Utopia,* Sir Thomas More, bowed his head to the executioner's axe, a smile of dauntless courage upon his lips. Three hundred years later we have the noble spectacle of Sir Walter Scott, who, caught in the meshes of a business failure, consecrated the remainder of his life of illness and suffering to the production of books until their proceeds should erase the last of his debts and allow him to face the world, a free man. And is not our own inimitable Mark Twain enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen on account of precisely the same characteristic? Hopelessly involved in the ruin of his publishing house, he went on a lecture tour throughout the country and continued his humorous narratives which brighten and cheer us all, at a time when he was bowed down by discouragement and by the deaths of beloved relatives, and all this to satisfy a horde of greedy

creditors whom he was not really forced to compensate by law. Among these heroic writers must we honor likewise Robert Louis Stevenson, who passed over half his life in bed in great physical suffering, at the same time preserving an exterior of cheerfulness and hopefulness for his friends. Perhaps I am alone in the fact that my fondness for the works of these great-souled men was engendered first of all by the stories I had read of the pluck and gameness which they had exemplified in their lives; but at any rate I am convinced that thousands of readers besides myself enjoy their writings tenfold more on this account.

No one nation, of course, has cornered the market on this characteristic, gameness, yet there is one which I feel possesses it to a greater extent than all others. The Spaniard, history teaches us, pursues relentlessly his aim, urged on by the base motives of greed for gold, personal revenge, or religious fanaticism. Advancing in the scale, the Teuton follows with strict obedience the command of his superior into the jaws of death; the British bull-dog forgets his own life in the presence of peril, and as he dies, sets his teeth deeper into the flank of his enemy that the country he loves may be saved. But it is the despised "frog-eating" Frenchman, who, as I have met him in literature and in real life, displays the greatest appreciation of the quality of gameness for its own sake. Was it not Roland who in the mountain pass of Roncevalles chose to fall in ambush at the hands of the Saracens rather than blow his hunting horn at Oliver's suggestion to summon aid of Charlemagne? As the noble ladies of the French Revolution went to the guillotine, a jest upon their lips, so did their husbands drink and dice with one another as they heard their death warrants read aloud. In the Franco-Prussian war, completely disorganized by the incompetency of their leaders and overwhelmed by the vastly superior numbers of the Germans, the French nevertheless kept up for two long years the hopeless struggle. Even to-day, forty years later, they are just as confident of their own bravery and just as anxious to vindicate themselves before the world as ever before. We stolid Anglo-Saxons are wont to smile at the quixotism of French duels, the boastful, sentimental character of the Celtic temperament, the needlessness of its

sacrifices; going down to defeat with flags flying, banners waving, and drums beating, is indeed the French idea of glory; but we have only to brush aside this exterior drapery of affectation to find the true heart of a Roland or a Lafayette beating underneath. In Rostand's immortal character, Cyrano de Bergerac, we find the summing up of this French quality: "There is no joy in fighting," he says, "unless the odds make success impossible."

In my eyes the most hardened and desperate criminal is clothed with a certain radiant splendor if he possess gameness, and the most pious and intellectual saint becomes almost a nonentity if he have it not. As I look back on my boyhood, whether in the field of literature or of real life, I find that it is the quality of pluck, gameness, or fighting spirit which has invariably captured my heart.

43—The Joys of the Road

A few months ago a great newspaper held a contest, in which the question was to be answered, "What is the greatest thing in the world?" I read the answers with interest, and not a little distinct pleasure. Some of them had obviously been written with the prize in view, but the most of them rang true,—and not only honest and true, but beautiful as well.—"A woman singing over her work." "A child going to sleep."—There was one which touched a vital spot of my experience. It was this: "A road leading over a hill."

"A road leading over a hill." To some people I suppose a road is only a semi-tolerably even stretch over which to haul carts. *A* "road," spelled in small letters, and thought of as being made of dirt and sharp stones,—well, that might be sneered at. But *the* "Road," spelled in luring letters hill-high, and made of the very stuff of adventure; and, better still, the "Road leading over a hill,"—that is something magically different. The most pleasant hours of my life have been spent a-roving. The most real enjoyment, the most vital knowledge, the best and deepest thoughts I have ever had, have come to me while I have been in Vagabondia. We should stick to our books? But how can men teach one more about a thing than the Thing

itself can teach? A poor philosophy some will say, for what will happen to our shops, our schools, our manufactories, our prided culture? Never fear for them. There will continue to be enough staid, sensible people upon the earth to provide shoes for us to be uncomfortable in, and hats for us to cram our brains into—lest, in sooth, we return to savagery! So he who really has the spirit of clean adventure,—the adventure of the broken twig, or of an arrow point in a newly turned furrow,—he, I think, need not fear slinging a sack over his shoulder, and striking across the fields on the Road. Alone? He may have any companion he wishes. If he ever wants Shakespeare to wander with him, he may put him in his pocket. Hazlitt, Thoreau, Plato, Emerson, Stevenson,—all of these great souls and more will walk with him in the silence of that friendship which transcends speech.

It is hard to do a thing like this, a thing the sober world considers not quite sensible, not even quite sane,—harder than it is to commit a thundering crime. I know a man who, if he went down town with his hat and coat off, would create a greater stir than he would if he were found to be bankrupt. Yet it is a great thing to do. To throw off the fetters of custom, and to do the things one really wants to do. To be free! One of the greatest men I have ever known, once, simply because he wanted to, bought a tin whistle, and went out upon the Road and played it,—played it until he could put thrills and flourishes into "Money Musk" that made it an orgy of sound fit for Pan himself. And this, while his sober neighbors looked on, because he wanted to.

I sometimes think that it would be pleasant if the sun were a body which swung, pendulum-like, for only a short distance above and below the horizon, rather than one which revolved; so that it might rise, and then fall back below the horizon again, and repeat the glories of the dawn, thus giving us perpetual morning. This is for me the most pleasurable time of the day. Waking up,—real *waking up,* not being wakened by the strident whir of an alarm clock,—is my happiest sensation. I cannot at all convey the feeling of exhilaration, of anticipation of the Road's pleasures that I have had upon waking up on mornings in

the open. I remember well the last time I slept outdoors. Every night under a tree (protection from dew) I carefully made my bed facing the east. Then the first rays of the morning sun would shine full upon my face and awaken me, if, indeed, my eyes were not already open awaiting them. Then I would raise my head, look about me at the dew glistening on the grass,—the whole face of Nature so fresh and clean that it shone like the cheeks of a well-scrubbed baby,—and then lie back flat again, supremely comfortable and happy. Then to get up, and start a little fire, and get breakfast,—and such a breakfast! There is no feeling of power and celebrity on earth equal to the satisfaction one gets from setting up his own camp, hauling his own water, and cooking his own food. There is a basic feeling that one is able to *survive,* that he can forage his own food, and provide his own shelter, and, moreover, that, best of all, he can be free. To do what one likes,—to sit upon the hill-tops looking into peaceful valleys, to whistle and whoop, and all without fear of disturbing atrabiliar neighbors in the next flat,—this, I say, is real Life. Oh, it is a great thing,—this being *free* upon the road!

It has always been with a feeling of regret, as of leaving a friend, that I have rolled my pack and broken camp. Once on the Road, however, and the old camp is forgotten, —becomes a mere unborn image in a camera, later to be developed into a reminder of happy hours. For upon the road no impression lasts long. The vision is ever changing as if seen through a kaleidoscope, so that the old is soon forgotten in the new, and the excitement is ever intense over the possibilities of the yet-to-be. This is one of the greatest pleasures of the Road. No two days, even no two hours, are ever alike. There can be no humdrum existence, for things never repeat. Even every leaf upon the roadside is different from its fellows.

I think we should speak of the vital *organ* of man, rather than of the vital *organs,* and consider that one to be his stomach,—since, when vulgar truth is told, that is at bottom the part of him he is most concerned with. With a healthy man this life is one continual round of waiting for the next square meal. And so, upon the Road, one no

sooner shoulders his pack, and blithely starts off upon the morning's walk, than he at once falls to thinking of when he will stop for dinner, and what he will have. This anticipation of pleasure is one of the great things about the Road. The thought of freshly laid eggs, and of milk cool and sweet from a pan sitting in running water,—such a thought will bear one like a magic carpet over miles of sand. Perfect relaxation after the tramp of the forenoon, a complete surrendering of every nerve and muscle to rest and of every sense to pleasure,—this is one of the joys of noontime precious to all vagabonds. It is, to me, remarkable how men are governed by the conventions of society, so that they do a thousand things they have no desire to do, and are kept from doing a thousand other things like this, which would give them real joy. "I wonder how long it will be before we learn to accept the joys of simple pleasures."

It makes little difference what one has to eat, so long as it is wholesome and plentiful. "There's nothing like a bit of sky To give the poetry to pie." The "air intoxicates," as Hazlitt puts it, and under the influence of Nature's tonic anything tastes good.

If the morning is the most pleasurable time of the day for the vagabond, the evening is the best time for him. It is then that he takes time to think. After supper has been attended to, the blankets rolled out in a fit place, and the mosquito bar staked out, to sit with one's back against a tree, "to watch the imperial pageant of the Sun," and to completely take one's ease,—this is real living. And when the shadows deepen, and color fades into a dream of color, then comes perfect tranquillity of body and soul. There is something big, something basic and vital about the dusk that can not but enter into the heart of him who communes with it. Problems that in the stuffy city are all too baffling unroll themselves amid such surroundings as did the Road earlier in the day,—simply, without hurry, but very surely and plainly. I care not how deceitful a man be, he cannot, with such company, lie to himself. This is "the mesmeric night when truth is said." It would be very good for us if all our thoughts had their birth thus out-of-doors. I feel sure that it would broaden and

deepen them, and give us a truer and happier insight into that which, after all, is the real stuff of life.

And this, if I could but convey some small part of the joy, the simple adventure, and the deep and wholesome pleasure of it, is the sort of day we experience, the sort of life we live, we of the "merry heart and the roving eye," who sling our roll over our back, and go forth upon the Road which leads over the hills.

44—The Lure of the Canoe

I know no pleasures of summer greater than those to be had with a canoe. It is essentially a craft of pleasure—light, graceful, smooth-gliding. Water has a fascination for every one, but a greatly heightened fascination for the possessor of a canoe. One feels so sensitively the slow rise and fall of the steamboat's swell, or the slap of the ripples against the bow; it seems to bring a greater intimacy with the water, and even love for it. To propel a canoe swiftly and silently and steadily is also a pleasure; there is joy in every perfect stroke, the pleasure and pride that arises always from physical capability. But the greatest charm of the canoe lies in the places to which it may take one: scenes of excitement among rushing waters; summer resorts with their Japanese lanterns and music and sports and society; or best of all, solitary places where Nature reigns alone, scenes such as the canoe knew at its origin,

> "In the valley, by the river,
> In the bosom of the forest;
> And the forest's life was in it,
> All its mystery and its magic . . ."

On summer days when towns are hot and dusty and lifeless, one may go upon the running waters and harden the muscles and acquire a coat of tan on bare arms and shoulders; be a savage, in short—a comfortable savage, envied of the civilized peoples in the cities.

Have you ever seen a boy in his canoe "riding the wave" of a paddlewheel steamboat? By skillful and rapid paddling he overtakes the second or third wave of the steamer's wake. On the slope of this he rides, with no

labor but the steering, like a Hawaiian with his surf-board. He may travel as far as the boat does. The passengers wish they were with him. As much fun, or more, may be experienced in coming down one of the swift rivers of northern Wisconsin. The paddle is almost useless, for it is often impossible to steer, and it is needless to paddle in those swift currents. It is almost like the Cheemann of Hiawatha:

> "Paddles none had Hiawatha,
> Paddles none he had or needed,
> For his thoughts as paddles served him,
> And his wishes served to guide him."

And the rivers of that region are beautiful—lined with pines for miles, with rocks on banks and bed so that often long stretches of white water must be passed. Often intensely exciting incidents occur on such trips. In spite of caution the canoe will run on rocks and swing about, and it takes great skill then to keep from overturning, or, after capsizing, to keep a foothold on the smooth granite boulders. The sight of rough water always awakens in the minds of my canoe-possessing friends the query whether they could shoot it or not. But whether the water can be passed, or whether a portage be necessary, the canoe is light and easy of handling so that one can penetrate far into the woods, not only by lake and stream, but by woodpath and portage. There are many places about the headwaters of the Wisconsin and Chippewa that may be reached thus by the canoe—places that are far from railroad or summer camp. The canoe takes one where there is running water, and there is always beauty, if man has not disturbed the spot.

There is a small stream in the lake region that I should like to explore in a canoe—a beautiful stream with a musical Indian name. I have tramped its shady banks for a few miles, but with great difficulty, for trees arch out from both banks, meeting overhead. Each winding of the stream hides a view more pleasant than the one just passed. The banks are low, the land on both sides thickly wooded, sometimes with open pine woods, sometimes with thickly undergrown forests of other trees. Wintergreen,

sweetest of all herbs, grows along the banks; which in itself is an omen found only in most beautiful regions. On a hot summer's day, when the sun is beating down on dusty pedestrians, I am going sometime to explore that stream for many miles. I shall take a friend who knows the art of silence, and we shall drift and pole down to the little lake at the outlet, where we shall camp and loosen our stilled tongues. It is an ambition.

But I need not go to the far-off lakes of northern Wisconsin for these pleasures, though I have in imagination, with the aid of a map, made many trips among those waters. The Father of Waters and his immediate tributaries flow near my home. There one may find innumerable sloughs and passages and "backwaters," and small streams emptying into the greater ones, flowing some in deep wooded valleys, some between low banks that disappear in shadow in the night. There one may paddle week after week always in strange waters, past small low islands covered with willows that seem to spring from the water, and large islands covered with thick groves of maple, elm, and birch. The Mississippi is wonderful and fascinating by day; but by night its lure is increased many fold—there is an air of mystery and strangeness about that gives a feeling of smallness, a realization of another power, and with it, a feeling of confidence and peace. The islands and sloughs innumerable form shadowy passages in which to paddle quietly through the half-light that lies always over water on a clear night. The wide channel has been ever a thoroughfare of mystery and romance. In places the rushing current seems to whisper to the canoe of things that have happened there. Perhaps the greatest lure of the canoe is there, at home.

But wherever it is, the canoe is always ready, always a companion with which day after day may be spent with infinite variety of experience. Indeed, a canoe is one of the few instruments with which one may idle for long periods without tiring. A canoe is the always original, never too talkative companion.

45—The Grown-up World [1]

When I was a child, the grown-up world was far different from the world in which I lived. It scarcely existed. Grown people were apart from my life—vague, hovering shadows, which moved above me and seldom noticed me. My child friends played with me, and we were happy. Childhood is complete in itself. I did not long to have older people play with me. Sometimes they did, and it was very pleasant to play double solitaire with my father, or "Simon says, 'Thumbs up'" with my grandmother. Still, grown people could neither run so far nor play so hard as Jacky or his little tomboy sisters. Jack never said, "I'm getting tired now, and besides, it is time for your nap."

I thought it rather odd that the grown-ups wanted to play with me. They tried to enter into my games; I was polite and let them. But I never really enjoyed their playing with me. I did not think of them as play fellows. And because I could not bring them down to my level, I left them where they were and had no regard for them. Only in particular instances did I try to reach up to them, and find companionship there. They were beings remote and foreign to the child world about me. This does not mean that I disliked grown-ups. It was simply that I did not and could not treat them as I did children. Perhaps older people misunderstood me. Perhaps they thought I was fastidious and partial to friends of my age. I think that I considered two classes of friends—children and grown-ups.

Other children were great fun to play with because they were like me. There is a marvelous understanding among children. The child world is closely knit together. Little lives have much in common: all of them are strangers in a strange land where everything is somehow marvelous to them, and filled with child-like wonder and

[1] Awarded the Lewis prize, in the University of Wisconsin, for the academic year 1916–1917. The prize is given for the best theme written—under special conditions—by a member of the freshman class.

surprise, they explore it hand in hand. It cannot be otherwise. Children are not selfish when they seem to prefer to play with other children. No matter how full of understanding and sympathy for childhood older people are,—and they delight in boasting of it,—they cannot wholly enter into the life of a child. There is more poignant feeling and interest in childhood than in any other period of life. In a very simple and sincere way children are conscious of themselves and of the world about them.

Grown people, from another point of view, were my friends. They lived in a world far beyond my understanding, and for that reason alone they were interesting to me. Apart from the love that I naturally had for those who took care of me, and from that sense of unity between mother and child, I think that my friendships with older people were engendered by the very distinct difference between my interests and theirs. They were so wise—the whole world was known to them. I felt unconsciously drawn toward these springs of knowledge.

Somehow I looked upon the postman as a blue-coated, brass-buttoned angel, who had the power of bringing happiness or sorrow. He always spoke to me, and sometimes, if I were playing in the street, he would give me the letters to take home. I was overwhelmed with joy at the responsibility. Officials of every kind impressed me. What policeman, dark and strong, and proverbially fat, did not thrill me? Every time I passed one on the street, I would say to myself, "I'm not doing anything wrong. See how straight I walk! Don't I look honest?"

I had many friends among the merchants. Mr. Clegg, who had a candy store, was no more agreeable than his wife. They both chatted with me, and were so fond of each other, that very often in our conversation, they left me out altogether, while they talked affably with each other, entirely forgetting me and the candy I wanted.

I was a very democratic child—most children are. One of my intimate friends was the wife of our care-taker, who lived in a tiny white cottage not far from our house. I knew that compared to my mother or aunts she was ignorant and unkempt, but I liked her. She had such an interesting past! Every now and then she would break

forth with a subtle remark, and then would stand, arms akimbo and eyes winking, while I asked her to explain what she had said. With great satisfaction she would nod her head significantly and say, "When you get older you will know." Such wisdom could not fail to impress me. I was proud to have a friend who knew so much and who condescended to be friendly with me. I found interest enough in that little cottage to keep me there for hours at a time. She had such queer, old-fashioned things, uniques she called them—clove apples and pewter candlesticks.

Then again, the old German gardener fascinated me. He was cross and disagreeable to every one, but I learned how to keep him good-humored by always agreeing with him. I felt very superior to him because he spoke English brokenly. For hours I would solemnly stand in the garden with him while he told me what seeds *ought* to have been bought for this flower bed, or why he disliked that fertilizer—all the pent up wrath in his wrinkled old soul was poured forth upon me, who silently assented to his impossible invectives with continuous head shakings.

There was on old priest who lived near us. Every day he paced back and forth on his porch, saying his breviary. There was something so mysterious and saintly about him that I imagined he would never die. Being a Protestant child, I was proud to know him well enough to speak to him on the street before my other Protestant friends. They thought my acquaintanceship broad, and that pleased me. I liked to have young friends and old friends, Protestant and Catholic. So my life went on.

I had one grown friend who very nearly approached the realm of child play. He was an old bachelor who often came to our house. He was so deliciously embarrassed by the advances of us children. He could not quite understand why we existed. But he rather liked having us climb up on his knees and play with him, although he never showed it. He was continually making faces at us—it seemed to be his only method of amusement. We children realized that here was one person who "had the stuff in him" to make a good playfellow. So we worked over him until finally we had him trained, and he was

remarkably good-humored through it all. Children have a certain understanding of human nature that is unerring. They seem to be able to see deep down into one's being and to discover hidden sources of playfulness, even in grown-ups, which they immediately develop and turn to their own enjoyment.

Children can be unreasonably cruel. The trials I endured in the hands of the bold neighbor boys bear witness to that. But children show an opposite characteristic to older people—submissiveness. It is necessary, of course, but often the discipline which is the mother's duty, separates her from full communion with her child. If only some one else could administer the spankings and scoldings! It is merciful, though, that the child soon forgets punishments, and remembers only the blissful happiness beforehand, when he knew he was doing wrong, and yet had an unconquerable desire to invade farther into the jungles of "verboten." This humble attitude of a punished child is so unnatural and unchildlike! I believe that is one of the reasons why the child world and the grown-up world are so separate. The child feels that he is playing with matches when he plays with grown people. He feels, on the other hand, much more free and natural when with children. They take him for granted, just as he is.

I found many grown-up friends. Each one was a part of myself, and each one showed one phase of my child character—superiority, wonder, admiration, playfulness, and the vague attraction of knowledge beyond my grasp. Friendly as I was toward particular grown friends, I felt a certain reserve toward grown-ups in general. It was not that I was shy, but that I felt that grown people did not understand me. The ways of the world are often very puzzling to a child.

I wondered why it was that mother always knew exactly what to do. She never erred. I had the same trust in grown people in general. They were supreme beings, regulated by a high law, and in turn regulating us children. Although I could not fully understand why some things happened, I never imagined it was because grown people made mistakes. They *could* not but be right. I had full confidence in my masters. Later, as I grew

older, it was sad to realize that grown people have the same faults as children—pettiness, selfishness, and anger. Every one in the world, old and young, is alike in these respects. My faith in grown-ups was broken, and I was distressed.

Childhood was a happy dream, full of sweet unconsciousness. How many times, after a fall or other heart-breaking occurrence, would some grown person pick me up, and pat me, and still my crying. Then the world of grown-ups seemed a veritable haven of love and sympathy. Its strong, encircling arms folded around me and lifted me above the world of sorrow and trouble. It felt good to lie on mother's shoulder and chokingly sob away all the misunderstandings of one little life—a life trusting and simple, which saw the Light and lived in it.

II

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1—Some Facts about Myself

As I look back upon my life I can recall a great many interesting facts. Some of these stand out more prominently than others. I have chosen three or four of the most important facts to relate in this theme. I was born March 16, 1896, in V——, Iowa. My parents are of German descent. Their forefathers immigrated to this country in the early part of the nineteenth century. My boyhood days were spent in the same way as those of the average American boy. I attended the public schools in my home city until I was graduated from the high school with the class of 1915.

The first phase of my life that I will dwell upon in particular is my fondness for sports. This has been developed from the games I indulged in as a child. As I grew older, I discarded these childish games for something more advanced. Thus I learned how to play football, baseball, and basketball, and to perform various track events. Although I enjoy taking part in all of these games, I like football and baseball the best. Perhaps this is because I am more proficient in these than in the others. I went out for football in high school and was a member of the team. I played baseball with different independent amateur teams. Other sports of a different nature to which I take particular fancy are hunting, canoeing, swimming, rowing, wrestling, and skating. Of these I devote the most of my attention to canoeing. I became interested in this about three years ago. Every summer since then I have taken a long canoe trip. I have traveled by canoe from St. Paul to St. Louis on the Mississippi River and from Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, to

Moline, Illinois, by way of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers. I enjoy the rest of the sports mentioned, but I do not have the opportunity to take part in them very often.

Having dealt with a phase of my life which had to do mainly with pleasure, I will now turn to a more serious phase—my business experience. Although I have not spent much time in practical work, I value very highly the benefits I have derived therefrom.

I received my first business experience while I was living in a small country town. I hired out to a laundry which was in another town, to take care of its business in the town where I lived. My work was to collect and deliver the laundry and to collect the bills. I remained in the employ of this company until my parents moved. The next work I undertook in the business world was collecting for a newspaper. This did not turn out to be a paying proposition; so I quit. I have worked ever since then during my summer vacations. Some of this time was spent in offices and some was spent doing outside work. While working in the offices, I got a lot of valuable experience. The crowning event of my business experiences took place during my senior year in high school. I was made business manager of the year-book. The reason I value this so highly is because I was my own boss. I was free to tend to the business as I saw fit. I was very much pleased with the success I attained in managing the business end of the publication.

A source of constant worry for me while in high school was my future. I was unable to decide upon a profession for some time. Since childhood I have cherished the hope of becoming a doctor some day. I began to have doubts as to whether I wanted to spend the time in preparation that is necessary for that profession. Finally I decided to take up that work regardless of time for fear that I might not ever be satisfied with any other work. My plans are now in a definite shape. After the completion of my "pre-medic" course, which I am studying now, I am going to enter Johns Hopkins University for the completion of my course in medicine. After that I will

serve as interne in some hospital for a year or two before entering into practice with my father.

2—An Autobiography

Since time does not permit the writing of a complete autobiography, I shall endeavor to enumerate a few of the important facts of my life and some of the conditions under which I have lived. Of my ancestors I know little. I did not even know my grandparents, for I was born some time after their deaths. My education has been of the common sort. I attended the district school, from which I was graduated in my fourteenth year. I then went out in search of employment, being full of the idea that of education I had enough. I secured the highly remunerative position of office boy, which carried with it a salary of about sixteen dollars a month. I imagined I was on the way toward a successful business career. But my ecstasy was short-lived. I was declared incompetent and was given notice to leave, which I did willingly. I was not accustomed to working steadily from early morning to late at night. There was nothing for me to do but to go back to school. I finished the high school course in due time and found myself in the same position as I was in when I graduated from the district school. I was not financially prepared to continue my school education, and the result was that I again entered the world of business and incessant hurry.

My business career, which began with the position of office boy, was of a varied and wavering nature for very nearly a year. Being a high school graduate, I had acquired a store of knowledge which I could not turn into money for some time to come. I was no better versed in business routine than any other beginner. I had a smattering of physics and chemistry which could not possibly aid me in keeping a set of books or in performing any kind of work about the office of any mercantile or manufacturing establishment. I finally secured a position as clerk in the purchasing department of a large manufacturing concern whose main line was the building of gasoline

engines. I found my high school education very helpful now, especially in correspondence work. Being more aggressive than my fellow workers, I was soon advanced to the position of junior purchasing agent. I was occupied with this work for nearly two years when I conceived the idea that I ought to go out and see more of the world and its people. I did; but my excursion ended disastrously. I found myself in my home town again not quite as green as when I left it. The question of what to do again confronted me. Having saved part of my earnings, I thought of going back to school. The more I thought about it, the more feasible the idea seemed. The fact that I had no one dependent upon me aided me in deciding the question, and I prepared to go back to school again, this time to prepare myself for my life work.

Having told you about my education and experiences in the business world, I wish now to dwell upon the subject of my religious views, if I may call them that. My religious education was neglected entirely, for I was not even christened. I attribute this sorry state of affairs to the fact that my father and mother were of religious sects which were, and are to-day, strongly opposed to each other. As a result of their marriage the religious views of both parties were completely annihilated. This absence of religion was bestowed upon me. I have tried several times to become interested in some kind of a religion, but each attempt resulted in a failure, for I found it impossible to choose any particular creed. Instead, I have adopted a religion which is as old as the world. It is the so-called golden rule. I believe in doing unto others as I would have them do unto me. In practicing this rule I have gained many friends and made but few enemies. I believe I have chosen the best course that was open to me, and I am satisfied with my choice.

The lack of a specific religion and not having anybody in particular to advise me have led me to do many foolhardy things. I have suffered and learned by my own experiences. I have found that the business world is not my field of action and have made up my mind to become a professional man. I feel that I am pursuing the right course in undertaking the furtherance of my education,

and I am now ready to devote all my time and attention to attaining my goal in life.

3—Who *I* Am

I was born in the small country town of B——, in the glorious state of Indiana, on the seventh day of August, 1899. My parents are both of Norwegian descent. By industry and perseverance my father has worked his way upward until he is now a prosperous merchant. A self-sacrificing man, a kind and indulgent father, he is giving his children the education and opportunities which were denied to him. Just as there is no person whom I admire and respect more than my father, so there is no one whom I love more than my mother. Unceasing in her devotion to her home and family, her children's companion, her husband's faithful helper, a kind neighbor, and an ardent church worker, she is my ideal of a woman.

My home life was so peaceful and happy that I always dreaded to think of the time when I should have to leave it. I was a member of a rather large family, having three sisters and two brothers. Needless to say, I never lacked playmates. What splendid times we did have, romping all day with never a care or worry to cloud our serene sky. Then in the long winter evenings we would gather around in a circle on the living-room floor and tell stories. I usually led in this, for my brother Charles, who was the only child older than myself, disdained to relate the fairy tales which were always our favorites. The only time I wish I were a child again is when I recall the jolly times we used to have. When I was four years old, I began to look forward with much eagerness to the time when I could go to school, that wonderful place I had heard so much about from my older brother. I well remember how proud and grown-up I felt as I trotted along by his side that beautiful September morning when I first entered a schoolroom. But since my schooldays were spent in the ordinary manner, I will pass over them, only remarking that they were happy, interesting years.

I received my earliest religious training from my mother. Gathering the children about her when the day's

work was done, she would tell us those charming stories of Joseph and his brothers, of Abraham and Isaac, of Moses and the Israelites, and that most wonderful of all tales, the Christ Child's birth. When first told the story of the Crucifixion, I can remember that I shed tears, and like Rachael weeping for her children I would not be comforted. So great was the impression made upon me by that story that I resolved that night that I would serve Him who had suffered so much for me. As an infant I had been baptized in the Lutheran faith. At the age of fifteen, after undergoing a year of instruction under our minister, I took upon myself the baptismal vows that had been made for me, and acknowledged myself a Christian. I consider my Confirmation Day as one of the most significant days of my life.

All my life I have been extremely fond of books. When a child of eight years, I read with some intelligence and much interest a serial in a monthly magazine. This story, by the way, which told of the life and adventures of a girl at a boarding school, first awakened in me a keen desire to attend college. But to return to my subject. In my second year at school, I began to take out books from the library. This practice I kept up all through my school life. As a child my favorite books were Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and "Stories of Greek Mythology." These I never tired of reading. I would sit for hours poring over a book until my mother would have to compel me to take some exercise. She objected to my reading so many books, for she said that I did not remember half of what I read, and was just wasting my time. Still I spent all my spare moments in reading. The person who I think influenced my taste in literature most was a music teacher in our town. Though a rather indifferent musician, she was an excellent scholar. We spent many Sunday afternoons together, either reading aloud by turns from some good book or else discussing literature, authors, or social and religious problems. Then my English teacher in high school, who was a family friend, also guided me into the realm of good literature.

My one other passion is music. One of the greatest events of my childhood was the bringing of a beautiful

new piano into our home. I can remember that after standing back and admiring it for a long time, I perched myself on the stool and began lovingly to finger the keys. When told that I could immediately start to take lessons in piano, my joy knew no bounds. From the first I had an advantage in having a splendid teacher, an instructor in a Chicago conservatory who was spending a winter in the country with her husband on account of the latter's poor health. One of the greatest disappointments of my life was her return to the city the next spring. But she had inspired my childish mind; I decided then that I would never be satisfied until I had become a finished musician. Although it was rather a difficult matter to get good teachers in our small town, I continued my musical education intermittently all through my years in school.

Last summer came the task of deciding the greatest question that has presented itself to me in my life thus far. I wanted to devote myself to music, but I also wanted a college education. If I decided in favor of music, the chances were that I should never enter college. On the other hand, if I chose a college career and neglected my music, I should probably have to give up my idea of a musical career. I could not take first one and then the other, for, since I am not the only child to be educated, my father cannot afford to keep me in school eight or more years. I finally compromised, deciding to enter a university and take just as much music with my college course as I could comfortably handle, never losing sight of the fact that music is my life work. After I have graduated in music, I intend to teach just long enough to enable me to go to Boston or Europe and take instruction for a year or two under some noted teacher. At least such are my ambitions at the present time. As to their fulfillment, I cannot say.

As I look back over my life, I see that it has been full of advantages and opportunities. All that anyone could ask for as a start in life, I have had.

4—An Autobiography

"Tell the man where we got you." I cannot estimate the number of times I was forced to obey this hated command by answering, "From the Orphan's Home." It stands out as the clearest memory of my early life. Such an incident may mean little to my reader; but to me it was a storm-cloud darkening those days which should have been filled with no more than the glorious sunshine of play. Many times I waited long enough only to give the needed information, and then fled to my room and cried for hours.

So my childhood was full of bitterness. How I despised the criticism to which my actions and even motives were subjected! No less did I detest the catalogue of explanations for my conduct and thoughts I was constantly called upon to furnish. Imagine, if you can, how years of discipline similar to this would influence a reticent Scandinavian child. Play formed an insignificant part of my day. In fact, the only time I had for play was after my tasks were thoroughly done. Even now, when I stop to listen, come to me the shrill biddings of small neighbors to join them in their play. With the old-time heart-heaviness, I seemed to call over to them again that I must dust the furniture. Now the group is enlarged by a boisterous lad who gaily suggests that Helge be invited for the game of "Run, Sheep, Run"; to which suggestion the captain of the gang replies, "Huh! She never can play! Her mother always makes her do things!"

I must speak more particularly of my foster-parents. Each of them was kind enough in his or her own way. As I look back now, I realize that they lacked affection less than they lacked understanding, and, most of all, sympathy. They were clear-headed, practical, stubborn Germans. They simply could not understand that it was possible for me to possess a nature which differed from theirs. To them, life was a working-out of fore-sighted plans; to me it was a succession of impracticable day-dreams. About this time, my favorite book was Murray's

"Manual of Mythology." It lived with me, and I in it—until my mother discovered the fact. Then, for a while, the pagan deities and I went separate ways. My foster-mother was deeply religious. Before I reached my twelfth birthday, I was literally put through a list of those books which she considered it was necessary for me to read. "Which One of the Two?" "Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross," "The Devil of To-day," and "Pilgrim's Progress" headed the list. If Bunyan had known, before he wrote it, the trouble his masterpiece was to cause me, I am sure he never would have given it to the world. At last I refused to finish the book. Then my mother made me read it to her, so that, knowing she had not failed to do her duty by me, her conscience might be clear.

Reading was only one of the means used for the development of my spiritual life. Eventually, it proved to be as successful as any. I was taken to church three times on Sunday, and to prayer-meeting on Wednesday night, where, by the way, I met no childish comrade-in-bondage. Two years of catechetical instruction then fell to my lot; after which I was received into church-membership. In quick succession followed my initiation into all those sororities dear to the heart of the average woman of sixty: the Christian Endeavor Society, Young Ladies' Missionary Society, the Ladies' Aid Society. This was too much religion for me. A reaction set in, which lasted for several years. All show of religion came to antagonize me. Good books and frankly good people bored me. Those people my mother judged harshly, I immediately made friends of. I doubted the existence of a God.

I wasted this anti-religious period of my life in nearly everything but the study of music. To my teacher I owe my inspiration. For two years I worked harder than I had ever worked before. I went from five-finger exercises to Grieg "Nocturnes" and Chopin "Études." I shadowed the Library for books on music. Finally, music somehow brought me back to a normal belief in religion, and to happiness.

This study of music resulted in a great desire to go to college. To make college a reality, it was necessary

to earn my own money. I secured a position in the Post Office in my home town. Every morning for a year and a half, half-past five o'clock discovered me sorting mail. Post Office work was not easy; it required the patience of a Job. To straighten out the Postal Savings business of an Italian who spoke no more than five English words; to secure the forwarding address of an Assyrian who knew less English than the Italian; and to convince an impatient patroness that even though her letter were a Special Delivery, it could not be sent on a train which had left the town five minutes before,—for nine hours every day, was nerve-racking. Often I was tempted to give up this work, but my college-dream kept me there.

Though it seemed of little significance to me then, I am convinced that this vision of a higher education was the biggest thing in my life. The years that are passed seem far away; I look back upon them now with no prejudice nor bitterness, for the realization of this great dream has overshadowed all.

5—An Autobiography

I was born on the ninth day of the ninth month of the year 1899; and the number nine has recurred in my life with amazing frequency. My mother was of German descent, while my father was French. This fact may in some measure explain the indecisiveness of my character; for, since France and Germany have always been irreconcilable, I vacillate pitifully between my French tendencies and my German ones, and as a result never reach any decision. My first memories are of Germany, where I spent part of my second and third years. I can still remember a certain Christmas dinner, and how large the table appeared to me, with my eyes barely surmounting it. As such dinners in state were rewards of merit, they were, however, very rare; for I was a source of much trouble to my mother. I drowned ten dolls in Lake Lucerne, insisted on dancing in the streets of Rotterdam, and lost my hat on every available occasion. It was with great relief, then, that my parents saw me safely back in Missouri. My chief memories of the following year

are of a big doll with brown eyes, and of a birthday party, where for the first time I made the decision as to what dress I should wear. At that time, too, I became deeply interested in theology, and startled my parents by demanding a Bible, so that I could see if there really was a Devil. As I could not read, I was disappointed in my expectations; although this shortcoming was remedied by my being sent to kindergarten the following year. Even as my first recollections are of eating, those of my fifth and sixth years seem to be all of color; and when I think of kindergarten, I see nothing but a mass of blue and gold mats, of glittering tinsel, and of red circles on a brown floor. I can remember what a source of wonder to me Jack Frost and the moon were, and the hours I used to spend before frosted windows, seeing all kinds of fairylands;—everything was so marvelous then. But as everything must have an end, my care-free kindergarten life came to a close; and I was started on the terrifying responsibilities of a real school.

Memory is a disappointing thing; for of the next seven years I have but a few vague impressions. I can remember what I felt much more distinctly than what I did. Koblu, the arrangement of colors in Solomon's gardens, purple floss, the diagram of a rill on a blackboard,—these all still give me the delicious thrill that I had when I first saw them. I read poetry, and wrote it, too; mostly on the subjects of the moon and ghosts. The latter my chum and I believed to exist in a large vacant lot, where many mounds and bones were to be found. In this "Moses' Burying Ground," as we called it, we held services in honor of various ghosts, delighting, I remember, in thinking them sacrilegious. Of my school life I recall very little. I shall never forget, however, my struggles with addition and the Galileo's theory. They still inspire me with disgust, so strong are our first impressions. This period of my life was very uneventful, the only occurrence of importance being a hairbob. This may seem too trivial to be mentioned so ceremoniously; but as it was accompanied by a new dress, a mirror, music lessons, and a first love letter, it caused me to grow up over night;—at least, I judged myself very mature. So I put away

all childish things, read Eliot and Ruskin, and wept because I could not be a Savonarola. My reading was much in advance of my experience; for I had made but a few trips north and west, and my knowledge of the world was necessarily very limited. This was soon to be improved, however, for I finally reached the goal of my ambitions, high school.

As I was not very strong, and was not allowed to carry full work, my first year in high school was not an entire success. But the following year I was sent West, where I gained so much strength that when I returned in the fall I undertook too much. While becoming an enthusiastic athlete, and carrying double work, I made my first appearance in real, grown-up society. At my first evening dance, I remember, all my visions of earthly bliss were realized; and the remainder of the year is a hazy intermingling of parties, dinners, and dances. The next year, however, the reaction set in. I was sent to a boarding school in New York City; and being very homesick, I decided that I and the world (the order is intentional) were very uncongenial, and that I could do nothing but show my superiority to it. To this end I read German dramas, haunted art galleries, and studied Darwin. I never hope to feel any older than I did then. But such a life is rather wearing to a girl of fifteen; and it was a great relief to me when I was allowed to finish my senior year in the high school at home. For several months here I tried to decide whether to be a society belle or to get "Ex's,"—finally realizing, however, that I could do neither (such jolts are hard, but necessary, I suppose). The following year I remained at home, and learned that the seemingly easy task of housekeeping was the hardest I had yet undertaken. But I was not satisfied with it, and decided to go away to school. I have before mentioned the recurrence of the number nine in my life; in connection with this curious circumstance I should mention my firm conviction that my reason for choosing Wisconsin was because it starts with my initial and has exactly nine letters. Be that as it may, I am here, and am praying that the end of the mid-semesters will still find me in the University directory.

Lafcadio Hearn has said, "Assuredly, those recollections

which longest haunt the memory are the most transitory." Whether that is true, I do not know; but when I look back on my own life, I observe that my clearest recollections are not of important things I did, nor where I went, nor what I saw; but are of the friends I made, the books I read, and my varying opinions of the world. And until I have a longer perspective of years, with which to see more distinctively the relationship of the important and the trivial in my life, I shall have to trust my memory. But if it is at times illogical and inconsequent, the superstitious may account for it by the fact that astrologers cannot agree on the zodiacal sign for my birthday. And without the knowledge of some such determining influence, there can surely be no adequate foundation for an autobiography.

6—An Autobiography

The first ten years of my life were spent amid conditions which would ordinarily be considered disadvantageous to the normal development of a boy. These conditions had, however, results both good and bad; indeed, I think that their final influence upon my life was for the better rather than for the worse. As a youngster, I was a sickly, puny specimen. The diary of my early existence reads like the index of a family doctor book. As a result of this, when most boys of my age were out ransacking orchards, I was alone. Had I desired constant companionship I should have had a hard time finding it, for our family lived on the outskirts of a small country town, where there were, of course, few boys of my age. Do not think, on the other hand, that I never played with boys, or that I was left alone so much that it made me morbid. I simply grew up under these conditions, and naturally never gave the matter a thought.

These circumstances, together with the training and attention I received at home because of them, turned the course of my whole life. My parents did their best to fill the gap which they feared lack of companionship would cause in my development, and as I was the younger son this was done with a lavish hand. Frankly, I was babied.

My father kept a drug store, and from this was brought to me all the toys and knick-knacks of each season. As soon as an ingenious plaything came out, it was seen to that I had it. The result was that I not only had enough to play with but a superfluity with which to experiment. Tiring of the shiny outsides of my toys, I pursued a series of deep investigations as to the specific nature of the insides, often, I remember, with quite destructive results. These investigations had a clearly-defined and beneficial result. My interest began to shift from created novelty to a joy in creating. I found, gradually, that it was much rarer fun to have a shingle wind-mill which I had made myself and which I understood, than to have a hopping tin frog when I didn't know what hopped it. The toys I made were, of course, rudely constructed and ridiculously simple, but they served their purpose.

In the year of 1904, when I was about ten years old, I was taken to the exposition at St. Louis. Of all the sights of that wonderland I remember only two things: One was an Arab who displayed a prodigious length of wind in the blowing of an evil-sounding reed pipe. The other was the interior of the building in which the electrical and mechanical inventions were displayed. The first I remember because I was a boy; the second because I was a boy whose toys had always been real working machines and not mere playthings. I saw that men were making their living and their reputations by inventing what were to me only toys on a large scale. In a vague and undefined sort of way I had heretofore thought of my life as a period of pleasingly remote work. I now had half-formed notions that it might be a period of tantalizingly remote pleasure. At the time I little realized that this trip to St. Louis had had any real effect upon my life, but as a result of it I unconsciously formed a resolution. From that time on the fact that I was going to become an engineer was assured.

Shortly after the trip to St. Louis, my family moved to Milwaukee. In the new store which my father started in this city there were no toys; so I found myself seeking a new source of supply. In the shape of a toy store I soon discovered a paradise whose existence in so unadul-

terated a state I had never before suspected. I had always supposed that the toy department of any store existed upon sufferance, as a sort of bothersome but necessary evil, and the idea of a store all toys was overwhelming. I remember that the first time I ever was in one I forgot to go home. Along with my discovery of the toy store I found out that a certain building that I had formerly considered the musty retreat of book-worms was far from musty, but was, on the other hand, a very refreshing place. I began, accordingly, to haunt the public library. Perhaps here it was that I found just the impetus my imagination needed. Following suggestions that I found here, I began to dabble in batteries and home-made motors, flying machines and boomerangs, clock-work motor boats and toy steam-engines. For all my experiments I of course needed materials. With certain shop-keepers I became a marked individual. The jeweler knew I wanted clock-works; the hardware clerk, screws or nails; the electrician, some copper wire. With my favorite tinner, relations became quickly so strained, because I asked him to do so many trivial and annoying jobs, that I had to choose a number of good-natured ones and alternate between them, thus allowing their tempers, with their irons, to cool off between jobs. There were certain fundamental lessons that I learned during this period when I was eternally "makin' som'thin'." I learned that nothing can be made without a plan and amount to much, and that if one does not have the patience and persistence to follow out this plan, he is as foolish as he who sinks with infinite caution his foundations to bed rock, and then places upon his piers a miserable shanty. I began to see what it meant to use my brain.

Through certain studies which I took in high school, I developed a keen delight in working out knotty problems. This is one of the most comfortable feelings I know of,—this taking of a big breath and relaxing after the finishing of a particularly hard mental task. It is but an illustration of a psychological fact which is the reason and excuse for the existence of puzzles. Ever since I first really experienced this pleasure, I have enjoyed such problems. I also grew to have a healthy disgust for the

sort of manual training that was taught in the school I attended. I spent three years making bread-boards and pen-trays, and never learned a single definite thing which was of any use to me later. I did not lose my respect for keen-edged tools, but I had forced upon my attention what nonsensical nothings they could be made to produce. During my third year in high school I studied physics. I was especially fortunate in having an instructor who sought to teach us not mere figures, but their far-reaching significance; not mere equations, but the great principles back of them. I began to look about me, and wonder why certain things acted as they did, and not otherwise. I saw that the *Scientific American* was as absorbing reading as the *American Boy*. Through the kindness of my instructor I was given permission to do extra laboratory work, and I spent the greater part of three weeks gazing wonder-eyed into a compound microscope focused upon a gradually crystallizing solution. I began to get an inkling of what a wonderful world I was living in.

During my seventeenth year our family lived in G——, Montana. There are located in this city numerous mills and manufactories, two great electrical power plants, and the next to the largest smelter in the world. The whole town is a community of engineers, with only enough merchants and doctors to keep the engineers clothed, fed, and healthy. While there I lived in an atmosphere which fairly buzzed with talk of high tension transformers, great dams, and irrigation schemes. I found here some of the most keen-minded, square-jawed, clear-eyed, and bronze-skinned men I had ever known, giving gladly of the best that was in them to their work. They gave me a new notion of the engineer's job,—an entirely different idea from that of the coldly scientific experimenter. I saw to what heights the profession of the engineer might reach; how he is, to be sure, a maker of toys, but that he is something greater than this, in that his toys must be of some benefit to the great world for which he is working, for the real engineer looks beyond commercial and even scientific success, and sees that his real aim must always be service. And so it was that I determined to follow in the footsteps of these unfamed wielders of the forces of nature,

and was filled with a great love for the work, which was henceforward to be *my* work.

7—Sketches of Childhood

My early childhood is a vague stretch, dotted here and there with a glimpse of tall larch trees at twilight, beneath which father came home to dinner after a busy day at the office; a glimpse of the wind-swept beach of Lake Michigan; and of a seat made of the weather-gnarled roots of a prickly pine; and infinite other glimpses, all seen against a matter-of-fact background by a very matter-of-fact, six-year-old youngster.

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One night I awoke with a startled cry. In the dark I heard mother groping through the passageway which connected her room with mine. She came to me and patted my head.

"That's all right. Did you have a bad dream?" Her soothing voice fully aroused me. The dream was over and I wanted to share its horrors with her.

"I was feeding a little bird," I began. "It was a tiny little bird, and I was giving it some cracker crumbs. Then it grew a little bigger and a little bigger—and then it was a large bird. It grew and grew until it was higher than I. Oh—it wanted to eat me! I was afraid. I—"

"There, there," mother crooned. "You turn over and go to sleep now."

By the moonlight I saw her white figure disappear through the door.

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Sometimes mother let us play in the spare room. It was fun to climb up on the high four-poster bed. We sank into the depths of it, and smelled the clean, white sheet that covered the whole bed. We left the window shades down as we had found them, and in the darkened room the bed looked gleaming white. We dragged down some blankets from the closet shelf, and propped them up with broomsticks on the bed, to make an Indian wigwam.

Mildred was the squaw and stayed in the wigwam, and

I was the warrior who kept away wild beasts. While I was fighting her Teddy bear, I knocked over the wigwam, and Mildred kicked and squirmed in its smothering folds.

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We had a large garden back of the lawn at the side of the house. High shrubbery hid it from the street; it was laid out in geometrical plots, with a circular path through it. Mother had her flowers here, but at the back, next to the chicken house, father had his vegetables. The ground cherries were fat and juicy, and the carrots were large enough to make you sick even if you ate just one. Gordon, Robert, Mildred, and I pulled up a whole red wagon-load of vegetables, and we washed the dirt off at the sand pile faucet. Then we went over to Bellefort Avenue (out of mother's hearing) and lustily peddled our wares. "Vegtibles! a penny a piece!" Just as I stooped over to pick up a tomato which had been nearly squashed on the sidewalk, I heard, "Why, Dorothy, whose vegetables are those?" and soon I found myself and the vegetables in our kitchen. Why couldn't I make some money the way the vegetable man did?

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Our Norwegian maid with the classical name of Vendla was afraid of me. I did not like her because she always tattled on us. One night mother and father were out and Vendla was reading in the kitchen. We sneaked out the front door and went down the cellar way. Margaret gave me her cloak and hat and I carried a pail full of potatoes. Then I knocked on the kitchen door. I asked Vendla if she wanted to help a poor girl by buying some potatoes. She asked me who I was, and just then four children emerged from the cellar way and banged on the rain-pipe. We all sang at the top of our lungs, "Vendla, Vendla, how many stars in the sky?" Vendla shut the door on this shrieking, and climbed up into her room. That ended our conquest, for the next day she left.

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Once Worth Gibney's sister came to take care of him and his father when his mother died. This sister was an actress. We used to peep in the window of the Gibney house and imagine that we saw her acting. Sometimes

we asked her to have a play for us, but she never would. Worth said that once he saw her crying.

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One time I saw a tray full of buttons on the counter when I went shopping with mother. No one saw me take some of the brightest red ones. When I got home, some of them fell out of my pocket. Mother asked me what they were, and then she quietly led me upstairs to her room. She talked to me a long time, and the next day we took back the buttons.

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Several years later we lived in the country, where we could run and shout all we wanted. One day a little pony came to us. It was black and white and just matched our collie and our cat and Milevedor's new calf. Three years before the pony came I had bought a whip, at the country fair, for my pony that was to be. Father put me in the saddle and I bravely lashed the diminutive side of the beast, but that evidently was not to her liking, for she sprinted forward and dashed down the lane, while I frantically clutched her snow-white mane. Father ran around the back of the house and caught the bridle just before the pony and I collided with the pump. That night I dreamed of being a runaway princess, and of my hero who would some day rescue me and take me away to his cloud-wreathed castle.

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Mrs. Hoffman's kitchen was my favorite haunt. She was our farmer's wife, and lived in a tiny white cottage, whose walls were of many-hued plaster—buff, lavender, and a sickly green. I spent whole days there, listening to lengthy family accounts. She possessed a delightful thing—a clove apple, which she made twenty-five years ago. It was all musty-brown and spicy-smelling. Sometimes I was there when the potato train went by. That was the train that told her when it was time to put her potatoes in the oven for supper.

"Yes, I think that anything that children like to eat is good for them. I always let my children eat whatever they want to," she would muse. That probably explained

why all her children died when they were babies, but I did not tell her what I thought.

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The moonlight speckled the orchard grass, and bathed in a smooth, mystical flood the sweep of lawn. The tall pines rose into the night heavens in sombre peace. I loved to dance under the moon and stars. The grass was deliciously cool and soft under my bare feet. I swayed like the tree tops, and then, when a quick breeze rustled the rose bushes, I darted between the stubby orchard trees, out to a large boulder at the turn of the driveway. I perched myself on this, like a bird alighting from its flight, and a moment later I was creeping silently over the thick carpet of pine needles—down the long avenue shrouded in black shadows. I softly hummed Grieg's "Death of Ase," and when I came out into the moonlight again, I did not like the piercing stare of the moon. I felt saddened by the darkness I had left behind me, and quietly I crept up to bed.

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On rainy days the sidewalks were tiny lakes into which I looked at the gray world about me. The trees shooting deep into the ground made me dizzy. Like Æsop's dog, I could not understand the reflection. I touched the trees, but the rippling water broke up the picture.

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Unwillingly I found myself growing up. My dolls were put away in the attic, and I began to enjoy art and literature. Church and religion were made a great part of my life, and I pondered on the Infinite.

It is not for me to look backward, but forward, awaiting the Future. Sometimes I see it stretching forth, and dimly on the golden horizon I see my dreams being realized. Far away though the Future is, yet it seems very near, very real to me, and I am thankful for living to anticipate it.

III

DESCRIPTION

1—North Hall

North hall is a rectangular, box-like building which is four stories high. The building alone is not very beautiful in architectural structure, for it is rather plain, being made of common limestone.

Winding ivy vines which cling to the wall between most of the windows and cover almost the entire wall, add much to the appearance of the building. On the west side of the building there are fire escapes which lead from the ground to the roof. There is also a pipe on either side of each fire escape which leads from the hydrant below. On the roof above there are four square chimneys on either the north or south side, and a row of four round ventilators on the center of the roof. The building is not so imposing and does not fascinate one as a building of more architectural beauty such as Main hall.

2—From the Top of the "Hill"

From the top of the "Hill" one first sees on the right South Hall, the Law Building, and the old Music Hall; then, turning to the left, North Hall and the Engineering Building come into view. Directly at the foot of the Hill one sees the University Library and the Administration Building. Between here and the State Capitol one cannot distinctly pick out any particular object that attracts him. In the general survey of the region about the Capitol, the high objects that attract the attention are: the Park Hotel, the Court House, and three churches with high steeples all at the right of the Capitol. On the left are the city water-tower, and the smoke stack for the Capitol heating plant.

3—A Country Store

The room, which had a low ceiling, was square and medium-sized. The walls were covered with a cheap grade of paper, on which images of many varieties of flowers were stamped. The door was situated at the front end of the room. The only opening besides this was a skylight. To the right, as you enter, was a counter extending almost the entire length of the building. A dusty-looking show-case adorned the top of the counter. On the wall behind the counter were some rickety shelves on which ill-looking merchandise was stacked. A stove occupied the center of the room, around which several chairs were grouped. A few pictures were hanging on the wall, their quality being in harmony with the rest of the fixtures.

4—Broadway in the Early Morn

It is early in the morning, and Broadway is deserted. The thronging crowd has been dispersed, and the white asphalt looms bare and empty in the soft moonlight. Traffic has stopped, trolley cars are deserted, and the cabs and automobiles which a short time before blocked the theater district have disappeared. All the shop windows, and the fronts of hotels, restaurants, and theaters are closed. On one corner we see a man leaning against a lamp post, hailing a passing milk wagon. Here and there are a few people slowly walking along, as if they were impressed with the stillness of the place which a short time before was so gay.

5—Eighth Avenue

Standing upon the northwest corner of Eighth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street some time ago, I stopped for a moment to meditate, and as I looked at the tide of people and vehicles passing up and down the Avenue I could not help thinking of the flight of time. Coming down Central Park West, from where the Avenue tapered out of sight, passing around Columbus Circle as a brook evades a stone in its path, and on down Eighth Avenue until it

vanished from sight as it passed beneath the elevated structure at Fifty-third Street, this stream came and passed on.

On the opposite corner stood four men in hurried conversation, and, after a hasty "Good day," two joined the stream that was wending its way southward, while the others turned off in another direction. The former two I followed with my eyes until I could no longer keep trace of them,—until they mingled with the throng, now hurrying and now pausing, some hastening their weary steps and others moving with the carelessness of leisure.

6—The "Kettle Hole"

I had stood at the entrance of the "Hole" often before, but now for the first time did I really see the beauty of the old place. The distant screech of a whistle told me that the midnight interurban was passing. I looked into the hollow before me and saw that my shadow was plunging headlong down the side of the cavity. I turned my gaze to the heavens and beheld a wondrous sight, familiar to all who are under the broad expanse of the earth's dome on a starry night. The sky was bedecked with a thousand jewels, and lording over all was a big, white gem. The white moon made everything around me seem as bright as the day at the noontide. It presented a spectacle which appeared to me as though the colors of day were blended into a grayish-white hue, of pleasing comfort to the eye. The side of the cavity before me fell away abruptly for a space, and then a little knoll arose to change the physiography of the slope. From now on the "Hole" was formed by gradual steps, until the bottom was reached, and here, like a monarch, stood a huge oak, beneath whose hospitable branches many a youth had been put through his first tests of the Camp's standard of manhood. From the base of the tree the sides of the "Hole" seemed to rise up and form a mammoth kettle, whose top was about one hundred yards in diameter.

7—The Business Man

He was always dressed in neat conservative clothes. They emphasized his alertness. His face was clean-cut but not handsome. He bore himself with the assurance of thirty years of successful business dealings. He smiled affably but not familiarly. His short jerky walk was indisputable. He was an authority on the price of bonds and stocks; he could talk on the war and could quote a few lines from the classics. He was an adept golf player. He could play cards if it was necessary. Three clubs boasted his membership. He wore a dress suit if he could not wear any other clothes properly.

8—The Living-Room

After I had seated myself in the snug bay-window nook at one end of the long Elizabethan living-room, my voluble companion excused himself and allowed me an opportunity to inspect the place. The uncertain, ruddy flickerings from the popping, crackling logs in the massive, Bedford stone fireplace at my right skipped over the light oak floor and the claret-colored oriental rugs to the deserted semi-circle of friendly-looking mission-type divans, whose russet-leather cushions seemed to ooze comfort and dignified content. Some straying rays gleamed floridly on the hanging silver-spun candelabra above or frisked along the heavy-beamed ceiling. Others, accompanied by long streaky shadows, wavered through the two open entrances opposite the fire or struck the paneled fumed-oak walls, making them appear seasoned and venerable. Indistinct, in the far corner stood the mighty grand-piano, sharing with two heavily-draped windows the dauby, blazing highlights and the distorted, splotchy shadows caused by the divans. Although I suspected the presence of sliding-doors on either side of the fireplace, I did not investigate. The subdued elegance of the room, its gentle, charming air of splendid, well-preserved old-age, and the fantastic fitfulness of the fire proved stronger than my curiosity and wafted me off into low-lidded reverie and calm, soul-mellowing melancholy.

9—From My Window

Overhead faded the fresh blue of an early April sky. Through the network of bare, brown tree trunks, splotched here and there with the red of a brick building, sparkled the wind-swirled waves of the winding, turbulent river. Beyond it, the blood-veined yellow of steep, sharply-towering rocks melted imperceptibly into the snow-splashed gray of distant, softly-rounding hills, crowned with ragged, purple-misted clumps of thickly massed trees. From the jagged river bank a narrow, sandy road wandered at random up the hills, straggling lazily from tree-clump to tree-clump, and finally disappearing mysteriously into the unknown world beyond.

10—A Forest in Winter

A person who hesitates to visit the forest in winter time loses the chance of seeing Nature in her prettiest garb. The brown, sere bareness and ugliness of the autumn is entirely covered by a mantle of pure white, glistening snow. The trees stand tall and stately in their mystic shrouds; even the insignificant little shrubs and bushes take on an added splendor. A brilliant touch of color is added to the otherwise almost colorless scene by the scarlet, berry-like rose haws. No human footprints are visible on the white carpet; but here and there may be seen the tiny tracks of rabbits, chickadees, and other birds and animals who do not flee from a northern winter. The whispering and moaning of the trees sounds awesome and mysterious, and fills the spectator with a curious sense of exaltation and repose of mind, making him nevertheless tread softly as though in a sanctuary.

11—A Sunset

I stood on the edge of the lake and watched the effect of the sunset. The whole lake was afire with the sunset—a living sea of amber, turquoise, and gold. The effect grew duller as the great red disc slowly dropped behind the line of dark hills, turning the lake below into a ruddy glow.

The pageant of sunset clouds slowly melted into a dark, heavy mist, which enshrouded the unruffled surface of the lake and hugged the shoulders of the hills. Soon the whole sky became dark save for a few beams of grayish light that the clouds reflected from the disappearing sun, and the stars began to appear one by one. Instead of a living sea of amber and turquoise, the lake was now a smooth silvery surface.

12—The Lake

Crouching at the foot of gently ascending wooded banks, with here and there a cottage half-concealed among the dark foliage, the little lake lay slumbering at the close of day, tired and weary of its merry playmates, like a little child who, having tossed aside its playthings, has rolled over sound asleep. Alone; deserted by the pleasure-loving world; even the late bather does not remain behind to caress her cool waters. Mother Sun, alone, lingers on her rapid descent over yonder wood-top to bestow a last fond "Good Night" upon the silvery cradle of her loved one. No hilarious laugh, no merry halloo, no churning steamer, no noisy rowboat, no light canoe, not even the whispering breath of the tall pines intrudes upon the mother's silent lullaby.

13—A Forest Scene

Down the long path of the age-old forest the little brook babbled on unceasingly of the thousand secrets learned from woodland, wind, and sky. The pebbles swayed with the soft undulations of the ripples. Now and again a trout splashed in a deep, tree-shadowed pool and scattered black pearl drops in the air. The wind rustled the leaves of the old oaks as it sang its song to the forest. Brilliant-plumaged birds flashed about on quests known only to themselves or chattered noisily in the tree-tops.

In the midst, the little brook murmured on and on, though for all its babbling it was sad at heart. The sky was dark; black, ominous clouds obscured the sunlight. As it rippled on over the pebbles, the little brook thought of the past.

A sunbeam, more bright and beautiful than its mates, had rested for a moment on the bosom of the brook, had darted on, and had returned to tell its love for the dainty stream.

Now, however, the sunbeam was gone; dull, leaden clouds hung like a thick veil, hiding the beloved light from the sorrowing brook. Soon heavy drops fell from the heavens and splashed into the water; a crash of thunder, a streak of lightning followed and the wind howled through the forest like a revengeful demon, sending the poor frightened wood folk scurrying to their homes. The storm raged, relented, and subsided slowly and reluctantly.

Gently and softly the raindrops plashed into the stream like tears of sorrow after an unkind deed, healing the wound. Through a rift in the clouds a sunbeam darted and rested on the trembling surface of the little brook. The forest creatures bounded forth blithely on their various errands, the trout splashed sparkling diamonds into the sunlight, and through it all the happy little rill sang and sang the story, old, yet ever new.

14—Description of Lake George

While on a pedestrian trip last autumn, after following a road which gradually ascended a mountain, I beheld one of the most beautiful sights it has ever been my good fortune to view. A lake, the deep blue waters of which sparkled in the light of the setting sun, and which reflected the light blue sky with its few lazily moving fleecy white clouds, lay in the valley before me. Several small islands studded its calm waters and divers canoes darted to and fro on its surface. On the banks of this beautiful loch were trim cottages, sparsely grouped, and large mountains surrounded the vale on all sides.

Nature had donned her autumnal garb and the sides of the encircling mounts were masses of indescribable colors marvelously intermingled. There had been a shower in the earlier part of the afternoon and the rays of the declining orb of day, striking the raindrops on the variegated foliage, had greatly freshened and enhanced the beauty of the scene.

15—After Rain

Where the river suddenly seemed to terminate, an abandoned graveyard girt the bend. The reappearance of the sun enhanced the vernal freshness which the late rain had already imparted, and, as if in welcome, the leafy maples stretched out their eager branches. The careless wind, heavily laden with a delicately blended aroma, fanned the tree-tops and at its call their foliage rustled a light cadenza. The clustering shrubs had already forced themselves around the sturdy trunks. Now and then a sparrow, spurred on by the warmth without, would issue from his crisp covering and, having been reassured, would continue his joyous gambols. The trees themselves seemed to delight in changing the patterns of the sun-specked verdure below. Not far beyond, the side of an old gray cabin was interspersed between the branches. Its wet cobblestones were now an added pleasure to the wild honeysuckle and wistaria that decked its wall. This if ever was a perfect day.

16—The Fishing Village of Hope

The little fishing village of Hope, which is down in the southern corner of Devonshire, is cut in two parts by a cliff, over which you may walk by way of the steep road that skirts the sea wall. You can also pass from one part to the other by scrambling over the slippery rocks at the base of the cliff. Now, to a city-bred man, there is little to choose between Inner and Outer Hope. The rows of squat thatched cottages with their tiny latticed windows and their patches of garden ground all look alike, and the old men who lounge around in blue jerseys and surf boots have all of them the same quiet bearing—which is the inheritance of those who go down to the sea with nets and crab pots. But you will learn that the two parts are divided by much more than a mere cliff. In the first place Outer Hope has the life-boat house, the coast guard quarters, and the Methodist Church where Fisherman Jack Argot turns "parson" every Sunday and reads the prayers with humility and with many pauses. Jack is more at home in the stern of his brown-sailed lugger reading

weather signs. Inner Hope, on the other hand, has only tar-coated cottages and the "Ship and Anchor," which is an orderly inn enough, but not the kind of thing to boast of and flaunt in the faces of the grim followers of Wesley who live over the way.

17—Mount Vernon

The smell of box always carries me back beside Nellie Custis' rosebush, where the sun shines warm. There the immaculate house stands before me on the hilltop, its wide structure shyly backing into the hedged garden. On the left the old slave-quarters, clean whitewashed, bask in a century's doze. And yonder the carriage house still protects the high coach. Then away and down the gaze goes, to where the Potomac seeks its brackish way among the everlasting hills. From down below a tolling bell sounds the passing of a boat; a bee lost in the heliotrope catches up the echo, then bumbles out above the box. The great peace of a nation seems incarnate in the scene. Look, how the bee tracks through the open window!

18—Tadpole Pond

I suppose every child has his favorite stream or pool where clammy live things are attainable. We used to haunt Tadpole Pond at the foot of the Silver Spring Road. With its jagged circumference of scarce four hundred feet, the little pool, reedy and half stagnant, lay in the hollow of the woods. On one side the yellow clay road rutted up the little hill and lost itself in the shimmering heat-dome on the top. Great tulip trees and oaks stood tall among the shady underbrush of pine and laurel that cramped the road. And there lay Tadpole Pond half stifled by the woods, hot in the sun that scorched the flag tips. Rusted tin and broken crockery sank in the marshy edges, and were clean washed after the heavy rains. In spring the slime of frogs' eggs greened the water, and by July the Pond chanted its prayer for life in the "send more rain" of the frog's song. And there the dragonfly, the only glint of life in the summer blaze, darted over the still

water and out past the glaring road, and streaked back again to balance motionless above the breathless pool.

19—The Grinding Room

The ears are deafened by a screeching which could not be equalled in volume or variety by a circus train in a wreck. The eyes are blinded by the lightning of a year's thunderstorms. Scores of wheels lend their voices to the din, plowshares clatter on the cement floor; confusion takes possession of the mind, and thinking is impossible. The room is filled with sparks so bright that the arc lights appear ridiculous. The workmen are enclosed in flying fire, through which their grimy faces appear weird and grotesque, their movements unnatural and useless. One man, from the appearance of his mouth, is whistling loudly, but although he is only a few feet away no sound of his tune reaches our ears. Another man is singing, so loudly that a thin, high sound of it reaches us. It is odd and funny, and the listeners can not help smiling. He sees and grins, appearing through the rain of sparks like some gnome of the underworld, with his blackened hands and face. And indeed, the scream and howl of his wheel, rising and falling, vying with the howls of the other wheels, seems impossible, a supernatural thing. As we mount the steps to the door, looking down upon it all, the unreality increases, the room becomes a magic place. We go out then, shutting the sounds in behind us. But through the windows, as we pass, we watch the sparks flying, the stir and action of the scene; and the noises which we have left are still ringing in our ears, out here in the quiet street. The sounds from within seem very faint and distant as if we were seeing and hearing, in a vision, the life of another world.

20—When the Ice Goes Out

We are standing on the wooden revetment wall of a drawbridge which spans the Mississippi, with a length of something over a thousand feet. The river widens out slightly above, to where two other streams join the "Father." During the night the ice has broken away be-

low the bridge, and above, the channel is open as far as the end of the central pier, a wooden structure whose pointed end is half a block upstream. The ice has just begun to move. A large floe lodges against the pier, crunching around the shod point, breaking from itself great pieces, that rise, and sway, and settle back, and then float quietly out in the open water. The floes above are pushing it on, piling on top of it, sliding under it, breaking, crushing, grinding. Huge cakes, a foot or two thick, tip up to heights of twenty feet, are caught and jammed between others; and soon a miniature mountain is formed about each, with icy peaks and crevasses. And now a great sheet of ice up-river, which reaches all the way across, is pushing everything before it, and the movement increases all about us. The floe that lodged on the pier splits through the middle, and the whole mass tries to pile through the channel under the bridge at once, like a mob in a panic. All along the banks the blocks are rearing wildly, sliding far up the sloping stone embankment, pushed on by the others, and forming walls both high and thick. They pile up against the wall on which we stand, rearing toward us as if they had our destruction particularly in view. And farther out, in the center of the channel, there are veritable waves of ice, that rise and fall slowly. A few of these waves are driven below into the open water; all of the rest of the ice piles, with a great sound like giant whisperings, against the bank or piers, or anything immovable. And the monster floe finally settles, with a last crunching whisper, against the pier which it is unable to move, and to which it must, after some hours, surrender.

21—A Railroad Yard at Night

Before entering the waiting-room for our long vigil, we turn and face the tracks. A multitude of lights shine dimly through a dense fog, throwing a dull gleam upon the network of rails. There is a great confusion of sounds, to which the great engine that brought us in adds its share, as it surrounds with hissing steam the men who attend it, torch and oil can in hand. Other men hurry past, swinging lanterns, jesting loudly, shouting orders. All seem to be

hastening in one direction, to where many switch engines can be seen puffing and bumping about in the fog, guided by the swinging white lights of the workmen. Even the engines seem inspired with eager haste; they cough and puff and clank along so quickly that the switch lights seem only to shut their eyes for a moment as they pass in front. And now the tumult grows as other engines come into noisy action, and it seems as if no man could understand his signals in that confusion of swinging lights, nor hear any orders in the uproar. The noise and movement enter into our mind until it seems that they are ceaseless, part of life itself.

Then suddenly they stop; a silence comes into the air. Only here and there a yard-locomotive bustles off into the darkness, coughing under its breath, clanking quietly over the switches. The voices of men calling across the yard are plainly heard.

And then a great white light falls upon us, casting odd, steadily changing shadows on the station walls. There bursts a sudden clap of thunder, a single great roar; a momentary blinding flash follows; a few patches of light are snatched swiftly past, amid the deafening, speech-defying whir of steel on steel; and we find ourselves watching the receding rear light of the limited as the heavy sleepers click out of sight along the steel.

Gradually our ear becomes accustomed again to the sleepy breathing of the monster that brought us in, to the renewed activity of the yard engines; and the noise now seems dull, monotonous. The fog begins to grow chilly, to close uncomfortably about us,—and we realize that we are tired travellers waiting for a train.

22—A Sunset on the Sea

It is beginning to grow dark as we step out onto the upper promenade deck. The cool breeze strikes us, in grateful contrast to the hot, heavy air of the drawing-room. We walk forward, breathing deeply, and with every inspiration of the invigorating air we feel our youth and hope in life returning. As we look out over the sea ahead we stand awe-struck before the glory of one of the most

singular sunsets it has ever been our fortune to witness.

A castellated wall of purple cloud stands up from the sea toward the west, rising some ten degrees above the horizon. Above the wall the sky is first pink, then lavender, then the deep blue of evening. Far around to the north and the south stretches the great embankment till it is lost in the purple of the gathering shadows. Almost directly ahead of the ship it is broken in mid-height by a perfect square of golden light. We can see into the cloud-mass beyond, and can distinguish cloud edges outlined in fire. But what draws our gaze most strongly, and inspires in us a sort of superstitious wonder, is the apparition of two figures, formed of the purple cloud-wall, which seem to lean out of the window, one from each of the lower corners. The figure on the left is the almost perfect outline of a man, that on the right, of a veiled woman. The most uncanny feature of the whole is that the two great silent figures of cloud seem to be gazing steadily and wistfully at the ship.

The light grows dimmer, but we still gaze spellbound at the mighty window. As we watch we notice that the figure on the left has moved. The noble, leonine head is bending towards the cloud-sill. The whole figure bends, recedes, is lost in the black depths of the cloud. But the glowing window remains and the veiled woman, as the light fades, still regards us with an indefinable sadness expressed in the drooping lines of the graceful figure. The light fails, the window darkens, the cloud-wall becomes one with the rest of the sky. The wind has freshened and the ship is beginning to rise and fall with the swell. And the impenetrable darkness of a moonless night shuts down over our little world of sky and sea.

23—A Midsummer Night's Reality

At last the July night came to hang over the long, narrow street lined with brick tenement houses. Where these came down to the ground, cement sidewalks ran off into the hot asphalt that came between them. Not a tree or a leaf or a blade could be found; only stone and brick and asphalt. Through the arc lamps a blare of light fell upon

row after row of small iron cages that stuck out from every floor of the buildings, and held poor gasping forms of tired humanity, and straw mattresses, and dirty pillows. The heat from the burning pavement rose up to meet the heat of the humid night air. From around the corner came the harsh pounding music of a moving picture show, that mingled with the cries of some sick child back in a cell-like room, and the noisy shouts of boys playing below. Above it all throbbed the constant, rumbling roar of the elevated, the clang and squeak of the surface cars, and the whistle of the traffic policeman. Only the low-hung stars could tell them that nature and God were in the world.

24—Union Square

An under-fed, rat-faced little man stood on a camp chair and howled down upon the heads of a motley crowd gathered around him. He waved his arms, he flung his hair to the breeze with frenzied head-snapping, and always he spit out fiery imprecations against the names of Rockefeller, Morgan, and their millionaire brethren. His listeners were the tattered, hungry mongrels of the streets. Oftentimes they yelped encouragement to the street-speaker. As he grew apoplectic in prophesying the coming Utopia when his hearers would share the fortunes and the two-bit cigars and the feather beds with the "money hogs," these watery-eyed, weak-faced men at his feet broke into anticipatory grins and drew coatsleeves over their lips.

"That's talking! 'At a boy! Right he is!"

Such was their clamor.

And the rat-faced little man went on with his harangue, and the nondescript loafers continued their approval, and about them roared the traffic of the metropolis, and all was well with Union Square.

25—The Old English Schoolroom

Mounting the old wooden stairs, hacked and worn by schoolboy boots for the last two centuries and a half, and gazing through the doorway across the large room, you are impressed with its ancient look, and tread noiselessly, as if in a church. At the other end is the headmaster's desk

with its carved wooden canopy, and above it, fastened against the wall, the square panel emblazoned with the royal arms, which look out from the decaying gray wood with an air of splendid old age. Set in massive wooden frames and running along each side of the room, are rows of small latticed windows, one commanding the sleepy street and the old inn with signboard swinging lazily in the wind, the other with a view of the cobblestone court, and the sloping roof of the dormitories. The heavy oaken panels are scored deeply with the initials of many a boy dead and buried for two hundred years and more; and the rickety forms and rheumatic desks, whittled and chipped, bear in their rotting sides gaping holes that attest the misdirected energy of former occupants now less than memories.

The remarkable fittings of the room, and the solemn, dignified air hanging over it, are emphasized, perhaps, by the sunlight that streams through those latticed windows and over the worn, furrowed floor, setting adrift great waves of sun-dust, through the golden curtains of which the canopied desk with its faded coat of arms is seen with added stateliness, the relic of an age long dead.

26—Grandma's Parlor

It was opened only for weddings, or funerals, or when the minister came to call—that sacred parlor of which my dear little old-fashioned grandmother was so proud! At other times it was hermetically sealed, and the blinds were tightly closed, for the sunlight would fade that precious green carpet strewn with red roses. However, when grandmother went to town, old Dobbin would have hardly turned the corner before we children were upstairs, dressing up to play "company," and, of course, we always chose the forbidden room for the scene of action. After entering the room, we were usually overcome with awe and admiration for several moments, feasting our eyes on the splendor of its furnishings. The proverbial hair-cloth "set" was geometrically distributed, and a marble-topped table occupied the center of the room. The glass-covered wax wreath stood on this, and the family Bible and album were on the shelf below. Most of the pictures were colorotypes of our

various relatives, and the noteworthy of these were draped with lace scarfs. I am leaving the climax, that wonderful "what-not," which stood in the corner. It seemed a veritable treasure house with its corals and starfish, carved images, strange daggers, and a hundred old-fashioned knick-knacks which grandmother's seafaring brother had brought from every corner of the globe. We never would quite finish our inspection of the "what-not," for in the midst of a fascinating story of one of the curios, Dobbin was sure to be seen meandering along, and no further signal for dispersing was necessary.

27—A Chair

There it stands—the poor, frail remnant of a dainty family of spindle-legged, cane-bottomed chairs. Its curved front legs, now warped and rheumatic, were once as graceful and tapering as the little fingers of the petite mad'moiselle who used to lean bewitchingly over its carved back and captivate with a smile many a gallant M'sieu. For Louis XIV with his satin-kneed breeches and dazzling shoe buckles has gone, and now only our chair, his namesake, lingers and mourns, shrouded in the memories and dust of the past. No more will it see stately Belles Dames promenade down the tapestried ballroom, gazing at their dazzling images in the golden mirrors and tossing their powdered heads with delightful coquetry. Not even do the little, short-waisted children come to clamber upon it and mark with moist fingers its tarnished gilt. No—it is forgotten, and there in the low-eaved garret, amid the dust-laden cobwebs and wasps' nests, it languishes in the gloom of slow decay.

28—My Bronze Buddha

My little Bronze Buddha sits always before me on my desk, surveying my every move with patient complacency. Could he speak, no doubt he would tell me of many a curious adventure; not the least of which would be of how my unscrupulous friend had slipped him into his pocket and cruelly carried him away from the land of cherry blossoms. He is in a strange land now, and people treat

him with horrible disrespect. Along comes some one and picks him up and says, "A curious little idol; wonderfully fine piece of work. How much did you give for it?" I fear, my little friend, that when your cunning maker fashioned you so deftly after your mammoth likeness at Kamakura and placed you on that laboriously carved rosewood base, he intended you for more sympathetic eyes than those that now see you filling the office of an ordinary paper weight. But, although my little image has come far and is doomed to live in a land where he is neither understood nor appreciated, to one at least he has partially conveyed his quiet message. He sits there in his attained Nirvana, comprehending all things and peaceful within himself, for he has brought peace to others.

29—"The Valley of the Shadow of Death"

It was one of those pictures that hold your gaze and compel you to think of their meaning. From one rock-bound range in the foreground you looked across a deep chasm to the peaks of another range towering beyond. A shaft of light rent the lowering clouds above it, and fell on the dark mountain sides in the form of a white cross. It is on this cross that Christ is gazing as He stands on the nearer height and looks across the chasm; a white robe flowing down to His sandalled feet, His face turned to the side. On His features is only calmness and serenity, and that faith that passeth all understanding. As He looks on the cross He knows that the days of His life on earth are drawing closer to an end. Yet there is a great peace in His heart. His cup runneth over. He is alone in the Valley with His Father.

30—"The Temple of Karnac"

(A painting by Jules Guérin)

Words cannot express the sublime simplicity nor the simple sublimity of the moonlit temple of Karnac. Silent, alone, huge with a vastness as of eternity, the jagged yellow columns are all that remain of a building of once glorious splendor. The unending desert reaches out on

either side; the gray sky, supported by the lotus-capitals, looks down from above. The shifting sand drifts through the empty aisles and drifts away again, untouched by a human foot. Now and then some lonely animal of the wilderness slinks between the columns and speeds back to its dwelling in the silence. Here, where once lived the rulers of a people, is nothing but eternal quiet; the tumult and the shouting of lost civilizations has passed away, leaving only these unspeaking pillars to add to the silence of the untrodden sands. The priests of that great people have also passed away, but the Voice which spoke to them in the wilderness,—the world's one Voice, may still be heard by moonlight in the sand-strewn aisles of Karnac.

31—The Match

Through the haze of a thousand cigars and cigarettes could be dimly seen the giant forms of the wrestlers. The huge white bodies rose and fell in convulsive movements, and their broad backs, wet with perspiration, glimmered faintly through the smoke. Now their great muscles knotted and strained under the intense effort, and again they sprang apart with amazing quickness or moved about with the agility of a cat, only to grapple again in some terrible clutch. Coarse faces, set and tense with excitement and interest, watched their every move. The rough audience of men hung upon the champions' every motion and applauded this timely clutch or that quick elusive movement by which a deadly grapple was averted. Various factions arose in different portions of the foul-smelling and ill-lighted room and cheered on their particular favorite. Hisses and cries of triumph intermixed with curses and terms of revilement, and here and there a red-faced man would rise and shake his fist at the contestants, only to be pulled back unceremoniously into his seat.

32—The Night Before the Game

An air of suspense hangs over Camp Randall. There is constant movement, bustle, and noise; and the underlying spirit is to get ready, to be prepared for the surprises of the big game.

The trim, white-lined field—to be the cynosure of all eyes on the morrow—presents the appearance of a drying hayfield. "To soften the falls of the players," the mischievous upperclassmen explain to inquiring Freshmen, although the real purpose of this roughly tossed hay is to keep the field in shape for the great struggle with Chicago.

The empty bleachers cluster closely about the oval, extending their limits to the very edges of the field itself. Every available inch is occupied by seats, accommodations for the vast horde of yelling enthusiasts who will transform this bleak scene. Many gateways are arranged for the jostling arrival of the crowd, and markers everywhere glare forth, freshly painted, for the comfort and convenience of the spectators. Workmen pound lustily about the rough pine boards, stopping in anxious groups to scan the threatening sky and to speculate on the outcome of the battle.

At one end of the enclosure, brilliant flashes of cardinal mingle in regulated confusion. Quiet orders, snappy coaching, and the rumble of many feet are borne to the ear. Coach Juneau's squads are working hard in secret practice to defeat their opponents to-morrow. But that very secrecy seems to presage something ominous to the supporter of the team. Without the stimulation of seeing the daily scrimmage, doubts assail him on every side.

The twilight deepens and a chill wind drives heavy, black smoke swirling downward over the field and obscuring the prospect. A mass of dark clouds in the southwest glowers formidably down on the landscape, and night approaches swiftly. What will the daylight bring forth?

33—The Start

With the short, sharp bark of the starter's pistol a slender racing craft tore through the water and passed the red buoy. Before she shot around the point out of sight, we saw the coppery glitter of her engines, the shining yellow of her varnished framework, and the wave of turbulent white foam that boiled up astern; we saw the mechanic and the steersman in brown oilskins—crouching in the stern; and we heard the drawn-out rattle of the machinery

and the hammering throb of the propeller. As she disappeared, the pistol rang out again, and a great green beauty, bow lifted high in the air, darted from the fleet of yachts anchored near the club-house float, and with a roar of engines and a cloud of foam slid off in pursuit of her yellow rival. Close at her heels the third starter glided swiftly and noiselessly. She crept up to the green boat inch by inch, but a quick jerk of a lever and a sudden burst of steam from the stern, and the green boat forged ahead. She made the point at a reckless right angle, her whistle shrieking a strident defiance.

And now came the favorite, an automobile boat; long and low in the water, stripped of superfluous gearing and presenting the appearance of an immense arrow swiftly it shot across the lake. The handicap men had ridden on the waves, bobbing up and down with every swell, but she ran her sharp prow into the billows cast up by the preceding boats and slid through without a toss or roll. Jockeying for an advantageous start she hurled herself toward the red buoy, swerved off, and ran back to her place. At the sound of the pistol she turned abruptly, flinging up a shower of foam, and, with a sudden eager leap that brought half of her long grey body out of the water, made after her opponents.

34—The Military Captain

General Joseph Wheeler believes that the best-dressed soldier is the best soldier. If this opinion is correct, Captain Carson of the staff is an officer of maximum efficiency. He is the incarnation of military preciseness; his personality is totally absorbed in the appearance of his immaculate uniform. An ever-new, olive-drab cap sits squarely upon his head; a form-fitting jacket, with colored medal-ribbons across the left breast, closes tightly around a white linen collar,—a collar that refuses to wither before the fierce attack of the blazing Kansas sun. The full-blown riding breeches are sharply and correctly creased; tapering toward the knee, they vanish just below it into a pair of tightly-fitting, shining tan puttees, the polish of which is rivalled in splendor only by that of the spotless shoes.

As the Captain walks in the sun, he glistens and glitters in the light which is reflected from his gold ornaments. He seems to have just stepped out of the military band-box of tradition,—a "picture-warrior" come to life.

35—A Tammany Statesman

The principal speaker of the evening has arrived. Majestically he stands at the edge of the platform, left foot advanced, right hand in trousers pocket, and on his face the benevolent butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth smile of the political candidate. He modestly motions for silence, but the crowd still roars, the flags still wave hysterically, and the well-known band of the James J. McCarthy Association continues to bray out "America" and "Hail to the Chief" with the glad abandon of men who expect a good drink when it's all over. A lull comes in the storm, but the cry "Hurray for Mulligan, our next assemblyman," from the back of the hall starts the pandemonium of yells again. Once more the flags wig-wag—a wind-swept forest of red, white, and blue. Between howls you hear stray bars of "Tammany" ground out by the perspiring band. Steady volleys of hurrahs are discharged, and a scattering fire of yells. The candidate shifts his feet, takes a glass of water, and courteously but firmly, with the tone of one who will stand no more nonsense, begins:

"My friends,"

And now the thunder subsides. Some call noisily for silence, and drown the speaker's voice; the rest shift their wads of tobacco and settle back to listen. Finally, the last spasmodic yell is strangled, and all eyes are glued upon the platform.

With a gentlemanly sweep of the arm,—that takes in the great field of heads, the patient committee-men on the platform, and his own lithographed portraits on the walls, —the people's choice, in honeyed, ante-election voice, proceeds with his speech.

36—The Sophisticated Girl

I don't think the girl is as fresh and wholesome looking as she used to be. She wears more jewelry, and her gowns

are more elaborate, to be in keeping with her hair, which is fuzzed and puffed out of all natural shape. She has been looking in the mirror, with the result that the complexion the Lord gave her has been improved upon with powders. And therefore she looks more artificially girlish than ever, and her smiling and dimpling and pouting are done more methodically and conscientiously than they were when she was a youngster entertaining crowds of high school boys with an air that was half shy, half modest, and wholly attractive. To-night as she performs her duty of hostess her painstaking courtesy and affected gaiety are not so winsome. She seems to realize this and rattles off the latest comic opera jingles on the piano feverishly and nervously, as if she were running a hopeless race with disagreeable thoughts. She has learned to talk flippantly and smoothly, but at the same time she has lost most of her naturalness and all of her dignity. Things that she wouldn't have listened to before, and that no one would have thought of telling her then, are now only half frowned upon,—she's seen a little of Vanity Fair.

37—First Impressions of Rabindranath Tagore

Chattering voices were hushed, there was an expectant stir—at the back of the room an old man appeared, recognizable immediately as a foreigner. His outer garment was a coat of faded brown; the body underneath seemed frail as if from a life of self-denial. His hair, which was wound about his head, and his long beard, were both beginning to gray; his brown and grizzled countenance was far different from any I had ever seen; only his clear and sparkling dark eyes could not be disguised by the custom of any country.

On being introduced, he stepped quietly forward, with little shuffling steps. For a time he calmly surveyed his audience. His manner seemed a little defiant. When he spoke, his voice was high, rather hard to understand; but the rhythm of his words was perfect. Not until he quoted for the first time from his mother tongue, however, was I completely detached from my surroundings; then the ringing fervor of his speech and the peculiar singing oriental

chant freed me, and I seemed to slip away with him. I saw his Indian people in a life far different from ours, a life in which man was a part of all Nature about, in which man must seek never for advantage over even the lowest thing in Nature's world. It was a life in which all the world was held a real, living, growing thing, in which no thing might grow at the expense of another. I saw how far our own country has departed from that belief. Thus with beautiful, most beautiful words was I carried on. The speaker prepared for his ending, and quickly stopped. I returned suddenly—with the thought that it had been many months since I had heard a speaker cease talking when he had said his say, or less, and while his audience was still pleased with the freshness of his discourse. I arose rather wishing to return to those realms of mysticism; although I had read of them to a slight extent, I was but beginning, through the force of a living personality, to perceive. I wanted to understand it. Yet when I reached the free air, I asked myself: "Could I ever agree with him? Could I ever refrain from wishing to *do something* as *we* do it?"

IV

NARRATIVE

1—A One Night's Camp

The Boy Scouts, an organization of which I was a member, had always wanted to go camping. One afternoon, therefore, we set out, each laden with bedding and grub, and prepared to spend the night out in the open. The place where we intended to go was about three miles distant. Upon our arrival, which was near supper time, we built a fire and cooked the wieners and eggs for our supper. After we had eaten, the scout-master called us together and asked us what game we wished to play. There were various suggestions, but we finally decided upon "Sleepy Tom." We played this game for a couple of hours; and then we made our beds. During the night few slept, there always being some one who wished to annoy those who slept near. About three o'clock in the morning some one heard an owl, and then we all tried to find it. After a fruitless chase we returned, but did not sleep any more that night. In the morning it was a weary crowd of boys who made their homeward journey, and although we all thought we had had a good time, we never again went on a similar trip.

2—How I Spent My Summer Vacation

I left home on the third day of July in the machine, for a small town called Fish Creek. It was a ride of about one hundred and fifty miles. I arrived there the same day, about six o'clock; the ride was uneventful but pleasant.

I spent about two weeks at Fish Creek, and most of the time while I was there I spent swimming, fishing, sailing, and walking. At the end of two weeks I was tired of Fish Creek; so I packed my few belongings and went to a place called Ephraim, several miles north of Fish Creek.

Here I stayed the rest of the summer, and I think it was the best summer I ever spent.

There was a fine crowd of young people there who made things lively most of the time. We had dances in the evening and parties and picnics during the days. If it had not been for the fine crowd of young people that I met there, I should not have spent the rest of the summer at Ephraim.

Of course, the machine added to my pleasure a great deal, because I was able to take a few of my new friends around the country, which was very beautiful, making our rides very pleasant.

Fishing was one of the sports I enjoyed very much. Some mornings we would start out and fish for black bass all day. Nearly every one knows what sport it is to catch bass, and the bass fishing around Ephraim is exceptionally good.

Swimming is another sport that I enjoyed very much. On days that were too hot to do anything else, we would stay in the water nearly all day, swimming and diving and playing water games.

To give a detailed account of my vacation would take a great deal of time, and very likely such an account would not interest many people.

3—A True Romance

In a small village in Northern Michigan a boy was born whose life was destined to be very peculiar and extraordinary. Shortly after his birth the father died, and the child was left solely to the care of his mother. We will call the boy Fred for lack of a better name.

As he grew older, Fred enjoyed his life with his mother. Soon, however, she married again, and then the trouble began. Mrs. Holbrook's sister, Rose, was in love with the man her sister married, and she decided to make trouble if possible. Consequently she took advantage of an occurrence by which she might do something to harm her sister. Meanwhile Mrs. Holbrook knew nothing of her sister's dislike.

When Fred was about four years old, his mother became

seriously ill; whereupon Rose offered to take care of the child until her sister had recovered. Mrs. Holbrook gladly accepted the kind offer, expecting the best of care for her child.

"Now," thought Rose, "is my time for revenge."

After waiting until she found that Mrs. Holbrook would be unable to care for her boy for some time, she departed with him to a city on Lake Michigan. Here she kept him for some time and then took him to an orphan's home, giving the officials to understand that the child's parents were both dead. She changed the boy's name and reported the wrong age.

Some people who were visiting the home were attracted to Fred, and he was taken to their home, where he grew up. Fred's foster-parents lived on a farm and were quite prosperous. It soon became their desire to adopt the boy, who seemed so much one of their own people; but their children objected for fear of his inheriting the property, which they considered their own.

Fred received some high school training, after which he started to attend a university. On finding that his previous schooling did not fit him for this work, he left school and went to work on a farm.

When Fred's mother recovered from her sickness, her first act was to attempt to find her son. She appealed first to her sister, with whom she expected to find her boy. Rose tried to convince her that the boy had been dead for some time, but the mother could not believe it, and a diligent search was made, but no trace could be found by the unhappy mother. She did not give up the search, but it was a number of years before any rumors were heard of his whereabouts. Her two boys by her second husband took up most of her time; so she had little time to spare in searching for her lost boy.

On finding that farm work was not congenial to him, Fred began work on the railroad, where he soon reached the position of engineer. About this time he was married.

One day when Fred's oldest child was about two years old, a man called at the house to see him. Mrs. Hearding told the man that her husband was not at home.

"Will you tell your husband that his mother is in town and wishes to see him?" asked the stranger.

"But my husband's mother is dead," exclaimed Mrs. Hearding. "He has been an orphan for many years."

"It is all a mistake, Mrs. Hearding, for his mother is as much alive as I am. She will be in town to-night, and she will come and see your husband."

"Well, I can hardly believe it, but I will tell my husband about it, and he may do as he pleases."

The man departed, and Mrs. Hearding continued to think about this strange occurrence until she was convinced that it might be true.

When Mr. Hearding returned for dinner, his wife did not rush to the door with the strange news. "For," thought she, "if he hears it first, he will not eat any dinner; so I must wait."

After dinner she told him about the visit of the stranger and the strange news he brought with him. Mr. Hearding could not believe it at first, but his wife convinced him that it might be true.

That night he walked the floor waiting for the door bell to ring. He was very much excited when the telephone rang.

"Your mother is too tired to call on you. Will you please call at her hotel?" were the words that greeted him over the wire.

Hurrying into his coat, Mr. Hearding was soon on his way.

The striking resemblance between mother and son proved so great that no mistake could be made as to his identity.

4—Alice's Elopement

Mr. Clagg and his only daughter, Alice, lived in a large brick house situated on a boulevard in Chicago. Alice's father furnished the house to please her, and never refused her a single thing that money could buy; but she was not satisfied with riches and society.

Alice was soon to be eighteen, and she considered herself old enough to marry John Hannen, a man whom she loved. He had promised to take her with him on a trip abroad,

and, when they returned to America, he said they would live on a ranch in Wyoming. This pleased Alice very much, and she was anxious to go with him, but her father would not let her marry.

The lovers determined to marry without the father's consent. They planned to elope on Alice's eighteenth birthday. On the evening of this day, they were invited to a reception. John and Alice decided that this would be the best chance to leave home because her father would not notice their absence.

Mr. Clagg, his daughter, and her lover, went to the reception together; but, when the guests had all arrived, John and Alice slipped away and hurried home. They entered the house and went to Alice's room to pack her clothes. As they were preparing to leave, they heard a noise in the adjoining room. John immediately went to see what was wrong, and found a man at one of the dressers. They accused him of theft, but he said he was Mr. Clagg's detective. They could plainly see that he was only posing as an employee of her father. Mr. Hannen seized him with a mighty grip, and a close struggle ensued. In the midst of the scene her father entered, and at once cleared matters.

5—Christmas Eve

The little, poor room was cold and dreary on this Christmas Eve. All day long the children had talked about Christmas presents and Santa Claus as they sat at the long table doing factory work. "Do you think Santa will come here?" was the question they asked their poor worn-looking mother. She had always answered with a doubtful look that she hoped so, but she was a little afraid that Santa Claus never went to poor homes. "But," Bobby had put in, "I saw him in the department store the other day and he wrote down everything I wanted. I told Santa to be sure that he should bring me the big engine with the red wheels. Mrs. Barnett in the brick house on the corner was there buying one for her little boy." This brought little cheer to the mother, for she thought only of her one great desire. However, when Bobby had finished, Harold

and Mildred brightened up, for they felt sure that they would get everything for Christmas. With that happy thought in their minds, they hung up their stockings on this Christmas Eve while their mother turned low the gas light. The children soon fell asleep, but the mother tossed restlessly. As she was dropping off to sleep about midnight, a soft knock came to the door. She got up quickly, turned up the light, and opened the door. There stood some young girls from a charity house with candy, nuts, fruits, and toys for the children. But that was not all, for Mrs. Barnett had brought Bobby his desired engine. "How lucky we are," she said as she made ready to lie down again. She did not, however, go back to bed, because a second knock came to the door. This time she was frightened, she knew not what to expect. As she opened the door she saw a large, well-dressed man. "Don't you know me, Marie?" he asked as he embraced her. Of course, she knew him; he was her husband that had been wrongly sentenced, then pardoned, and now was progressing toward wealth. He had come back to free his wife and children from their miserable condition. "How happy we all will be on this Christmas," was all his happy little wife could say.

6—The Luck of the Crescent-Shaped Scar

Little by little the dense fog gradually disappeared, and through it came the soft rays of the morning sun as it gently rose over the noisy waters of Green River. The water sparkled beautifully as the sun rose higher and higher. A thin clearing of about fifteen square rods extended back from the shore. This was completely surrounded on three sides by a thick forest. Tucked under the largest trees was a small, roughly-hewn log cabin. James Caruthers, a bird and insect lover, and his wife, Joan, inhabited this peculiar cabin. During the day, from nine or ten in the morning, as traffic might require, until four or five in the afternoon, Caruthers made trips from shore to shore of the river with his little steam ferry-boat. Because the owner of the boat refused to be bound to work by a schedule, trips were made only when a passenger desired to cross. This work was not done because he liked

it, but simply in order to receive enough money for food, and to add more delicate instruments to his already large collection.

He lay reading from a small notebook under a huge tree whose protecting branches almost covered the little hut.

"Come, James," came the cheery call of his wife, "breakfast is ready."

"In a few minutes, Joan,—I've just noticed by my notes, that the new species of bird which I saw down by Light House Rock will probably be hatched by this morning, and I must run down to take a look at them before breakfast."

On his way to the rock, he met a treacherous-looking negro.

"Top o' the morning to you," said Caruthers, trying to be cheerful,—though inwardly he feared the man.

"Morning," growled the negro, and he passed on.

Caruthers reached the rock, saw that the eggs still remained unhatched, and was about to turn back when he noticed a peculiar form lying on the shore. His curiosity aroused, he walked toward the object, and found it to be a small child about three years of age. He stood over the child for a few seconds. Soon the boy's large eyes opened and closed dreamily as he murmured the words, "Mama—Mama." The child was short and chubby. His tiny head was covered with tiny gold ringlets, and his large, blue eyes were wistful and dreamy. Looking closely at the boy, Caruthers observed that there was a crescent-shaped scar back of his left ear.

"Well, sonny,—who are you, and where did you come from?" asked Caruthers. "By George, you didn't come from near here, that's sure, 'cause I know all the little folks around these parts."

The child did not answer, but cast a pitiful look at Caruthers, as much as to say, "Take me with you, will you?"

"Let's go and have something to eat, shall we?" asked Caruthers, as he tossed the child onto his shoulder.

Joan, looking from the window, saw them approach the hut, and rushed out to meet them. "Why, James,—what have you?"

Caruthers then told of the finding of the child, and sug-

gested that they keep him until his parents should come to claim him.

"Do you realize that to-day would have been little Tommy's fifth birthday, had he lived?" said Joan, the tears streaming down her face. "Let's keep him, and call him Tommy after our own little boy."

Mrs. Caruthers at once set about to feed the child, and make it new clothes. She became so wrapped up in him that more than once she neglected her household duties to care for him. Mr. Caruthers made futile attempts to find the real parents of the child. He devoted much time to him, teaching him much about birds, their peculiarities, and their relation to man.

The child developed into a fine, healthy boy. It was time for him to go to school, for he had reached the age of eight. The Caruthers loved the boy so much that they gave up their work and moved to the city of Chamberlain. Tommy progressed rapidly in his school work. Upon finishing high school, he was awarded a scholarship to attend a state university. The summer before he was to enter the university, Mrs. Caruthers died. Tom and his foster father became closer pals than ever. It seemed impossible for them to be separated. Tom wrote to the president of the university and told him of the wonderful ability of his father as a naturalist and begged that he be allowed to assist in that department at the university. He was given the position.

At the end of Tom's college course he was sent to Johns Hopkins University. From there he was sent out by the United States government to do research work in Central South America. It was necessary that some one should go with him; so he took his father.

. . . . . .

The shrill chatter of the birds told Tom that it was morning. His ears caught a peculiar and strange sound. Thinking that it might be the call of some bird, he rushed toward the direction from which the sound came. As he came nearer to it, he became aware that it was not the sound of a bird, but the moaning of a man. When he reached the place, he saw a large pale negro lying on the ground.

"Water—water," were the words which came from the negro as he lay there.

Tom returned with the water in a few minutes, and set about to make the man comfortable, for he seemed to be in terrible pain.

The negro gazed up at Tom, and caught sight of the crescent-shaped scar back of his left ear. "Boy, who is youse? My God—I believes youse John Blair's son of New York. Dat scaah."

"What, do you know who I really am?" asked Tom breathlessly.

"Yes, sa, I does—I'se almost ready to die; so I suppose I'se might as well tell youse dat I's da one who left youse in da woods about twenty foah yeahs ago. Youah pa, he got sore at me. I got sore too and I'se done gone and kidnapped youah. Say boy—youah pa, he died, and he left all his money to you if youse should evah be found. Boy—youah—pa—had—lots—o'—money." Then the negro fell back in a faint.

Shortly after that the negro died. Tom, being most anxious to know whether or not the tale was true, left for New York immediately. He was identified by the people who remembered the unusual scar. The money at once passed into his hands. He in turn put the money under his foster father's name, for he was so grateful for all that Caruthers had done for him. He also bought many instruments and things which would aid them in their work. After finishing their research work in South America, they returned to the old home near Green River, and together they watched and studied the birds and insects.

7—An Unusual Thanksgiving

Every Thanksgiving day, to my mind, means a day of unusual feasting on turkey and cranberry sauce. In order not to disgrace myself because of eating too much, it is the one holiday that I like most particularly to be at home. When I am at home, it seems much easier to be served the second time. Several years ago, I remember, Mother, my sister, and I were invited to eat Thanksgiving dinner with some friends living in the country. This was to be

my first experience at eating away from home on such an occasion; but as I had heard there was always an abundance of good things to eat in the country, I readily accepted the opportunity.

That winter we had had a great deal of snow, which provided exceptionally good sleighing. Early on that bright brisk morning, we left for our seven or eight mile sleigh ride into the country. It was a day of great festivity for me; mother had promised to let me drive. Just as I had been permitted to take the reins, the horses became frightened at the whistling of a train and jumped, jerking the sleigh sideways and causing it to turn over in a ditch. It happened so very suddenly that no one realized what was taking place until we saw each other nearly buried in the snow banks. Fortunately no one was hurt nor even bruised. The banks of snow were so soft that all three of us sank into them.

As the horse had broken the harness and also the shaft in jumping, it was impossible for us to go any farther. Some people living near by came running out to assist us. They were very kind and offered to do all they could. We went to their house, and our Thanksgiving dinner was eaten with them. Our ride had been long enough, and it was just cold enough to arouse an alarming appetite. Although I was glad to have a place to stay, I must admit that I was sorely disappointed when I found that I should have to eat a Thanksgiving dinner consisting of milk, sausage, and warmed-over potatoes.

8—Potatoes Sold

Jack bounded joyfully into the room where his mother was quietly sewing by the window, and flung his books ruthlessly onto the bed.

"Jack, dear, *please* be a little less noisy. And *do* shut the door when you come in from the cold! If you don't, the whole house becomes chilly."

"Mother! the high school is going to buy twenty-four bushels of potatoes from Sam and me!" burst forth from the boy's reddened lips, with little heed to his mother's protests. "We went straight up to the lunch room after

school and asked Mrs. Turner—she's the lady who manages it—and she said, 'Yes,' and to bring them to-morrow!" All this in one breath.

The following day at the same time brought Jack home from school in a mad hurry, accompanied by Sam and an old, wobbly wagon which had been resurrected from the old wood-shed in which poor Sam used to spend many a lively hour as the result of some foolish prank.

Clumsily, the two boys loaded the sacks of potatoes onto their "4d" and started down the street.

The most serious mishap that befell them was when they were just about a block and a half from the school. Here they encountered Sam's "best girl!" Somebody else was carrying her books home for her, and she would hardly deign to speak to Sam. Sam's face blazed! With a burst of wrath he would hurl the potatoes, wagon and all, at the intruder! But Jack saved the day and also the dignity of his chum's rival, by grabbing the handle of the wagon fiercely and pulling it out of Sam's grasp. Sam turned around just in time to see the girl looking back over her shoulder. A wave of remorse and shame passed over him, and he trudged on toward the school with his head lowered.

This sad episode was soon forgotten in the excitement of being allowed to use a dumb waiter to haul the potatoes up to the kitchen. Jack stood at the bottom and Sam at the top. They could hear each other audibly through the shaft, and together they worked and talked cheerfully. But finally, this new sort of pastime became monotonous; the dumb waiter worked too slowly; and the boys eagerly wished they could be out-of-doors playing foot-ball with the others.

Then a bright thought popped into Jack's head! Wouldn't Sam be surprised? Quietly he watched the waiter slowly moving downward. Noiselessly he stepped into it on tiptoe and pushed the button. When he reached the top, he sprang out with a shout and surprised Sam completely. Sam whirled around on his heel and gave a startled glance at what he expected was a mere peck of potatoes. When he saw Jack, he realized the joke and the monotony of their work was broken for a few moments

by their hearty laughter. Then Sam decided that he would change stations with Jack, and ride down in the dumb waiter. Sam was much the heavier of the two, and the waiter moved more slowly than ever.

After two or three more loads of potatoes had been brought up, Jack yelled down the shaft,

"Come up here and we will try it together."

They got in, pushed the button and started once more. But all of a sudden, the thing stopped,—it was stuck! The boys were cold and cramped. It was totally dark, and nothing could induce the waiter to go either backward or forward. They finally had to call for help, much to their chagrin, and were rescued by a janitor and eight cooks.

9—An Accident

Everything seemed to be against me. To begin with, my uncle had advised against my taking the car across the sand barrens alone. The car was an old one, of the steam variety, and he contended that I should be content to restrict my hunting to the vicinity of Ashland until he could be free to go with me. However, I had had my way, and there we were with one rear wheel off the road, sunk up to the hub in the loose sand of the hillside, just as the last tinges of color from one of those magnificent autumnal sunsets gave way before the white light of the moon. In other words, Bob, my most particular friend, and I, had a walk of some six miles to the nearest telephone, to order a livery rig from home to get us. For our part, we would have stayed with the car all night, but my mother who had come with us must be gotten home somehow.

We had plodded along through the sandy road which wound in and out over sharp ridges and through deep pot-holes for something like three miles when we sat down to rest. Bob had left his shotgun with my mother as a sort of protection, and was carrying one of the side lamps of the auto. We sat on an old charred log gazing into the semi-darkness, each recalling the familiar sight of a bed, spotlessly clean, in a room which was snug and warm,

and simultaneously we shivered, for a night in November in northern Wisconsin is no warm affair.

I sat bolt upright, grasping my shotgun at the same moment. Some animal had gone into that clump of scrub oak. Perhaps it was a deer, possibly only one of those big snowshoe rabbits; at any rate I had shot it whatever it was, for when the echoes of the report had died away, there was a struggle in the bushes and then all was still. In a moment I had found my quarry to be a young wolf! Bob was as excited as myself, and in a very short time we had the pup strung up on a pole and were ready to continue our walk.

In our excitement we had not noticed the approach of an automobile, but now the head-lights were turned full upon us and soon the car drew up to us. It is needless to say that we were pleased to find that my uncle had become worried upon our failure to return by dark and had rented a car from the livery to come in search of us.

Other than a gentle reminder that my elders still had a little better judgment than myself, the scolding which I had expected was not forthcoming. My uncle was even prouder than I of the wolf I had shot. On the trip home my mother was inclined to object to the presence of the wolf in the auto until we told her that that gentleman was worth twenty dollars.

With the bounty on the pelt I bought a rifle, but in all the hunts that Bob and I made to that country during the next year, we never caught another glimpse of a wolf.

10—An Evening's Outing

On a midsummer evening, a group of young people left the Riverside Park dock, on the Fox River, in a launch. They had planned to have a picnic supper at Sunset Point, on Lake Buttes Morts, and the weather was ideal for the occasion. The sun had begun to lower, and its reflections on the water glittered like gold. As they sped up the river they passed many favorite swimming holes, where fellows who had worked in factories all day were being refreshed in the cool water. Before long the launch had left the smooth water of the river, and was riding

on the waves of Lake Buttes Morts. As the golden sun sank in the west, the launch drew up alongside of the pier at Sunset Point, where the jolly crowd that piled out of the launch were met by friends who were camping at Sunset.

The crowd eagerly set to work preparing things for the supper. The boys gathered dry wood and built a fire, and also long sticks on which to roast wieners. The girls prepared the other things and spread them out on the ground around the fire, where each one took care of his share of the good things to eat. When the early evening hours were spent, the crowd went back to the launch, in order that they might get home before the small hours of the morning.

After the good-byes were said to the friends on shore, they began their trip home. As they left the pier they began to notice that it was a dark night. They had not realized it before, for they had been too busy having a good time. The farther they went, the darker it grew. The headlight did not seem to give as much light as it should. The moon was not up, and there wasn't a star to be seen. When they entered the mouth of the river, the light went out entirely. Then they were left as a ship at sea without a chart or compass. Straight ahead of the boat there appeared a light, which they thought might be the light on the bridge two or three miles distant. They kept going straight towards the light and in a few minutes they stopped with a jolt. They had not allowed for the bends in the river, and had run ashore. It seemed as though they had run into a frog marsh, for the frogs were croaking at a great rate. They reversed the engine and tried to back out, but the propeller was wound with weeds and did not seem effective. After shoving the boat out with a couple of oars, they tried to find the channel of the river. This effort was in vain, for at each attempt they landed in a seemingly worse position. At last they found the channel of the river, and instead of returning home, they landed at a summer resort at the mouth of the river. From there they intended to go home on an interurban car which was due in a short time.

First, they telephoned to their folks in order that they might not worry, and then they started on a run to the interurban. Just before they got there, it whizzed by; so they had to walk home. They enjoyed the walk home, and thought they had a fine time; however, they resolved then and there never to take a ride in the launch again after dark when the prestolite tank did not have a reasonably high pressure.

11—A Struggle with the Elements

A dull, gray sky gave promise of a rainy afternoon. A growing north-easter made one's thoughts turn to stories of New England fishing days. The rain which had been threatening, and the wind which was steadily increasing, presently combined to drive the small assemblage of campers into the shelter of a near-by shack. The joyousness of the group did not in the least diminish, but rather grew with the gradually increasing rudeness of the elements. With the approach of darkness, the gale lashed the waters of the lake into a fearful display of unbounded energy. The deafening roar of the waves and the howling of the angry wind only intensified the warmth and snugness of the little shelter, which so happily protected the party.

It was near the hour of midnight when the group dispersed, some fortunate enough to remain in the cozy warmth of their modest shelter. I was one of the number who had to seek shelter elsewhere for the remainder of the night. My tent was fully a mile away. My most urgent and hearty invitation to spend the night with me did not entice even the most adventurous of the group. No unselfish motive, nor desire to afford pleasure to any one of the company gave impetus to my hospitality. There was naught to do but to take my solitary way out into the wild and boisterous night, and battle with the ever-increasing fury of the storm. With a sort of reckless abandon and with the joy of combat spurring my being on to action, I plunged into the darkness. The great waves, crested with white foam, rolled up toward me like greedy demons seeking their prey. The wind drove against me with such violence that I was forced time after time

to stop for breath. And the rain, with stinging force, beat against my face as if it enjoyed being cruel. I gloried in the combat. With a yell that scarcely reached my ears, I again and again lunged forward with a feeling that I was still master.

A dim and hazy cleft among the tree-tops showed me that I had reached my goal. With joy did I climb the path to my lonely tent. What a welcome place it was! Here could I be protected and still enjoy the wild fury of the night. I had no desire to sleep, though I was tired. The waves spent themselves in a deafening roar; the pines creaked and moaned; the fragile tent shuddered like a terror-stricken animal; but I was safe and sheltered and watched the long night pass, until the morning hours brought with them sleep and much-needed rest.

12—A Summer Incident

The task which I have set myself in this essay is to interest my reader in an experience which I had several summers ago. It being an age in which short stories of excellent interest are manufactured by the square yard, this task would, under ordinary circumstances, be difficult to perform. But the circumstances are not ordinary. Every detail here related is perfectly true, and every incident described is an incident which actually occurred. In order not to plunge my reader too abruptly into the narrative, I will attempt to give him some idea as to the location of the spots mentioned.

In the far Northwestern corner of Pennsylvania, within about two miles of Lake Erie, lies the little village of Girard. The country in the immediate vicinity of this village is cut by numerous streams and creeks, the largest and most important of which goes by the name of Elk Creek. During the lapse of centuries this stream has cut its way deep into the rock so that in many places huge cliffs rise sheer to the height of one hundred feet or more and continue without a break for the distance of over a mile. The peculiar formation of these cliffs,—which are noticeable in many places,—as well as the many boulders rolled down by the current, make this an ideal

place to visit for the study of nature It was on one of such trips that an incident occurred which nearly cost me my life.

My father, my younger brother, and I, having tramped a number of miles down the bed of the stream, finally arrived at a point where the cliff seemed comparatively low, being apparently no more than about forty-five feet high. This we decided to climb, as it would be much easier to reach home from the top than to go around. Accordingly we began to scramble up the perpendicular soap-stone wall by means of the protruding ledges. I had reached the height of about thirty-five feet without incident, when suddenly the ledge on which one foot rested crumbled away beneath me, and I was forced to save myself by quickly scrambling to a higher one. But there I found my upward progress arrested for the simple reason that there were no more ledges on which to cling. Of course I immediately decided to descend. But that was impossible, as the only lower ledge within reach had just been broken. I was in a predicament. To climb up was impossible; to climb down was impossible; to remain for any length of time on a thin soap-stone ledge was extremely dangerous. I was plastered up against the side of the cliff in such a way that, if I fell, I must necessarily fall over backwards. Such a fall upon the protruding stone base of the cliff thirty-five feet below meant almost certain death. My father and brother, who had already given up the attempt of scaling the cliff and returned to the bottom, as they began to realize my danger, became greatly alarmed. In the excitement many impossible plans were proposed and attempted, but without result. At last it occurred to my father to send my brother for help to a gang of men working on a railroad nearby. Being of a reckless temperament and somewhat given to bravado, I began to whistle "My Creole Belle" while waiting for his return. The strain of keeping this up soon proved too great and I lapsed into silence. At last one of the gang appeared, bringing an improvised ladder, by which I managed to descend. When at last I reached safety I asked for the time and found that I had been on a brittle soapstone ledge with the fear of death before me for over

three quarters of an hour. Such a long and gruelling test of courage I hope I shall never have again.

13—My First Two Mile Run

It was a beautiful morning when I left Rouve for Waukesha, where the Carroll Interscholastic Meet was going to be held. I arrived there shortly before noon and went to the gymnasium for lunch, after which I took a little nap. It was almost one-thirty when I woke up. I took my hand bag and slowly walked over to the field.

When I arrived there, instead of going down onto the field proper, I sat on the bank and thought about my race. As I looked out I saw the hard rolled track with its white lanes, the white dressing tents which were at the other end of the field, the grandstand decorated with flags and banners and almost filled, and the sun shining down grandly upon everything. While I sat there, I was thinking about the competition I was going to have. I had come up alone and had no one to give me any advice or to encourage me. After a few minutes, I left my place on the bank and went to one of the tents to dress.

Before I had my suit on, I heard "First call for the mile" and soon after, "Last call for the mile." When I heard "Milers, take your marks," I became frightened. I had won the event the year before; so I was a marked man. We all drew our places, and I drew number two. At the crack of the gun, I made a dash for the lead, but was challenged by another man, to whom I gave way. The pace was hard and fast, but I succeeded in staying in second place. When the gun was fired for the last lap, I put every effort forward and sprinted. Now the fast pace told on the other men and I finished first.

I was tired after the race and went back to my tent to rest up for the half-mile. When the half-milers were called to their marks, I was also there. The half-mile, however, was just like the mile, and I succeeded in winning it, which gave me a total of ten points.

I had already turned to the dressing room when a young fellow from Racine told me to run in the two-mile and try for individual honors.

"Dave has eleven points, and if you get a third place you'll have twelve, and there's a dandy cup for individual honors," he said.

"Oh, gee, I can't run any more. I can hardly breathe now, and besides I haven't ever run two miles," I replied.

"Oh, sure you can. I'll get some of the boys to rub you, and now lie down until the race starts," he said, leaving me.

I really didn't want to run, but the picture of that cup was in my mind. "I can only try," I thought. So I rested up after having a good rub.

I had walked over to the start, and was waiting for the race to begin. Just before the last call was given, I jogged up and down the track to limber up.

"Two-milers, go to your marks!"

"Get set!"

"Crack,"—and we were off. I managed to get up in third place, and took a steady pace. The first quarter was soon passed, but each succeeding one was longer. After we had finished the mile, I looked back and saw there were only four in the first group. The fifth lap was a long one. My legs were getting weak, cold sweat was running down my back, and my stomach was beginning to pain me.

"Two more to go," were the encouraging words from the starter as we finished the sixth lap. Much to my surprise, I noticed the second man slipping back, and I moved up into second place. As we came up past the grandstand, I heard the people applauding us.

"Crack!"

I knew the last lap had started. Because of habit, I got up on my toes, and tried to sprint, but the other races had tired me. We had passed the second turn and soon the two-twenty mark was passed. I tried once more to pass the leader and succeeded when he was taking the third turn. I rounded the fourth turn ahead of him. I could see the tape, but it appeared so far away. I heard cheering, but couldn't tell from where it was coming. The lanes were wavering. The shadow of the man behind me was coming up closer. I had twenty yards to go. I tried hard. My eyes closed, and I made a final effort. I

struck something and had to stop. When I woke up, the first man I saw was the man who had made me run my first two-mile hard enough to win.

14—A Narrow Escape

At the time, Henry was only seven years old. His two older brothers had traps set down the river, and every morning they went to see if anything had been caught in the traps. Henry had always wanted to go with them. As it was winter, he was not permitted to go. One morning Henry saw his brothers go, and he carefully followed them. He tried to keep out of their sight while he was near home because he knew that they would send him back if they saw him. After they had gone about a mile, Henry was discovered by his brothers. They tried to send Henry back, but he would not go, and instead kept on following them. Just as Henry was walking over a railroad bridge a train came into sight. When Henry saw the train he did not know what to do. His oldest brother shouted back for him to jump. Henry hesitated a second, but finally he jumped. He jumped a distance of about twenty-five feet, and it is a miracle that he was not greatly injured. After his jump Henry was allowed to go with his brothers for that day, but ever after especial care was taken that he should not follow his brothers again.

15—A Lesson

Johnny, although only eight years old, continually wanted to go out on the pond in his father's old rowboat. His parents did not wish him to go out on the pond alone, but they often took him for rides in the boat. Johnny was frequently allowed to row, and he thought that he was fully capable of handling the boat alone.

One afternoon his parents left the house, and Johnny was home alone. They gave him strict orders not to go near the pond. After his parents had been gone a while, Johnny ventured near the pond. The boat looked inviting to him, and he thought that he would go and sit in it. He soon grew tired of just sitting in the boat, and longed

to go out on the pond. At last he pushed the boat off the shore and started rowing. He had a good time rowing about, but in trying to pick a water lily, he lost an oar, and as he did not know how to row with one oar, he was in a fix. He commenced to cry because he thought that he would have to stay out on the pond for a long time.

In the meantime, his parents returned home and found Johnny and the boat missing. Getting another boat, Johhny's father started out in search of his son. He found him after it had grown dark, and Johnny was very glad to see his father. After that Johnny never cared to go out in the boat alone; he did not even care to go out with his father.

16—The Winning Basket

Paul Gibbons was not a regular member of the high school basket-ball team. He was only a substitute. But just before one of the big games the captain of the team became sick, and Paul was to take his place. The chances for the high school to win were slim, because Paul was not thought to be a very good player.

In the contest the game was hard fought, and at the end of the second half the score was a tie. The officials decided that the teams should continue to play until one or the other should get a field basket. For some time the teams battled without any one's being able to score, but at last Paul from about the middle of the floor managed to throw the ball through the basket. It was mostly an accident that the basket was made, but it counted and won the game for the high school. After that Paul became a regular on the team, and won many other games for the high school.

17—The Double Scoop

The hour for sending copy down to the machines was drawing near, and the reporters were all busily engaged in writing up their assignments for the afternoon edition of the *Mirror*. The clicking of the typewriters was heard above the humdrum of the noise in the street below the

office, and the shirt-sleeved men, with cigarettes lying on their desks, were grinding out the news for the big city. The women on the staff were off in one corner of the office, and were as busy as the men in working up their particular contribution to the daily. The main single personage in the office was the managing editor, who at this moment was leaning back in his chair, with a big black cigar protruding out of the corner of his mouth, and with his eyes shut, giving him the look of one deep in thought.

He was rudely brought to his feet by the inrush of a young reporter with an old-fashioned "scoop." This young man, with copy held above his head, cried out that he had the first-hand "dope" on the big city hall scandal. The editor snatched the paper out of the reporter's hands and read. His face became as white as snow and his hands trembled to such an extent that the paper audibly rattled. He turned to his assistant and told him to hurry it through the press, and to get out an "extra." All was hustle in the office now, and one ambition urged on the men, to "get the jump" on the other evening dailies. Copy was sent down to the setting-up machines faster than usual, and an extra force of men to work the machines hurried through the sentiments of the coatless men in the office upstairs.

Within half an hour the newsies on the streets were proclaiming the news broadcast, of the "big city hall scandal." People were riding home on the "L's" and subways as usual, but they had a new topic to talk about. All sorts of conjectures were offered as to what had become of the money which the indicted city hall official had confessed to have taken. The question vitally concerned the editor of the *Mirror*. He did not have anything to do with the getting out of the paper, but went quietly about clearing up things on his desk, and leaving word as to the assignments for to-morrow. He left the office early and went home.

Upon reaching his home he went to a room upstairs, and soon a shot rang out, which brought to the *Mirror* a double scoop for the day. The editor was a brother of the indicted embezzler, and with the confession came the

ruin of the newspaper man, who would be held as an accomplice in the case and would be financially of no account in the world after the case was over. The paper received a shock, which was felt throughout the staff, even down to the little printer's devil, but in spite of the loss of one they liked to work for, the big daily again put out an edition, which told the world that they were more vitally interested in the case than they at first thought when news of the scandal was announced through their columns.

18—Between the Wheels

The glaring eye of the oncoming locomotive far up the tracks cleaved a path of light through the darkness, and glinted along the rails. I climbed the embankment and waited for a ride into town. On every side of me stretched miles and miles of sagebrush-covered sand-dunes, which, except for an occasional settler, were inhabited only by toads and lizards. The night was quiet; only a faint wind brushed my cheek, and stirred my hair. I seemed the only living thing in that expanse of waste, except the monster which was fast approaching.

The engine puffed by me, and I strained my eyes in the darkness to see the steps of the cars. Looking over my shoulder in order to see the ladder when it approached, I sprinted alongside. As a car went by, I grabbed for the steps. My fingers fastened on the iron rod, but I had underestimated the speed of the train. Around between two cars I swung, and one hand was wrenched loose. There I dragged face upward, one straining hand gripping the iron rung, and my feet bumping along the ties on each side of the rail. I tried to pull myself up, but my strength was inadequate. The train sped on. It seemed every minute that my hand would be jerked loose, and that I should be ground to bits under those crushing, grinding wheels. I was helpless to aid myself. I dragged along through the darkness, the only ones who could help me unconscious of my existence; all I could do was to hang on until my strength gave out, and then drop beneath the wheels. One mighty effort I made, however;

turning slightly, at the risk of losing my hold, I drew myself up until my left hand scraped the side of the car, but a sudden lurch jerking me over, I fell back nearly exhausted. A rush of sick despair filled me, and I believe I felt all the bitterness of death.

One hope I had, but so small a one that I counted on it little; occasionally the train stopped for water at the tank below. Blindly, and almost exhausted I clung. Gradually I ceased to feel my battered feet and ankles, and became unconscious of my straining arm. I heard only the rhythmic *click, click,—click, click—click, click—click, click*—of the wheels over the rails. It rose into my consciousness, and I took a sort of childish interest in listening to it. Time ceased. I was in a void of blackness, vibrating to that *click, click—click, click.* A shriek penetrated the blackness, and awakened a vague understanding that it meant hope. The clicks became slower and slower, the shrieking continued, and finally, with a hissing of air, they both stopped. I dropped across the rail, dumbly rolled over, and slid, with a scattering of gravel, down the embankment.

19—Adrift in a Storm

The boat rolled down the creaking rollers and struck the water with a splash which broke sharply upon the stillness of the air. One foot on the rickety pier, the other on the stern, I stopped for a moment to observe the strained condition of nature about me. The sun which had been beating down so fiercely all afternoon was now being smothered by a series of threatening black and purple clouds, through which his pale rays fought their way at intervals, only to retire again as if choked behind the velvet folds. Strangely enough, however, it was impossible to experience any relief from the oppressiveness and sultriness which had been stifling us as with a blanket throughout the entire day. Far out on the glassy surface of the lake lay a little launch, her white form sharply outlined on the deep-blue smoothness of the water. It was to this launch that my chum had paddled in the forenoon, and goaded on by his taunts that I dared not do

the same, I now prepared to disregard the counsel of my parents. Even my blindness could perceive that a terrific storm was approaching, but with the optimism of childhood I imagined I should have plenty of time to carry out my venturous undertaking.

With a sudden push the frail craft shot out straight as an arrow towards the launch, leaving at her stern a bubbling vortex of foam on the dark lake. At each stroke the paddle dipped and then rose from the water, sprinkling as with rain drops the placid surface beneath it. The trees along the bank began to lose their individuality, and soon the launch appeared so near that I could distinguish the letters L O L A daubed in flaming crimson on the stern. My confidence and satisfaction growing greater with each stroke, I was relaxing for a moment my strenuous efforts when a jagged line of foam on the water far to the east struck my heart with a sickening sense of fear. In the same moment a swirling gust of wind whipped the water between me and the shore, followed a second later by other gusts until the black surface was ruffled and furrowed as far as the eye could see. With the first squall the boat had jerked her head about, and only my most frantic efforts were able to point her again towards the launch, which I now resolved must be a haven of refuge to me. In the squalls which followed, I found to my despair that the most desperate wielding of the oaken paddle was without avail to check the skiff, which seemed almost to leap from the water in her mad rush before the gale. The white-caps, which at first had seemed so far away, tore with the speed of an express-train across the water, catching up the frail boat and rolling her helplessly to and fro in their choppy troughs. As I was hurled by a wild lurch against the gunwale, my paddle was torn from my hands and in an instant was carried by a wave far out of reach; when I stretched convulsively over the side to recover it, my straw-hat, too, was blown over the edge and whirled here and there on the surface of the waves, until, water-soaked, it sank lower and lower into the water.

Now I perceived for the first time the alarming velocity with which I was drifting towards the rock-bound preci-

pices on the western bank, where I could see the huge waves dashing their foam against the stony cliffs, to be thrown back with a shock which sounded ominously in my ears. For a moment I sank limply into the bottom of the boat, but then succeeded in shaking myself from this cowardly stupor. In a despairing glance toward land I saw the beach almost black with people gesticulating wildly and rushing frantically along the shore to keep even with my mad rush to destruction. One tiny shell after the other I saw push out from the piers, toss helplessly about on the raging expanse of waves, and finally give up the unequal battle with the elements. I shuddered at the growing closeness of the cliffs and tried to yell for help, but my voice stuck fast in my throat, and I realized the absolute hopelessness of making my feeble cry carry over the roar of the waves. Just when I was about to drop into the bottom of the boat again and wait helplessly until I heard the crash of rocks against the bow, I saw with joy a boat making her way slowly but surely towards me from the opposite shore. Now visible on the crest of a wave, now swallowed up in a vast trough, urged on by the sturdy arms of four practiced rowers, she could not be deflected from her patient march by all the blasts and white-caps of the tempest. How the rescuers drew alongside, dragged me clumsily over the gunwale, left my boat to dash herself to pieces against the rocks, and finally deposited me safe upon the solid ground, I can remember but through a mist, so overcome was I by mingled feelings of nausea and of blessed thankfulness.

When my knees were able to stand once more without caving in against each other, I thanked my rescuers, whose homely features appeared positively handsome in my eyes, and started out upon my two-mile journey through the mud and drizzling rain. Running every step of the way in my anxiety to reassure the family at home, I was oblivious alike to the stinging epithets and scoldings of the cottagers, who may well have suffered as much from fright and nervous tension as I myself, and to the admiring looks and whisperings of the urchins, whose idea of hero-worship was not yet a very noble one. As I stumbled at last over the threshold of our little cottage, which never

before had assumed such an air of friendly greeting, I fell a dripping mass of mud and brambles into the comforting hollow of my mother's lap.

20—A Surprise

Ruth finished her studying about nine o'clock, and, blissfully pulling her bath-robe around her, settled down to her "New Arabian Nights" with a clear conscience. She became more and more interested and more and more immersed in the actions of Prince Florizel, when she heard a low purr beside her chair, and, looking down, saw her large angora cat preparing to spring onto the desk. Pretty Timbo was the favorite of the family, but Ruth was too much concerned with suicides and murders to be interested in a prosaic cat. She caressed him preoccupiedly and, turning his head toward the door, gave him a gentle pat to indicate that his company was not wanted. He stalked majestically away, his voluptuous tail waving in the air as much as to say that he, indeed, depended not on Ruth for companionship, that he had been doing her a great honor by visiting her, and if she scorned this honor—very well. Ruth called down to her brother to put the cat in his box in the cellar for the night and then sank back contentedly into the company of grave-snatchers.

Half an hour later this same brother strolled into Ruth's room on his way to bed and pulled her hair by way of diversion. As this did not evoke any sign from his sister he strolled good-humoredly out again. About ten o'clock Mrs. Pugh came in to tell her daughter it was time for bed. The girl nodded absent-mindedly and read on as soon as her mother was out of the room. At half-past ten, just before turning out his light, Mr. Pugh called over to Ruth and informed her seriously that direful things would befall her if she were not in bed in fifteen minutes. She laughed and stopped reading long enough to answer that she would be in bed and asleep in a minute, but of course she had to finish that story. She did not look to see what the length of the story was; and, as it happened, it was very long, and she was just beginning it.

She read on and on, thrilling with pleasurable horror

at the doings of those queer men. The back of her neck grew stiff, which she knew meant that she was tired. She wondered what time it was, but her watch was across the room and she had not heard the clock strike. She put back her head and stretched and yawned, then jumped a little as though startled, and sat listening intently. There was a strange buzzing out there on the stairs, she thought. Immediately the old grandfather-clock struck twelve, and she laughed at herself for not remembering that it always whirred in that way before striking. As the story was almost at an end, and the hour was already so late, she thought she might as well go ahead and get the affairs of the story-people satisfactorily settled. She began to read once more and then started violently as a window near at hand seemed to be yielding to some one's efforts to open it. She trembled an instant, but quieted herself by remembering that the storm-window in her mother's room was loose and apt to rattle. However, her nerves were tense, and, though she tried to be unconcerned, her ears were straining to catch all the little night noises of a house, trying to distinguish among them something sinister. As a man passed, out-of-doors, whistling shrilly, she shivered. Then she began to feel a desperate desire to look behind her. This she would not let herself do, deeming it rather a foolish, cowardly thing. But the whole air seemed to become living. She knew there were millions of eyes watching her. On the swimming, vibrating atmosphere of the room she could actually feel a hand descending upon her neck. This was beyond her endurance, and she turned sharply. Everything seemed to leap guiltily back into place, and large black shadows slid around the door.

Ruth gazed intently until she saw that all really was quiet and normal. Then, rather sheepishly, keeping her face turned towards that blackness behind her, she moved an armchair into the corner by her desk so that it faced the doors of her room. As she started to sit down, there was a sharp creak of a board in the hall. She stood rigid, one hand on the chair, her eyes glued on the half-shut doors. But nothing more happened, she relaxed a little and sat down. She read on in peace until the story

was within a page or so of the end;—then, of a sudden, her whole body started, her heart seemed to jump into her throat, her head thundered. There was no mistaking it this time. Some one was coming up the back stairs, softly and stealthily. There seemed to be nothing in the whole world but her pounding heart, her taut body with its straining ears, and that soft sound coming up the stairs. Oh, there! The door at the top creaked. It had been pushed open. The cautious footsteps continued, then stopped an instant. Once more they began. Now they were coming rapidly towards Ruth's own door. The threshold would creak when it was stepped on. There, it did! Ruth's body seemed to be burning. Her eyes were fixed on the door with an intensity sufficient to pierce it. It moved back slightly—and stopped. It was given a quick push, and into the room leapt—Timbo.

21—Reforming Billie

Billie was in his element. He sat on the floor of the boat in front of the four-cylinder engine surrounded by nuts and bolts and oil-cups and spark-plugs and needle-valves and other motor incidentals. The Bishop and myself sat in the stern and admired the "deep-blue sea." The fishing trip had been Billie's suggestion; the Bishop was my own. After listening to Billie's language for a week, it seemed imperative that for the good of Billie's soul some refining influence be introduced into his little fishing trips—and as the Bishop happened along rather opportunely, he was given first tryout.

"Water—water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" chanted Billie. I had offered to help him when the engine stopped, but he absent-mindedly wiped his greasy hand on my new duck trousers, and I retired. A man who would deliberately wipe his hands on some one else's trousers when he had a nice new pair of overalls for that very purpose, didn't deserve any help from anybody! Billie took it for granted that the Bishop wouldn't know anything about an engine. He sent him aft with orders to "make himself to home"—which he accordingly did,

with the lunch basket. About every four minutes Billie would give something a final wrench and crank up a few times. Sometimes it said "Who-o-o-s-sh," but generally it said "Click Shir-r-r-," with especial emphasis upon the click. Once, after Billie had done something to the pump, it said "Bang!"—but he said that was because he had forgotten to tighten up the in-take valve—whatever that is—and the compression got too high. Several times Billie said things beneath his breath; once he hit a thumb instead of a rivet, again he lost a nut into the hold, and had to bail out two barrels of water before he could find it, but we pretended not to hear him.

Billie came up red and dripping.

"Hey, you," he said. "Rig a sea anchor out there, will you? We don't want to drift clear across the Gulf, y'know."

He waved an arm toward the bow. I didn't know what a sea anchor was—furthermore I didn't like the idea of going out on that slippery deck. The water sucking by like that always gave me a creepy feeling. I loved this little old world too much; pearls and coral strands didn't appeal to me; I preferred to die a natural death. I told him so.

"Say!" he began. "Of all the dad gad blasted—" He looked at the Bishop, swallowed hard, and went forward mumbling something about landlubbers and laziness. He threw the anchor over with a great splash, and forgot to fasten the other end of a fifty-foot Manilla cable. But he came back and took the carburettor to pieces without a word. Verily, how mighty is the Church's influence! I resolved then and there to abduct a Bishop for every fishing trip. It would really make Billie into a respectable human being instead of a deep-sea pirate. Billie placed the crank very carefully upon the rail and stood up.

"There," he exclaimed. "Carburettor's O. K., spark-plugs are sharp—cups are full—gasoline tank ditto—cylinder's cool—if th' d— em—darn thing won't go now, I don't know what th' h— heck will happen." He reached for the crank.

Splash!

Billie rushed to the side. Far, far down into the clear green water a bit of steel flashed and re-flashed in ever-deepening circles.

"D—n!" Roared Billie. He threw the oil can after it. "There goes the crank over board!"

He looked around just in time to meet the horrified eyes of the Bishop. He reddened—spluttered—caught himself just in time.

"I—I beg your pardon, Bish," he stammered. "That was enough to make a saint swear!"

A twinkle came into the Bishop's eyes. He took another bite of his cheese sandwich.

"James," he said, solemnly, "I guess I'll have to absolve you this time. It was tough luck." He looked across the blue-green water. "If you'll look in my bag over there, you'll find another crank. I looked over your boat yesterday, and I thought you might need it."

He took another bite of the sandwich.

"And say, James," he added, as an after thought. "If you'll promise not to swear any more—why—er—if I were you, I'd close that switch over there. It's been open ever since we stopped."

22—Within the Russian Pale

"I WANT to go where the music is," cried my little sister Annuschka.

"Not to-day, dear," I replied. "This is a holiday, and Jews are not allowed to go to the Platz Parade. We can only sit on the doorstep and watch the people go by."

Annuschka looked at me with large, wondering eyes, full of that understanding that comes early to the Jewish child who has learned the cruelty of the Russian Pale.

We sat down on our doorstep, but the music came tantalizingly from across the street. Who can resist Slavic music! It stirs wild, unutterable longings in young and old, to be free, and to laugh, and sing, and dance.

Gaily dressed townspeople in long lines were proceeding towards the Platz Parade. This was a large garden in the center of the town. It was surrounded by a high fence of palings, painted black. Thickly planted lilac bushes and

double rows of trees just inside formed an effectual screen against all who would peer in. The garden was laid out in gorgeous flower beds, with broad, pebbled walks between. There was a fountain in the form of a huge dragon that terrified yet fascinated the children. Along the walks were comfortable benches, and little refreshment booths peeped out of the greenery. Then there was a wide open space—Vilkomir was a garrison town—where soldiers drilled on special occasions, and which gave the park its German name of Platz Parade. A military program was scheduled to-day. We had seen the troops march in, the officers in gay uniforms, bands playing, colors flying—a brave showing.

"Oh, there goes Maryanka Groschensky and her mother," cried Annuschka, jumping up. "Can't we go with them? Perhaps the guard will let us in. I want to see the soldiers fight."

"Oh, Madame Groschensky," we called in one breath, as we ran up to her, "can't you take us with you to the Platz Parade?"

"My child, I wish I could," she replied. "But it is impossible to-day, I am afraid. A soldier with a bayonet stands at each door and does not let Jews in. If you would only believe in the Holy Virgin, you could go in with us; and you could go to school with Maryanka. It's too bad your mother is so stubborn."

"Excuse me," I answered with dignity, "but my mamma says I must be glad I am Jewish, and not care if I can't go to school with Maryanka. But I wish we could go to the Parade to-day. Annuschka wants to see the soldiers fight, and I want to see the dances."

"Well, come along, children," said Madame Groschensky.

I carefully rearranged Annuschka's curls. Once a guard had turned his head away while we sneaked in, because Annuschka's eyes and curls reminded him of his own little girl.

"Do these children all belong to you?" the *gendarme* asked harshly.

Madame Groschensky hesitated. "Well, no."

"Ah, I see, the Leavitt children. I know them. They can't come in; no Jews allowed to-day."

With these words he pushed us aside, while Maryanka and her mother passed through the gate. "Good-bye," called Maryanka. "Believe in the Holy Maria," called out her mother, "and you can then come in."

We turned away, but not discouraged.

"Let's go to another door," I said. "There are four doors, and maybe we'll find a good *gendarme.*"

We ran around to the second gate hoping that the guard would not recognize us. But he turned us away. We were too well known. My mother was a revenue collector of the town and often took us to court. But although the judges pinched our cheeks and pulled our curls, and policemen touched their hats to us, no exception to the exclusion rule was supposed to be made.

We ran to the third and the fourth doors, but the guards were unyielding. Annuschka's face fell, and her big brown eyes were moist with tears. The music and the laughter that came from the park filled her little heart with a longing to be inside with her many playmates.

A sudden thought came to me. Why not do what I had seen my mother do sometimes? When we went to court on business, she carried packages of *paproschkes* (cigarettes) of excellent quality, and these she handed out to the *attachés,* single packages to some, two or more to others. And how they would smile and bow to her then! And one would insist on carrying her portfolio, and another would take me by the hand, and a third would open the doors for us. With a limitless supply of *paproschkes* and *vodka* one can do wonders in Russia.

Perhaps some *paproschkes* would make the guard smile and bow and open the doors of the park for us. I knew just where my mother kept them—in the little upper drawer of the commode. I rushed into the house. No one saw me. In a moment I was outside again, with three blue packages in my pocket. Clasping Annuschka's hand once more I ran with her to the first gate. A few stragglers, who had been barred for some reason or other, were standing around. I slipped up to the gate-keeper, and deftly, so that no one else could see, showed him what was in my hand. His eyes gleamed interest, but after one

glance at the loiterers, he turned away and shook his head. "Na," he muttered.

We ran to the second entrance, where I repeated the performance of revealing my palm with its precious contents, but only got "Nit, nit, galuptschiks." ("No, no, my dears.") Still undismayed we reached the third gate, and I again presented my palm invitingly. The guard looked furtively around, although not a soul was near; then, with a quick movement of his hand, he smilingly transferred the precious packages to his pocket, while Annuschka and I darted through the gateway and into the midst of the dance and the music.

23—In the Firelight

"Oh, it is so good to have you at home again, dear, even though I know that it is only for a few days. Almost every evening I sit here by the grate-fire waiting for your father, and shut my eyes, trying to pretend that my daughter is in the big chair opposite, bent over a book, and not away off at college. But it is hard work even with my eyes closed, because, you see, I can never quite make myself forget that the chair *is* empty."

Marjorie leaned over and took her mother's hand.

"I know, Mother mine, I have tried and tried to make you sit beside me at dinner-time in the big dining-room with all its chatter; but you will never stay. You are always turning up, instead, in the little blue dining room at home, with Grandma's white head on your right, and Bob's face alight with an impish grin as he remarks, 'Gee! I wish you'd seen the substitute we had at school to-day, Dad'; and then I swallow hard and plunge desperately into the funniest funny story I know."

Understandingly mother and daughter smiled at each other. Then both fell into a sweet, intimate silence as they gazed into the glowing coals. Suddenly Marjorie broke the stillness.

"Speaking of Bob, Mother,—how he is growing up! Why, he's two inches taller than I already and so important now that he is in high school. When I left home he wouldn't look at a girl either, and now—"

"Yes, now," finished her mother, "it's 'Jean' this and 'Bess' that and 'Dorothy' something else! And he's reached the stage, too, where he wants to learn to dance," she added, with a troubled frown.

Marjorie looked up quickly. "You are going to let him, Mother?"

Slowly the older woman shook her head. "No, dear, your father feels that it is not best, just as he always has."

"I don't see why, Mother; I don't see why! I have been dancing a little bit at school this year,—you told me I might, you know, if I still wanted to,—and I cannot see any harm in it,—I cannot!"

Wearily the mother sighed. "Why go through the whole question again, dear? You know your father's views. And especially with his position in the church he feels that it would be ill-advised, that there would be a great deal of criticism."

"Bother the criticism!" came the impatient reply. Then after a pause in which both women stared motionless into the heart of the fire, the young voice rang out sharply! "Listen to me, Mother! Bob will do it anyway! I didn't! I am a girl! and I have done what you wished all this time until I left home and you told me I might dance if I cared to. But Bob is a boy. And if he wants to dance, he will dance! He'll do it anyway!"

Abruptly the voice ceased, and in a moment the mother's answer came firmly and a little coldly.

"No, Marjorie, I think you are mistaken. I do not believe that Robert will ever dance without our consent."

Again silence settled down upon them—a heavy, uncomfortable silence this time, that was hard to break. Outside the windows the twilight deepened; inside, the gloom darkened to night except where the tiny, flickering flames threw dancing shadows across the polished floor. Over both faces hovered a hurt look of pain and misunderstanding. Slowly the moments passed. Then the mother spoke gently.

"You see, dear, your father wants Robert to wait awhile until he is sure of what he is doing. He is so young yet. How can he know what is right and wrong! But

if, when the boy grows older—old enough to judge for himself—and still wants to dance and feels that there is no harm in it," she sighed, "why, then—"

"Yes, then," broke in the girl's voice passionately—"then you will say, 'Go ahead and dance'; and I know well enough what that means.—You are a girl. You go away to college. You are out of things from the very beginning. Everybody dances; you don't. Every one stares in surprise at you and exclaims, 'You have never danced? Why, how very odd!' You make up your mind to learn. One of the girls takes you in hand. You go to your first dance, a mixer or something, where anybody is welcome. You are awkward and uncomfortable. Everybody seems to be looking straight at you, and everybody else 'knows how.' It is no wonder that your partner thinks you a 'perfect stick'!"

"And then," she hurried on, utterly oblivious in her earnestness of the growing pain and sorrow on her mother's face, "perhaps later, some one invites you to a dance,—a real dance! You are too happy for words, and then with a shock you remember the blundering steps and smile coldly, 'I am very sorry, Mr. Williams, but I do not dance.'"

Hands clenched together in her lap, the mother sat and listened dully to the cruel young voice.

"Then you are determined that you *will* learn. But there is so much to do,—you are overwhelmingly busy and the other girls are busy too. Gradually you stop going even to the mixers. You don't meet any men outside the class-room. You stay in your room and study while the other girls have a gay time. And they call you a grind! Oh," the voice rose shrilly, "it's a mistake—it is not fair! I say, let Bob dance! Let him—"

"My dear, my dear!" breathed the older woman, wincing.

With a startled glance the girl looked at her mother and then with a cry was on her knees beside her.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, I didn't mean to hurt you! I wouldn't have said it for the world if I had thought. What a brute I am after all your goodness to me too—"

"Hush, dear, hush," whispered her mother, gathering her close. "I am so glad you did tell me. I'll talk the matter

over with your father again. There, I hear his step on the porch now. Run and open the door."

24—A Curve or Two Unpitched

Somewhere in the region of the rhubard-bed, just showing behind a wide and juicy leaf, two brown ears rose and fell in even rhythm, while the humped end of a shaggy back, supporting a rapidly propelling tail, kept even time. Now and then a cautious head rose above the edge of the leaf, and two innocent dog eyes gazed unconcernedly on the world about. Then the head disappeared, and a clod of earth shot upward. Mugwumps was burying a bone.

"Whee-ee-eee-ee-eee!"

Head, ears, tail came instantly erect.

"Whee-ee-eee-ee-eee! Here Mugsie, Mugsie, Mugsie."

A compact brown cannon-ball shot with one bound over the rhubarb plants, catapulted between the currant bushes, circled the chicken-yard fence, cleared the low privet hedge with one leap, and precipitated itself with a joyful yelp on the corduroy knees of a boy who stood in the cinder-path.

"Hi, Mugs, where you been?" Then as a very dirty black muzzle began to rub itself surreptitiously on the grass,

"Oh, Mugu-u-umps, buryin' another bone? Did you—look me in the eye now—did you bury that in Mam's flower bed, in the marigold bed? 'Cause if you did—" An image of dire and awful consequences rose for a moment before boy and dog.

With sheepishly drooping head, limp ears, and a half-masted tail, the victim waited for his master's sentence. But already the boy had relented. Shifting a large shiny red box, carefully tied with two rows of white string, from one grey flannel arm to the other, he stretched out a kind little hand.

"Say, Mugs, let's go sit on the logs and think about to-night. Gee, it don't seem's though it really was to-night, does it? Le's see. He asked me last scout meeting. That was Tuesday, and to-night's Friday,—Wednes-

day, Thursday,—three days. Don't it seem like about a year to you?"

A pile of old cedar logs, thrown together in a place which commanded a view of every interesting point in the yard, but screened from the house in late spring and summer by a grape arbor,—was ever a more delightful place devised for a thirteen year old boy and his dog to tell one another secrets? The old arbor in days gone by had heard many a weighty secret pass from the heart of the boy to the ears of the dog, for Mugwumps was a boy's dog, a real boy's dog, and he was the only "pard" Arthur had ever had.

The next to the top log was shaky, and tipped back and forth with a delightful motion, suggestive of ships in storms at sea. Seated on this, with his precious box beside him and Mugwumps on the ground below, Arthur clasped his well-worn corduroy knees and heaved a sigh of infinite joy and satisfaction.

"Annie said it was quarter o' seven by the kitchen clock when I came out. Just fifteen minutes more! No, ten, 'cause Mr. Collins said to come at seven, and it'll take me five—no, it won't either—well, anyway we can *start* to get ready to go in ten minutes. Come on up, Mugsie, that's the boy. Say, old feller, don't you just feel too good to live? Don't you feel's though you'd bust in just about a minute?"

Mugsie settled his extraordinary length of hind legs more comfortably on the wobbling logs, and waved his tail over the edge in perfect agreement. Arthur rubbed a caressing hand up his "pard's" back the wrong way, and continued.

"He might 'a' asked Bill, 'n he might 'a' asked Red,—Red's an awful good pitcher,—but he didn't, he just picked out me." Awe made the child's voice almost husky. "Say, Mugsie, why do you s'pose he took me 'stead of them? I'm not as big 's Bill is, nor I don't talk a lot like Red does, but he just came up to me after scout meeting, and I think he put his hand on my shoulder." The soft blue eyes grew thoughtful. "I was so sort of tremblin' and shiv'rin' all over, I don't know just what

he did do. He's so tall, 'n straight, and he's got such 'n athletic build, like—like—well—almost like Christy Matthewson. Guess what he said then, old feller."

In answer the soft brown head pressed gently down on the corduroy lap. Arthur placed his hard little palms on either side of his "pard's" head and raised it so that the sympathetic dog's eyes gazed into the dreamy blue ones of the boy.

"He said, 'Oh, Arthur, your team wants to beat the Hareville Juniors a week from Saturday, doesn't it? Well, come over to the vacant lot some evening,—say, Friday,—and I'll show you a curve or two that I learned at college.' Then he smiled, kind of with twinkly eyes, and he slapped me on the back—I *know* he did this time. 'You and I know a few things about what kind of balls a fellow like you should pitch, don't we, Arthur? Well, we'll work those curves out together.' Gosh, Mugsie, if our team loses after that, guess it 'd make me die."

"Say, Art, kin yer come over? Me 'n Bill 'n Jake er goin' to play tick-inner over t' Adamses'; c'm' on!"

Mugwumps with one ear cocked rose tense and expectant. Aha, here was Red, the all-fascinating, the herald, the forerunner of good times generally. Mugwumps had not been a boy's dog all the years of his life for nothing. But his master held him firm.

"Can't," he called in the direction of the red head which protruded over the back fence.

"Why no-o-ot?"

"Got somethin' else to do."

"What else?" Red was by nature inquisitive.

For a moment the temptation was strong to break the news with spectacular effect; then,

"'Cause I'm goin' to do something else,—that's why."

"Gee! Well, all right for you, Art King; s'long,"—and the red head departed.

"Say, you stop nosin' around in that box, Mugs; d'ye hear? Maybe I'll show you what's inside if you do."

Painstakingly, with fingers which trembled a little with eagerness, Arthur untied the knots and drew off the cover of the shiny red box.

"There, that's the best make of glove in town,—Spald-

ing's, two buttons, so's you can regulate it, real leather; just smell it, Mugsie."

He unwrapped the pearly white glove from its swathings of tissue paper, slipped it on his hand, and held it lovingly to his cheek.

"D' y' s'pose I dast ask Mr. Collins to mark my name on it? He letters just peachy. Gee, wonder if I dare,—but that ain't all."

More tissue paper was unfolded, disclosing a ball, rivalling the glove in the unsullied purity of its shiny surface.

"There, they did cost a dollar'n a quarter between them, but anyway I don't care so much about a bicycle just now. Mr. Collins has a horse. Sometime I'm going to have one like his. Oh, Mugsie!" The boy's pent-up feeling found a vent in an embrace which lifted the long-suffering "pard" from his four feet—"I'm so happy I feel's though I just *had* to bust."

Happiness lent a radiance to the world which made it brighter than the setting sun could do, and the boy who walked down the village street at that moment could have conquered nations.

. . . . . .

"Peace for the evening, family. I've just found a case, something worth while, found it in an old law book on a forgotten shelf in the study, Dad. It's fascinating; so fare ye well!"

Robert Collins pulled his six feet of athletic manhood up from the supper table, passed a smoothing hand over his rebellious brown pompadour, and tightened his belt. His friends called that a danger signal. Bob Collins always tightened his belt before he made a home run or a touchdown. The mere action somehow meant that that run or touch-down was going to be made.

"I'm glad that boy has decided to settle down at last," his father remarked with satisfaction. "He'll make a lawyer yet. This being the darling of the town and run after by all the small fry is well enough—well enough, but it does me good to see him settle down."

"Settle down!" snorted Bob's youngest sister, who was fourteen and skeptical. "Listen: somebody's called him on

the 'phone, and I for one am a bit curious to know what he's talking about."

"Hello—yes—yes—oh yes, Mrs. Deshler. Yes. Why of course I recognized your voice. What? Why, I don't know—at the Country Club? Well, I'm working on my law these days. Yes, I intend to hang out my shingle before long—"

"Listen to that for conceit," came in sisterly tones from the supper table.

The voice, expressing deep regret, continued.

"Sorry, but of course you know how it is with us professional men. Yes, sure. What's that! Who? Not Penelope! Sailing for Europe in two days—ye gods! Will I come! When's the next car out? Oh, you'll call around with the Hupp a little after seven? Thanks awfully. Good-bye."

"Going to a dance at the Country Club—honor of Pen Dodge. Say, Mother, have I any clean whole silk socks?"

"There, now I suppose it'll take the whole family the next hour to get him dressed," growled his sister; "Bobbie settle down,—pooh!"

The pessimistic foreboding was not a false one. Household activities from the reading of the evening paper to the washing of the supper dishes were temporarily suspended, while the assembled bond-servants stood ready to wait on their liege lord.

"Robert," said his mother, coming to his door for the fourth time, on this occasion with a clean handkerchief, "there is a little boy downstairs, who says he has called to see you. He said something about playing ball with you to-night. I don't know the child, one of your scouts, I suppose; nice looking little fellow with a homely dog which wants to eat one up with affection."

The heavy back of a military brush hit the bureau with a bang.

"That's so. I clean forgot my rising young Ty Cobb. He's—by jimminy these new-styled collars are deuced hard to get on—too bad I forgot the kid. He *is* a nice little chap, and I want a finger in the pie that's making him a man. Gosh, there goes the third collar button; those instruments of infamy were invented simply to drive man to

madness. Why do the plagued things have to roll under the bed? Go and get some of Dad's for me, will you, Mother? Oh yes, tell Arthur I'm sorry, but I have an unexpected engagement to-night. Tell him to come around some other evening. He'll understand all right."

. . . . . .

Dusky shadows were creeping about the currant bushes, fireflies darted over the privet hedge, the rhubarb-bed lay shrouded in twilight, night sounds came mysteriously from the arbor. A slim little figure with bent head came slowly through the gate and down the cinder-walk. At its heels slunk another figure, which now and then raised a soft black muzzle and licked one hanging hand. The kind old logs seemed to hold out loving arms and gather the child in a close embrace when he fled to them as to a refuge. The shadows deepened, more fireflies danced over the hedge, the boy remained motionless, crouched on the bottom log. Beside him the faithful Mugs hung a sorrowful head and mourned. At last he ventured a lick, a very gentle lick, on the cheek which was next to him. With a choking gasp the boy threw himself face downward on the hard, knotty logs.

"Oh, Mugsie, Mugsie," he sobbed, "he promised,"—and that was all, but the dog understood. With one paw laid gently on the heaving shoulders, he mounted guard, while his little "pard" sobbed out the grief of a broken heart. Beside them on the logs lay a shiny red box, carefully tied with two rows of white string.

THE END