

SHADOWS

CREIGHTON



CHRISTMAS ~ 1924 ~



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SHADOWS

The Creighton University Magazine

VOL. XVI, NO. 2

DECEMBER, 1924

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SHADOWS—

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DL. XVI.

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No. 2

Behind *the* Scenes by Francis P. Fogarty. *in the* Fourth Estate

An Interview with Harvey E. Newbranch,
Editor of the Omaha World-Herald.

I DON'T consider myself as good a newspaper man as any cub reporter out there in the editorial rooms."

An emphatic gesture accompanied this startling statement from Harvey E. Newbranch, editor of the Omaha World-Herald, winner of the famous Pulitzer Prize, and one of the eight or ten most noted living journalists.

I had been sent to interview Harvey Newbranch on behalf of those readers of "Shadows" who are interested in the opinions of successful men. A green reporter approaching one of the rare and favored few to rise above the anonymity of newspaper work to fame and glory, if not to fortune, I felt my heart pounding louder in my ears than the roaring presses, as I mounted the stairs leading to the private office of the man whose editorial thunder rolls over the western prairies and is heard with volume undiminished in the national capitol and the teeming metropolises of the east.

BUT all my fears vanished the moment Harvey Newbranch grasped my hand in two of his own, and the radiant personality of the man, which I had so often sensed in reading his editorials, made itself felt in the cordiality of his handshake. With a pleas-



MR. HARVEY E. NEWBRANCH.

ant smile playing about his lips, and a pair of benevolent gray eyes twinkling merrily through old-fashioned spectacles, he waved me to a chair—the very chair, perhaps, on which national celebrities had sat and pleaded for Harvey Newbranch's support.

It was somewhat a shock to my sensibilities, but withal an agreeable one, to find Harvey Newbranch in his vest and shirt-sleeves, with just enough brevity in the vest to betray the presence of a pair of old-fashioned suspenders holding up the editorial breeches in an age of belts! The suspenders seemed to scream to the wide

world that Harvey Newbranch succumbs to no fashion, and burns no incense before the god of public opinion

IF more evidence be needed, look at the unruly hair, innocent of any attempt at a parting, the antique note in the office furnishings, among which only a veteran L. C. Smith typewriter smacked of modernism, the independent and fearless tone of his editorials, and a hundred other indications of his affection for the days of auld lang syne.

Not that Harvey Newbranch is behind the times; if any man in Omaha is abreast of the times, it is this same Harvey Newbranch. But Mr. Newbranch

staunchly refuses to surrender the good things of the past, the comfy old suspenders, the partless hair, the thin-rimmed spectacles, and countless other trappings that make a visit to his office a peep into the past. None of your new-fangled filing cabinets, or your fancy glass-top desks, or your ornate office furniture there! No sir-ee! Harvey Newbranch just wants a little corner where he can shut the door and have things quiet, so he can grind out one of those editorials that have made Presidents rub their eyes and change their tacks.

But soft! Mr. Newbranch is talking. "I hope you came around with a few ideas," he is saying. "I must confess that I haven't two connected thoughts in my whole cranium."

The words recurred to me after I had left the old-fashioned man in the old-fashioned room, and recalled the fresh, sparkling thoughts he had given voice to with all the vigor of his best editorial manner. And as I marvelled at the brilliance of his conversation, I wondered what it would have been like if he had had "two connected thoughts in his cranium."

IT was not long until the conversation had taken a turn that permitted me to launch my barrage of carefully prepared leads and questions.

"Mr. Newbranch," I began, painfully aware of the amateurishness of my tactics, and fearful of the impression they would make on the seasoned newspaper man opposite me, "there are two thousand of us Creighton students who are curious to know what is going on behind the scenes in newspaperdom."

Encouraged by the sympathetic smile masking his features, and the spirit of fraternalism he seemed to breathe, I proceeded: "We want to know what newspaper life is; how to prepare for it; what the newspaper means to the college man; what it has to offer him and what it is going to demand of him."

"And outside of that," Mr. Newbranch broke in blandly, "you don't want to know much, I suppose."

I saw the sympathetic smile that had been playing about his lips develop into an infectious laugh; I heard

the mellow laughter subside to a low chuckle; then I saw the flickering smile melt into a puckering of the brows, which I knew denoted thought—lightning-like in its swiftness, and machine-like in its accuracy. Twice he opened his lips to speak, and twice he closed them.

THEN he began, "You have asked me what newspaper work has to offer the college graduate. I am afraid that it has little indeed to offer in the way of monetary rewards. Take three young fellows starting out in life, one a newspaper man, one as a lawyer,

and one as an office-clerk. The chances at the beginning are that the newspaper man will be drawing more money than his two friends, but it won't be long until the office-clerk has passed him up in the matter of salary, and it won't be long until the lawyer has passed them both up, if he is any kind of a lawyer at all. Then, when the fifties come, when the step falters and the temples turn gray, the newspaper man begins to find himself on the downgrade, at the age when the other two are looking forward to their best and most profitable years. Did it ever strike you how short is the term of usefulness of the average newspaper man? Did you ever stop to consider that in the newspaper game, experience, far from being an asset is a positive liability?"

The bizarreness of the thought elicited an involuntary exclamation from me.

"Sounds like a paradox does it?"

"Well, it is a fact nevertheless. Journalism is the only profession—at least it is the only one I think of now," he qualified cautiously, "in which experience is a millstone about the neck. The successful journalist must be zealous, eager, buoyant; he must have a fresh, vivid viewpoint; he must be literally burning up with curiosity. But with youth all these qualities depart. One's zeal and eagerness and buoyancy are blunted; one's viewpoint has become the vulgar viewpoint; one's curiosity is satisfied. That is why I don't consider myself as good a newspaper man as any emb reporter out there in the editorial rooms who has those

Mr. Newbranch Says:

"I am a firm believer in an education conducted along cultural and broadening lines—the newspaper man, and for that matter any professional man, should possess a broad and deep culture. He should be acquainted with the best that has been said and thought in the realms of poetry, literature, philosophy, economics, and sociology; he should be ripely conversant with the great figures and significant events of history; he should be at home in the scientific laboratory. That is why I would urge upon all the necessity of a thorough cultural education as a preparation, not merely for journalism, but for any line of work. No professional man with the true perspective ever regretted the hours he spent poring over Homer and Cicero."

We are Going to Keep

The Pennant in '25

By John A. Trautman

NO doubt all Creighton basketball enthusiasts are highly pleased with this year's schedule and are looking forward with eagerness to the opening game. The schedule is by far the greatest that any Creighton basketball team has ever attempted. It is one of which any team in the country would be proud. Glance over the list of games and you will see that teams from nearly all parts of the country are represented and all are worthy opponents. There are no easy games and to win any one of them is a very difficult undertaking. The squad fully realizes the strength of its opposition and consequently "hard work" is the slogan on the Gym floor each day.

OUR team's strength and capabilities will have to be at its best from the very beginning of the season as we do not play an easy practice game. On the contrary, Minnesota, a team that was one of the best scorers in the "Big Ten" last year, will give us our first battle and it will truly be a battle royal. Then comes Texas with the most unusual record of twenty consecutive wins last year, the best record in the United States. They will invade Omaha to give us our second battle. It might also be mentioned that Texas, in her long list of victories, has conquered all the strong Southern teams. Drake, of the Missouri Valley Conference, is the third on the list. This team is expected to be one of the strongest contenders for Missouri Valley honors, and will give us an opportunity to be compared with the other "quints" of that conference. Iowa is leaving no stone unturned in an endeavor to even up the score for the decisive defeat it received at our hands last season. You will notice also that Creighton has been placed at a later date on their schedule. Besides that, they have experienced men back on the team, all of their last

year's men having returned. Therefore you can conclude that there will be a "hot time" in Iowa City on the night of January 17. Notre Dame always fights hard and has a veteran squad back, so the local rooters will again have the opportunity to see two thrilling games—games that will be anybody's until the final whistle.



"JOHNNY" TRAUTMAN,
Captain of Varsity Basketball Team.

MARQUETTE is out to win, first, because the Bluejays defeated them in three out of four games in 1924, and secondly, because the C. U. football team gave Marquette its first defeat in three years. Then Nebraska—that is the game the Varsity is pointing for—we must and we will beat Nebraska. We have an old score to settle because of last year's defeat. Nebraska has a powerful team—the same men who played in '24 are back and still others who are reported to be even better than the experienced men. We respect their power, ability and fight as basketball men—but our men will "fight out their hearts" for Creighton, and fight is the thing that wins games. Aside from these, we have several North Central Conference games. North Dakota Aggies will bear watching. They have their team intact from the preceding

season, and any man on our team will inform you that they were possibly the best team that we played in 1924. North Dakota University, South Dakota State and South Dakota University are stronger than usual and I can only say that Creighton's chances to win the Conference championship for the third time will be much less than it has been in years before. I do not mean that we concede any of these teams a victory—above all no. We do, however, respect their powers and the knowledge of their strength will serve as an incentive to fight harder.

Thus far I have said very little about the Blue-
(Continued on Page 28)

Little GENTLE EYES

By Emmet M. Green.

Illustrations by Steve Narkevitz.

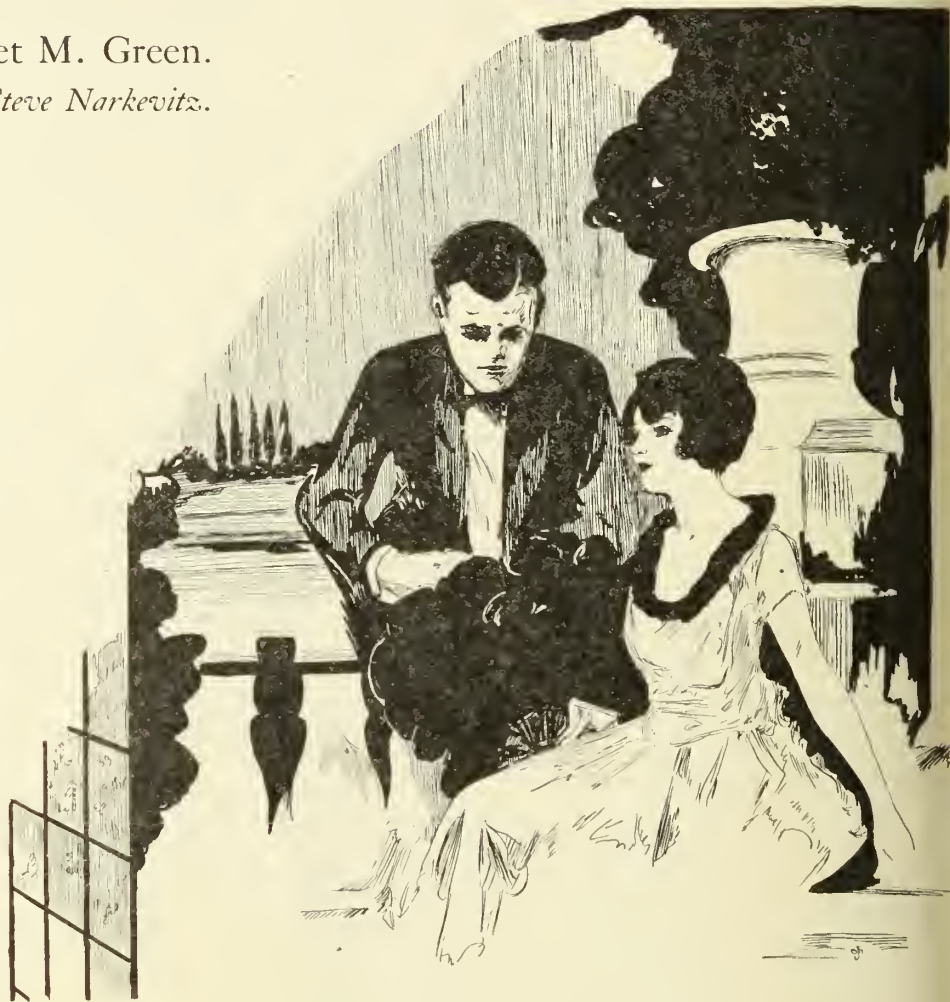
Laughing a laugh of tender glee,
Low and tinkling and wondrous
free,
Looking away, not noticing me,
As she hurried down from the
hill.

Timid eyes of the watchful roe;
Trustful eyes that disturb me so:
Limpid and gentle, drooping and
low—
Ah! they passed me down from
the hill.

IT was a certain Friday in late August, a day very hot and with little wind. Chester Walker, or "Chesty," as he was usually known, sat hunched over on the low stoop, gazing dreamily into a void. A town like Ervin offered so few diversions; and, especially on a hot day, it seemed that no one stirred who could avoid it. Occasionally he rose out of his lethargy to flip one of the pebbles he held in his hand at a passing insect. At such times he would smile boredly at the effect of his marksmanship and sink back at once into a listless melancholy.

The jangle of the telephone forced a discordant note in upon his consciousness. He listened for the sound of anyone else making a stir to answer it; hearing none, he decided not to move himself. The instrument rang out again, but this time the boy paid no heed to it.

In a moment, the dull thumping sound of bare feet proclaimed that someone had, at last, been aroused, and Chester smiled contentedly at the success of his ruse. Apparently too soon, however.



"Young man—" the thin, strident voice of his mother informed him, in no uncertain terms, as to her frank opinion of his 'shif'less indolence.' He had the grace to smile shamefacedly and to hold his tongue.

"Who did you say?" the irritable tones of her voice floated out to him. "Yes, this is 33Z.—Who?—Oh!" She stepped to the door and called, "CHESTER!"

"Ye'm."

HE rose, threw the remainder of the pebbles at the coal shed, that leaned at a perilous angle over the rear of the lot, and marched stolidly into the kitchen. The 'phone, an old-fashioned cabinet affair, was placed on the wall, above the washstand. He leaned over this, laid his left elbow on the book-rack, placed the receiver in the same hand, dropped his eyes to the toe of his shoe, and muttered.

"Hello."

"Who?" He became all attention. "Oh, why hello

h. How are ya?—Me?—Yes—that is no, no, I ain't
 og anything.—Why, sure. This afternoon?—You
 ot tell.—What's she like?—Hot dog!—You tell the
 old, I'll be there with bells on.—Well, s'long 'till
 a."

Chester was no longer listless; he was bubbling now
 in enthusiasm. The message he regarded as manna
 on the skies upon his ennui. He was to live to re-
 it, as we shall see presently.

He was drumming his nails on the wash basin, his
 a brown study. The question over which his mind
 ruminating was: How to acquire one insert tire
 ach, three gallons of gasoline, and a quart of oil
 au aggregate capital of fifty-three cents. That was
 roblem sufficiently difficult to solve at any time;
 cleared that he had made it doubly so now by giving
 i mother, and financial representative, cause for ill
 eeing.

Well, there was nothing small about him; he would
 do the right thing. He would even be generous! He
 ould apologize for not answering the 'phone. Any-
 er, common decency required it. Yet, as he walked
 etly into the front room he was assailed with doubts.
 haps she would not receive his well-meant explana-
 ns in the light in which they were intended.

Ma!"—No answer. "Mums."—Still no answer.
 unzy."

Well," the voice proceeded from out the curtained
 orway of the bedroom, in a rather noncommittal tone.

Mums, I—, that is, you see, I must'a
 a thinking or somethin' when that
 one rang, you know, kind'a concen-
 ted like, so it went right by me, or
 —well—"

"What do you want now?"

The question stumped Chester. He
 ught for a moment that he detected
 ittle humorous waver in it, but he
 sn't sure. In fact, it was this doubt
 t left him undecided as to which
 use it were best to pursue.

"Well, yeh see, Ruth Stone just called
 up. She's got a college chum coming
 the train this afternoon to visit her,
 l she wants some of the bunch to meet
 train. She asked me to pick up Goldie
 my bus and be there too."

"Now isn't that nice," said his mother.
 knew there was a barb in that.

"Yeh, kinda; but I guess I can't go,"
 replied with a well calculated air of
 ignation.

"Well isn't that too bad." He was positive, now,
 that she was laughing at him.

The conference ended, as most of these conferences
 do, in the mother's capitulation. After scolding him,
 and reminding him that his father had not placed a
 tombstone in over three weeks, she acceded to his re-
 quest.

THE morning was a busy one for Chester. He pol-
 ished and cleaned his little roadster until it looked
 almost presentable.

He was immensely proud of that little ole car. It
 sure had a dandy little engine in it; built in the earlier
 years when they put nothing but the best stuff in
 'em. It made a feller feel like he was really some-
 body—its ownership, you know. It sure gave you a
 nice feeling when, for instance, you'd say, "Well, just
 jump into my car here and I'll run you up," or "Well,
 ya see, I didn't mean to be late, but I had a little
 trouble with m'car." You know, just like that.

Deep down in his heart, though, what Chester en-
 joyed most was to drive down Main Street with his
 hat, cigarette, and position at a rakish angle, while
 he ogled the young ladies, who sent him perishing
 glances.

The train was scheduled to arrive at two. When
 there was yet twenty minutes till time, the young
 people were already assembling. Fritz Painbolt and
 Velma Strain were there. They had walked down. In
 fact, they were the sort of people who usually walk
 when there isn't quite
 enough room to ride. It
 wasn't that their friends
 didn't treat them nice; it
 was hard not to treat any-
 one nice in a town the size
 of Ervin. It just seemed
 that there was a sort of tacit
 understanding that Fritz
 and Velma wouldn't mind.
 Velma giggled so, and Fritz
 was so ungodly fat and such
 a bore. Fritz tried not to
 be—a bore, I mean—he tried
 to be humorous. In fact, he
 tried hard to be humorous;
 but it was usually when he
 wasn't trying that he was
 the cause for laughter.



Fritz was tenacious; no
 one could deny that. He
 hung on to Chester with the
 zeal of a leech. Chester had

long since given up all hopes of ever alienating Fritz's attachment for him. He proceeded now on the principle that a necessary evil must be made the best of, and he certainly made the best of Fritz. He borrowed from him, sent him on errands, and, it must be confessed, made him the butt of his jokes.

WHEN Chester drove around for Goldie, he was forced to sound his horn for fully five minutes before she made her appearance. By that time, he was grumbling; he couldn't see why girls always had to have that extra five minutes.

"Lo Chesty," she greeted him, "how do you like my new dress?"

She was of medium height; both she and Chester were about equal in that respect. Except that her eyes were small and her chin not very strong, she was pleasing in appearance. She was a blonde. She could dance well, and Chester liked to dance.

"Oh yea," replied Chester, after a momentary glance, "'s' nice."

She was evidently piqued at his lukewarm praise, for they said very little on the way to the station. Chester knew that he was responsible for her present humor, but it didn't bother him at all, as it might have on another occasion. Girls, he believed, on the whole, expected too much attention from their boy friends. He held out for more equality between the sexes. Why, for instance, should he take particular pains to compliment her upon the appearance of her dress when she had paid not the slightest attention to his white trousers and serge coat, which he had so carefully cleaned and pressed for the occasion. All of which is another way of saying that for the present, at least, he was more interested in the new arrival than in the girl at his side.

Gwenivere! He repeated the name several times, allowing the syllables to roll deliciously and soundlessly on his tongue. What an exquisite name! Now that he thought of it, he had often repeated that name before, always, he remembered, placing both the name and its owner in a most breathtakingly romantic setting. He really believed that he knew her already—knew what she would be like. He seemed to be gazing into the very depths of her deep brown sloe eyes. He could see the sunbeams glinting mischievously among the wavy golden brown tresses of her hair. He believed that in some long forgotten age and place, eons and eons back, their souls, so to speak, must have held commune—Gwenivere!

TO one who has lived and been brought up in the city, this common interest of a small town in the railway station at train time ever remains somewhat of a mystery. Where, a few moments before, the town

seemed to be slumbering on in tranquil peace, here all is bustle and importance. A blustering station agent, coatless and hatless, rushes about, waving a sheaf of bills in one hand and gesticulating wildly with the other, the while, in a semi-dazed sort of way, he attempts to check up a heterogenous assortment of grips, egg crates, movie films, and washboilers. Even the lethargic hangers-on seem to rise out of their torpor as the time approaches, to view the preparations with an astonishingly breathless interest. With a warning shriek and with the bell clanging, the monster rolls in; the operator bowls out of the station door with a paper for the engineer; a few persons alight; a rolling woman, with a bawling family, transfers each yodeling youngster to the resigned brakeman, who, from the proficiency of long practice, places each one on the top step of the blind; the conductor calls out; the bells clang brazenly; the whistle gives a premonitory toot and the little train, gathering way, proceeds merrily down the grade.

Ruth Stone, with her enthusiastic coterie and her happily reunited friend, was down at the end of the platform nearest the street. It was evident, from the wealth of endearments that passed between her and the new arrival, that they were both very intimate.

Although all the young people had come to the station in couples, the boys seemed to have drifted apart at the left of the circle, and it was to the girls that Ruth first introduced Gwenivere.

AT his first glimpse of her, as she was descending from the train, Chester was so startled at the resemblance between her and the girl he had pictured that, for an instant, he had difficulty in getting his breath, and his heart did a most painful leap. Her figure, though small, was of exquisite proportions. Her hair was dark, almost black in the shadows; in the sunlight, a soft brown. It was her eyes that you noticed first, though. They were as large as a deer's and seemed to reflect the sun's rays from their brow depths as from a well. Limpid and innocent, when their glance first crossed with Chester's, at the moment of introduction, he felt his knees go weak and he was acutely aware that he was blushing painfully.

"Pleased to me'cha." He hadn't meant to say that. Her coolness only served to make it worse. He had meant to say, "I am charmed," or something like that. He felt that he had comported himself like a dolt, and, but for the company, would have thoroughly enjoyed kicking himself.

Ruth was calling for attention.

"Listen everybody," she said, "I am giving a week-end party for Miss Murchison at 'The Crest,' and I would like to have you all come if you can."

(Continued on Page 29)

Contributions to the Poet's Corner will always be welcomed by the Poetry Editor. The Shadows' Sanctum is on the first floor of the Commerce Building.



We aim to make this column representative of the University rather than of a few writers. May we list you among our contributors?

TIME

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time
As it runs through the realm of tears
With a faultless rhythm, a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of years.

R. N.

SNOWFLAKES

Softly, slowly, gently falling,
Down of the celestial dove,
Snowflakes follow, each its calling,
Fulfilling mandates from above.

Softly, slowly, gently dropping,
As they come from homes of clouds;
Never ceasing, never stopping,
Till each a bit of earth enshrouds.

Softly, slowly, gently cov'ring,
Woodland realms with angels veil;
And, like spirits 'round us hov'ring,
Flutter over hill and dale.

Softly, slowly, gently warming,
Comes the sportive sun next day;
'Wakening nature, nature charming,
Steals her snowy robe away.

M. R.

PEACE

Not in the calm unfolding
Of an idle empty life,
Nor yet in the fiery moulding
Of the hot envenomed strife,
But when with faith undying,
A soul shall endure the fray,
With sin and sorrow striving,
I shall come at the close of day.

E. M. B.

DISCONTENT

I wish I could laugh
And shout in glee;
I wish I could chaff—
Forget I am me.

I wish I could smile,
All happiness see;
I wish I were else
Than poor little me—

E. L. K.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Nature is gowned in shimmering white,
In ermine wraps of snow;
The crystal myriads steal their light
From morning's ruddy glow.

How meet that she should thus be decked
When Christmas matins ring—
Baptismal veil, by stain unflecked—
To greet her Lord and King.

A. E. C.

MONASTERY BELLS

Monastery bells are tolling,
Tolling now the vesper hour.
Hark, their strange and solemn rolling
Stirs the heart with silent power.
In the clear autumnal gloaming
Of a busy, work-filled day,
Calm, serene, their notes are roaming,
Bidding sounds of work allay.

There's a something in the tolling
Of each stately, measured roll
That awakes an echo droning
From the chords within the soul;
There's a something, not a doling
In each flowing golden tone:
There's a shadow in that tolling
Of another world—unknown.

NULLUS.

Do You Know

what You Know?

THE rage for questionnaires and information tests has been overworked. We are quizzed on this, interrogated on that, and cross examined on the other thing so often that we begin to wonder if these tests really demonstrate what they prove. The mere mention of an information test is sufficient to move the timid to terror and arouse the cynical to scorn. In spite of this fact we are taking this opportunity to present to the student body a test which, so far as we are able to discover, is unique and original, a test designed for the college man.

IF you were to make note of the literary allusions, terms of music or painting, or facts of historical and scientific importance, which you encountered in a week's contact with the cultured men and women of the world, you would, no doubt, have a list somewhat similar to this. Not a criterion of knowledge nor a norm of education by any means, but simply an indication of the general field of cultural knowledge with which the average graduate is expected to be familiar.

You may not be able to answer twenty. Most people cannot. Don't feel discouraged, however, unless you are not only unable to answer the specific information desired but are entirely ignorant of the general branch from which it is taken. If so, it's time to "dig in."

In this instance, *Shadows* takes great pleasure in the fact that it is able to present to its readers the general outline of queries which was prepared for college men by Rev. Claude J. Pernin, S. J., of Loyola University.

- 1—What is a pragmatic sanction?
- 2—What is meant by "dead reckoning"?
- 3—What is a maverick?
- 4—Who are the Lake Poets?

THERE are some things which an educated man is expected to know, a certain body of knowledge with which he must be familiar, for we have not yet reached the stage where mere professional information passes for education. A thorough knowledge of *Materia Medica* is about as useful in the parlor or at the club as a memorized version of last year's Income Tax returns, and as interesting. There are some things we are expected to know. Ignorance of them is inexcusable.

- 5—What is an Auto-da-fe?
- 6—What was the Bed of Procrustes?
- 7—What was the "Bull of Partition"?
- 8—What is a surd?
- 9—What is a palindrome?
- 10—What is the difference between an heir apparent and an heir presumptive?
- 11—What was the maiden name of Abraham Lincoln's mother?
- 12—What is a chauvinist?

13—Who issued the divorce decree of Napoleon and Josephine?

14—What is a madrigal?

15—What is a palimpsest?

16—Why is the Sistine Madonna so called?

17—What does the Lion of Lucerne commemorate?

18—What is the Taj Mahal?

19—Who were the Guelphs and the Ghibellines?

20—Who were the Lollards?

21—How high is the Washington Monument?

22—What is the Spanish national epic?

23—What is a epepsydra?

24—Who said: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?"

25—How many states constituted the Southern Confederacy.

26—How many years does a copyright endure in the United States?

27—For how many years does a U. S. patent confer exclusive rights?

28—What is the difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans?

29—Explain the distinction between the Shakespearean Quartos and Folios.

30—What is the largest diamond in the world?

31—What general won the battle of Gettysburg?

(Continued on Page 37)

Some Like them Cold

Written and Illustrated by
Paul Shaughnessy.



*"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."*—

UH, u-u-uh, capt'n suh, howdy! Who-o-o, who is 'at woman, anyhaow?" Adage Smithers, recently of Chicago, contrary to the impression of sophistication (also recently of Chicago), which he wished to give, craned his skinny neck after the decidedly over-dressed girl who had crossed his path—

"Boy! See how she struts down 'cross a walk 'n' falls off in a lim'sine whut 'ud make yo' think o' dem lake Mich'gan tug-boats. Uh, u-u-uh. Who is she? Whar'd she come fum? Whar's she goin'?"

W. T. (Dubbyatee) Watkins regarded his companion with an expression of mingled disfavor and disgust.

"Y'all might as well forgit that dame right now fo' vah. You'll nevah see her close-up. She's too fah vav fum a pooh no-count pusson lak you. Why boy! That dame's ole man owns, yessuh, axehully owns, that department store whut she come out of. He's got so oggone much jack he can hire a white shoffer."

When a stranger inquires too freely into our home own affairs, according to general rule we like to let

him down as hard as possible, and W. T. was going to be no exception.

"Whut chance a niggah lak yo' goin' to have wif the mos' high falutin cullud gal in the whole town o' Memphis, Ah wunts to know? Whut chance you think you got when a whole lot bettah men than you got tha air an' got left plum flat? C'mon les go shoot some pool."

AFTER a half-hearted, listless game of rotation in Lafe Bromley's Recreation Parlors, W. T. ceased firing.

"Whut ails yo' boy? C'mon, Ah'll buy you a ham san'wich. Yuh look all washed out. A ham an' coffee'll fix yuh. Whut yuh dreamin' 'bout?"

Lafe served them two huge hams, two steaming cups of gloom chaser and stood by. Adage munched his rations with a far-away look in his eye.

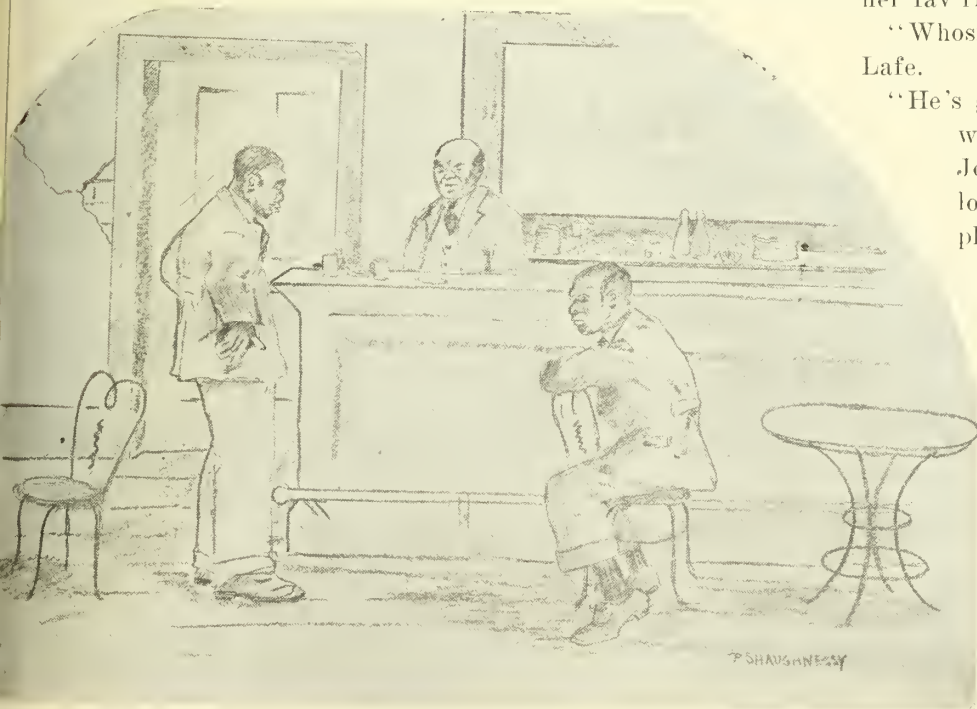
"At dame wuz jus' plenty keen. Ah'm suah glad Ah left Chi to come heah. Doggone! Ah suah gotta dope out some way to git a job an' then meet her. Where's her fav'rite rondevoo, Dubbyatee?"

"Whosis he's talkin' about?" queried Lafe.

"He's got a case o' love at first sight wif 'at fussy daughter of ole Buz Johnston's an' he wants a secon' look. Adage, yuh all got class, plenty class, but fact is yuh is a steerage passenger compared Arabella Johnston. The airs 'at dame puts on. Uh-u-uh, pusson ud think she wuz white. You hopeless out-classed Adage."

But some of Adage's self assurance and poise had returned with the coffee, he leaned nonchalantly on the bar.

"Boy, Ah believes the bigger they is the harder et cetera. This heah high power,



OHES AH 'CEPT YO' BOUNTIFUL OFFAH, BROTHER BRO MLEY? AH SAY AH DOES."

high resistance armor got a flaw or a crack in it somewhere. Find 'at weak spot an' kafflooy! the whole shell bns' open. Ah wishes Ah had bout a hunderd bucks to bet you babies 'at Ah rides wif 'at woman in her lim'sine in less'n two weeks.'

Here Lafe the parsimonious, Lafe the usurer, Lafe the thrifty interrupted.

'Ah knows Adage, you're most broke an' mah san'-wich-man's gonna leave me in about three weeks an' Ah suah am gonna need a man. Tell yuh what Ah'il do. Ah'll make yuh a bet 'at yuh don't git fur 'nough long wif this Johnston dame to go ridin' wif her in no two weeks. If yuh lose, if Ah don' see yuh ridin' wif her in less'n two weeks, yuh comes an' works for me for you' board for six months. If yuh wins, which yuh won't, Ah gives yuh a steady job, hunderd bucks per.'

Adage, almost penniless but cocksure, realized that Dame Fortune was at last beginning to smile upon him.

'Does Ah 'cept yo' bonntiful offer, Brother Bromley? Does Ah? Ah say Ah does. Shake boy!'

Lafe wiped a greasy hand on a greasier apron and thrust it across the bar.

'Ah shakes yuh to six months' cheap help.'

'And Ah,' said Adage, 'shake to a steady job at a hunderd per an' most harmonious relations wif Miss Arabella Johnston. Brother Watkins, does you witness this heah contraek?'

'Ah does,' replied W. T., 'an' it 'fects me powerful. Ah suah hate to see you waste yo' talents 'spensing san'wiches in this heah place. You was born for bettah things, Adage.'

'Ah knows Ah wuz, but Ah don't 'tend to lose this bet. Ah suah gotta think some way to do mah stuff to bes' advantage.'

THE two spent the remainder of the evening playing two-handed rummy and plotting a scheme whereby Adage might be seen riding in the Johnston limousine with the pretty Miss Arabella. That which was the end as far as W. T. was concerned was but a means to a greater end as Adage saw it. His ultimate goal was not to win his bet but to be "settin' pretty" with the object of his desire. It was late when they adjourned to the room they shared at W. T.'s expense and Adage went to sleep vowing "to follow Arabella closer than a ha'nt."

And he did. For six conseentive mornings when the Johnston limousine came up the gravelled drive to the steps, for some reason the chauffeur sat motionless and a stranger in snappy raiment opened the door of the machine. But never once did Arabella see him. She passed him as the Twentieth Century would a

tramp, and to think it had taken Adage half the night "playing dice" with the chauffeur to get that chance to open the door.

In the meantime Lafe Bromley had not refrained from broadcasting the fact that he expected to acquire some doggone cheap labor in the very near future. Lafe was so very certain that he would win his bet that he advertised it at every opportunity for his own edification and to Adage's discomfort.

Nor was all this so terribly slow in reaching Miss Arabella's ears. To know that your company is sought and desired is one thing, but to know that you are the object of a common bet is quite another. In spite of the righteous anger that burned in her soul on the sixth morning, when she ordered the chauffeur to keep Adage off the place entirely or be dismissed himself, Arabella was forced to admit to herself that Adage was a right-smart looker.

WHEN Lawyer and Mrs. Peters gave a party it always was what is characterized as a swell affair. To be invited required, among a multitude of other things, a certain prestige and social prominence. How Adage managed the matter of the invitation one cannot say. Perhaps he "jus' went anyhow." Perhaps he got it the same way he got permission from the chauffeur to open the door of Arabella's machine. In that invitation Lafe Bromley saw six months of cheap help go glimmering and the vision of an expensive sandwich-man take the place of the former.

'Boy,' Adage advised Lafe, 'you all stick around outside tonight an' see me ride up to mah hotel in 'at lim'sine. 'Ats just whut Ah ain't gonna do nuthin else but.'

'Ah'll be there wif the ambulance to gather yuh up where her Pa'll hit yuh,' replied Lafe.

The Peters' party gave Adage but two days to go to win his wager. But the end was not yet.

Although he appeared in one of those suits where you don't get your deposit back if you damage it, Adage Smithers cut quite the figure at Lawyer Peters' party. There were three distinct groups formed, that concourse of free, unattached males which swarmed about Arabella Johnston, a few more unattached, of female persuasion, who surrounded Adage, and a third group, those who were interested in neither of the principals.

Way down in her heart Arabella wished that she, too, might be numbered among the admirers of Mr. Smithers. On his part Adage wished heartily that he might do homage with the rest of the serfs at the feet of Miss Johnston, but lest he spoil his act by seeming over-anxiety he thought it well to appear a bit indiffer-

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Education *or* Co-Education

By Lawrence N. Jones.

By Grace M. Matous.

WITH the opening of classes last September there came to Creighton, from no one knows where, some score or more ambitious young women, and immediately we began to hear of the campus "invasion." Imagine some two dozen members of the fair sex invading a campus of 2,000 young men! Yet everyone, and this does not exclude the co-eds themselves, openly says that the "Hill" is undergoing an invasion.

Why did they come? Who knows? Perhaps, not they themselves, but we can hazard a guess. Perhaps the dear co-eds thought that they would get a "snap" course here at Creighton. If that is the case when their retreat is assuredly going to be more rapid than their advance, for a college course requires more effort than the ordinary young woman is willing to exert.

WHATEVER the reason for the advent, the tradition of the University is at stake. Since the founding of the University in 1878 this has been an Eveless Paradise—and what a delightful one! There has grown up a precious tradition of associations, memories, and usages from year to year among the fellows who have toiled within walls of Creighton and now fill their enviable niches in the world, and a tradition is a priceless heirloom to an institution as well as a nation. Someone has tried to blast the tradition of the Liberty Bell by saying that it did not ring on a certain memorable night. Can anyone suppose that the American people will think for a moment that such is the fact? No! That is a tradition dear to every American, whether it be true or not, and no one is going to change his belief at the advice of some upstart alarmist. A tradition cannot be cast aside without materially weakening the stability and prestige of the institution so affected. The size of the student

THE fame of Creighton University as an educational center is nation-wide. Naturally enough Creighton wishes to retain this distinction. During the past year or more the helmsmen of this institution made a careful study of the means whereby other universities have retained and increased their hard-earned reputations. The startling discovery was made that all the really great universities of America owe their eminence to co-education. Incidentally many young women were knocking on the doors of

Creighton University. The most logical thing that the authorities could do was to admit these saving angels and make plans for greater laurels which are certain to come as a result.

BUT Creighton University has its "tradition." A great cry and hue, amounting almost to a



DOES THIS EMBELLISH THE CAMPUS?

maniacal uproar, arose when a few coy lasses entered as the new School of Commerce, Finance and Journalism threw open its portals to women last September. Meanwhile the winsome maids of the Pharmacy College rejoiced. What will become of Creighton's precious tradition is not a sleep-dispelling concern to these thoughtless insurgents. The restless spirits may rest assured, however, that it will remain intact and that a new one will develop as soon as the new shoot becomes conspicuous. The tradition of Creighton University will be bigger and better, years hence, because the authorities gave entrance to the girls, who in turn replied: "Creighton, we are here." "Now watch our smoke," say the girls, and they don't mean maybe.

In this day and age practically every field of work is open to women, and in order to solve the inevitable problems in the various activities the women must have higher education. The splendid courses offered

body has been increased slightly by the addition of the co-eds, but the increase is overbalanced by the loss.

THEY came here seeking a higher education, they declare. It is yet to be proved whether a higher education is the best thing for the fair sex. But, personal opinions aside, we would appreciate their motives a great deal more if the dears would go somewhere else for the pursuance of their erudition and leave Creighton a man's school for men. If they were better sports they would not presume to intrude upon the privacy which we have so long enjoyed. There are institutions in which they can enjoy their own aloofness. We put up with them because we must.

The co-ed cannot be considered an asset to Creighton University. She adds nothing scholastically, socially, nor athletically to the prestige of the school. Consider her in regard to scholarship. The co-ed is admittedly more studious than the average student. Without being guilty of any obloquy anent her mental powers, it can be said that she must necessarily exert herself doubly in order to cope with her masculine rival in class, for she has neither his initiative nor his power of analysis. The co-ed relies upon the knowledge of someone else; she gets what is in the book well

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by Creighton University have proved irresistible to many sweet girl graduates of last June. The special advantage of choosing Creighton in preference to a girls' school is that the co-ed will obtain the boy's view of the big problems before the world today, and the reciprocal advantage is that the boys can enjoy the co-eds' view.

GIRLS have an especial enthusiasm for what may be called the most advanced ground in all activities. The best is none too good for them, and given a chance they will always improve it; and to ascertain this peculiar phenomenon just witness the 1924 football record. Last year the team was beaten only by the Haskell Indians, but this year they literally ran away with all the games. And why? Doubtless because the co-eds were there to impart the driving, snashing, winning "pep" which so inspired the Hill-toppers that they carried vestiges of it even to Milwaukee, and there humbled a stubborn old rival shamefully. The presence of the Creighton co-ed, and there is none like her the world over, at these games is responsible for the wonderful rooting support which drove any faint heart to a desperate exertion toward victory.

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JOSEPH DALLAL

CO-EDUCATION HAS ITS SOCIAL POSSIBILITIES.

DELUSION

Illustrated by Joe Dallal

By Frank Stemler

EARLY one Sunday evening, while idly musing over the "Daily Telegraph," I came upon the following announcement: "Paul Van Order, age 48 years, died Saturday at the hospital for the insane at Arlington."

"Paul Van Order? Paul Van Order?" I murmured dizzily, "Paul Van Order, hospital at Arlington?" The name seemed familiar.

While I was thus endeavoring to stimulate my memory, the telephone rang out sharply.

"Hello, hello,—is this Mr. Sydney Strickland?" The voice was agitated and anxious.

"Yes," I said, "Mr. Strickland is speaking."

"This is Cleveland, James Cleveland. You remember me, don't you, Sydney?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "Cleveland?" Good Lord, this was a surprise. I haven't seen you for ages. Where have you been?"

"Well, I've been wandering about a bit, out west mostly. I say, Sydney," he continued nervously, "would it be possible for me to see you tonight? Something important, you understand."

"My dear sir," I said, noting the shaky voice of the speaker, "you are not well!"

"Frankly," he admitted, "I am not. Will you come?"

"Certainly I'll come. Where shall I find you?"

"At the Montrose, Suite 'B.' Can I expect you at once?"

"Yes, at once."

REPLACED the receiver and stood staring at the floor, my mind filled with recollections. "Mr. Cleveland," I exclaimed, "I had given him up as lost."

Then I remembered, Cleveland was the former superintendent of the hospital for the insane at Arlington. He was serving in that capacity when this fellow, Paul Van Order, whose obituary I had just come across, was

committed to the hospital. That was more than twelve years ago.

Shortly after Van Order had been committed to the asylum, Cleveland had resigned and secluded himself in his apartment in the suburbs. His visits to my home had become more and more infrequent until, about four years ago, he had decided on a trip to the west, and dropped out of sight. His resignation and his ultimate disappearance was

always a mystery to me, for he refused to talk about the circumstances other than to say that he needed a change and rest.

All this came rushing back as I stood there by the table.

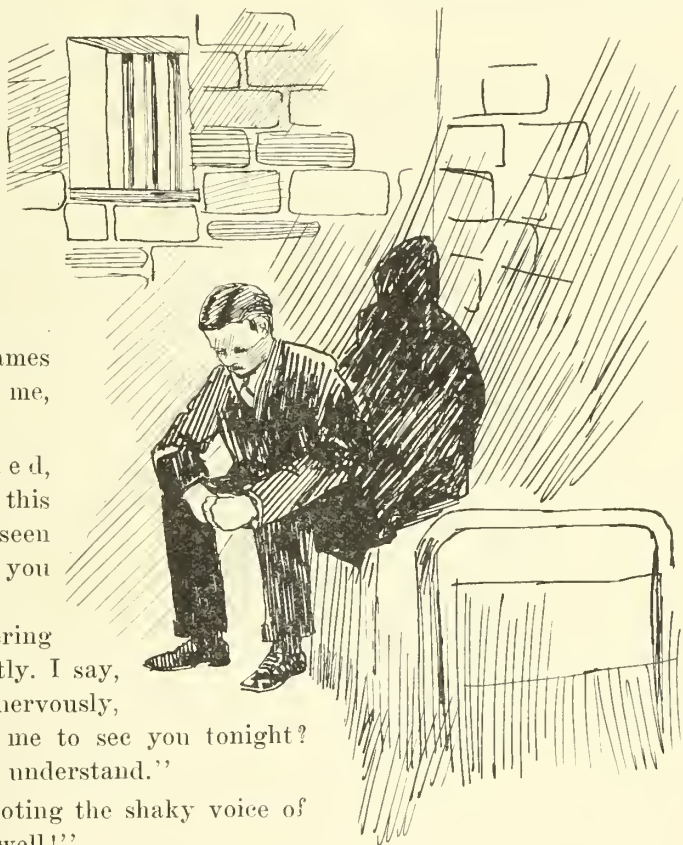
What did Cleveland want to tell me? I could not imagine. One thing was certain, my friend was in a very singular mood. I wondered what could have befallen him. The thought of his possible illness aroused me.

HURRIED to the hall, and seizing my hat and overcoat, ran downstairs, hailed a passing cab, and soon alighted at the Montrose, on the west side of Dearborn Park.

In answer to his invitation, I opened the door and stood looking at him. He was half-reclining in a large easy chair near a small mahogany table littered with medicine bottles. His countenance was ghastly and his sunken eyes had an unnatural brightness as he tried weakly to smile. His trim goatee of former years was lengthened into a beard—white—shaggy. He held out his hand and I grasped it heartily.

"My dear Cleveland!" I exclaimed, "Welcome home." He merely nodded. "Have you had a physician?" I asked, noting his dejected condition.

"Oh yes, but his services won't do me much good."



JOSEPH M DALLAL

"Poor fellow," I thought, "he has something on his mind that he wants to tell me. I won't bore him with preliminaries."

"Come," he wheezed, "draw that chair up near. I want to talk to you."

"You remember when I resigned from Arlington, Sydney," he began hurriedly, "you remember probably, too, that it was rather peculiar. Somewhat of a mystery, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, "it certainly was that."

"True," he continued, "it was singular, and Sydney, ever since then, life has been hell for me! I've wandered everywhere trying to forget that I ever saw the place, but the memories were indelible! Try as I would I could not erase them. Sometimes I've thought I've been insane ever since it happened."

"There, there," I said lightly, thinking that this queer diction was a result of a fever, "you'll be all right in a little while. Let me get you a sherry."

"Good heavens, Sydney! You don't think I'm delirious, do you? Get yourself a drink. I don't want any."

"All right," I said, "go on. I'll hear you through."

"Back in 1910—that's about twelve years ago—I was, as you remember, superintendent at the Arlington asylum. My work there was always fascinating and pleasant. One day a young man by the name of Van Order was brought to the asylum and committed as a 'mild mania' case—nothing unusual at all. He was a rather intelligent looking fellow in spite of his status—sort of docile and moody looking.

"There seemed to be some little talk about his case at the time. I don't remember much about it, though. A couple of newspaper articles commented about the suddenness of the attack on the young newspaper man—he was a reporter, I think. There seemed to be no knowledge of his relatives obtainable, and as I recall it, no intimate friends of the poor fellow."

"Yes," I interrupted him, "I remember the circumstances and, by the way, I was reading his obituary in the 'Telegraph' just as you called me this evening."

I HESITATED to inform Cleveland of this, not knowing what the reaction might be since I saw that Van Order was a character in his narrative.

"What!" he cried, clutching the arms of his chair, "Van Order? Was it Paul Van Order?—Oh well" he continued, more calmly and leaning back again into his chair, "let it be, it is for the best anyway."

There was a brief pause and then Cleveland resumed:

"As I was saying, I did not pay much attention to him, and so in a week he was almost forgotten. Then one day he asked the attendant if he could talk to me. The attendant informed me of the request and I decided I would see what he had to say. Maybe I was

rather curious about the new inmate, I don't know. Anyway I went to this chap, Van Order, and greeted him."

"'Hello,' said he, 'I'm glad you've come,' and he sat down in a chair. He appeared to be nervous and laboring under excitement of some kind, which I fully expected of a patient of his type. 'Mr. Cleveland,' he said, 'I am not, as you think, insane.' Here he paused and looked about somewhat aimlessly as if groping for words. I thought, 'I must humor him. He will have a defense, of course; all mania cases do.'

"'Frankly,' he resumed, 'I am here of my own will. A scheme of mine, not an insane scheme, however, although I suppose you think so. As you know, I am a newspaper man and it was my plan to experiment on my theory that any clever criminal could deceive the insanity commission and be adjudged insane in order to escape the penitentiary or the gallows.'

"Then," said I, with a chuckle, "you deceived us all, didn't you?"

"'Why sure,' he said, rather nettled, 'here I am, and that makes my theory a fact.'

"'Well,' said I, 'maybe so; at least the idea is a good one,' doing my best to humor him. 'Well,' said I, 'I'll see you again,' and rose to depart. 'Hold on,' said he, 'don't run off like this. Will you see about getting me out of here at once?'

"'Get you out!' I echoed; 'I'll see. Don't let it worry you any.'

"'How can I help worrying?' he said. 'Why I don't think you believe me. Do you?'

"'Well, perhaps,' and under my breath, 'Poor devil,' I left him abruptly with a feeling of pity and vague uncertainty in my mind.

"The next day I went to Albany for a week's convention, during which time I almost forgot about Van Order and his theory. Although strikingly original and almost plausible, I thought, it was a typical mania story."

Here Cleveland swallowed a tablet which he asked me to procure for him from the little mahogany table. Then he continued.

"When I returned from the convention, I found the various attendants quite upset about his fellow Van Order. This was unusual, for most of the attendants were reformed members of the old school—that is, the hard-boiled sort, and they usually had little sympathy for the vagaries of the inmates.

"After arranging my affairs in the office I went to Van Order and found him in a rather pitiable state, which was not a surprise to me. His eyes were staring, and encircled by black rings; his face was pale and his lips twitched.

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Whatever Boosts Creighton Boosts You

By F. E. Toomey.



HERE never was an individual or a progressive group of individuals who rated highly among contemporaries unless he or they had, at some time, received whole-hearted, co-operative support from friends. What would any of us amount to if someone had not sacrificed, if someone had not planned, and encouraged, and worked for us? Is there anyone among us who can honestly claim on his graduation day that he alone is responsible for his attainment? No, despite the fact that he has earned every dollar which he spent while studying. How many times has he been absent from class during those years of study? How many times has he been late to work? Certainly, someone sacrificed for him—his employer excused him because he was a working student; his professors excused him, at the expense of their dignity and ability, because he was self-supporting.

Among us, however, is the man who does not support himself, who does not enter athletics, and who does find time to form opinions of how others would do a thing. This does not go with saying that the ideas of such men are always correct, for an "idle mind travels idly on." Suppose, then, that an organization were to be formed with the purpose of the un-named boosters' club.

SOME few weeks ago a group of optimists, who have, due to previous painful experiences, come to realize that every one makes mistakes, and despite the fact the best possible has been done, someone will "crab the detail" because of an inane desire to hear his voice "take the breeze," assembled in the Union Club Rooms and formed an organization for those men who found it necessary to "be doing something."

Activity, therefore, is the keynote and reason for the existence of the C. U. boosters' club. Upon the shoulders of its members rests the responsibility for its success or failure. You, fellow-students, are to profit in its accomplishment and suffer with its reverses.

Did you ever stop to think that every time a Creighton student commits a social error, every time a fraternity or club wavers and falls for lack of support, every time that a student appears at a disadvantage, that you suffer? The public does not catalog you as Jimmie Jones, the home-town banker's son, but as Jimmie Jones, a Creighton student; Jimmie Jones, who attends a university which has every advantage but the support of its student body.



JOSEPH BALL,
President of the "Blue Loons," the
Creighton Boosters' Club.

THIS does not mean that our student body is disloyal. No, there is not a man who has a feeling that Creighton University owes him something for gracing the campus. Deep down in every student's heart is that great desire that some day he may be able to afford to donate a magnificent building to grace the corners of Burt street at Twenty-seventh. When our team suffers a reverse, we try within ourselves to make excuses and, realizing that we, the student body, are at fault, go forth with moody looks and grumbling voices to cover our disgruntled spirits. Brother "Bluejay," why should we do those things? Why don't we support every movement with our utmost endeavor? The answer, it is believed, lies in the fact

that, despite our wonderful educational opportunities, we have not learned or do not realize any set means of expressing our pent-up feelings. How many times during a football game do you find yourself gripping your hands or pushing against your neighbor in an effort to "push the ball" across the line? Each of us has done it a dozen of times, but it does not help the team to win, neither does it impress the public with the fact that Creighton University students are behind their team and school until the last whistle blows, and that Creighton has really won, whether the score shows it or not.

THE Boosters' Club is intended to be the students' mouthpiece. In it you will find an opportunity to express yourself. Through it you may be able to do

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The Weasel

By L. J. B.

Illustrated by Joe Dallal.

“**T**HERE’S the Weasel, now,” whispered the man dealing the cards. “Don’t let him know that you are watching him; he’s a toughy guy, and as fer me I ain’t wantin’ him on my neck.”

The dealer’s lone companion gathered his cards and spread them like a fan. Holding them high as a shield he peered over their tops at the little man as the latter shuffled to a chair, in which he reclined limply like a bundle of rags. He balanced the chair on two legs, leaned against the wall, and lit a cigarette. I don’t see anything about that little shaver to fight shy of,” observed the second man, “why he looks like a ‘hick’ to me: clothes too big for him; moves like he was half-dead; and I’ll bet he’s yellow if you’d call his bluff.

“**Y**EH?” queried Tom. “Well, don’t let your eyes deceive yuh; yer not the first guy that thought that way, until yuh got a square look into his eyes. Kind a made me feel like I was gonta get hurt.”

“I s’pose that’s why he’s called the Weasel, is it?” said Dick.

“Not exactly. Of course, that is part of it, but it’s more the way he behaves. Yuh see him here, then before yuh know it he’s gone, and baek again. While he’s been gone yuh can bet that he’s made a killin’ on some rich bloke’s roll.”

“But why all the scare of him?” questioned Dick.

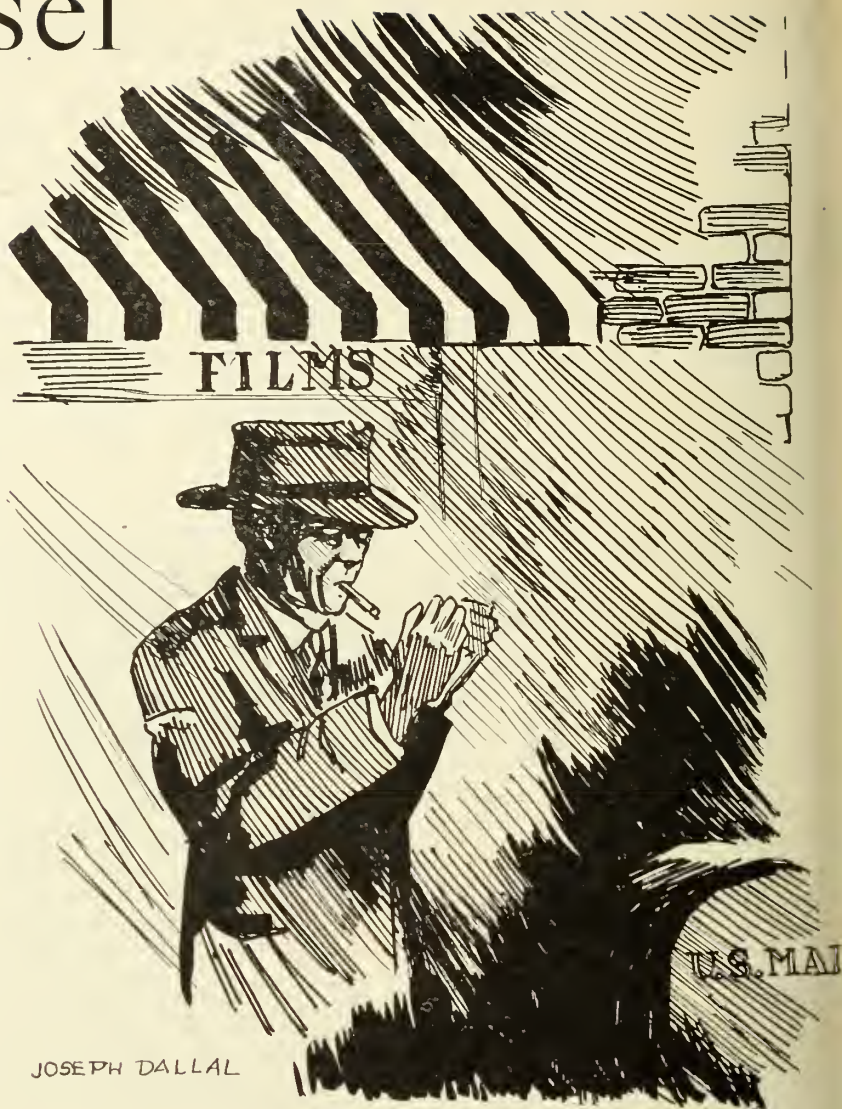
“Just because he can nick a wad easy doesn’t make him mean company.”

“Do yuh remember ‘Tony the Hook’? asked Tom.

“Yes, what of it?”

“Oh, nothing, only he tried to squeal on the Weasel, and, well, he hasn’t squealed since.”

THE game continued uninterrupted throughout this conversation, during which time Dick had been dividing his furtive attention between the Weasel and the game. He glaned down at the cards for a moment and when he looked up, an empty chair and a smouldering cigarette butt were the only indications that the Weasel had come and gone.



“Kinda slick, ain’t he?” jeered Tom, grinning at his companion.

“Well I’ll be—that guy is a born crook when it comes to moving around easy like.”

“Naw, yer all wrong. Three years ago he was agittin’ a nice fat check every week with ‘Pay to the order of Jim Thorpe’ on it, but which oughter of said, ‘Mrs. Jim Thorpe,’ ’cause she got it ’pronto. Jim and her was plenty happy and you wouldn’t blame ’em none ’cause Jim had a peach of a job and a peachier wife. One day she caught a bad cold and a week later Thorpe was a widower. Her dying just about finished him. He grew kinda careless and stale on the job, and finally the boss hands him the little blue slip. After that he got to hangin’ around here at Dugan’s. After a while when he was short of the green, he took the easy way to get his coffee and rolls. Since that, the poliee has been tryin’ to get the goods on him; but yuh know, a weasel’s hard to catch and harder to (Continued on Page 39)

When Bluejays *are* Song Birds

By A. G. Gadbois

IN the Homecoming edition of "Shadows" for 1924 Mr. S. A. Spitznagle has an article entitled "The University Discovers Itself," in which he shows the rise to fame of the University in its various activities. As this is Creighton's day in football, basketball and in track it is also her day in the more cultural activities. In debating she has long had the field. In dramatics she is young but powerful. But in music she is rising again to the front after a practically functionless decade of years.

The musical activities of the University are divided into three component parts, namely, the orchestra, the band, and the glee club. Of these three the Glee Club is the most prominent and is rising the most rapidly.

IN the early days of the Glee Club's career it was respected locally and throughout the state as an organization of singers well worthy of the title of Glee Club. And so it continued from its birth until the United States entered the World War and Creighton became an S. A. T. C. school when, in company with the other less practical organizations in the school, it quietly took its place in the background. The transi-

tion from obscurity back into the limelight has proven to be a long and tedious one. This process of transition terminated the latter half of last year when, under the leadership of a loyal and enthusiastic director, in the person of Prof. Henry G. Cox, and hard-working, unselfish officers of the club in the persons of John Foley, Fred Beaumont, and Gordon Richmond, the club once more came into its own. The real achievement of the past year was the week's appearance of the club at the Rialto theater in a little college skit written by Mr. Harry Watts, manager of the Rialto, and directed by Mr. Cox. This, in company with the many appearances at banquets and luncheons of the various civic clubs of the city, paved the way for the final appearance of the year at the Brandeis theater, when the club, assisted by the orchestra and Dr. Severin, a one-time Glee Club soloist, gave a formal concert before a very appreciative audience.

WITH the first week of the 1924-1925 school year the signal for the Glee Club tryouts was given. The year of 1923-1924 had seen a Glee Club limited to
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A "FEATURE" ACT PRESENTED BY THE GLEE CLUB AT THE RIALTO LAST YEAR.



“God Rest You Merry Gentlemen”

IT'S here again, the long-awaited, ever-heralded, never-to-be-forgotten season itself, here with the freshness and glamor that is never old. Christmas is in the air. It permeates the spirit of things. Even the dull old world of affairs, infected with the delightful contagion forgets itself for a while neglects to be mercenary and tempers its accustomed harshness with charity.

In the little world of the college man, Yuletide is a period even more delightful, more fraught with meaning, filled with an even more delicate pungency than the world round about it suspects. It is the peak of the year's expectations. The frosting on the cake, so to speak, which is relished with all the greater avidity because it has been so long delayed. And it's a real vacation, a time of parties and dances and the whole of the inevitable round of the social festivities.

VACATION, holidays, there's a zest and a tang in the words as one rolls them on the tongue, a flavor that is theirs alone. No time is this for neglected theses and forgotten research. Such things savor of the daily grind—the thing we are getting away from. To mingle studies with the holidays is to rob vacation of its essence, to reduce it to the commonplace, to put onion in the pudding.

Christmas is Christmas and holidays are holidays. They offer us the chance to relax and to acquire the verve and punch which we will need if we are to carry out our attempt to a successful issue. We must use them as they are intended or lose their value.





THE WHIP

"WHAT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE A FEW SCENTS MAKE," SAID THE YOUTH AS HE SWALLOWED THE PERFUME

He Got His Check

Boss: "Hey there! Hey, take up."

Office Boy: "I can't."

Boss: "Why can't you?"

Office Boy—"I ain't leep."

Vendee: "I want a couple pillow cases."

Vendor: "What size?"

Vendee: "I don't know it I wear a size 7 hat."

Page Mr. Doe

First Chorus Girl: "I'm inking of marrying Jack."

Second Ditto: "So'm I; now anybody who's got?"



O. WYMAN EGG SPENDS THE VACATION IN EXTENSIVE RESEARCH.

Son: "Yes, I'm married, and I've only known the girl three days."

Pa: "What folly!"

Son: "Ziegfeld's."

Senior: "One swallow does not make a summer."

Junior: "No, but it puts spring into your step."—Moonshine.

Ouch!

"Just think, three thousand seals were used to make fur coats last year."

"Isn't it wonderful that they can train animals to do such work?"—Juggler.

Prof. (giving a lecture)—"I don't mind if a student looks at his watch once in a while, but what gets me to see someone take out his watch, shake it a few times, and put it up to his ear."—Penn. Froth.

Not Guilty

Mandy—"Mose, is yo' sho' you' didn't marry me ' mah job?"

Mose—"Co'se ah didn't, gal! Lawsy, no! Yo' jes' 'shaid an' keep yo' ol' job!"

Conductor—"Say, young man, you can't go to New York on this ticket. It's marked to New Haven."

Young Man—"That's all right, I'll ride backwards."—Yale Record.

A man who was speaking on the law of compensation said:

"When a person is blind, his hearing is more acute."

"I see," said the listener. "I've often noticed that if a man had a short leg the other was longer."—Echoes.

Boss—"You're fired."

Clerk—"Why?"

Boss—"When I hired you, you told me you were a college graduate."

Clerk—"And what makes you think I am not?"

Boss—"I just overheard you tell Brown, here, that I knew more about this business than you did."—Denison Flamingo.

Archy Dopester Picks His All-American Team

Many Make His Team Who Make No Other.

For the first time in his career, Archy Dopester has engaged in the innocent sport of picking an "All-American Team." In selecting the players Dopester took these six qualifications into consideration: Speed, swiftness, celerity, weight, bulk and averdupois. Each of the above mentioned qualities, he claims, must be found in the super athlete. The following is the team:

Prayers of Parsons will hold the opposite guard position. He is chosen to lend his moral support to the team, which no doubt will be needed.



Captain Warden in a Characteristic Pose.



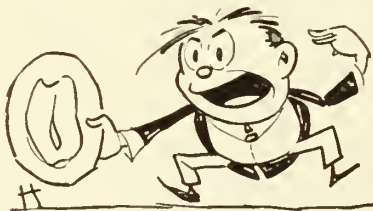
Eyes of Brown Attracting Attention.

Bowl of Rice.....	L. E.
Warden of Penn (C).....	L. T.
Banks of Wabash.....	L. G.
Eyes of Brown.....	C.
Prayers of Parsons.....	R. G.
Conquest of Peru.....	R. T.
Blues of Kentucky.....	R. E.
Kant of Fordham.....	Q. B.
Dance of St. Vitus.....	L. H. B.
Tracks of Northwestern.....	R. H. B.
Gulf of St. Lawrence.....	F. B.
Cheer-Leader.....	Hale, Columbia

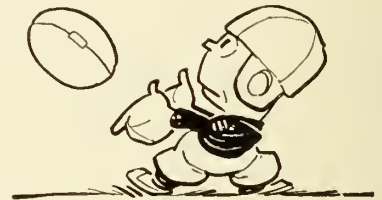
Eyes of Brown was usually the "center" of attraction, often holding the opposition entranced while his teammates sneaked around the ends for long gains.

The backfield selection was peculiarly difficult. Kant of Fordham is, I think, the nation's best at quarterback. He was always conservative, particularly in the choice of plays, using but two all season. This was very noticeable in the game with St. Isaac's.

Dance of St. Vitus has one of the shiftiest movements I have ever seen. This alone gives him a place on my "All-American" selection.



Hale, Columbia.



Tracks of Northwestern Intercepting One of His Own Passes.

Left end was given to Bowl of Rice because of the ease with which he goes down—under punts.

Blues of Kentucky is the other end. Due to his constant desire to "get back home," he was never known to take time out.

The outstanding tackle of the season was Warden of Penn. Very few opponents were able to break away for long runs while he was in the game. We honor him with the captaincy.

Conquest of Pern is our other choice for tackle. He was always the main cog of the forward wall of the Peruvians.

Banks of Wabash, whom no one was able to budge from his position during the entire season, merits a position as guard.

Tracks of Northwestern is his running-mate. His speed, which oftentimes enabled him to intercept his own forward passes and return his own punts, was a decisive factor in determining my choice.

Gulf of St. Lawrence has been full back as long as anyone can remember. And that's quite a while.

Another man worthy of mention was Yale's Locke at quarterback. The only reason he failed to make my first team was that in too many games he neglected to open up.

Stanford's Inke, at end, was never spilled all season, but kept off the first team due to his dark reputation.

Colgate's Paste is another quarterback deserving mention. He always showed excellent "taste" in choice of plays.

I could say much for Butler's Pantry, Basin of Mississippi, and many others, but I am being paid by the article and not by the hour.



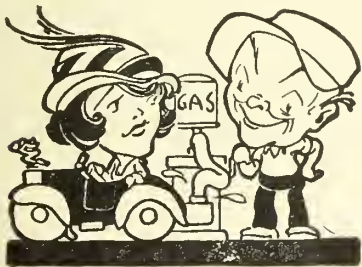
Bow—"There's a fellow I'd like to see in the city hospital."

Ree—"Why don't you go up and see him?"

Bow—"He's not there yet."

Not to be outdone by others, the Staff of the Whip, edited by C. Ward Pussle, is publishing this list of ten (10) questions which they think every college professor should know:

1. What is the specific gravity of the fourth dimension?
 2. Who was Columbus' mother?
 3. Where are diamonds most generally found?
 4. If the distance from New York to Sioux City by boat is 20,000 furlongs how far is it from New Orleans to Kalamazoo by radio?
 5. Is it possible to fry snowballs? If so, why not?
 6. Where was the treaty of Utrecht signed?
 7. What president wore the largest shoes?
 8. Why does a baker wear a white cap?
 9. Who made the first nitride?
 10. If the President, Vice President, and all the members of the cabinet died, who would officiate?
- (Answers to be found on following page)



A sweet young thing was bragging about her automobile. She ended her eulogy by declaring: "It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it; so quietly that you can't hear it, has such perfect ignition that you can't smell it and as for speed—well, you can't see it."

"But, how in the world," interrupted Rockefeller's minion, "do you know that the blamed thing is there?"

It Sometimes Happens.

Ding—"What did your wife say when you came home last night?"

Dong—"The darling never said a word. And I was going to have those two front teeth pulled anyhow."—Penn. Froth.



"What makes Joe so cheery these days?"

"Why, he has just been elected captain of the hockey team at the University of Panama."

Wrong Order

"Miss Curlycue," murmured the office manager to the stenog, "I don't wanna be harsh. Nothing like that. I really don't."

"Let's have the answer," said the damsel nonchalantly. "What's gone wrong now?"

"I just wanna ask you not to write your young man during business hours. Letters are apt to get mixed. Herb & Blurb report we have sent 'em a shipment of love and kisses instead of the axle grease they ordered."

Why They Were That Way

"I never saw such dreamy eyes."

"You never stayed so late."

She—"I wonder if you remember me? Twenty years ago you asked me to marry you."

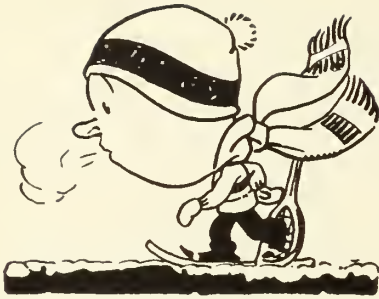
Absent-minded Prof.—"Ah, yes, and did I?"—Michigan Gargoyle.



Traffic Cop (with note-book in hand)—"I'll teach you to park more than thirty minutes in one place. What is your name?"

"Algernon Clement Parsifal Montmoreney Ardab—"

Traffic Cop (putting note-book in pocket)—"Well, don't let it happen again."



A. Watterman Jenks, President of the "Hike a Mile" Club, Saves His Railway Fare Home.

The Tool Required

"My dear, these cakes are hard as stone!"

"I know. Didn't you hear her say, 'Take your pick,' when she handed them round?"

Safety First

Neurich—"Be sure you get a good-looking nurse for my baby."

Mrs. Neurich—"Why?"

Neurich—"I want him to have police protection."—Medley.

Proposal?

He—"You should see the new altar in our church."

She—"Lead me to it!"—Transcript.

Answers to Questionnaire

1. Blue.
2. Mrs. Columbus.
3. In diamond mines.
4. Yes.
5. Maybe.
6. At the bottom.
7. Lincoln. Everyone's heard of his noble feats.
8. To cover his head.
9. Paul Revere.
10. The undertaker.

WHEN BLUEJAYS ARE SONG BIRDS

(Continued from Page 23)

sixteen men, with pronounced success. The smaller membership meant a more perfectly balanced club, fewer rehearsals for mastery of the repertoire, and better coordination between the director and the members of the club. In the face of these advantages the club decided to again make the sixteen-man limitation. But it proved to be a rather difficult task this year with the world of material at hand. Each rehearsal saw new men for the tryouts until the little music room atop the Arts College was literally filled to the doors. But, after six weeks of strenuous elimination

the definite membership was announced and work for the year was begun in earnest.

In the Glee Club just as on the gridiron, the gymna-
(Continued on Page 31)

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE FOURTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 8)

qualities I mentioned. Oh yes, it is all very well, and in fact it is necessary to have a few old heads on the job too; but newspaper work is emphatically a young man's work."

I TOOK advantage of a momentary pause to reflect that all the men I had seen bending over the typewriters and standing feverishly beside elicking telegraph instruments as I passed through the editorial rooms were young men.

But the vibrant, well-modulated voice on the other side of the table was resuming. "So you see the newspaper man draws but little pay and draws that little only for a short time. Add to this the fact that the cloak of anonymity prevents most newspaper men from attaining fame and honor, and you have the reason why I consider newspaper work such an unattractive calling—from this angle at least. I know that it is the orthodox thing for professional men to discourage their sons from following their own professions. Anyhow, if God had seen fit to bless me with a son"—there was a misty look in Harvey Newbranch's eyes as he said
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WE ARE GOING TO KEEP THE PENNANT IN '25

(Continued from Page 9)

jays of '25." We have a squad that appears to be the best ever assembled "on the Hill." From the 1924 squad we have Mahoney at center, Speiher, Koudede, Corenman, Allen and Bertoglio at guards, and Frank Ryan, Hickey and the writer at forwards. The freshmen from last year have given us a group of men who are causing every regular a great deal of worry and no man has a place cinched. The new men are Brown and Robie at forwards, Keyt, Conway and Herbst at guard and Shinstock and Jack Ryan at center.

The success that our teams have had in the past two years can be traced principally to Coach Sehabinger and Father Corboy and with these two men at the head we can safely say that Creighton will again have a successful basketball season. "Sehabby" always keeps perfect harmony among the members of the squad, which is a great factor in winning games. A man who is a quitter does not play on his team. The reason is that Creighton is out to win. A winner never quits and a quitter never wins.

LITTLE GENTLE EYES

(Continued from Page 12)

The unanimous opinion seemed to be that they all would. "The Crest" was the name of the Stone's rather pretentious mansion, overlooking the rustic banks of Elder Creek, several miles from town. To the townspeople, it was at once an occasion and an honor to be allowed the privilege of visiting there. Ruth let it be understood that the cars from the estate would call around for them during the afternoon.

While the company was hilariously piling into the autos, to be taken home, Chester was skirmishing around trying to get someone to take charge of his roadster, so that he might worm into the car which held Gwenivere. When he came to look for Fritz

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EDUCATION OR CO-EDUCATION?

By Lawrence N. Jones

(Continued from Page 17)

enough, and she can prattle it off to the professor glibly enough, but behold her consternation when the latter flings out some "catch" questions whereon a reasoning brain must be exercised. Then it is that the blummiest excuse of a male student can shame her completely.

IN the past the social life of the University has consisted of "smokers" and "stag parties," at which the spirit of hearty conviviality lightened the burden of everyday scholastic toil. An occasional dance, to which the students brought their friends, added variety to the round of pleasure. Convention does not yet permit the presence of even Creighton co-eds at the first two kinds of social functions, and as for the dances, well, if we did not have the co-eds here we would find willing maidens elsewhere. Furthermore,

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EDUCATION OR CO-EDUCATION?

By Grace M. Matous

(Continued from Page 17)

FREQUENTLY it is said that while a co-ed may have some good influence in the general activities of the school her presence in the class room is a detriment. Specifically, this is not true at Creighton, where the co-eds have proved themselves the "main cog" in the class, and there's no mistake about that. These co-eds are not only good students themselves but they have also made it possible for many of the

boys to be better students. As one of the latter recently remarked, it takes the co-eds to guide some of these boys through the intricate tangle of an English assignment, or to write a modern language exercise correctly. It would be indiscreet to vaunt the girls' mathematical superiority in this paper. Say what the world may about the boys having better minds for intellectual problems, nothing can controvert the fact that the co-eds have been found "on the job explaining." Since the entry of the co-ed at Creighton, scholastic competition has been mighty keen and an intense rivalry has risen for scholastic honor. This state of affairs has proved to be highly interesting, and as yet it seems that the co-eds have the "edge" over the boys so far this year. The co-eds have made the grade of the first quarter without a single failure; and in addition, a co-ed holds the scholastic honors of one department for the first quarter.

ONE fact too often overlooked by the antagonists of co-education is the refining influence of the gentler sex. Girls are born with a deep sense of refinement, and not only do they carry this gift with them throughout life, but they impart it where it is not. Many a cave specimen has been tamed into a respectable gentleman merely by the presence of some woman or women. Now educators the world over decrie the almost ineradicable tendency in freshmen toward a barbarian reversion to type. No amount of training, no amount of ambition, no amount of "tradition" can remedy this state of affairs so well as the company of those who demand perfect gentlemanly conduct at all times. It can safely be said by one of them that the young women at Creighton are of a kind that expect the very best deportment of fresh-

(Continued on Page 30)

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EDUCATION OR CO-EDUCATION

By Lawrence N. Jones

(Continued from Page 29)

when a student wishes a dancing partner he invariably prefers something exotic; that is, the co-ed whom he sees day after day in the class room, several times a day perhaps, does not hold out to him the attraction that one whom he does not see so often is certain to hold out. It is plain, therefore, that the students do not need the co-ed socially.

It is a huge joke even to think how the co-ed can be an asset to our athletic activities. What can they do to improve athletics? Nothing. The psychological effect of their presence at a football game upon the players is very problematical. Only too often the players are unaware of young women's presence, except when they let out a shrill comment at the wrong time. Although their number is bound to grow now that they are allowed the run of the University, they will never supply the crying demand for athletic material. There may be girl football teams in girl schools, but the Creighton Varsity team will never be the better for it even when the co-eds outnumber the students five to one. Basketball and track sports are indulged in at some institutions by girls, but athletics at such schools never attain noteworthy prominence; for girls do not and cannot, because of lack of strength, enter into these sports with the vigor and intensity that the men do. Athletic games played by girls are slow and clumsy; and they are interesting only because of the feminine feature. Men find it equally amusing to see a woman try her hand at driving a nail into a board.

THAT the admittance of the co-ed to the precincts of Creighton University was a mistake will be obvious later, when it will be too late. Then it will be known how negligible is the good which they can do the University and how great the term. Girls are all right in their proper place. Such a place, however, is not Creighton University, the Alma Mater of men famous in the turmoil of worldly pursuits and rendered capable of tussling successfully with the confronting problems of business because of the sound training imparted in the serene, undisturbed atmosphere of the former Creighton. The tragedy of the innovation was recently brought home when a middle-aged alumnus of the Arts College was seen in a dejected mood on the campus. Asked why he was shaking his head so mournfully, he said: No, no, Creighton isn't what it used to be." Before the questioner could seek further information, he beheld the cause of this poor man's dejection. It was a group of newly-arrived, giggling co-eds.

EDUCATION OR CO-EDUCATION

By Grace M. Matous

(Continued from Page 29)

men as well as seniors, or else they will feel bound to leave. The stigma that would attach itself to the "tradition" of the institution if such were the cause of their departure is sufficient to put every "barbarian" student on his guard.

The co-ed reaches her pinnacle as an asset to the university in its social life. Men, after all, have only men's ideas, erudite and inadequate ideas, regarding social usages and preparation. Their stellar achievement in the field of social functions is a "smoker." Not one of them could swear that the maximum amount of good comes from such an entertainment. The forced smoking is physically injurious, the ventilation of a place where many men are smoking furiously cannot be other than injurious, the conversations are apt to be inconsequential and careless, there is occasion for unnecessary disagreement of opinion, and then think of the opportunity to use strong language. No, there is no social gathering worth while unless women are present to give it tone and to see that rules of etiquette are observed, that the topics of conversation, as well as the conversation itself, are not trivial and inappropriate.

SUCH, in brief, are the priceless advantages of the co-ed to Creighton University. That they are real, no thinking and fair person can deny. Against the hysterical objection of the old-fashioned student we may tranquilly contemplate the action of the officials who are already determined to retain co-education because they see its importance as a factor in the making of the great universities of the East. It is even a source of wonder to them at present that they could have done without the co-eds until now. And as for the co-eds themselves, they know what an opportunity lies before them and are making the best of it to prove their inestimable value and to make more ridiculous later the fuss now raging about their toleration. They are a small band, truly, but not one of them is spoiled, pampered, unable to stand on her own feet. Not only has the co-ed come to stay at Creighton University, but she will bring her sisters and chums in the future, so that whoever may consider her unbearable should seek another university. She has taken possession and is determined to retain it even if all the boys must go elsewhere to learn enough to be able to cope with her years hence. The discontented student is here advised to calm his wrath and assume the attitude of his more progressive fellow student, who says: "Well boys, it's getting to look like a real university."

WHEN BLUEJAYS ARE SONG BIRDS

(Continued from Page 28)

um floor, and the track, each rehearsal must have perfect attendance with whole-hearted interest to warrant 100 per cent functioning. It was only with the spirited co-operation which it had that the Glee Club was able to rise from obscurity into the limelight as it did last year. The club has made for its motto, "Co-operation." So prevalent the year just past, it is again predominant this year, and should be a year of huge successes.

THE calendar for the current year, while not yet definitely planned, includes the providing of entertainment at many club luncheons and convention banquets, with a probably week-end trip or two. The initial appearance of the year was Sunday, December 17, when the club sang a group of hymns at the Elks memorial services, held at the World theater. It was with pride that Mr. Cox informed the club of the honor accompanying the Elks' invitation, and it was with pride that the club heard him. Never before in its history had such an honor been conferred upon the Creighton Glee Club. The memorial services of the Elks is the biggest national event of the year, and the best talent available is selected for the program. On this same program was President Father McCormick's name as principal speaker. So the day was obviously Creighton's.

THE big hope of the year, however, is the planned trip to Kansas City for participation in the Missouri Valley Glee Club contest. Participation in this contest would mean a great increase of attention on the part of the student body in the workings of the club, and co-operation by the student body in the club's activities will be a powerful incentive to the accomplishment of bigger and better things. Every man in the club is working hard on the material now in hand so that, if the great realization of the trip to Kansas City comes, the Glee Club will enter the contest to win, hoping to blazon forth the name of Creighton in yet another direction.

You undoubtedly are aware of the fact that this has been more of a sales talk than a history of the Glee Club past, present, and future—but that is what was intended to be. It is the desire of every man in the club, as it is mine, to have the student body back of us in everything we attempt. We need your encouragement as the team need your cheering. We ask of you—we do more, we beg it of you. Give it to us and you will be repaid a thousand-fold.

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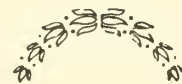
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BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE FOURTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 28)

this, but the brave, sportsmanlike smile so characteristic of him, still flitted over his features—"if God had given me a son, I would certainly feel distressed if he told me he wanted to be a newspaper man, this too, despite the fact that I wouldn't trade my present job for any job I know of at ten times the salary. I could not bear to see a son of mine enter a profession where the practical recompenses are so uncertain and so short-lived. But if he had the real 'newspaper bug,' I would give him my blessing and say 'Go to it, Son—it is the most fascinating game on earth.'"

THERE was a reverential pause as Harvey Newbranch pictured to himself the son-that-might-have-been, following up the profession which is at once the delight and despair of its followers.

At this juncture I made up my mind that we had been dwelling long enough on the dark side of the picture. So I broke in on the sacred silence of Harvey Newbranch's reverie, and asked him why he termed journalism "the most fascinating game on earth."

"Oh, my boy," he said softly—and I could see he was still thinking of the son-that-might-have-been—you would have to live the newspaper man's life to know what I do mean. After all, money isn't everything in life; it isn't even the main thing. From a temporal standpoint, the most we can get out of life is the satisfaction of having done some useful service, some work compatible with one's interests and inclinations. That is what constitutes the appeal of newspaper work. If a man wanted to amass wealth, I would advise him to turn to some other field; but if he wanted to get into a line of work that is positively fascinating in its interest—and, I might add, fatal in its fascination—I would tell him to become a cub reporter. The reporter sees the world and he sees life; he sees human nature—sees it raw and bleeding and quivering; sees every side of it, the good and the bad, the bright and the seamy. He knows things first and he knows them more accurately; he is in closer touch with the march of the world and of local events. And if you think that knowing things first and knowing them best is but poor compensation for a paltry salary, just recall the sense of importance you felt the last time you had a piece of exclusive scandal and were bursting to broadcast it."

It was the only cynical remark Harvey Newbranch permitted himself during the whole interview and it was the signal for a good-natured chuckle at the expense of human nature and its vanities. Then he plunged into one of those meditative silences which I

had already learned to respect. The trend of his meditations became apparent with his next remark.

ANOTHER reason why the true newspaper man loves his work so well is that it affords him so many opportunities for service, saddles so many responsibilities on him, and lends him such prestige and influence. I make bold to assert that the meanest reporter on a metropolitan daily exercises a greater and more positive influence than its editor, the mayor of the city, or the pastors in their pulpits. It is a truism to say that the press is the most potent influence in modern society, and next to the headline writer the routine reporter is the most influential member of the fourth estate. I mention the headline writer because of the unfortunate habit so many people have of reading only the headlines of a paper. But in spite of this habit, in spite of the overshadowing influence of the headline writer, the influence of the reporter is tremendous. He moulds public opinion; he is influencing the trend of public thought. That is just another of the compensations to be found in newspaper work, another element in its fatal fascination, another reason why journalists love the very work they curse for its uncertainties and poor pay."

A local celebrity in politics sidled into the office with a deferential "Good afternoon, Mr. Newbranch," and sidled out again. Evidently the editor of the "World-Herald" is a power to be feared, and although Harvey Newbranch naturally refrained from saying it, I knew that moments of homage such as those are the sweets of a newspaper man's existence.

The visit of the local celebrity afforded me an opportunity of branching off in another direction. "What sort of men does it take to play this fascinating game?" I queried. "Is the college man competent to play it? If so, how should he prepare for it?"

GIVE me an intelligent young man," Harvey Newbranch rejoined, stressing the young, "with a curious, prying mind, alert, loyal, accurate and industrious, and I will give you a good newspaper man. The newspaper does not demand a finished news style to begin with, but it does demand intelligence; it does demand accuracy, alertness, energy, close application; and above all, the newspaper demands loyalty—loyalty to one's self, and as corollaries, loyalty to one's paper and loyalty to the great reading public which the paper serves."

Harvey Newbranch's own career is an apt illustration of his point with regard to loyalty. Mr. Newbranch has been associated with the "World-Herald" since 1899, first as reporter, then as associate editor and then, since 1910, as editor. He is fond of recounting how shortly after his graduation from the Uni-

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LITTLE GENTLE EYES

(Continued from Page 29)

imbolt, he found him firmly ensconced at the right of Gwenivere, with Ruth at her left, and he saw, with a pang of jealousy, how impossible it would be to get him to leave. For the heart of big, good-natured Fritz was also performing queer antics, and little Velma Strain was no longer giggling. Poor Velma! And poor Fritz!

Goldie, of course, was in no better frame of mind returning from the station than she had been coming down, and Chester was in a hurry to get her home; so much so, in fact, that he crossed one ditch at such a precarious speed that her hat was tilted down over her nose. Oh, how he would pay for that!

ALTHOUGH he had plenty to do until it was time to leave, it seemed to Chester that the hours passed with exasperating slowness. His mother had not received the announcement of his departure in the spirit he would have liked. She thought he was wasting a lot of time that he might be putting to good use around the yard. This idea exasperated him further. To think that tending the yard could be half so important as boosting the family's social prestige by cultivating people like the Stones! He wagered that his mother would see things in their true light. His father, however, seemed to take very little interest.

Only one thing occurred to him to disturb his pleasant musing over the morning's new acquaintance. That was his virtual obligation to take Goldie with him to "The Crest." Goldie was a nice kid and all that, but he didn't consider himself under any obligation to her. He was afraid, too, that he might appear to Gwenivere to be already spoken for.

On this point, however, his mind was put at rest, for when he called at the Ainsworth home, her mother told him that Goldie had gone on in one of the Stone cars. No, she hadn't left any word for him.

Chester didn't know whether to feel elated or sorry. He guessed he felt a little of both. He didn't like to hurt Goldie's feelings; she was a darn good kid. He ought to have been a little bit more considerate.

This mood, however, did not last long. He was soon bounding over the road toward the Stone place, a happy smile of anticipation on his face. He had conceived the happy idea of getting out there first and putting in a little ground work before the others arrived. To this end he was letting his car out to the full extent that the road and his patched tire would permit. He did not hear the other cars until they had almost swept by him with a rapid "swft—swft" that left him enveloped in a cloud of dust.

He caught a fleeting glimpse of the mocking faces of his friends, who jeered the efforts of his little car as they passed. They thought they were funny, didn't

(Continued on Page 35)

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(Continued from Page 16)

ent. Previous training and personal pride made Arabella wary, so that when Adage was finally presented to her she gave him a frigid "how do you do, Mr. Smithers?" and left him abruptly. Adage had expected opposition, even a certain resentment of Miss Johnston, but never to be cut so cold as that. The jolt floored him completely. He had counted on this party as the means, the grand opportunity to win his bet and it had failed him miserably. He went home cursing "Lady Luck," ole man Johnston, Lafe and W. T., himself and the world in general.

THE next afternoon to revive his aching spirits he got into match play in an African-golf game at Lafe Bromley's place. The stakes were small, but as usual Adage's ability did not go for nought. The pile of nickles and dimes with a greenback or two before Adage became larger and larger as one by one the boys dropped out until only Adage and T. Fowler Waters, the king of the ivories, remained. In the meantime the stakes grew inversely as the number of players and then she became interesting to all but Lafe.

"Adage," said the proprietor of the Recreation Hall, "yo'll be amindin' this place pritty soon anyhow, yuh all mind lookin' after it foh a while so Ah can go to mah bank?"

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DELUSION

(Continued from Page 20)

"Thank God! Mr. Cleveland," he said, "you're back. Tell me, haven't you arranged to get me out of this hell-hole?"

"I am sorry," said I, "but to revoke the decision of the insanity board is impossible. I can do nothing for you. There is nothing to substantiate your story."

"Ah," he said quickly, his eyes brightening triumphantly, "but there is—you left me last week before I had time to tell you."

"All right," I said, with a frown, "what is it?"

"Go to Mr. Prescott, Mr. Claude Prescott, in the Chemical Building," he said, "he will tell you that what I say is true. He knows of the whole affair. And, as you want evidence, ask him to give you the affidavit which we drew up to issue my release."

"The possibilities of the statement were shocking. Maybe he was right after all."

"The next morning I hastened to the Chemical Building in search of the evidence that Van Order had indicated as his means of vindication."

HERE Cleveland, who had been breathing heavily, passed his hand across his eyes and uttered a faint groan. I started from my chair to aid him, but he recovered himself at once and waved me back into my chair.

"Well," continued Cleveland with effort, "I returned from my quest, as I thought, with my conscience cleared. I went to Van Order, who sprang forward with eager expectation."

"What news?" he cried. "Was I right?"

"I paused for a moment and then said, 'Van Order, your friend, Mr. Prescott, was accidentally killed last Wednesday in Cincinnati, and as for the affidavit, there is no trace of it anywhere.'"

"The poor fellow went white with terror and anger, and before I could evade him, he rushed forward and seized me by the throat, crying, 'You devil! You went too late. Why did you go away last week? You beast! You've ruined me!' He released his grip on my throat and sank to the floor a babbling maniac."

"The affair unnerved me and I was unable to attend to my work. I tried to forget, to justify myself. I've tried to blame it all on fate and circumstance! Oh, I don't know what I've been trying to do, Sydney. If this cursed affair were only settled! This bedlam of an existence is killing me."

"My dear Cleveland," I said, eager to allay his agitation. "Of course the affair was deplorable in itself, but good heavens, man, you were only doing your duty and following your better judgment."

"I don't know, I don't know—"

At this juncture the telephone jangled. Both of us started. Cleveland leaned over and seized the phone and there followed an excited conversation, ending when Cleveland hung up the receiver abruptly and stared blankly at the wall. He recovered himself with an effort.

"Well, Sydney, I guess it's settled. Davidson just called. Davidson, you know, the new superintendent. They checked up on the Van Order records again yesterday after he died. Van Order told the truth, Sydney. They found the affidavit, the one he made with Prescott. He was as sane as you are when he came to Arlington. Prescott mailed it to us the day before his death, and it was mislaid. Van Order was right."

HE sat staring at me, but I knew that he was looking far off and beyond to the bare room of the asylum, where a boy, slumped on a cot, sobbed convulsively while he looked on in helpless sympathy. I knew that the scene was being re-enacted, for he kept repeating to himself, "I killed him, Sydney; I drove him mad. It was all my fault. I did it. But God! how was I to know? How was I to know?"

LITTLE GENTLE EYES

(Continued from Page 33)

they? Well, he would show them how funny they were the next time any of them asked him for a ride!

This threat didn't afford him much satisfaction, though. He believed he had recognized Gwenivere in one of the cars and, if he had not mistaken her, he knew that she had not even glanced in his direction.

WHEN he drove into the yard, the girls had already vanished to the upper regions of the house and the boys were standing about in little groups on the lawn, smoking and conversing, plainly ill at ease. The people of Ervin, especially the younger generation, stood somewhat in awe of the Stones and of their splendid country home. It was, in reality, a beautiful estate, and its imposing magnificence served only to further emphasize the exclusiveness of its owners.

Accordingly, when Chester made his noisy entry, it served the boys as a signal to relieve the tension in rather strained pleasantries. With one accord, they collected about his car before he had an opportunity to alight, and nervously simulated an air of jaunty urbanity.

"Well, well, d'ja see what the cat dragged in?"

"Like to have me dust ya off?"

"Thought you was heading back t' town."

THE party seemed to be getting off to a bad start. Even after the young ladies had come down before dinner, an uneasy feeling was abroad. It was nothing tangible, nothing that you could put your finger on; only everyone felt repressed and uncomfortable. It was probably due in part to Ruth herself. She was not by nature demonstrative, and, in this unusual environment, her guests experienced considerable difficulty in expressing themselves with that freedom which familiar surroundings induce.

Someone proposed that the time remaining before dinner might be utilized in an expedition to Elder Creek, and the proposition met with clamorous approval. Chester hurried around to find Gwenivere, only to discover that she and Fritz Painbolt were already moving down to the creek.

He ran forward and called out, "O Fritz! Will you run up to m' car and get me my cap?"

Fritz did not answer, but turned a bewildered countenance to Gwenivere.

"If you will pardon me," replied Gwenivere, with freezing glance and with cutting emphasis, "Mr. Painbolt is acting as my escort." With that, and motioning Fritz to follow her, she proceeded on down the hill.

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Chester stood still for a moment, blushing to his hair; then he decided that he didn't believe he cared to go to the creek after all. He returned to the veranda and kept Velma company until the others returned.

The atmosphere at dinner was much the same as it had been before. Everybody felt the constraint until Ruth asked them if they would like to spend the evening dancing to the radio; in the general rejoicing over the appropriateness of the idea, the common embarrassment appeared to dwindle. Only Chester, who beat furtive glances about the table, in an endeavor to avoid the eyes of Gwenivere, seemed ill at ease.

When the rugs had been rolled back, the guests grouped themselves about the radio cabinet, admiring it and plying Ruth with numerous questions as to its operation. Through all the hub-bub, Ruth sat spinning the dials rather doubtfully, to the accompaniment of sundry squawks and squeals from the amplifier.

The noisy enthusiasm grated on Chester and he retreated to the veranda. The world had, somehow, gone blacker than morning for him. Why was it that a girl of Gwenivere's type couldn't appreciate him at his true worth? Of course, he didn't mean to brag; he hated bragging as much as anybody, but there surely wasn't any comparison between him and a fellow like Fritz Painbolt. What in the Sam Hill kick could she get out of a hubber like that? He sure was playing in rotten luck!

He felt for his cigarettes and, having lighted one, irritably flipped the match-stick out into the darkness of the lawn. Girls certainly were queer; they didn't appreciate anything that you did for them. He had a notion to chuck 'em altogether.

Gosh! she certainly was a dream. He thrilled now at the remembrance of the low, melodious laughter with which she had responded to some humorous quip at the table. He selected two stars from out the velvety heavens; those were her eyes, and the gently sighing night wind was the soft swish that her clothes made when she passed him by.

There! They had located something on the radio, at last. It sounded noisy at first, but it was rapidly clearing as the process of tuning proceeded.

He may as well go in and ask for a dance; nothing was to be gained by mooning away out here in the dark. Besides, even if all the other slights had been intentional, she could hardly refuse to give him a dance.

HE was back in a few moments, in a less enviable mood than ever. Her reply that her dances were all taken, filled him with a combination of anger and chagrin difficult to analyze. He bit his lip savagely

as he slumped down in a chair; his brows were pulled over to a point above his nose and he glared out balefully at the unoffending shadows. This attitude gave way slowly to one of disconsolate melancholy.

What could he possibly have done to offend her? In his mind, he ran over all the incidents, all his actions since their meeting. He could think of nothing at which she might have taken offense. Here was a riddle. There was something queer about it too, decidedly queer. The idea of her refusing to have anything to do with him and her open preference for the company of Fritz Painbolt!

He sat there, staring somberly out into the night, for what, to him, seemed hours. The wheezy, metallic music of the radio continued on, punctuated irregularly by the shouts and laughter of the guests. Growing restive, he decided to take a stroll on the lawn.

The room in which the young folks were dancing, on another side of the house, opened out onto the veranda through French doors. It was while he was rounding the corner to this side of the house that Chester was surprised to come upon Gwenivere, seated on the railing, dreamily contemplating the darkness.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, hastily, "I didn't mean to er—intrude." He had almost said, "butt in," but had caught himself in time.

"You aren't," she replied, friendly enough. "Aren't you dancing?"

"Well, I didn't feel just like it; I got a kind of a head-ache."

"Oh, I'm so sorry." Her voice and manner, when she said this, caused the blood to pound in his temples with renewed vigor. He would have liked to sit down, but lacked the courage to ask permission. Perhaps she noticed this, for she motioned him to seat himself beside her.

"Don't you care for dancing, Mr. Walker?" Her tone implied that she wished to be friendly.

"Please don't call me that," he pleaded.

"Don't call you what?" she inquired, her eyes kindling with humor.

"Mr. Walker, I wish you would call me Chester."

Her answer to this was to go off into a gale of laughter, the most delicious laughter, he thought, that he had ever heard. He didn't know whether to feel discomfited or elated. At any rate he felt considerably emboldened.

"Then you are not angry with me?" He pronounced the words with considerable trepidation.

"Angry!" She suddenly left off laughing and looked at him in surprise. "Me angry with you? Why, no. What on earth made you think that?" And then she

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WHATEVER BOOSTS CREIGHTON BOOSTS YOU

(Continued from Page 21)

your bit. You cannot play football or basketball; neither can you donate a building to help things along, but you can give your best in cheering during the games and in encouraging our players, not only on the field but after the game when, though things seem blue, you may stoically emulate the athletes and repeat that "we'll do better next time."

The organization is composed of men from every department and has a president as its leading officer. The president is responsible for the arrangements during games and for the proper management of any activity which the club deems worthy of support. Membership is limited to fifty men and any student is eligible to join the club at such times when there is a vacancy; provided that he unanimously passes a vote of the members in session. In this manner it is hoped to propagate a spirit of advancement in the student members of the organization and at the same time to keep the quota of such members within a number promotive of unity.

The Boosters' Club therefore is primarily an organization of Creighton students whose sole purpose and intent is to form a nucleus upon which student cheering and expression of spirit may be conveyed to the student body as a whole.

Are you going to stand behind this organization of students who have nothing to gain for themselves except inasmuch as they gain for you? Do you not think we need such a group? Every other university has its Boosters' Club, with its limited membership and the self-same principles. Let's get behind this organization and put it across—it costs us nothing but a spirit of good-will, and it pays us in return when it proves that there is not a man in Creighton who has not a spirit of loyalty and the ability to BOOST.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW?

(Continued from Page 14)

- 2—In what country is Mont Blanc situated?
- 3—What were the "Hundred Days"?
- 4—What are incubabula?
- 5—Why are Mercator's Projections so called?
- 6—Who is "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"?
- 7—Who discovered the South Pole?
- 8—What are the five orders of English peers?

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- 39—Who was the first presidential candidate of the Republican party?
 40—What is the Ampersand?
 41—Which is the brightest of the stars?
 42—What proposition in Euclid is rightly known as the Asses Bridge?
 43—What is the meaning of "La Traviata"?
 44—What was the family name of Michael Angelo?
 45—What is an annular eclipse?
 46—Who wrote the Ingoldsby Legends?
 47—What is meant by a Barmecides Feast?
 48—What is a round robin?
 49—What animal furnishes cordovan leather?
 50—Who shrieked when Kosciusko fell?

Answers to Questionnaire

- 1—An imperial decree relating to the affairs of the country.
 2—The calculation of the position of a ship made by log and compass.
 3—A maverick is an unbranded cow or calf which can be claimed by the person finding it.
 4—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Wilson.
 5—(Act of faith). The solemn public act that was performed in Spain and Portugal at the execution of heretics condemned to death by the Inquisition.
 6—An ancient myth of a celebrated robber of Attica who was wont to place all persons who fell in his power upon a bed which was made either too small or too large, where he fitted them to its length by stretching their bodies or by mutilating the limbs until they died.
 7—A decree of Pope Alexander VI dividing the unexplored portions of the world between Spain and Portugal.
 8—A surd is a quantity which cannot be expressed by rational numbers.
 9—A palindrome is a word, verse, or sentence that is the same whether read backwards or forwards.
 10—Heir apparent in English means the person who is certain to succeed if he outlives his ancestor. heir presumptive in English Law means a person who would succeed if the ancestor were to die immediately, but who may ultimately be displaced if the ancestor lived longer.
 11—Nancy Hanks.
 12—One who practices blind or exaggerated patriotism.
 13—The act was solemnized December 16, 1809.
 14—A lyric specially adapted to music. Generally for a number of voices.
 15—One who re-writes a manuscript.
 16—This picture of the Virgin, by Raphael, is so called because it hangs in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.
 17—It commemorates the heroism of the French, Swiss Guards who were annihilated in the defense of Tuileries, August 10, 1792.
 18—Taj Mahal—a celebrated mausoleum in India built by Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and wife.
 19—Political parties in Italy in sixteenth century.
 20—Were followers of John Wycliffe, promoter of religious agitation in behalf of reform in the Church.
 21—550 feet.
 22—The Cid.
 23—A water clock.
 24—First given in this form in Sterne's Sentimental Journey.
 25—Eleven states, Missouri and Kentucky became disputed territory.
 26—Four years.
 27—Seventeen years.
 28—The Pilgrims were those Puritans who emigrated to America.
 29—The folio was a sheet folded once in half. The quarto was folded twice.
 30—The Cullinan, weighing 3,025 carats.
 31—General Meade.
 32—Switzerland.
 33—The period between Napoleon's return from Elba and the Battle of Waterloo.
 34—Cradle state.
 35—The name given to that kind of map-making in which the meridians of longitude are drawn as if parallel, the circles of latitude being in consequence, all at right angles with the same.
 36—The Bank of England, which is situated at the head of Threadneedle Street in London.
 37—Captain Wilkes.
 38—Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis and Duke.
 39—John C. Fremont.
 40—The character for **and**, as **&**.
 41—The Sirius is the brightest of the stars.
 42—The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.
 43—One fallen from virtue.
 44—Bnonarotti.
 45—One in which the center of the sun disc is covered, leaving a bright ring around the margin.
 46—Thomas Ingoldsby, pseudonym of Rev. Richard Harris Barbon.
 47—An imaginary feast, taken from The Barber's Tale in the Arabian Nights.
 48—A number of signatures to a petition, written in a circle so as to avoid giving prominence to any one name.
 49—The Spanish horse raised in Cordova.
 50—"Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

THE WEASEL

(Continued from Page 22)

old. And, judgin' from the way things looks to-
ght, the police headquarters is gonna git an S. O. S.
efore old Sol pokes his head outa the briny."

THE Weasel was on the hunt. Chance had put him
on the scent of worthy bait. How he learned that
d Sims had taken \$2,000 from town home with him
at night was not quite obvious, but then again,
either had several other affairs that had proved lucra-
ve to the Weasel.

As he ambled through the night, the wind blew a
freshing breath against his lean, thin face. Although
e temperature was as high as usual for a smmmer
ght, his long hands were plunged deeply into the
gging poekets of the blue serge coat. His hat was
dled forward over his eyes, leaving only a thin
inge of gray hair, the sharp nose and the small, firm
outh exposed.

For several bloeks he faced the cooling breeze—
en boarding a street ear, he rode to the end of the
ie in the opposite direetion. Leaving the ear, he
alked a half mile north on an mpaved highway,
ong which were scattered a few new bungalows here
d there.

In the next half hour he had successfully gained the
odshed baek of the Sims home. While he was en-
avoring to orient himself with his snrroundings, the
int whistle of a far distant factory echoed the mid-
ght hour. From the east the wind had brought a
izzling fog and rain that shut out the glow of the
reet lamps and blanketed the night in a shronnd of
arkness.

ATTRACTED by a shaft of light emerging from
below a partially drawn blind, he approached
e house and peered in.

At a table in the center of the room sat a middle-
ed man counting a bundle of bank notes. From the
pression on his face, the Weasel knew that Ed Sims
is evidently pleased. He then counted them care-
lly over, smoothing each of them lovingly with his
g hands, as he arranged them in a pile before him.
e started as the phone rang, and laying the remainder
the bills on the table, turned to answer it.

"Hello—yes, this is Ed. What! You say Pat was
rt? Yes, I'll be right over."

Sims grabbed a coat from a hook, jammed a hat on
s head and hurried aecross the room. He pulled the
ngling light cord above his head, and the blaekness
the night filled the room. From the front of the

(Continued on Page 42)

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LITTLE GENTLE EYES

(Continued from Page 36)

caught the humor of the situation again, and smiled brightly.

"Why I—it just kind'a crossed my mind, I guess. I—I'm sure glad, tho,"—he hesitated a moment—"Gwenivere." Hastily he added, "You don't mind my calling you that, do you?"

"Why certainly not, if you wish to." The little quizzical smile with which she regarded him bothered him. He was more than half afraid that she did not take him seriously. However, he decided, that probably was just her way.

A silence fell between them and, fearing that she might leave, he made a valiant effort to prevent the conversation from lagging.

"The stars are sure bright tonight, ain't they?"

"Lovely," was the laconic response.

"It's sure nice walking on a night like tonight, ain't it," to which he added the panicky rejoinder, "Course, I mean when you ain't got nothing else to do."

"Delightful," she replied, with a musingly absent air.

"This music sure is noisy. I believe I'd like to move around. Would you like to take a little walk?" He had to jerk out the last sentence by main force.

"That is nice of you," she said, bringing her attention back to him, "but, really, I believe the music has stopped. Don't you think that we had better go in?"

He, of course, could do nothing but assent, "Yea, I guess so."

But he didn't care; he was perfectly satisfied with the progress he had made; in fact, he felt as though he were treading on clouds. Oh, of course, she didn't go out for a walk with him, but then, he could hardly expect her to when all the others were getting ready to go to bed. But hadn't she told him that she wasn't angry with him—even laughed at the idea?

So, after he had proudly escorted her in and bidden her a whispered good-night, he retreated again to the veranda. Even when one of the boys came to the door and told him that the others were retiring, he did not go in, but replied that if they would just leave the door unlocked, he guessed he would take a little stroll

TO the rear of the house and to the south, the hill continued on to a rounded knoll, which, though surrounded by patches of trees and shrubs, stood out above them, a dark crescent against the purple sky of the night. When he reached this and looked down into the darkened vale which it hid, the boy had the little creek, a faint, winding thread of grey silver, at his right below him; at his left the gently rolling hills

stretched onwards until they faded indistinctly into the glinting universe. A gentle breeze carried the pure night air; a cricket, here and there, kept up a subdued chorus. Off to the left he could hear faintly the distant jangle of a cow bell, accompanied by the soft mooing of cattle. Though it was barely audible, he could even distinguish the melodious tinkle of the stream as it rippled over a stick or a stone, far below.

The boy drew a deep breath and exhaled it slowly. He seemed to be floating in an abyss of grandeur. He was startled and shivered a little as he viewed the appalling magnificence of the setting. All evil passions, all pettiness and smallness left him. He felt at peace and, somehow, immaterial. He was sorry that he had behaved about the telephone as he had that morning; sorry that he had ever done anything for which his conscience could trouble him.

This feeling, this lithesome peace, he knew he must owe to Gwenivere; to what she meant to him. This was what love did, these were the gifts it bestowed when it burned with a clear, pure flame. Nothing could stand in its way; nothing could hinder its beneficent influence; nothing could stop it,—nothing,—nothing.

Unnoticed, his cigarette burned cold in his hand, as he slowly made his way back to the house.

AFTER breakfast the next morning several of the company decided upon a trip of exploration to the new dam which Mr. Stone was constructing about a quarter of a mile above the house, on Elder Creek. The stream at this point made a much more rapid descent than it did elsewhere, and Mr. Stone was building the dam to form a lake which he intended to stock with fish.

Chester, when he discovered that Gwenivere was among the company, included himself; and together they proceeded up the creek along a shady cow path, overgrown with bramble and wild grapevine. As they neared the scene of construction, the banks of the stream narrowed, until they made little more than a ravine where the dam reared its sturdy concrete wall. The party was forced to clamber up the steep slope in order to obtain the higher ground where the top of the wall joined with the earth, and Chester experienced a delightful tingle along his nerves when Gwenivere offered him her hand that he might assist her to mount with the others.

The concrete on this side had been poured but the day before, and was still soft. It was Ruth's suggestion that all engrave their initials upon its surface. With much giggling and fun-making, they set about the task; all except Chester. With a rather serious mien, he stood a little apart at Gwenivere's side, until, with a pretty gesture, she requested him to fashion

own initials below his. When he leaned forward to do her bidding and ran his finger through the damp sweat, he was acutely conscious of her proximity, as he examined the lettering over his shoulder. His length seemed to leave him and his hand trembled at the feel of her warm breath blowing softly on his cheek. He thought she leaned even closer, when in reply to his question she informed him that her middle initial was N. And then abruptly, she left him and returned to the others.

THE return trip took more time than did the other, the young folks making numerous excursions, here to the right or to the left, in search of flowers or wild fruit. Chester walked silently at the side of Gwenivere, not speaking, save when spoken to, gazing, with a sort of wistful expression, either at the trees or the irregular patches of blue sky, or, on occasion, idly, at his companion. He was not aware of any thoughts; his world of ideas seemed a pleasant blank. He sensed everything, the presence of the girl by his side, the twittering of the birds, the timid and scurry-wild life, the balminess of the atmosphere; but of these, he was conscious of no single, clear impression; rather, they seemed all to total a delightful floating sensation.

Her chance remark, in reply to the enthusiasm of the girls, who had just returned from a by-path where a handful of blackberries, that they grew in abundance several miles up the creek, gave birth to the idea of spending the afternoon in a berry-picking expedition.

At the time, the thought had flitted through Chester's mind that Gwenivere's enthusiasm over the idea seemed a little forced, and her remark that she ached her head was commencing to ache recalled it to his mind. They were ascending the slope from the creek to the house and these two had dropped a little behind the others.

He was at once profuse with his sympathy; indeed, when he looked down upon her elfin figure, he was seized with a genuine fear lest by walking too fast, or by some other means, the nature of which he could not comprehend, he himself had contributed to her distress. He would not be allowed the privilege of comforting her! If, in some way, he might alleviate a small portion of her pain—if only he might suffer in her place—ah! that would be a boon that would be! If his was the ownership of a magic wand that would waft away the tiny frown that had gathered on her forehead! Struggling along in this strain, he was taken completely by surprise at her next remark.

I am afraid this will make it impossible for me to

(Continued on Page 46)

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THE WEASEL

(Continued from Page 39)

building came the muffled "bang" of a closing door, and the staccato of swiftly moving feet.

INSTANTLY the Weasel crystallized into action. His pet "jimmy" noiselessly opened the window, through which the intruder drew himself into the room. As if by magic a circle of light appeared on the wall and erratically made its way about the room. Suddenly it halted, oscillating slightly. Under its glare lay a bundle of bank notes. For the fraction of a second it remained tense as if incredulous, then the circle began to contract.

From out of the surrounding darkness emerged a long, bony hand, that deftly drew the notes back into the void. The light vanished and the soft swish of a closing window marked the exit of the Weasel.

ALONG the path leading from his home, Ed Sims hurried rapidly towards the house some 200 yards south. The night was wet, and before he had gone half the distance he turned up the collar of his coat and jammed his hands into his pockets. He halted when he failed to feel the reassuring bulk of the notes. Turning he anxiously began to search along the path back to the house. The jetty blackness frustrated any thorough search, no matter how painstakingly executed. Abandoning this method he dashed for the house. A flashlight would facilitate the search. Plunging recklessly through the gateway he stumbled, fell violently to the sidewalk and lay there groaning at the foot of the steps.

* * * * *

WHEN the Weasel reached the open night, he paused a bit to ascertain whether he had been detected or not. To his straining ears came the sound of running feet; then the regular beats suddenly were broken by a thud, followed by a low groan. All became quiet, except a moan now and then.

According to his ethical standards the Weasel should have made his retreat certain and safe, but the continued moaning affected him strangely. He hesitated. Nevertheless he was not so rash as to act over-hastily. The vigilance of the police had taught him that sentiment and house-breaking do not foster success for the perpetrator of crime.

With his gun in his right hand and in his left the unlighted searchlight, the Weasel inched his way forward until the moaning seemed to come from a place directly in front of him. Steeling himself for a possible ruse attack, he switched on the light.

"Who's there?" queriously asked a female voice "Is it you, Ed?"

"No, it's me," replied the Weasel, "but if you'll open the door I'll bring in Ed. He's been hurt."

The door swung open. Within stood a small woman clothed in a faded wrapper, hastily thrown over her night apparel before answering the door summons. Her face was strained with fear and bewilderment. And little wonder that she gasped when she beheld a strange man enter, staggering under the weight of her inert husband and place him on a couch.

Forgetting the Weasel in her anxiety for the former she ran to the side of the couch, crooning to him and pleading with him to answer, which, to her great relief he eventually did.

DURING this time the Weasel stood fidgeting awkwardly since scenes such as these were infrequent enough in his hard life. He broke the silence of his embarrassment. "I guess I'll be going, lady. Hope he gets along O. K."

Realizing her seeming rudeness to her husband's presence in her anxiety for the latter's welfare, Mrs. Sims turned to the Weasel and grasped his hand.

"I don't know who you are, Mister, but I can't thank you enough for what you've done. If you hadn't found him, he might have died out there."

Overcome by emotion, she approached and kissed him impulsively on the cheek, then turned and fled to her husband, sobbing in her happiness.

The Weasel stood immovable, staring. Perhaps through his tear-dimmed eyes he saw things which might have been. Perhaps he saw a home where he too, would be welcomed, loved. Perhaps it was this that caused him to stumble awkwardly, fumble clumsily with his coat, and delay unduly in recovering his hat from the table before plunging into the night. Who knows?

* * * * *

"**T**HERE he is again," whispered Tom, as the Weasel's wet figure slouched into the chair he had previously occupied earlier in the evening at Dugan's.

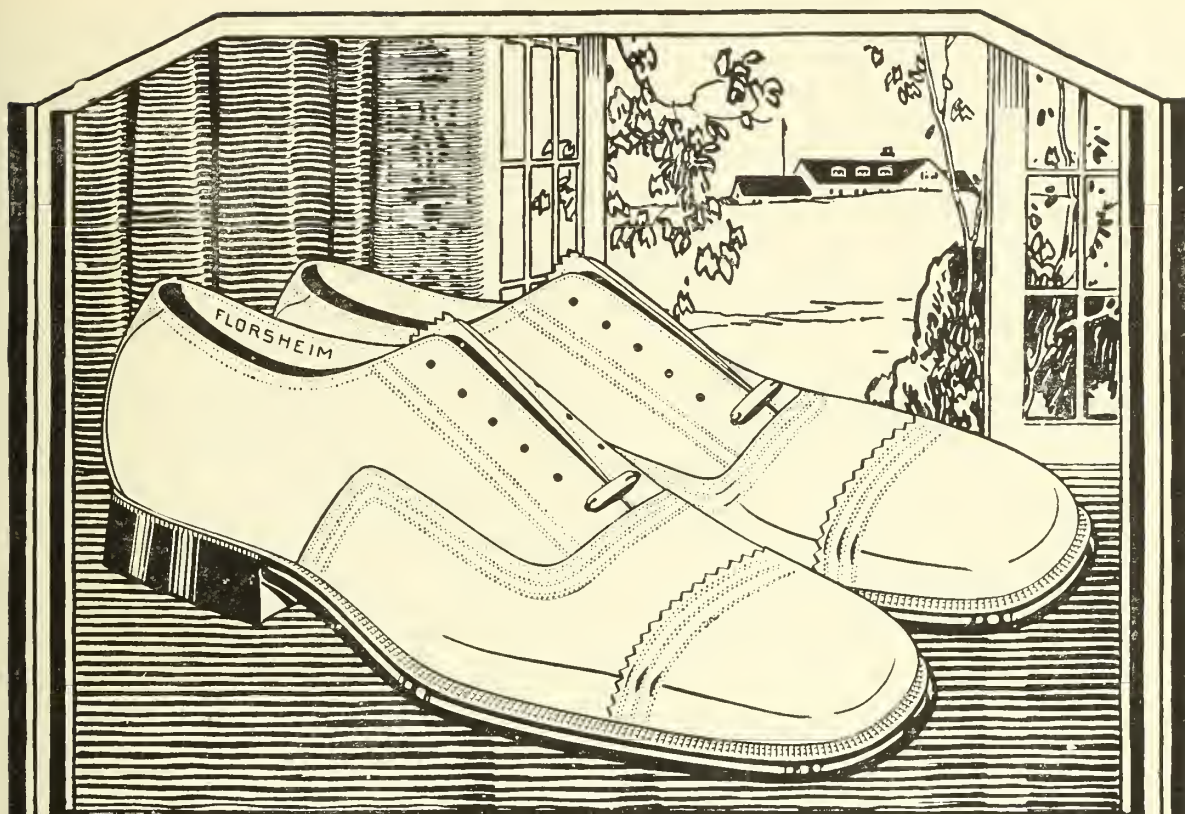
"I suppose he has cleaned someone," volunteered Dick. "Wonder what luck he had? Looks as though he'd been out in the weather."

Tom looked at the Weasel sharply, then said rather disappointedly:

"I guess the police won't get the S. O. S. tonight."

"Why? Hasn't he nicked somebody's roll?"

"Do yuh think he'd stick around here to be caught with the goods, if he had?" growled Tom, disgustedly.



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FOR THE MAN



WHO CARES

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE FOURTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 32)

versity of Nebraska with an A. B. degree, he finally gravitated into newspaper work through an intermediate stage in politics, and eventually landed on "The World-Herald" at the princely salary of twelve dollars and a half per month. During the panicky times of the late nineties and the early years of the present century he was frequently unable to cash his check—a fact, however, which did not shake his loyalty to the newspaper. His loyalty and distinguished service were fittingly rewarded early in 1920, when he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best editorial written in 1919.

AN office boy rushed in with a copy of "The Evening World-Herald." Mr. Newbranch fondled it lovingly for a few moments and then resumed:

"You ask me whether a college man is competent to play the game of journalism. As a matter of fact I consider him not only thoroughly competent, but infinitely better-qualified than anyone else to play it and play it successfully. Why? Because college gives a man something he cannot get elsewhere. It isn't so much the information you amass in college that is going to help you through life. Nor is it the dates and rules and definitions and formulae. It is the knowing how to use yourself, that is the permanent and most valuable result of college training. The most that any college course can hope to do is to teach the student how to use himself, how to employ his faculties to the best advantage and how to bring out the best that is in him, mentally, morally, and physically.

Another thing, journalism needs men who measure up to their responsibilities; men of character, men of moral stamina, men of ideals and ethics. And there is not a better character builder than a sound college education. So, I regard a college education as well-nigh indispensable for a journalist because it teaches him how to use himself and because it builds up character."

NOW when I counsel the aspiring journalist to go to college, I am not referring so much to specialized courses in journalism as to the liberalizing branches. I would not for a minute disparage the technical courses in journalism, but I am a firm believer in an education conducted along cultural and broadening lines. The specialized courses in journalism offer something which can be acquired by actual newspaper experience after the college days are over. But the cultural branches offer something which few men ever find the leisure to acquire amid the cares and rush of real life. The newspaper man—and for that

matter any professional man—should possess a broad and deep culture. He should be acquainted with the best that has been said and thought in the realms of poetry, literature, philosophy, economics, and sociology; he should be ripely conversant with the great figures and significant events of history; he should be at home in the scientific laboratory. That is why I would urge upon all the necessity of a thorough cultural education, as a preparation not only for journalism, but for any line of work. No professional man with the true perspective ever regretted the hours he spent poring over Homer and Cicero. Ours is a materialistic age anyhow"—this last with a glance out of the window at the ugly skyscrapers clustered about—"and any culture we can absorb isn't going to hurt us."

IT was not until I was taking my leave that Harvey Newbranch let drop the remark which proved to be a better index to his character than the whole hour of meaty, if somewhat one-sided conversation which preceded it.

"For goodness sake," he said, placing his hand on my shoulder and assuming an aspect of mock terror (only goodness was not the word he used), "don't give those Creighton students the impression that I am a blamed old oracle or a pedant, or anything like that. I wouldn't trade the good opinion of you fellows from Creighton for the job I'm holding down, and I love that more than words can tell."

And with a genial wave of the editorial hand the old-fashioned man in the old-fashioned room bade me a smiling farewell.

Harvey Newbranch may, and undoubtedly will, rise to greater heights of prominence, for he has yet to celebrate his fiftieth birthday. The world will know him as Harvey Newbranch, the editor, but I will always remember the human Harvey Newbranch as I met him that day in the antiquated little office: a middle-aged man in suspenders and shirt-sleeves with a massive head resting on a pair of strapping shoulders and surmounted by a shock of unparted hair, curling stubbornly away from the thin-rimmed spectacles, behind which lurked the benevolent smile which has clung to him through sorrow and disappointment. Harvey Newbranch, the energetic editor and brilliant editorial writer; Harvey Newbranch, the scourge of inefficiency and corruption in public office; Harvey Newbranch crowned with the laurels that accompany the Pulitzer Prize, all pale into insignificance beside Harvey Newbranch, the old-fashioned man who could wear suspenders, and say smilingly, "Money isn't everything in life; it isn't even the main thing."

SOME LIKE THEM COLD

(Continued from Page 34)

"Nope, suah not," responded Adage dejectedly. Les proceed to ak-shun. Mr. Wattas, you rolls 'em." Mr. Watters took the prescribed position again.

"Shoots five bucks, yhip dice hitem a liek, whee, x mah point, whee-e, rolls ten, whee doggon! foah an' tree makes seben."

Adage breathed upon the dice and implored them to tell him how many children he had.

"Shoots five, whee seben! Shoots ten, zip! seben gain—shoots th' ole twenty,—six an' five makes even, shoots fohty, yhip dice! Les go, hitem a liek, shoots the fohty! Whee-e-e-e," and Adage looked from a pair of number twelve shoes to a pair of blue cad legs, up a double row of brass buttons to gaze into the eyes of a huge policeman. With a shrill yell he grabbed the currency in one hand and his "behavin' ones" in the other, did the length behind the counter in about half any previous record (and there were many) and rushed into the street followed by two coppers.

TRAFFIC in the street was going the same direction as Adage, but at the intersection a huge limousine blocked pedestrian traffic. Adage tore through the crowd, leaving a trail wide open for the pursuing officers. As he neared the curb the whistle blew for traffic change. Adage dashed behind the limousine, lung open the door on the far side of the machine and leaped inside as it shot across the intersection. For an instant he did not realize the full significance of what he had done, then he turned to look into the startled eyes of Arabella Johnston.

"Whup, hold it! Lemme out o' this. Ah ain't got no biz'ness heah. Stop Ah'm tellin' yuh, Ah—"

"Oh, Mr. Smithers, are'nt you clever! You're an awfully good actor. That mad dash of yours was too funny for anything. Think of you having two policemen chase you into my car after you bet that you could do with me. It's the most original thing I ever heard of. I simply a-dore original men, so I know I'm going to like you. Won't you please—"

They were just passing the Union National Bank and there on the steps stood Lafe Bromley staring at them in open-mouthed wonder. Adage calmly lifted his hat, bowed to his employer and sunk back into the luxurious cushions as the big black Johnston limousine vept on.

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LITTLE GENTLE EYES

(Continued from Page 41)

go with the party this afternoon. I suppose poor little me will be left here all by my lonesome?"

And then, before he had an opportunity to answer, indeed, before he rightly understood her question, she added:

"I believe Ruth is beekoning to me to hurry. Thank you, Chester, for your company." Thus, while he was still struggling with some form of reply, she left him and tripped lightly ahead to join the others.

CHESTER was in a quandary. What had she meant? He hardly dared to think that she inferred a desire for company—his company. And in the thought his heart bounded up; surely that must be it! Else, why had she spoken? He saw again the expression of wistful loneliness with which she had stated the question, and, instantly, his inherent nobility of nature sprang to the fore. Would it be the manly thing to do, to refuse her his company in her suffering, especially since she had patently implied that she desired it? He knew that he was incapable of such utter lack of consideration.

Nevertheless, when, at luncheon, he informed the others, in as nonchalant an attitude as he was capable of assuming, that his father required his help in town for a few hours that afternoon, he was conscious that he had not said it well, that he was blushing for no apparent cause, and that he heard several not very well suppressed snickers. Gwenivere had remained in her room for that he was thankful. Her presence would have given the lie to his deceit outright. His flitting glance about the table rested momentarily upon the flushed countenance of Goldie, where indignation was plainly written. Her expression caused him to squirm in his chair, and he was considerably relieved when the meal was over.

Owing to his embarrassment, he left immediately. On the chance that he might be followed, he proceeded almost to town before he stopped, and before doing so, he pulled off the main highway onto a little used road that was overhung by dense foliage.

CHESTER felt wholly miserable. The prevarication, in itself, had cost him considerable effort, for he was, in the main, truthful, and nothing but his infatuation, added to his reticence concerning it, could have driven him to it. Moreover, there was the thought that all the trouble and embarrassment it had cost him might yet be in vain. Perhaps, even now, Gwenivere, understanding his ruse, was laughing at him. No! A thousand times, no! The idea was too horrible. How

did he dared to think of it?—to charge so sweet a name with so dastardly a crime? He should know her better than that—know that she could not be cruel—know that her very inward self prevented her from doing anything that was not kind, generous, and noble.

But, perhaps she had not meant for him to stay; perhaps, at this very moment, having changed her mind, she was preparing to leave with the others. These were the thoughts that added chiefly to his torment. The minutes dragged like ages. He thought that the time when he might safely return would never come. But when it did, he turned his ear about and looked back to the house like mad.

The thought that she might not come down to meet him when he returned had never crossed his mind. Yet, when he came up onto the veranda, the place appeared deserted as a tomb. The distant tinkle of china dishes towards was the only sound that told of life on the place. He was forced to sit and gnaw his fingernails for what seemed hours with only his thoughts for company.

And then, just as he was about to give up hope, he heard light footsteps descending the stairs. He slipped to the door and saw, to his inexpressible joy, that it was, indeed, Gwenivere. She apparently was proceeding to the back of the house, and Chester coughed lightly to attract her attention. She turned around in surprise and recognized him.

“Why, for heaven’s sakes, if it isn’t Chester. How did you get back so soon? Ruth told me you had no work to do.”

“Yeah, I did, but it didn’t take me as long as I thought.”

She did not appear satisfied with that, and continued:

“Aren’t you going up to join the others?”

“Well,” he replied, uneasily, “secin’ as how it’s so late, I just thought I wouldn’t. I—I guess I’ll just set down here.”

She looked at him a moment, queerly, he thought, and said, “Oh, I’m sure we can think of something more interesting than that. Suppose we were to go for a little walk—just you and I. Wouldn’t that be cozy?”

Chester probably came as close to stuttering as he ever would when he replied, “Th-that’d be just fine.” They walked in the same direction that Chester had in the night before, but did not go clear to the top of the knoll. When they came to the cluster of trees surrounding it, Gwenivere sat down in the shade to admire the view.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” she remarked.

He sat down a short ways from her with his arms encircling his knees.

“It’s—a—pretty fine.”

THE conversation lagged; neither of them seemed to have anything to say. Gwenivere was meditative, and Chester’s brain, acting like a compass near which a magnet is waved, was a wild jumble of thoughts. Her proximity acted upon him like heady wine. Paradoxically, he was filled at once with a nervous exultation and with a peaceful quietude. Never did the sun light seem so bright; nor the shade so delightfully restful; nor the breeze so sweetly scented. Everything, the setting, the circumstances, and his thoughts were overspread with the most translucent tint of optimism.

As in a dream, he heard her ask him if he would not be more comfortable lying back on the grass; as in a dream, he laid his head on the cool, green earth by her side. With eyes half closed, he watched the languid movement of the cloud wisps among the foliage. The tangled skein of his thoughts straightened themselves out and a sense of restful peace pervaded his being.

Gently her cool palm brushed the hair back from his warm forehead. Every fiber in him drew taut, then relaxed, and he was floating—floating he knew not where nor how, only that in some delightful and exquisitely delicious manner he was being lifted up and transported to a region of heavenly felicity.

In a low voice, he began to talk to her. All the stammering and hesitancy which had thus far characterized his speech together vanished. He told her of his troubles, of his joys, and of his ambitions. He explained why the company of other girls had grown distasteful to him, why he could no longer suffer their shallowness, their inconstancy, and their lack of understanding. He told her of the material success he aspired to, and of the many forces, acting through lack of appreciation, that were opposing him.

Looking up into the liquid wells of her smiling eyes and reading there true understanding, all these thoughts came easily to him. With her as his inspiration, he felt that nothing could halt his ambition, nothing could stay his progress in the world of affairs.

True love, he knew, came to bless but few. He was genuinely and humbly thankful that the Universal Sovereign had been so generous with him. To show his appreciation he would be kind to others, would overlook their faults and shortcomings, would be considerate of them in their lack of understanding and sympathetic to them in their misfortunes. And, above all, he would take such good care of this little girl by his side. He would cloak her in a vestment of affec-

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of life.

SLOWLY, they descended to the house; they wan
to be there before the others returned. Although
had gone on upstairs, he didn't mind. He underst
her now; he knew that she was not yet ready to ope
avow her affection for him, and was content to b
his time.

His airy detachment from material things never l
him. Even, that evening, when she told him that
didn't believe they ought to return again to the
while the others were dancing, he knew that she l
been right. His trust in her was implicit, and he t
that she would be always right. During the dance,
sat, for the most part, on the veranda. He heard R
say something about rising early on the morrow
meet a new guest at the train, but he paid little
tention. His thoughts were given over entirely
Gwenivere.

While the others were noisily piling into the e
the next morning, to be taken to the station, he h
gone silently to his own to procure a cushion, wh
he placed in one of the big ears for her comfort.
already felt a possessive interest in her. He was
premely happy to be her slave, to think of nothi
but her welfare. Every word she spoke to anoth
hurt him, and every faintest smile she granted to h
raised him to a heaven of bliss. He did not join in
conversation; but employed his time in paying l
little notices of his regard. He had persuaded Fr
Painbolt to drive his roadster so that he might r
with her.

As it drew train time, Gwenivere assumed an
pectant air and Chester decided that the newcom
must also be an acquaintance of hers. It had hard
pulled up to the station, when a handsome young f
low alighted and she fled to his arms. Chester w
filled with consternation and horror.

With her arm interlocked with that of the new
rival, Gwenivere turned with a roguish smile to th
who had accompanied her to the station and said, "T
friends, I want to make you all acquainted with m
husband, Mr. Murehison."

Suddenly Gwenivere looked around the assembla
with an expression of surprise, "Why, where is Ch
ter? I did so want to introduce my—"

But Chester was not there. He was trudging
jeetedly up the street, kicking, now and then, at t
bunch grass that overgrew the sidewalk.

Through the chaos and murky gloom that had
seeded upon his thoughts, he thought he heard a fe
half suppressed giggles from the direction of the s
tion. Well, maybe he did. Who can tell?