

SHADOWS

CREIGHTON



Graduation Number - 1925

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SHADOWS

CREIGHTON

VOLUME XVI

MAY, 1925

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SHADOWS—

The Creighton University Magazine

VOL. XVI

MAY, 1925

NO. 4

John G. Neihardt,

The Singer of the Frontier

*An interview with Nebraska's
Poet Laureate*

By PAUL SHAUGHNESSY

If one were so fortunate as to be able to watch a king's goldsmith designing a royal crown of precious metals would count himself honored. If one might follow the carving of a heroic statue commemorating an illustrious achievement he would think himself more fortunate. But to talk with an epic poet on that subject in which he is most keenly interested is indeed a most rare privilege.

John G. Neihardt has earned his fame as a poet primarily, we would say, because of his lyrics. He is perhaps better known, at least at present, as the artist than as a writer of epic poem. His lyrics are filled with vivid imagery, word play and

humor, they do indeed conform to the standard by which one judges the true lyric. And of all of those I know there is none which contains a more pow-



MR. JOHN G. NEIHARDT

From the J. Laurie Wallace Portrait in the Omaha Public Library

erful appeal than this.

Let me live out my years
in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with
the dreamers' wine!
Let me not see this soul-
house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—
a vacant shrine!

Let me go quickly, like a
candle light
Snuffed out just at the
heyday of its glow!
Give me high noon—and
let it then be night!
Thus would I go.

And grant that when I
face the grisly Thing,
My song in a trumpet
down the gray Perhaps!
Let me be as a tune-swept
fiddle string
That feels the Master
Melody—and snaps!

Realizing the wealth of power and the skillful word painting within the brief compass of "Let me live out my years" and since our interview was to be concerned

chiefly with the subject of the American epic I was singularly curious to know the why and wherefore of his change from the lyric to the epic mood.

Mr. Neihardt's answer to the question concerning his change of mood proves interesting to the philosopher, to the psychologist, and to the litterateur. He made it very plain that the change was, as it were, automatic. It is to say he did not think "Now by the grace of God, I shall become an epic poet." No. It came first as a natural result of the ending of that period of a man's life, at thirty or thereabout which psychologists are pleased to term the romantic period. The period following is characterized by an abrupt change, radically different from the former state and hence affecting the expression of the individual. Moreover the lyric is the intimately personal, subjective mode of expression which characterizes the romantic period in the life time of a man. That accounts for the highly emotional, song-characteristic of lyric poetry. In sharp contrast to this is the objective mode of expression of which the epic is granted the highest form and in which the poet appears only as the proximate cause. Still further the only real happiness a man can know is when he is lost objectively, in something bigger and greater than he is or ever can be. Extreme self-interest and subjectivity result ultimately in unhappiness. The change then, from lyric to epic mood was a natural, automatic one. To put it crudely we may say that the poet had outgrown the lyric mood.

As a discussion preparatory to that concerning Mr. Neihardt's epic poem we cannot say that the great epics of this race are the result of any particular literary genius. On the contrary the poet writes an epic because the period about which he writes is epic, heroic. The history of peoples has been the determinant factor in the epics of our race. "Heroic characters do not arise from any peculiarity of race or of geographical surroundings but given social conditions, they may and do appear at any time and place. The heroic spirit, as seen in epic poetry is the outcome of a society rent loose from its roots, of a time of migrations, of the shifting of populations." The epic mood then amounts to this: that in the process of founding a society by migration or other shifting of population there are at first a few heroic individuals who prepare the ground, blaze the trail for the group to follow. These in turn are followed by still larger groups until finally a permanent society is formed. The idea of absolute severance is essential.

"Like causes produce like effects; and as we follow the Aryan migration, we find that, over and over again, heroic periods occur; and out of each period have

grown epic and saga, celebrating the deeds of heroes. In India we find the Mahabharata and the Ramayana; in Persia, the Shad Nameh; among the Greeks, the Homeric poems; in Rome, the Aenid; in Germany the Niebelungenlied; in France the Chanson de Roland; in the Scandinavian countries, the sagas and the Edda poems; in the British Isles, the Arthurian and Celtic lays. The Race crosses the Atlantic, and the last final link of the long chain of heroic events stretching from the region of the Euphrates, to India through Europe and then to America is begun." As Mr. Neihardt sees it, in America another heroic period has developed; and where are we to find its epic? "Certainly not in Hiawatha, which is not concerned with our race, and but little with the real American Indian, for that matter." Evangeline is not typical nor, because the colonies were not society cut loose from its roots can an epic be written upon them as a theme.

Mr. Neihardt sees, in the years during which the fur trade flourished west of the Missouri, a period that is typically heroic. He goes on to say, "My purpose in writing my Epic Cycle of the west is to preserve the great race-mood of courage that was developed west of the Missouri River during the nineteenth century. Four years before I began to write it, in 1912, I had had the material in mind, for I had been a student of western history all my life. I loved the material, and for years I dreamed of preserving this mood in an art form. I did not consider myself ready to begin the work until I had definitely worked out of the lyric stage. When I began to work on the cycle I had served an apprenticeship of nineteen years. So if I am writing an epic it is because the period I love is epic. Had there been no such period I could never have undertaken the verse."

In commenting upon the medium in which or in which he had chosen to preserve this Epic of the west Mr. Neihardt explained first of all that between prose and poetry, if he desired his work to live, he must have chosen poetry. There are numberless stories, heroic moods which have been set forth in prose, read as popular novels, and then forgotten. In that portion of the epic what has been written and we will speak of that later, the author has used iambic pentameter but instead of pure blank verse, he has every even numbered line rhyming with the odd numbered line before. The effect is not however that of the rhyming couplet because though there is rhyme, there is not necessarily a break at the end of the line. It reads then as smoothly and as easily as blank verse. More than that, Mr. Neihardt explained what I had noticed but was unable

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FOR E!

By ED. MALONEY

WOULD certainly be rash to assert that the "golfer" is made and not born. Yet it must be said that proficiency in the grand old game, if not more than ninety-nine per cent practice, is at least, if not more than one-half of one per cent heredity. There are many golfers, but few good ones. Creighton has her share of golfers, but as yet we have failed to capitalize on their ability. Possibly the reason for this is the fact that we have no golf coach as do many of the Big Ten schools. But let those who complain from this deficiency loom as a reality or lack of incentive remember that golfers are not always gotten out of in a single stroke, nor are four-foot putts always sunk. We have progressed not at all in helping the cause of golf. Moreover, in all probability the same schools that now boast golf coaches formerly had entries by the score for golf tournaments and showed by their enthusiasm the need of a coach. Only a large entry list can our athletic department be fully convinced that we have made a wise move in establishing golf as a minor sport. Only by our enthusiasm can they realize that golf is a worthwhile proposition. And this is only fair to all concerned. It is quite obvious that golf at present cannot pay for itself, but if the majority of students who do play golf would submit their entries, it would pay much toward making golf pay, if not financially, at least athletically. Let us consider just what we have accomplished in golf since it was started at Creighton. Our golf activities date back three years to the time when the first tournament was held. The championship that year was won by Will McCarthy. That same year a team played Nebraska, and although we were defeated and Nebraska took the cup, we did well in our first attempt. Last year the second

tournament was held, and Ray Palmer defeated Will McCarthy in the finals. No team was formed and consequently no matches were played. While our accomplishments are nothing to boast of, they are at least a beginning, and there is no reason why we can't improve each year. One thing is certain, and that is that before we can have successful golf teams we must have successful tournaments—by this I mean from the standpoint of numbers.

Whenever a notice for entrants is posted many say to themselves, "I'm not good enough to enter." There is where they make a big mistake. They undeniably like golf and want to better their game and yet they fail to grasp the best opportunity of accomplishing this result.

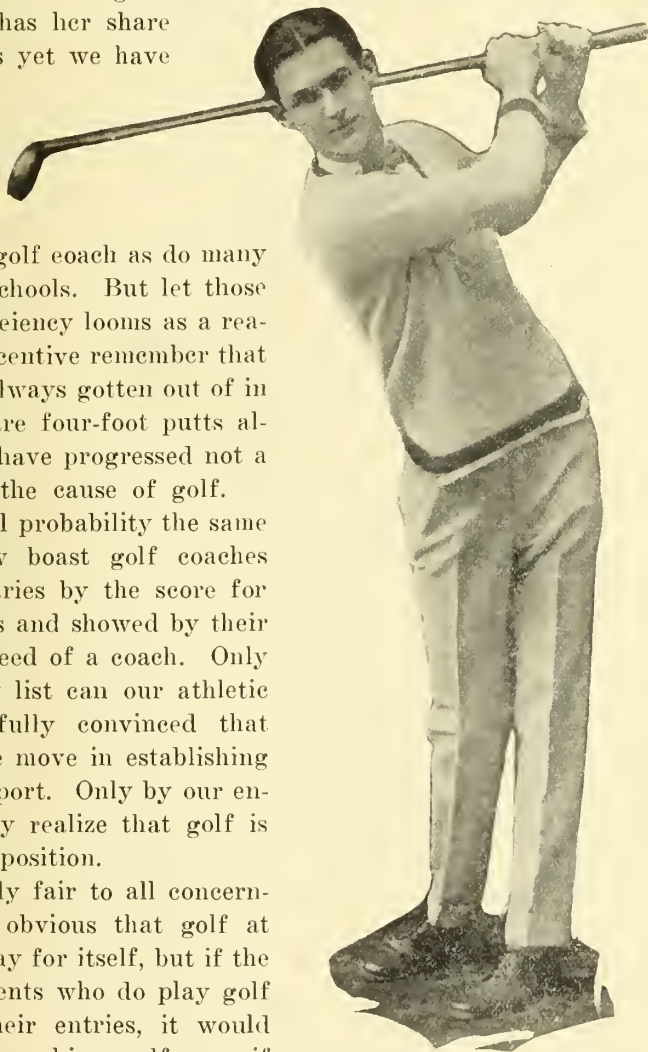
There is nothing that will improve one's game so quickly as match play. It goes almost without saying that one has a great deal more to learn besides the strokes of the game. One may play golf well—alone—and yet play rather poorly when playing an opponent. The whole question of match play resolves itself into one of temperament. Quite obviously, little poise is needed when playing alone, but one is plentifully in need of it when playing an opponent, who is fighting for every hole.

To a great extent temperaments are made and not born, but it is not impossible to develop a temperament which in reality merely amounts to the application of one's game to various rules of what is called "common sense."

Let us consider just what lies in store for us if we constantly proclaim our interest in golf. It is not unreasonable to presume that matches can and

will be arranged with other schools in the North Central Conference. Our athletic department has already recognized golf as a minor sport. This very act should urge us on to make the best of our advantages. Just imagine that when our track team went to the Dakota

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RAY PALMER
WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S
TOURNAMENT

Four Years Is a Long Time, but

I Guess *It Is* Worth It

By HAROLD COLLINS

The Cogitations of a Senior

THE poet has said that in the springtime a fancy young man returns his love, or words to that effect. Be that as it isn't, the truth remains that in the Springtime the thoughts of a Senior are turning and re-turning on a multitude of things. They turn on the past; they spin on the future, and occasionally they whirl in the present tense. A Senior's musings on the past are, for the most part, a self-satisfied retrospect of his achievements in his undergraduate days, though an infrequent flash of dejection reminds him of some things he did not do, but should have. In his cogitations of the present he is quite satisfied with the Ego as is, and if, occasionally, events do not follow in orderly sequence or things do not synopate in harmony, he exculpates himself by concluding that the other fellow's *modus ambulandi* is abominable, that is to say, all the regiment is out of step but Yours Truly. His prognostications of the future generally, and of his own future particularly, cause the gray templed heads of his own sire and other patres conscripti to wag with incredulous glee. In order to more fully appreciate the general architecture—the character, the stability, and the aemmen—of the species under discussion, it is almost imperative to review his undergraduate days—to indicate a few of the significant events in his life and in the lives of his pregenitors who have gone before him and in the lives of his creditors who will come after him. In short, it is well to bring forth the ancestral torso from its moorings in the clothes chute, that is to say, drag the family skeleton out of the closet, in order that all things may be viewed in proper perspective, and in order that we may be able to adequately appreciate this creature—the Senior. On

many points pertaining to a Senior's life, perhaps it would be prudent to observe presidential quietude. Silence might be golden, but so are false teeth. He has so much argument can deter us from presenting the honest resume of a student's academic life. In chronological order, then, we shall consider our subject, first as a frivolous Freshman, next as a sophisticated Sophomore, more, then as a jocose Junior, and finally as a sedate Senior.

IN the old days, which means before the advent of the green frosh-caps, a freshman was detected by the manner in which he knotted his bow tie, by his *modus operandis* in rolling a "pill," by his proclivity for asking foolish questions, by his utter unfamiliarity with campus life, by his forgetful habits, and by divers other traits. But in the present day, no such deductions can be made, for freshmen, like their sires, wear automatic trick ties, smoke "tailor-made" cigarettes, study economics by correspondence course, cultivate their memory a la Addison Sims, and get the low-down on city life by radio—all long before they come to college. This accounts for the necessity of marking freshmen with green caps.

more, then as a jocose Junior, and finally as a sedate Senior. It is in his freshman year at College that a student suffers the greatest change that is to come over him during his collegiate life. When he matriculates at the University, he is as proud as a peacock and puffed up as a flivver on balloon tires. He is just fresh from some thrifty hamlet many miles away, out where the worst things. He thinks himself very in all fields of knowledge. He can relate in detail how Icarus Revere won the midnight handicap at the Concord Relays. He knows the myth of the Greek exile Halitosis, who led the Gastronomic revolt. He can give a vivid account of Caesar's Garlie Wars, and narrate how the Frenchman, Chevreton, climbed the Alps. He knows

was Wheatstone who built the beautiful bridges which adorn the Appian Way. He is a shark at figures, and is second only to Flo Ziegfield.

However, after juggling a normal Freshman curriculum for a few weeks, he develops misgivings as to his ability. And by the time he has spent one semester at College these apprehensions of his limitations are verified. Then he is favored with an invitation to the Dean's mid-year party. This latter personage, after making a diagnosis of our freshman's mental processes, declares the boy has an ossified cranium. The panacea

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SHADOWS' POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

First Prize—JUNE NIGHT - - - - *Edward Bourbeau*
Second Prize—RENDEZVOUS ON THE HILL - -
 - - - - *Edward L. Kennedy*
Third Prize—SERENADE - - - *Martin F. McCarthy*

HONORABLE MENTION

"THE STREAM OF LIFE" - - By Francis R. Byrne
 "A SNOW SCENE" - - - By Albert J. Rettenmaier
 "TO THE MOON GODDESS" - - - By George Bang
 "AMBITION" - - - - By Gordon X. Richmond
 "AFTERMATH" - - - - - By Allen Ardell

June Night

June Night! Moon-light bathing come with me
 'Neath Heaven-streaming clusters, purple roofed,
 On silver paths, wood-lined on either side,
 That twine and climb past thyme and clinging vine
 Into mid-air and pausing there to view
 A lovely, softened panorama, drop
 Again to velvet meadows. Hark! Hoarse cries
 Of tuneless, grinding frogs stir all the bog,
 Where waterlilies nod and peaceful dream.
 But hush! Step oh, so softly in this glade:
 Wee elfins leave their frangi-panni homes
 To hear the heavenly symphony and dance
 And drink in every perfume of the night.
 With age old song a cricket lulls to sleep
 All God's tiny people of the earth,
 Still singing when long since the rest have ceased.
 Here's mystery, contentment, peace. At times,
 Care-worn and sad, I find my freedom here
 Where June Night breathes, and then I'm satisfied.

EDWARD BOURBEAU.

Rendezvous On the Hill

Will you walk awhile with me
Over phantom trails in the night,
Back to the days of childhood lure—
Friendship and love that still endure,
Will you walk awhile with me?

Will you dream awhile with me
On the peak of my lonely hill;
Jewelled dreams on my skyward sod—
That points to you, my love, and God.
Will you dream awhile with me?

EDWARD L. KENNEDY.



Serenade

Aloft in the Moorish tower you dream,
While down below a silver stream
Glows lambent now with pale moon beam,
 Conchita.

While 'neath your door I stand and call
Your name. Th' answ'ring echoes fall
On velvet night in magic thrall,
 Conchita.

O, hear my soulful serenade;
Cast down a flower. Be not afraid
To answer me, Castilian maid,
 Conchita.

My song now turns to minor strain;
You answer not, my hope is vain.
Yet—love still glows, I'll come again,
 Conchita.

MARTIN F. McCARTHY.

From "The Fortune Hunters"

By JOHN E. DOUGHERTY to "Dulcy"

THAT the Creighton University Dramatic Club has been given a deserving place among the various organizations on the campus and that it has progressed proportionately, is no longer a moot question. Beginning with a small membership, selective in character, the club, since its inception in 1922, has advanced to an enviable position, and students from the various departments are seeking a "name-hold" on its roster. If the true story were told of all dramatic clubs, it would undoubtedly be revealed that most organizations of this character originated from the personal initiative of a single student. This is true of Creighton. It was during the Spring of 1922 that Charles S. Costello, then a Junior Arts student, conceived the idea of organizing a dramatic club at the school on the Hilltop.

About twelve interested and energetic students were summoned together with the sole object in view of presenting a play, which would not only attract general attention toward dramatics, but would influence others to become interested in the same line of work. For this reason the club's membership was limited and restricted. After the presentation of the first play, the result of which met with encouragement and

favor, the members of the cast and those interested in dramatics incorporated themselves into a dramatic club, known as the Mask and Wig Club.

THE first two years the club maintained an exclusive character, relying on the principle that an unwieldy organization was difficult to command, and that it was easier for the producer to marshal well-known talent. The membership, therefore, remained practically unchanged. New talent was only injected when the occasion demanded.

A brief historical perspective of the various productions will help illustrate. The first year's calendar was climaxed by the production of the "Upper Room," a sacred drama, which was shown to a large audience during Holy Week. "Innovations" followed. "Turn to the Right," a comedy farce, was presented not only to large audiences at Omaha but was staged under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus at Norfolk, and was broadcast to the world over the radio.

The second year of the club's work was unlike the first in character, although it marked a step forward in dramatics. During Holy Week, the "Passion Play"

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SCENE FROM "DULCY"

Stadiums C. O. D.

By HUGH HIGGINS

“WOT tha heek is a stadium, and where did it come from?” I don’t know, myself, but my friend, Prof. Digalotte, aesthetic dancing teacher of Clarinet Institute, says he has solved the mystery. While excavating last year near the ruins of Philadelphia, he unearthed a grimed and faded parchment. Queer and ungainly hieroglyphics sprawled across its yellowed sheets, and the Prof. was at first bloodied as to how it could be deciphered. He had read, however, in the Sapville Journal, of a wonderful and potent liquid, so he accordingly betook himself to the city, where he procured a bottle of Lydia Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. “And wherefore?” you will chirrup. Lydia was not a goil to do things by the ’arf, my friends; when she concocted her all-powerful potion, she asserted, and rightfully, that it could cure anything from chilblains to eezema, that it was a “boid” of a shoe polish, etc. Therefore, the Professor, after rubbing some of this precious ointment on the hieroglyphics, was not amazed to see a translation appear on the papyrus. Which same is not the racehorse from England.

“Odds bodkins,” cried the Professor, seating himself at a handy typewriter, “I’ll type me a copy of this translation.”

Nervously he pounded the machine, pausing now and then to rest, and alternately hitting and missing the cuspidor that stood in a corner of the ruin. Finally, his efforts were crowned with success, so here’s looking at you:

Being of sound mind and big feet, I, Hekeziah Slambangovitch, on this third moon of February, take my hieroglypher in front hand to hieroglyph me some hieroglyphics. Hot Dam! I was once a subject of that tyrannical tyrant, King Woozy, who ruled this land by might. He was a doggy old codger, but they planted him some time ago because he—but I’m ahead of my story. There lives on the shores of Gumdrop Island, a

motley gang of heavy-hoofed cut-throats, who rejoice in the name of Whams. For ages they have coveted the land of Woozy, and when these Whams, who are big duffers, covet, they covet. They ain’t very strong in population so they’d go about as far as a snowball in Hades if a fight with the Woozy ones was pulled off so they kinda make the latter hot under the Arate. by killing stray bebbly Woozians. It’s the custom in Woozy for the young bebbies to gambol and rom-

around the petticoats (which same is outskirts) of the villages. Now and then one of them surreptitiously disappears, and when evening comes around and the heir ain’t t’home, the maw throws up her arms and says, “Oh, dear! the Whams have et one of my bebbies.” Then the old paw takes his Camel from his mouth and says: “Ain’t thet terrible; but that’ll give us more room for the hogs.” No shouts, no hysterics, no nuthin’, including the bebbly.

Well, one day the Woozy king was apprised of the fact that one of his offspring had been drawn and quartered by the Whams. Now, this didn’t make him very sore, but he also

heard, and had the report verified, that some one had been dipping deep into the Royal Forbidden Juice.

The king was particular in this regard, in fact, he was the only lad wot guzzled rum in the province, and it made his Kingly tonsils ache with jealousy to think that another toper had been tilting the demijohn skyward.

“Gawd wot,” said Woozy, “this means fight in my family. I’ll just arrange for a battle to take place the 24th, admission free.” As they didn’t have wires in them days, he ambled uncertainly towards the wireless

“But your royal highness,” quoth the Main Chambermaid, “wot tha, wot tha.”

“But me no buts, base Chambermaid,” rejoined

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“THINGS was different in them days,” soliloquized Prof. Digalotte, as he carefully extracted the gold-crown from the mummy. “There was’nt no sellin’ cement in them days. The king he just says to the High Grand Exalted Architect, he says, ‘Build me a Stadium’—and they went right out and done it, and had it ready for the checker tournament that night.”

Good Morning, Lady!

By RAY McNAMARA



JOSEPH H. DALLAL

"What do you do?"
"Anything."
"Well, we're both in luck. I've just been looking for a fellow like you, for road work."
"Road work?"
"Yes."
"What is that?"
"Advertising. You see, I'm with the M. M. Hersh Publishing Company. At the present time we are offering the public an entirely new proposition. It is a sure money-maker for the agent, and—by the way," he added, "my name's Verdell."

"And mine's Barry," said Rolland, extending his hand.

As they shook hands Rolland looked the stranger over carefully. In the past few months a number of smooth-tongued gentlemen had canvassed the town, collecting in advance for articles which the inhabitants never received. He determined to watch for any sign which might lead him to believe the stranger dishonest.

"If you're really looking for work," the stranger was saying, "come up to the hotel and I'll tell you all about it."

"That's the best thing I've heard today. Come on."

Silently, each engrossed with his own thoughts, they strolled to the corner and turned up toward the hotel, through the window of which they saw a lone light still burning in the lobby. The stranger led the way up the stairs, along a carpeted hallway, and into his room. He switched on the light, opened his suitcase, and spread several bundles of papers on the bed.

"The M. M. Hersh Publishing Company," explained Verdell, "is a new company. They have succeeded in gathering together in one magazine everything that can ordinarily be found in any of the best periodicals. It has a home-cooking department, a dress-making department, short stories, advertisements, and everything that goes to make up a first-class magazine. But that's of minor importance. What you'll have to do is to sell it. Tell 'em anything—make 'em buy."

"How much is there in it?"

"You get seventy cents a subscriber. Keep thirty and send the rest on to me. How's that?"

STANDING at the edge of the sidewalk, in front of the Auditorium, Rolland Berry balanced a twenty-five-cent piece on his thumb nail, flipped into the air, and caught it again as it fell. The show was just over, and all along the dimly lighted street the people were leisurely strolling homeward. Occasionally an automobile would back out from the curb and roll off down the bumpy road. Rolland dropped the twenty-five-cent piece into his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and was in the act of lighting it when someone touched his shoulder. Starting up suddenly, he put out the match.

"Pardon me," apologized the stranger. "I didn't mean to spoil your light. I only meant to beg one."

"Help yourself. Lights are plentiful."

"Yes," agreed the stranger, "but you miss one when you haven't got it."

"It's like a job," mused Rolland, "you never miss till Saturday."

"Aren't you working?" inquired the stranger.

"No. I've been looking for three weeks, but I can't find a thing."

"Not so bad. How much can I make a day?"

"That depends. At least five dollars."

"Will you guarantee that?"

"Absolutely."

"All right, I'll take the job."

IT WAS difficult for Rolland to suppress his elation. Five dollars a day is quite a fortune to a twenty-five-cent capitalist, but the stranger's eagerness to secure his services, especially at the pleasing salary offered, heightened the already smoldering flame of suspicion. He needed money badly, but he was not inclined to secure it dishonestly. Neither was he anxious to make embarrassing explanations to some inquisitive officer who might chance to investigate.

Evidently the stranger anticipated the objections on the part of Rolland for, with an impatient gesture, he continued:

"In some towns the police won't let us work unless we furnish a letter of recommendation."

Rolland's heart beat quickened.

"Here is a letter for the police," the stranger resumed, after searching some papers. He handed the letter to Rolland, and advised: "If they ever bother you, call on Jones. Jones will be working in the next town north of yours."

Rolland read the letter carefully, folded it, and returned it to Verdell. Why should he investigate further?

Mr. Verdell smiled, shook hands again with Rolland, and proceeded to replace the papers in his suitcase.

"Will you be ready to leave on the morning train?" he asked.

"You bet."

"I'll drop you off at Spencer, and I'll go on to Chicago. You can work Spencer tomorrow and move on to Fairfax tomorrow night. Don't try to do a very thorough job. Just get a little experience. How's that? The train leaves at seven-thirty."

"I'll be there."

"All right. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Rolland felt his way along the dark hallway, down the stairs, and out to the street.

"At last," he sighed, "a job; I'm not sure, but it looks like a good thing. Anyhow, there's nothing like trying it."

It was with a feeling of some impending adventure that he met Mr. Verdell at the station next morning. They boarded the train together, and during the short ride between the two towns they completed the plans for the day.

THE station at Spencer lay in a valley, fully a mile from the town. There was a spasmodic bus system, but not one paid any attention to it. It was much less painful to walk. As Rolland began the slow ascent of the hill he saw a young lady ahead of him. She was dressed in a neat business suit of blue serge, and carried what appeared to be a very heavy suitcase. With characteristic impetuosity he advanced rapidly till he was about to pass her, and then slowed down. For a moment he hesitated. His own suitcase was no little burden, without the addition of another, which he judged to be much heavier. While he was contemplating the advisability of taking on this additional weight, she turned her head and looked up at him.

"Good-morning, lady," he smiled.

"Good-morning," she returned, in a surprisingly pleasant voice. "Isn't this a terrible walk?"

"It certainly is. Won't you let me carry your suitcase?"

"Why, you already have one to carry. You—"

"Oh, that's all right. Please—I know it's heavy."

She hesitated a moment and then relinquished smilingly.

ROLLAND was not an exceptional conversationalist, but this morning he felt peculiarly elated about everything in general, and his companion seemed very attractive. He wanted to know more about her. At last he managed to inquire:

"Do you live in Spencer?"

"No. I'm stopping at the hotel."

"May I ask your name?"

"If you tell me yours," she bargained.

"Everyone calls me 'Rollie.' My name is Rolland Barry, and at the present time I'm working for the Hersh Publishing Company."

"For whom?" She appeared surprised.

"The M. M. Hersh Publishing Company."

"How long have you been with them?"

"Just started this morning. But you haven't told me your name yet."

"That's right. It's Della Thurston."

"Are you visiting friends here, or are you here on business?" persisted Rolland in pursuit of further information.

"I'm here on business."

"Excuse my curiosity, but in what business are you interested?"

"The view is rather pretty from here, don't you think?" she mused.

Pursuing his inquiries no further, he set down the grips and paused to wipe the perspiration from his face. "I must get to work," he remarked. "I'm su-

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When the Leopard Changes Spots

A Study of Evolution
in Greenwich Village

By FRANK P. FOGARTY

AND remember, gentlemen, Jesus Christ was a radical—the Greatest Radical that ever lived.”

It was a dapper young collegian who spoke. He attended the state university, so I was assured by a neighbor on the right, and it appears that he had fallen for “them long-haired radicals.” “They say we read Ingersoll and Mcken, and—and Sinclair Lewis, and all them atheist chaps,” he confided to me in a round-eyed horror, not altogether certain that he did not consider the satirist of Babbitism just as in lumping him in with the “atheist chaps,” but satisfied that his orthodoxy was under suspicion.

“The American Mercury” had just surpassed itself in a dazzling display of periodical pyrotechnics. The able sceptics who edit “The Nation” had just published an especially tart number, and a western state had just sent a “real dirt farmer” to the Senate!

I chanced to be lounging in a downtown club, when the conversation veered to these three symptoms of our present radicalism. It was a motley crowd that gathered when word went around that an argument was in prospect. All ages were represented, all political creeds, and all shades of opinion were expressed.

The majority opinion was voiced by one whose conservatism was as solid and substantial as the bank his father had bequeathed him. He was middle-aged and a Rotarian. His clothes were conservative in cut, and sober in hue. A blue serge business suit, a plain black tie, a derby hat, and a pair of “sensible shoes” contributed an attire that was ample indication of his cast

of thought. “The young fools,” said this conversative champion bitterly, in reference to Mencken, Villard and their followers. “They’re a pack of rebellious, conceited puppies. Give them half a chance, and they’ll take our American civilization that our fathers built up by the sweat of their brows, and turn it into

a Latin Quarter or a Greenwich Village. When those fellows get in the saddle, it’s yours truly for Siberia or Afghanistan—anywhere to get away from their confounded radical ideas.”

He flung an “American Mercury” across the room, and began to chew his cigar savagely.

All eyes were turned instinctively on the modish young collegian, and in response to the silent expectation of his companions, the latter took up cudgels for the radicals.

“Radicalism,” he said, in nervous, impassioned tones, “is the only influence by which civilization can ever become really civilized. Old fossils will always storm and rail and sneer at the radicals, but just the same the world is in debt to radicals

for all that it is and has, and all it can ever hope to be or have. Look at history, and you’ll see what the radicals have done for the world. And remember, gentlemen, Jesus Christ was a radical—the Greatest Radical that ever lived.”

The metallic, radio-like tones ceased. The fantastic little monstache, which had bobbed up and down curiously with every motion of his lips, was still for the moment, but it bristled a fierce defiance to all. Immured though I was to the cool cynicism of our embryo Mene-

The Radical Equation

$\sqrt{\text{Mencken}} + \sqrt{\text{Nathan}}$

(plus)

$\sqrt{\text{La Follette}}$

(plus or minus)

$\sqrt{\text{Greenwich Village}}$

(equals)

(Babbit)

ken, I caught my breath with a sharp intake that literally cut my lungs, so startled was I at the jarring bizarreness of his daring last statement. I looked about the room. Smug, pudgy faces that had smiled tolerantly when he commenced, wore a look of blank astonishment when he finished. Young, eager faces that had worn an anxious look, now smiled triumphantly. The stalwart conservative who had spoken before was at a loss for a reply, but with the vacuous fluency that comes of noonday luncheon clubs, he began to spout platitudes about "ideals" and "cynics" and "forward-lookers" and "destructive criticism." But the radical, the foppish young collegian, waited for no reply. He picked up the "American Mercury" tenderly and stalked out of the room with a parting injunction from the depths of the fantastic little moustache "to read history, instead of burying your noses in ledgers and catalogs by day, and the 'American Magazine' by night."

No word was spoken for a moment. Then a retiring little man piped up: "The trouble with us fellows is that we aren't agreed as to just what a radical is and is not."

He was answered by an expressive snort from the conservative, and impenetrable silence from the rest of us. The conservative spokesman finished his cigar in glowering silence, and lumbered out of the room, mumbling something about "kids that haven't learned to shave yet."

THERE is an atom of truth in what our conservative business man said; likewise in the rejoinder of the modish young collegian. After all, many of our radicals ARE young fools, and rash, conceited puppies. But on the other hand, the world HAS achieved progress through radicalism, and Jesus Christ WAS a radical—the Greatest Radical that ever lived. One cannot talk forever without saying something that is true, even if one be the smuggest of Rotarians, or the most vitrolic of racial poseurs. But it was left for the self-conscious little man to make the sanest comment of the evening—we don't know just what a radical is and is not.

In the mind of Main Street and Zenith, the term "radical" is likely to be associated with Bolsheviki, Socialists, Anarchists, red flags, world revolutions, and bombs. That all these things are truly radical, we cannot gainsay. But that all radicals are these things is quite another statement. We must remember that there are shades and kinds and degrees of radicalism: there are ultra-radicals, milder radicals, and just plain radicals. The Babbity of Zenith, the yokels of Main Street, and the blase young folks of Greenwich Village have concurred in acclaiming H. L. Mencken the high-

priest of radicalism in our own times, and yet, in all likelihood, world revolutions are as repugnant to him as they are to Elihu Root or Nicholas Murray Butler. But if these things do not make a radical, what is a radical? Perhaps the most satisfactory definition we can give is the one reputed to have been given by a freshman in a mathematics examination: "A radical is the opposite of conservative, but it must have something to do with math, or the prof wouldn't ask it—maybe." With the spontaneity that is the saving grace of freshmen, he had stated the case admirably: a radical IS the opposite of a conservative, and it does have something to do with mathematics—that is, if you call a man's age mathematical—as we shall presently see. But if a radical is the opposite of a conservative, what is a conservative? Why, a conservative is the opposite of a radical, and it has something to do with mathematics! Our definition is at least on a par with the classic explanation that giraffes have long necks that they can reach the foliage of palm trees, and that palm trees grow so high in order that the giraffes won't have to stoop to reach the foliage.

ALMOST invariably our radicals are young. A radical is a contradiction in terms. Youthful buoyance, youthful enthusiasm, youthful cocksureness—apparently these are necessary ingredients of radicalism. There are, of course, elderly radicals, just as there are men who never grow old. But if your radicals are elderly, it is in the nature of things that they be visionaries, idealists, poets and dreamers and impracticable men. What happens to youthful radicals? It is not merely that they modify their views as they grow older. That happens, too, but it is more common for their views to remain static, while events and conditions change and march past them. Perhaps the additional years and experience will and do cause men to recede from the radicalism of their youth. But the phenomenon is explicable in another way as well.

One evening a man, a middle-aged man whose thirties and twenties had been tintured with the radicalism of the Menekens of another day—one night this man got to bed with the settled conviction that he is still a radical. The next morning he awakes, dresses and shaves in identically the same manner as he has been awake doing, dressing and shaving for twenty years. He picks up the morning paper, and finds himself assailed in the public prints as a "hide-bound conservative, a reactionary, an old stick-in-the-mud." The indictment stimulates him to an angry defense. He takes an inventory of his views and ideals, resolved to show the "rebellious, conceited puppies" that he is still a radical. The result is a certain tempting glamor about being a radical,

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A Man Must Look Out for Himself"

By EVERETT M. STONE

RULE a line from New York to San Francisco. Bisection the line, magnify the intersection and you will find the town of Cornwall, a scattered hamlet in the western part of a middlewestern state. It is in the midst of a prairie, gently rolling to the westward but flat and unbroken as a table to the east. The day was late in May and the air was heavy with the humidity of spring. The corn in the furrow felt it and gaily nodded the season's greetings to its neighbor. The breeze rustled through the wheat, and paused to whisper the nature-lore it bore with it from the south. The sun burned high in the west—an incandescent hole through which the meadow larks endeavored to escape the earth.

From the south, a horse and rider, enveloped in a cloud of dust, jogged slowly along the road that led into the single street of the village. In front of the post-office the horseman halted his mount.

"Mail in yet, Channey?" he inquired of one of two men reclining in the shade.

"Here and gone."

The rider eased his long, muscular figure out of the saddle onto the concrete walk and entered the building. He soon re-appeared, scanning a letter. Absently he stepped from the curb into the saddle, leaned to one side to guide his horse to the left, and drew up at the mouth of a small, drab, grey house on the opposite side of the road. He returned the letter to his pocket, dismounted from the saddle and sauntered to the porch.

"Howdy, Uncle Billy. Hot day, father!" Before him sat an old man, small, bespectacled, leaning contentedly in a chair. "Pretty hot, Charley, I admit. Workin' yet?"

"No. Just finished at Brooke's. Lookin' for a job now," replied Palster.

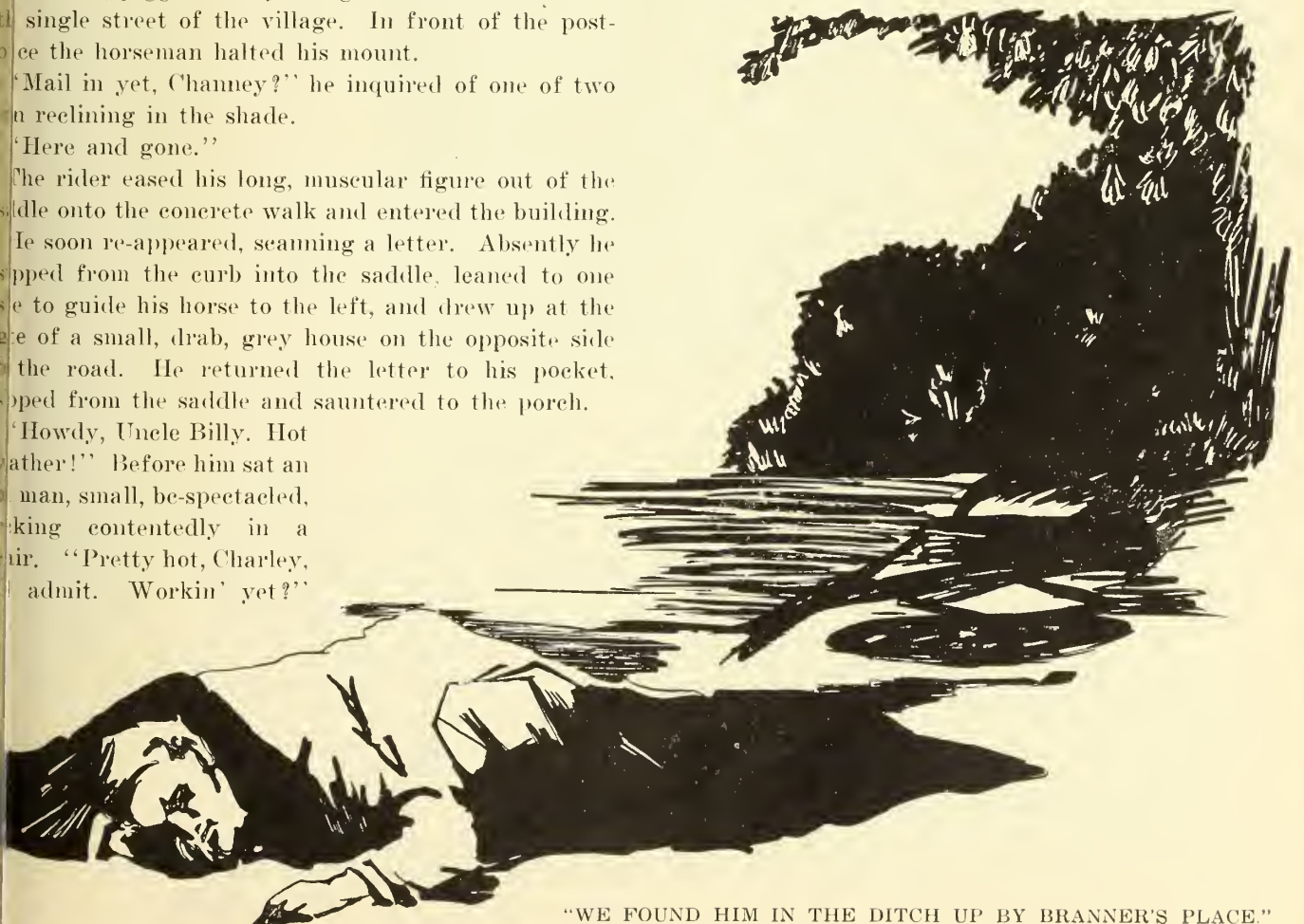
"Don't you think you ought to help your dad out a little, Charley? The corn's getting away from him. A few days' help would set him about right."

"Well, Uncle Billy, I'm busy taking care of myself. Dad don't need help now. It's time I was getting a place of my own."

"Guess you've got quite a little saved up already," replied Uncle Billy, evenly. "It wouldn't hurt you to stay at home a little and help your pa."

"No, I suppose not," conceded Palster, "but if he needs me he'll let me know."

"And get as much help as before, I suppose," added the old man, meaningly.



"WE FOUND HIM IN THE DITCH UP BY BRANNER'S PLACE."

Charley Palster's sun-browned face reddened, turning the skin to an unpleasant purple. His voice, although even and quiet, was pregnant with anger.

"I guess I'll get along without the Sunday school program," he said, at length. "I'm able to take care of myself, and that's what I'm going to do; everybody else does."

The old man glanced at the younger through the old-fashioned spectacles, unperturbed by the other's anger. Their gazes locked, Uncle Billy's cool and accusing, Palster's blazing and defiant. Suddenly, Palster whirled face about and stalked across the street.

THE heat and silence along Comstock's single thoroughfare lulled the few loafers along the sidewalks into drowsy stupidity. The click of billiard balls and the slam of doors carried far through the quietness. Automobiles driving along lazily about the streets panted like dogs from a chase.

From the west road a buggy drawn by a shuffling pony drew up at the hitching rack behind the grocery store. A tall, thin man, wearing a straw hat, jumper, and overalls, climbed stiffly out of the buggy, picked up a small basket of eggs, and plodded to the store. Inside he bought a bill of groceries, paying part of the amount with the eggs.

"You owe me \$2.33," calculated the grocer, checking up on a counter pad.

"Well, just set it down, Jim. Haven't got my pocket-book with me today," replied the farmer, with an air of embarrassment.

The storekeeper opened a file and glanced through the contents. Finally, he charged the bill, inserting it behind a fileclip, handing the duplicate to the farmer.

"Guess I can all right, this time, Mr. Palster, but your account is already over a hundred. I'm not worried, because I know you're good for it, but bills have to be paid."

"You're right, Jim. I've been neglecting it longer'n usual. But I'm selling my hogs soon, and I'll settle it all then." Mr. Palster spoke quietly with a confidence he did not feel.

A tense, uneasy silence followed. Palster packed his groceries into the empty egg basket. He looked undecidedly about him, then bade the grocer a low "So long Jim," as he returned to the buggy. As he was untying the horse, Uncle Billy, on his way home, saw him.

"Hello, Sam. How's everything?"

"Why, hello, Uncle Billy. Fine. How're you? Want a lift?" They climbed into the buggy and turned to the west.

"How's the corn, Tom?"

"Fine. Best I've ever had," said Palster enthusiastically.

"Suppose you got it about all 'tended by now?"

Palster's face clouded a little, small lines of worry deepened about his eyes.

"No, I haven't. I'm way behind this year. Weeds are getting pretty bad, but unless we have a lot of hot weather it won't hurt much."

"Why don't you get Chick to come out a few days until you get ahead?"

"Why, Charles is busy. He can't very well get away now. I suppose he'll be home in a week or so."

"Well, Tom, here's where I get out," said Uncle Billy, as they pulled by a small house sheltered among tall cottonwood trees.

"Better come on in; we've still got some of the raspberry wine."

"Be glad to Billy; but work's pretty rushing. See you later."

The rattling buggy, the shuffling horse and the farmer were soon hid behind the steam of dust rising from the wheels.

Later in the afternoon Charles Palster entered the Comstock bank.

"Hello, Mr. Decker."

"Why, hello, Chick. How's the boy today?"

"Oh, all right. Say, how much interest do you pay on deposit?"

"Five per cent," said Decker, as though he was offering five per cent as usual.

"Pretty slow, five per cent," said Palster, turning to depart.

"Just a minute, Chick," called Decker. "Maybe we could do a little better."

"How much?"

"Say six."

"Nope, guess not."

"Well, Chick, we can't pay more. How much do you want?"

"Oh, about ten."

"Gee, you don't want much," laughed the cashier.

"You get it, don't you?" cut in Palster.

Decker was not surprised. The chiseled features of the other man gave hint of a natural shrewdness. The cashier needed the deposit he knew Palster could make. Although six per cent was his limit, yet—

"Chick, if you'll keep a close lip, I'll make it six and a half," he hesitated, "or even seven per cent."

Chick thumbed a pad of blank checks thoughtfully.

"Must be needing it bad, Mr. Decker?"

Decker flushed a little. Palster was hard to handle indeed.

"Well, Chick, I guess we can't make it today."

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C. M. T. C.

An Interview with General Duncan

by HAROLD P. MCPHEE

THESE are a great many students in Creighton, no doubt, who are planning to spend at least a part of their vacation in summer camp. There are many who have finished the Basic course of the C. M. T. C. and never taken advantage of the Advanced course, and there are many others who would like to spend some time in a real summer camp.

I had been told that the Citizens' Military Training Camp offered such an opportunity. In order to verify

this information, I asked for and secured an appointment with Major General George B. Duncan, and through his department I secured the information which follows:

From the forbidding exterior of the Army Building I had expected all the stiff formalities of military etiquette, but it was a pleasant surprise to find all the officers in civilian clothing, and the General himself, not the ogre I had imagined, but a genial, vigorous, likeable gentleman, whose magnetic personality at once broke down any artificial barriers of reserve.

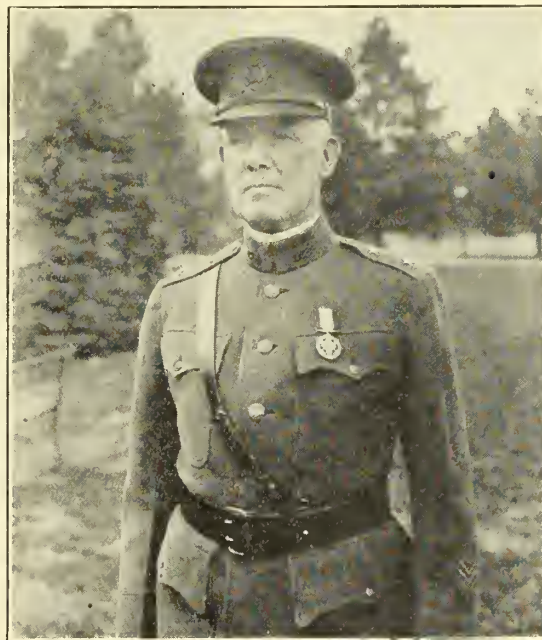
I was glad to find that the General was distinctly aware of the existence of Creighton. He gave me to understand that

he considered it one of the great assets of Omaha. He was interested in the University and the activities of her students. I conversed with him for a considerable length of time, and then, since he was busy, he passed me on to a member of his staff, with whom I spent another pleasant half hour in conversation.

I was surprised to learn that the great bulk of the men who attend the C. M. T. C. come from the schools and colleges. This is perfectly reasonable, however, if we stop to consider that the primary purpose of the camps is educational and that this object is attained by bringing together young men from all parts of the country on a common basis of equality under the most favorable conditions of outdoor life. The various

schedules and programs are arranged so as to supplement the work of our educational institutions. In the 1925 camps there will be no formal lectures by instructors. The subjects will be handled more in the manner of discussion in which the trainees will take active part. Some of the subjects that will be discussed will be the meaning of liberty, constitutional government, and national defense. In camp life the man is judged on his merits, not by what he has or was. All are taught to

lead, but each must first learn to obey. This is one place where true and high-spirited democracy prevails. Everything is shared in common. There is no distinction except that which the particular individual may earn for himself by his own work. If a young man were to gain nothing more from the camp than the physical betterment he receives he would be well paid for the time spent. However, there is much more to be gained if the student actually throws himself into the activities of the camp. He will develop a closer sense of business partnership with the United States Government, a keener interest in the welfare of that government, a greater



MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE B. DUNCAN
COMMANDER OF THE SEVENTH CORPS AREA

degree of mental alertness, and a valuable experience in the benefits of discipline under proper conditions. The camp teaches discipline and obedience. However, this discipline and obedience does not refer entirely to superiors and officers, but what is more important, it refers to oneself.

Especial emphasis is placed on athletics and physical exercises. The students are all participants in these contests and exercises. One cannot expect to benefit physically from watching a ball game from the bleachers. In the summer camps there are no bleachers. All are active workers in the games. The games at these camps instill new ideas, new enthusiasm, and less in-

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Vacation

*“Three leagues the road ran,
I stood, uncertain for a while.”*

YOU'RE a million miles from nowhere when you're one little mile from home." Some day I am going to shake hands with the person who wrote that line. Last summer when I was fifteen hundred million miles from nowhere (similarly speaking), no other sentiment could have appealed to me more convincingly. In short, I was a "Westerner" alone in New York City, facing the prospect of driving back to Omaha after a summer of gypsy-like roaming over four thousand odd miles of eastern highways and byways.

When your editor asked me to recount some of my experiences while "on the trail" last summer, he left me to my own choice of material. Before I begin, I might as well warn you that this is going to be a flying narrative, just as mine was a flying trip. The only answer to many miles plus few dollars is fast time, and that was my problem. Tourist bureaus will furnish better descriptions of places of interest which I visited than I could ever think up, so this will just be a hasty sketch of my route and a few of my personal impressions as I covered it.

The New York trip idea never occurred to me until I had completed six weeks of employment at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, in July. Early in June, with no summer plans before me other than a desire to give free rein to my annual attack of wanderlust, I had heard of some work for college students at the military camp which I had attended the year before as a R. O. T. C. student. After a hasty departure and trip I reported for duty and was fortunate to be placed in a long-houred but good-paying position immediately.



THE CANADIAN FALLS AT NIAGARA



THE AMERICAN FALLS AT NIAGARA

OCCASIONAL Sunday trips into the lake country surrounding Minneapolis helped to break the monotony of camp life. But with little time or opportunity to spend my earnings, I was left at the end of six weeks with a fair "roll," my weather-beaten-but willing ear, and a desire to travel east.

A school chum attending the camp with me agreed to share the trials of the trip and we soon had acquired a camping outfit. About the middle of July we headed north for a brief visit with an uncle of mine. Relatives by the way, were to play a great part in my journeying before I finished in September. From Bethel, Minnesota, we turned into Wisconsin, my native state.

Cutting a diagonal route across to Milwaukee, we spent many delightful days with old friends and relatives along the way. A day's stop at Baraboo, gateway to the Devil's Lake-Dells region of the Wisconsin River was our first thrill. Once the home of the Winnebago Indians, this beautiful "bit of the Alps dropped into Wisconsin" still holds its touch of wonderful barbaric beauty, in strange rock formations, crystal lakes and rugged bluffs. Mirror Lake, on whose shores the late Al Ringling said that he would rather be than any other place on earth, amazed us with its gorgeous natural setting. The surrounding Dells region is filled with beautiful scenes that would halt even more hurried motorists than ourselves.

Reluctantly we broke away from this first taste of enchanting scenery and started for Milwaukee. Ar

Trails

By GORDON X.
RICHMOND

*and turned into a puzzle. David
then took the road to the right"*

—ROADS OF DESTINY



LE VOYAGEUR

iving at the home of a friend in that city, we received
almost fatal jolt to our trip plans. A wire from
naha, telling of the serious illness of his mother, re-
quested my compan-
in to return home at
ce. It almost
oke up the party,
t the summer was
ll before me and I
ecided to continue
me. Which I later
e gretted many
nes.

My next objective
as Albion, Michi-
n. By this time
y car had become a
pical picture of
hat a travel crazed

student could think up. At the head of the radiator
hung a vicious looking set of Texas steer horns, part of
an old-fashioned hat rack I think. Colored chalk had
transformed the body into a bill-board of bright and
less bright "cracks," and the windshield was plastered
with the customary profusion of tourist stickers. Pen-
nants flew from fore and aft, a handy shovel, lantern
and water-bucket dangled from the sides and my big
tent roll in the rear completed the wierd picture. It
was this wild attractiveness about the car, a sight that
brought forth everything from the belligerent snort of
a Michigan bull to the incredulous frowns and laughs
of the most sedate New Yorkers, that saved me from
gloom on my otherwise lonesome journey.

I shipped across Lake Michigan to Grand Haven on
the steamer "United States," formerly the private
yacht of Hetty Green. Expecting to experience all the
horrible vicissitudes of sea travel, I was disappointed.
An unbroken expanse of blue-green stretched out be-
fore us as we ploughed eastward, smoothly and serenely,
with hardly a sway to the ship's movement. The
deck hands said that Lake Michigan was not always as
calm, but with a night drive ahead of me I was glad
that she had not taken this day to prove it.

DOWN to Kalamazoo, across to Battle Creek, the
"Cereal City," and by midnight another fond
uncle had welcomed his wandering nephew. Two rest-
ful and happy weeks spent at Albion strengthened my
resolve to keep going. In order to save as much time
as possible I decided to abandon my cooking outfit and

resort to "quick
lunch" methods of
sustenance the rest
of the way.

It was an easy
day's drive to De-
troit, so I lingered
along the way at Ann
Arbor and saw a few
of the sights at Mich-
igan University. The
Yost Field House,
mammoth Michigan
athletic palace, found
(Continued on Page



THE BUS IN WAR PAINT

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**SHADOWS
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Photo by Metzger





A Creighton Poet's Club

THIS issue of SHADOWS contains the three poems which were adjudged the best among the half-hundred which were submitted in the recent SHADOWS Poetry Contest. In view of the unusual interest manifested in this purely literary activity, SHADOWS ventures a suggestion. Why not form a Creighton Poet's Club? Of course, this means another activity, but we do not seem to be overburdened with activities of this kind.

Such clubs have proved very successful elsewhere. Perhaps the most noteworthy example is the famous "Scribblers Club" of Notre Dame. To quote Mr. James E. Armstrong, the secretary of the Club, "'The Scribblers' is an organization of twenty men, interested primarily in writing. One of the qualifications for membership is the publication of something at least once, and the aim of the club is to secure the best men from the campus publications. We have found that the Club serves as an incentive to these staffs. The routine of the Club consists of the reading and criticism of the work of the members, and speeches by prominent members of the faculty and literary men from outside. The 'Scholastic,' whose staff contains the names of a majority of the Scribblers, co-operates as much as possible with the Club.'" Although Mr. Armstrong did not mention it, Harry A. McGuire, the president of the Club, last year won first place in the national Knights of Columbus Poetry Contest.

Such an organization is possible at Creighton if only there are a few men who are willing to organize and consistently support it. The success of the Dramatic and Glee Clubs is ample evidence of the fact that while an organization with open membership is apt to fail from lack of interest, the same organization with a membership limited to a few earnest workers will not only succeed, but will be besieged by applicants. It will be noted that at Notre Dame, an institution twice as large as Creighton, the Club is restricted to twenty members.

SHADOWS will be glad to co-operate in every way with any group, however small, that earnestly desires to form and maintain a Creighton Poets' Club.



“CALL IT A DIPLOMA IF YOU WANT TO, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A MEAL-TICKET TO ME”

One evening last week
 I found myself
 In a small town “hotel”
 Badly in need of a
 Shave and hair-cut
 And, being a stranger
 I asked a young man
 Where I could get the same.
 He replied that
 There was only one barber
 And that he was deaf and
 dumb.
 I entered the shop
 And made various motions
 Indicating my desires.
 All was silent.
 As he was powdering my neck
 Another villager entered
 And asked the barber
 To take in a show
 With him.
 To my surprise
 The barber said: “I will
 Just as soon as I finish
 With this deaf and dumb son-
 of-a-gun.
 Salesmen crack such FUNNY
 jokes.



“Might as well get used to light lunches
 right away.”

We wonder how many Co-eds
 will hang their “shingle” this
 summer.

Spendthrift

“I hear my son spends about
 all his time on you.”
 “Yes, that’s about all.”

“Now, hurry, Jimmy. It’s
 time for school. And tell me
 do you love your teacher?”

“Aw, rats; she’s too ancient
 for me.”

Safety First

Prof. (in Physic Lab.): Look
 out there! Don’t you know
 that wire might shock you to
 death?

Stude: Yes, I know, but I
 felt it all over before I took
 hold of it.

Once more daylight saving
 has become the question of the
 hour.

Reasonable

“If ‘Saint Louis Blues’ is a fox-trot and ‘All Alone’
 is a waltz, what is ‘Bred in Old Kentucky?’ ”

“I don’t know.”
 “Ten cents a loaf.”

First Old Maid: Our parrot uses the worst language
 I have ever listened to. He evidently belonged to a
 sea captain before coming into our possession.
 Second Ditto: No, dear. He was a pet at a girls’
 boarding school.
 —Pointer.

A Close Call

The parlor sofa held the twain
 Fair damsel and her lovely swain;
 Headshe.

But hark! A step upon the stair!
 And mother finds them sitting there—
 He——and——she.

—Yellow Jacket.



Prof.: I want to give you a piece of advice.

Student: What's the matter with it?

—Spenserian Owl.

Drunk (after bumping into the same tree three
 times): Losht, losht, in an impenetrable foresht.

—Center Colonel.

Impossible

Co-Ed: You know I didn't accept Fred the first time
 proposed.

Friend: I guess you didn't; you weren't there.

—Minnesota Shi-U-Mah.

Neckst

She frowned on him
 And called him Mr.
 Because in fun he merely Kr.
 And then in spite
 The following night
 The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

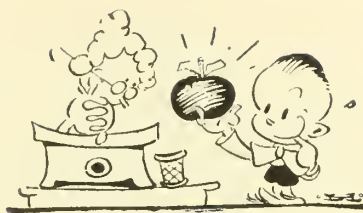
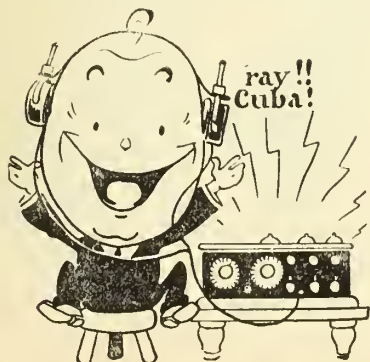
—Dartmouth Jack-o'-lantern.

S'blood!

"Want to go on a sleighing party?"

"Sure. Who are we going to slay?"

—Rutgers Chanticleer.



Just about the time for this kind of stuff.

You never hear the bee complain,
 Nor hear it weep and wail;
 But if it wish it can unfold
 A very painful tail. —Lemon Punch.

Suspended Sentence

Judge: You are sentenced to hang by the neck until
 dead.

Prisoner: Judge, I believe you are stringing me.

—Michigan Technic.

She (sarcastically, out walking): This reminds me
 of Robert Louis Stenvenson's "Travels With a Don-
 key!"

He: Yes, I do feel like an author tonight.—Ex.

Victim: Ouch, that towel is scalding hot.

Barber: Sorry, sir. I couldn't hold it any longer.



Female Admirer: My goodness, if those are running
 trunks I certainly would hate to see the young men in
 suit cases. —Columns.

Sambo: Look a-heah, black boy, if you takes my gal
 out again, I'll shoot you full of holes.

Black Boy: Brothah, ah hope you does.

"Do you love me, Freddie, dear?"

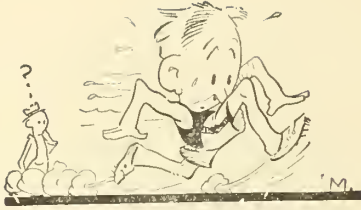
"What do you think I'm doing?"

—Judge.

THE FRIENDLY BEAR

An old Chinaman, delivering laundry in a mining
 camp, heard a noise and espied a huge brown bear
 sniffing his tracks in the newly fallen snow.

"Hu!" he gasped. "You likee my track, I makee
 some more."



Two Miler: Gosh, I forgot whether I'm a quarter of a lap ahead or three-quarters of a lap behind.

For the benefit of this year's graduation classes, the Bloop Employment bureaus have published the following list of jobs, positions, pastimes—classified according to the profession.

Pharmacy—Wanted: At least not more than one hundred and seventeen graduate pharmacists to "jerk" sodas and sell cigars at the country's leading summer resorts. Must be able to make proper change or mistakes in favor of the company. Wonderful scenery and fair salary. Apply Hookem Bros. Cigar Co.

Medicine—Wanted: I should judge about one hundred men posing as doctors to sell Snake Oil and Lydia E. Pinkham's remedy from house to house in the following cities: Chicago, Loogootee, Sleepy Eye, Denver and Papillion. Must know big names for small ailments. Apply "Doc" Watson "Snake Oil Remedy Co."

Dentistry—Wanted: Pile drivers to work on construction of stadium at Moscow University. Exceptional opportunities for young men speaking the Russian language. Apply Freeze and Shiver Ice Co.

Law—Wanted: Fifty policemen to patrol bootlegging districts in larger and smaller towns. Must be thoroughly versed in all forms of legislation on bribery, extortion and larceny. Every other Thursday afternoon devoted to study of Corpus Juris. Apply Municipal Corporations, 36 North Western 917.

Arts and Sciences: Bill board decorators are in demand. Must have had at least 76 semester hours of calisthenics. Only dark-haired, talented men need apply. Apply at your leisure.

Commerce and Finance—Wanted: Ten graduate political economists to distribute sample copies of the Ladies' Home Journal in rural communities. Must be able to save salary out of expense account. Applicants must speak English.

Mellerdrammer

Hero: Cur! Where are those papers?

Villain: They are at the blacksmith's.

Hero: Ha! You are having them forged.

Villain: No, I am having them filed.

—Awgwan.

Whip Announces \$.00000 $\frac{1}{4}$ Poetry Contest

For the most exciting poem on: "The Life of An Angle-Worm."

Rules of Contest:

1. Must be written on either side of a sheet of paper not more than 1 inch in thickness.

2. If necessary green ink must be used.

3. Must consist of no more than 73 verses of 9 stanzas each. However, you may write more if so inclined (we won't read the darn things anyway).

4. Meter must be pessimistic barometer, somewhat after the style of Jonny Milton's "Strut Miss Lizzie."

5. Don't send in your photograph with your masterpiece. The odds against you are too strong as it is.

6. The following will act as judges: Harry Wills, Earle Sande, Lon Chaney, George Bungle, and Sarah Bernhardt.

7. In case of a tie the winner will be decided by a banana eating contest.

8. Only the married members of this publication and their half sisters are eligible.

9. Contest closes at midnight last week.

Man: Give me \$25 worth of seratch paper.

Clerk: Gosh, why do you want so much seratch paper?

Man: I got the seven years itch.—Texas Ranger.



The Dance of the Symphs

The Sport Called Clinicing

By THEODORE BECKWITH

SOME people think that all we dents are wised up on are inlays, molars, pyhorrea, etc., but after one semester in the elinie, we know more about man nature than a house-to-house canvasser selling sales' hose can learn in ten years. We have visits in every general type down, not to mention the at-divisions of each. In my short experience alone I have acquired the unemmy ability of looking at my patients and reading in their faces the story of their lives. Whether they are married or single, what their good and bad habits are, and what their favorite breakfast meal is. I can readily recognize the phrase "Oueh, that hurts!" when spoken in one of nineteen languages.

One of our daily visitors is a spinster who thinks she might as well have this small cavity filled by a student as to expend a fortune having it done down-town." She closely questions us as to our ability, how long we are, whether or not we receive good grades, how many cases of this nature we have handled, and where we came from a good family. When these have been truthfully answered, she summons an instructor and inquires whether or not he thinks we are capable of this momentous undertaking." After a careful examination, he answers that he is certain we are, but she remains leary and insists that he **does** look quite young, and decides to have that dentist friend of her mother's in South Omaha do the work.

WE are not without a patient for long, however, and we now find in our charge one of those sweet, innocent examples of young ladyhood known as "appers," and suffice it to say that they do some of their best flapping while in a dentist chair. Time is

taken out while she powders her nose and the surrounding territory, and adds a dash of that red stuff to her lips. She seems to think these preparations very essential to the undertaking and no amount of dissuasion will discourage her. She expresses her disappointment "that she could not get Jimmy to do the work for he is such a lovely daneer." However, we are not insulted, for we have heard this before, and we proceed to treat her ailment. After a half hour of "do you know so and so" and "did you ever date such and such," we have finished our task to find our hands covered with blood and we are determined, for certain this time, that no one will ever employ lip stick in our chair again.



Our next customer is the grade school rough-neck who is going to have the tooth pulled that "Red" loosened for him. That calls for a little "razz" about getting whipped, but he puts us at our ease by informing us that "Red" had a plate put in the other day.

WHEN we have pried his hand out of his mouth for the third time we assure him that it will cause no pain whatsoever, but he has little or no faith in a dentist's word and begins to holler and plead even before hostilities are begun. After much time is lost by these actions we forget that we are gentlemen and employ fiendish means, half-Nelsons, hammerlocks and all. Nothing is barred until our end is accomplished. One hour has been spent on a five-minute job and we decide that rough-necks are not always so rough.

By this time we are only too willing to call time and go home to dream of chemistry, biology, **anything** but clinic.



Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first when the joke's the Professor's,
The last when the joke's your own.—Belle Hop.

Labor: What kind of shoes is them, black boy?
Capital: Coolidge shoes, boy, Coolidge shoes.
Labor: How come Coolidge shoes—silent?
Capital: Nossuh. Mah boss died, and I stepped
right into 'em. —Tiger.

“What's your name?”
“Isidor Patrick Golstein.”
“What's the Patriek for?”
“Protection.” —Orange Peel.

Old Lady: You can't be so poor, my good man, if
you wear spats.
Tramp: Ma'm, dese is suede shoes wid de bottoms
worn off. —The Purple Cow.

Male: Is the pleasure of this dance to be mine?
Female: Yes, all yours. —Ski-U-Mah.

Lunar: Liz, how duz yu lak ma new gold tooth?
Eclipse: Honey, when you smiles, Ah thinks Phoe-
bus Apollo has done riz from chaos. —Lampoon.

Teacher: What is the definition of a skunk?
Johnny: A small animal to be killed with a pole.

Coach (to prospective candidate): Are you related
to Mike O'Reilly, the famous all-American quarter of
several years back?

Candidate: Very distantly, sir; he was my mother's
first child and I was her twelfth.



Who Said “Twenty Demerits?”

“Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?”
“Yes, sir.”
“Well, it's had a relapse!” —Lampoon.

“Sister,” asked Tommy, “do fairy tales always be-
gin with ‘Once upon a time’?”

“No, Tommy, not always. They sometimes begin
with, ‘There's something about you.’” —Gargoyle.

Buy your thermometers now. They will be high-
er in the summer. —Williams Purple Cow.



Cop: So I caught you with this bundle of silver-
ware, eh? Who did you rob?

Inexperienced Burglars: Two fraternity houses,
sir.

Cop: We'll have to call up all the downtown hotel
and tell them to claim their stuff.

“I want to ask you for your daughter's hand,” said
the college grad to her father.

“All right, my boy. Go to it. Take the one that I
always in my pocket.”

Expected Too Much

Father: How come you flunked your history exam?

Son: Well, they asked me a lot of fool question
about things that happened before I was born.

Mr. Student

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spend Your vacation?*

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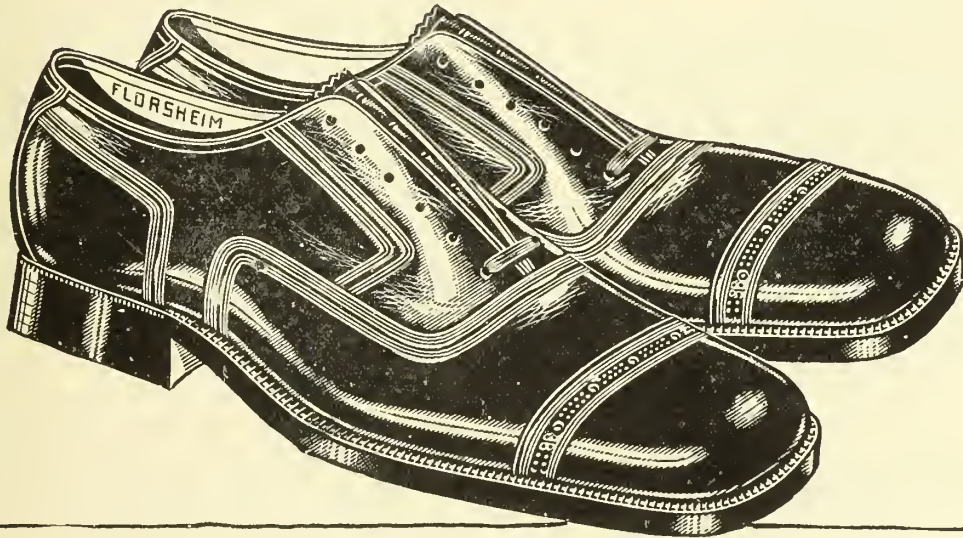
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Omaha

FORE!

(Continued from Page 9)

Relays this year they were accompanied by the University Golf Team which was to meet South Dakota for the golf championship of the North Central Conference. This is not outside the realm of possibility, for golf is fast gaining a foothold in college athletics.

There are many of us who, for one reason or another, are unable to compete in any of the major sports. Fortunately, for golf one needs no such physical characteristics as football requires. In fact, all one needs is the power of concentration and diligence. Work is the "open sesame" in golf as in all sports.

Despite the fact that golf requires no such physique as other sports, it imparts sufficient exercise for all. Let him who maintains that golf is an old man's game swing a driver a dozen times and he will readily find that golf is not the ladylike game he first thought it to be. For the one who thinks golf is not sufficiently interesting to warrant his attention, let him observe a fellow much smaller in build than himself drive 250 yards, while he barely drives 200, and if this fails to attract his attention or arouse his determination, then his lethargy is certainly appalling. The personal satisfaction that accrues from a well played shot will more than repay him for his efforts.

Were the conditions under which golf is played always the same, much of its interest would dwindle with a few rounds. A few holes and one plainly sees the fascination of this grand old game. One shot calls for distance, another for direction and delicacy, and finally one which decides the issue of the match.

The successful golfer requires the stamina of an Alpine climber, the concentration of a Caesar, the cool-headedness of a Coolidge, the courage of a Daniel, and the skill of a Hoppe. Only by constant application and practice can one acquire these requisites, and the degree of their acquisition determines his status as a golfer.

"A MAN MUST LOOKOUT FOR HIMSELF"

(Continued from Page 20)

"Ah! I don't know. I don't want to deposit. I want to invest. Thought maybe you might know something." He looked searchingly into the banker's eyes.

Decker meditated a moment. He knew it was useless to attempt to bait Palster. The latter had guessed the banker's plan. He decided to do immediately what he would have to do ultimately.

"Why, yes, Chick. I got a letter this morning from the banker at Pottsburg, wanting a thousand dollars. He has loaned his limit on deposits, and so have we. He says he has a good crop security. Some farmer

wants it until October first."

"How much interest and how much security?"

"Ten per cent and two hundred acres of good corn. Chick pondered a while before answering.

"Well," he said. "I'll take it. How soon can you let me know?"

"I'll let you know day after tomorrow."

"All right. See you then."

The following day Chick hurried into the bank.

"Say, Decker, I'm going south to start with the harvest. Here's that thousand. You plant it and hold the note. Make it due October 1st. Did you hear whether the deal would go?"

"Yes, the bank phoned me last night and said it was O. K. I have the note made out for you."

"Well, by the way, if there are any papers to sign you do it for me."

Decker wrote the necessary contract of power of attorney. Then he called the bookkeeper to witness.

"Well, so long, Decker. See you about the middle of September," called Chick, as he hurried out of the bank. He got into a car with three other young men and left the town for the harvest to the south.

June fulfilled the harvest promise of late May. From the Gulf States in early June to Canada in late September the reapers and threshing machines garnered the golden treasures of wheat. Comstock had fallen heir to her rightful share of nature's gift. The wheat harvest passed with the end of July, and then Comstock began to talk of the splendid outlook for the corn crop. Rain came in plenty, and the days, hot and steamy, provided a perfect climate for the crop to develop to its utmost.

DAY after day upon his worn cultivator Tom Palster fought a losing fight against the sunflowers and pigweeds. Every day found him retreating. The weeds advanced almost as rapidly as the corn despite the abundance of wet weather. But doggedly, daily, he mounted the cultivator, grimly hoping that he could exterminate the foe. Among the well-kept fields of his neighbors Palster's field was a sorry spot. The farmers, keen to the soil and its ways, never spoke to Tom Palster except with sympathy and respect. They knew well that negligence was not the cause.

The last week in August came. From the South hot breath puffed against the tender green of the fields. The shade of the evening cooled the blast, but the sun on the next morning brought back the blistering wind. Black clouds rolled up from the northwest, as old-timers said, "Rain." But the clouds passed overhead, failing to slake the thirst of suffering vegetation. A third scorching wind crimped the blades of corn, bordering them with crisp yellow edges.

The weeds of Tom Palster's field surged higher, the corn shriveled and turned prematurely golden. It sunk beneath the shielding shadows of the sunflower until it was only barely discernable, from the roadway. When the clouds rolled up from the northwest a second evening, and verified the prophecy of the old timers, the only field that did not receive the blessings of the rain was the weed-covered patch of Tom Palster. By the time that well-filled ears of corn were rapping the throw-boards, Charles Palster returned to Comstock. The same day he went in to see Decker at the bank.

"Hello, Mr. Decker. How's things?"
 "Why, hello, Chick. Fine, I guess. Are you getting anxious to collect the note?" laughed Decker.

"No, but I want to get the money for a little investment. I've got a chance to get Dillon's farm at a bargain if I can pay fifteen hundred down."

"Well, I should say it was a bargain. I suppose you paid it for five thousand?"

"Well," grinned Chick, well pleased with himself, "I'm not saying. But Decker, I've had my eye on that place ever since I've thought of buying one."

"I'm glad to hear of your luck. Your note is down in Pottsburg. He's been holding it for you. Guess you don't have any trouble getting your money. Every place in the country has a good crop, except—" Decker paused self-consciously.

"I know, Decker. Dad's out of luck, but it was his own fault. It he'd kept the weeds down the hot weather would never have ruined his corn. I'm sorry Dad got hit." But his voice held no real concern.

"Will you phone the Pottsburg bank that I'll be down this afternoon?"

"Yes, I will."

"All right. Good-day."

THAT night at supper Mrs. Palster ate sparingly. She sat for the most part staring into space. As her husband finished supper and made ready to go to the milk lot, he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Now, mother, you're brooding again. Don't worry." His wife, grasping his hand, began to cry softly. Palster cleared his throat very forcibly, and gave her shoulder a kindly pat and walked out of the house swinging the milk pails unnecessarily loud.

At this juncture the light of a car flashed across the yard and someone drove in hurriedly. They were lifting someone from the car. Tom Palster ran forward. "His horse ran away," explained one of the neighbors. "His runner place. I think his leg's broke. I'll leave him here and go right on for the doctor."

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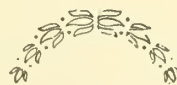
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For a month Charley Palster lay helpless. And during that month, day and night, his mother was in his attendance. It irked him somewhat, but there was nothing else for it, so he made the best of it.

Often he heard whispered consultations far into the night. And more often still, his mother's face was tear-stained as she came to wait on him. He tried to forget it and remember his own interests, but it bothered him in spite of himself.

It was six weeks before he was able to be out of doors. He walked with a limp, which the doctor said would be permanent. His face was pale and drawn and he seemed somewhat changed. He limped out to the barn, harnessed his horse, and quickly drove away. "Be back in the evening," he explained. "I've got a mortgage down at Pottsburg that I should have collected six weeks ago."

THE separator was still droning over the last pail of warm frothy milk before the buggy drove into the yard. Presently Charles appeared at the door. "Hello, Dad. Thought I'd help you a little," he stammered, ill at ease. "Surprised?"

"A little," smiled his father, as he picked up the pail and started for the house.

"Here, I'll take it," he volunteered. He appeared almost too anxious.

As he helped finish the chores that evening he went about whistling. Somehow, he felt particularly light-hearted and pleased with himself. Afterwards, for the first time, he took his dinner with them instead of in his room. He delighted in the light gossip of the table and lingered a while after his mother had retired. For the first time in years, father and son were left alone.

"We ought to get a few shoats this fall and feed them through," he said, carelessly.

Mr. Palster stopped rocking.

"You mean you'll get some to feed on Dillon's place, don't you, Charles?"

"No, Dad. I mean 'we.' You see, Dad, I was down to Pottsburg this afternoon and I brought you home something I bought four or five months ago." He smiled weakly as he reached into his coat pocket and laid two packets of papers on the table.

"Good-night, Dad. I'm tired. Guess I'll go to bed." He left abruptly for his room.

Mr. Palster picked up the papers, one a mortgage, the other a promissory note. When he had finished reading them he stared silently ahead, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

The signature on the mortgage was that of his son. That on the note was his own.

STADIUMS C. O. D.

(Continued from Page 14)

Woozy. "I'm gonna wear out the floor of the loose-gow with a culprit."

"Yes," said the M. C. "But you can't get the Whams to fight. Why not invite them to a toineyment of athaletics, and whoever emerges winner, will rule this dump and others."

"Well said," replies the king. "But where—"

"In a stadium," answered the M. C.

"An' wot's a stadium?"

It might be well to state here that Woozy wasn't what you'd call eddieated. He was kinda—well—sorta goofy. He had went to Barber College for three years, but was dismissed because he was always cutting up. He was always popular, though. He made the I Soppa Towel and Shava Hairy Mug fraternities easy as a Valentino neck shave.

WELL, to resume, the M. C. beat it out the back door and returned clutching a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Compound in his hand. He carefully rubbed some across a piece of paper, and then wrote the word "Stadium" in the liquid. So 'elp me 'Anner, as soon as the stuff had dried, a picture of a stadium lay before the bleary orbs of 'is majesty.

"Wot, ho!" cried the king, mentally making a vow of abstinence. "'Tis devil's work."

"No such t'ing," replied M. C. "'Tis but scienc I trow."

"Don't go trowin' nothing around 'ere," says the king, relievedly. "Fetch me the High Grand Exalted Architect."

Well, they brung in the H. G. E. A., who'd been shooting craps with the gaoler.

"Build me a stadium," says the king. "And don't let me hear of you shootin' those poor little craps anymore, they're darn near distinct now."

Well, the plumbers and hod-carriers kinda slowed up the work on the stadium, but finally at last the job was done, and the king broke a bottle and nearly broke his heart over the doorknob to the place. "I christen you stadium," says he, and his tears mingled with the splash of the liquor.

ROUND came the day of the meet, with everything in readiness. Everybody and his brother was there and all the jail birds was released to swell the attendance and lighten the pockets.

The herald blew his saxophone and the game were on.

The foist thing on the programme was the twenty-five mile relay. The Woozies were away in the lead until their anchor man sprang a leak in his think-tan

When he thought he'd fool the Whams by swimmin' across a bay, thereby cutting off five miles. About three miles out to sea he remembered that he forgot to bring his water wings, so he entered a shark, and someday the Isaac Walton League will have a real fish story to tell.

"There's something fishy about this race," said the king, but the Whams in their congratulatory excitement, hopped onto the victor like bums on a slow night and in the scramble their star shot putter was put out, so the Woozies won a weighty victory by default.

MEANWHILE, the king was deeply sunk in an alcoholic sea and ordered the broom race to be run in front of the royal box. The race was accordingly held in that place and the Wham entry swept to victory over the Woozian, who brushed by in second place. The king called the Wham to him.

"Spell broom," says the king.

"No can do," says the Wham.

"How do you know you were in a broom race then?" queried the oily monarch.

Silence.

"The race is forfeited," announced his majesty. "I'll nail him on a charge of vagrancy."

The next instant the Whams evened the score by winning the broad jump. But they discovered a pair of Goodyear heels on the winner and tossed him in the river.

Well, to make a long hieroglyphic short, the outcome of the meet was to be decided by pitching horseshoes. The Whams had meantime stolen all the available and available horses and shoes in the surrounding country.

Was the Whams to win by this trickery? Was the words of the sun and earth gonna allow this villuney? They weren't gonna do nothing else but, and so the king cried: "My kingdom for a horse."

Well, before he could take back what he said, the Whams had traded him even up, and threw in a bale of hay for extra measure.

"You jaekass, that's a horse on you," said the M. C. When the king saw that he had traded his birthright for a bag o' bones he died of delirium tremens, and Pandemonium II of the Whams was ensconced on the throne and ruled wise and well, and his subjects prospered and grew corpulent.

(Signed) Hezekiah Slambangovitch.

"This," says Professor Digalotte, "only goes to show that what a king wants, he gets. Sometimes more."

Leo J. Boyle

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JOHN G. NEIHARDT
(Continued from Page 8)

to account for, that there is an odd, indescribable, psychological effect upon the reader caused directly by this rhyme scheme. It is so handled that while all the power of the rhyme is kept it does not seem forced and so intrude upon the foreground of attention.

Mr. Neihardt wished it made clear that he was not writing an epic, rather that he was writing an epic cycle. The fur trade cycle in America began properly in 1822 under the leadership of Ashley and Henry and extends until the year 1890. "Obviously," he says, "in attempting to embody such a period in a literary work, it is necessary to concentrate upon one representative portion of it. Fortunately, this can be done without sacrifice and without resorting to fictitious means. The story of the two expeditions that ascended the Missouri River under the leadership of Ashley and Henry of St. Louis in 1822 and 1823 comprehends every phase of the life of the epoch." The cycle is to be written in six parts, individual and complete in themselves, yet related because they deal with the consecutive phases of development from the extremely individualistic mood of the trappers through the smaller group moods of the explorers on to the growing social mood of the settlement. With the permanent settlement the epic period is by its very nature brought to an end.

The songs which make up this American heroic cycle are as follows, appearing in their proper chronological order:

- The Song of the Three Friends.
- The Song of Hugh Glass.
- The Song of Jed Smith.
- The Song of the Great Migration.
- The Song of the Indian Wars.
- The Song of the Messiah.

Of these the first two and the fifth are completed. Mr. Neihardt spent three years on "The Friends" and three years on "Hugh Glass." These two parts of the cycle deal with the fur trade period. "The Indian Wars" which required four and a half years and will appear in June, is as long as the first two. It deals with the last great fight for the bison pastures of the Plains, a fight between the Western whites and the Indians of the Plains, the Sioux, the Cheyenne, and the Arapahoe. There are ten thousand lines in the three completed poems. That is to say that in eleven years considerably more than half the work has been done and the author expects to finish in nine years more. The third poem will deal with the period of discovery and exploration. The fourth will be concerned with the Mormon episode not because of any religious sympathies but because the Mormon adventure was a self-

conscious group adventure and hence better suited to an art form than scattered migrations extending over a period of years. "The Messiah," which, by the way is to be written next, deals with the plunge into mysticism on the part of the defeated races. "The Messiah" is to be completed in about a year, as it is to be much shorter than the others and to contain more of the lyrical impulse. The songs as they are finished have been prepared and published for class room use and the being used in schools in practically all parts of the United States.

Mr. Neihardt has been working this winter on a series of lectures for the University of Nebraska to be given next October, in which he sets forth his attitude toward the intimate relation of religion and poetry. In our brief hour he had barely more than time to touch upon it, to say that his lectures will contain his whole attitude, the relating of social values through art consciousness. The lectures are intended for the present generation and anyone, a sincere religionist, no matter what his creed, will see the relation.

We can think of no better way of summing up and reproducing this 'personal glimpse' of Mr. Neihardt than by quoting his "Poet's Creed."

The Race and not the individual is the unit. As a man and as a maker, I regard myself as a vortex of social energy, a momentary whirl in the stream of racial consciousness. It is the stream that makes me, and my larger identity is the stream itself, not the momentary whirl which I realize through egoism. This egoism is an illusory device for augmenting the whirl, which I regard as myself, to the end that I may the more vigorously function in the great process, which is absolutely impersonal. The world is the whole of me. The whirl in the stream that I regard as myself is justified in so far as it functions as a part of the whole process from the beginning. Anything that I make cannot be regarded as an individual product; it is a social product, the result of merging social forces at the point of their incidence—that point for the moment being called John Neihardt. At present, my function, as I see it, seems to be that I should preserve the tremendous mood of heroism that the western Race evolved in the Trans-Missouri region during the 19th century. I believe that the great inclusive virtue is courage—courage to endure that one may function in the social process. The moods of courage that the Race has developed at the various stages of its westward advance across the planet include what is most precious in race development. But at last the ego must be merged in the mass, the whirl be lost in the stream. My larger identity is the race itself. And so it is with every man.—JOHN G. NEIHARDT.

C. M. T. C.

(Continued from Page 21)

rence. The standard physical tests as prepared by National Amateur Athletic Federation are in force at the camps. This year it will not be compulsory; however, there are many who enjoy measuring up against the well-known national standard. These tests require that a candidate run 100 yards in a certain time, clear a certain distance in the running broad jump, clear a specified height in a running high jump, go over the bar in the pole vault at a certain height in order to qualify as up to the standard set for his age. The standards are not too high, however, and the excellent student will find great pleasure in demonstrating that he is equal if not superior to the average man.

Of course, the famous Army setting-up exercises have a very important place on every camp program. The correct methods of developing the body is taught so that one may, by devoting a few minutes daily, be materially benefited in years to come. Special training is given to those who happen to be subnormal, although in ease that a student should possess abnormalities that would be aggravated by training, he is, of course, rejected. This is simply in harmony with the policy of conducting everything in the best interests of those undergoing instruction. No one will be asked to participate in anything that will do him physical harm. The spirit of fair play is at all times fostered and developed. The full schedule of thirty days spent in the open air eliminates all pernicious elements of idleness. The idea and necessity of making all instruction popular and for creating and maintaining enthusiasm in the daily work is constantly kept in mind. Consequently there is always a nice balance kept between too much and too little work.

The great American faults of carelessness and untidiness are not tolerated at the camps. The fact that there is beauty in order is constantly impressed. Neatness is stressed and the candidates are subjected to daily inspection on this score. Students will find that they have excellent examples of efficiency and courtesy in the instructors. Church services are not, and can not, be compulsory, but all students are encouraged not to neglect their religious duties. A sufficient number of chaplains of all denominations are provided by the War Department so that there need be no falling off of religious duties on this score.

On the whole, such an outing cannot but be beneficial. The boys return tanned and vigorous. They are alert in mind and body. They have developed a new sense of duty to their country and a new feeling of fellowship towards their neighbors. They carry themselves with a snap and grace that is in itself sufficient

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FROM "THE FORTUNE HUNTERS" TO "DULCY" (Continued from Page 13)

was presented at the Brandeis Theater. The cast included members of the University Dramatic Club and old, experienced heads in the Alumni and city of Omaha. For three days the play was shown in Omaha. It has been the high aim of the club since that time to inaugurate the "Passion Play" as an annual event on the dramatic calendar. The "Upper Room" was presented in its stead this year. But, under contemplated plans the "Passion Play" will be given again next year without fail.

The club became more firmly entrenched on the campus this year, when several dozen applications were presented to Professor Costello for admission.

The senior dramatic membership list was practically complete from last year, and it was only after a search was devised to meet the current demand that a junior organization was inaugurated. The applicants were assigned to one-act plays. This gives the director an insight on the ability and willingness of the applicant.

THE primary object of the Junior Club, then, is to develop and marshal heretofore unknown talent for the Senior organization. Its field is wide. And, with the advancing years, it will serve a great purpose in giving those students who are interested primarily in dramatics, an opportunity to demonstrate their talents. To train and develop such an organization can do much to remove the obstacles that confront a director of amateur plays, and it is hoped that the students will look upon the newer organization in this light.

Amateur dramatic productions have become more popular in recent years. The daily mirrors of events at a university in which dramatics hold as high a place as they do at Creighton, gives considerable space in describing the Club's activities, its programs, and its achievements. But in looking over the publications from other universities which are similarly situated at Creighton, we find that one-act plays written by students from the different departments are finding their way to the stage. Yale and Harvard have offered several plays written by students.

The popularity of a one-act play produced by the genius of a student's mind cannot be doubted.

In looking over the publications from other universities, in which the position accorded dramatics is equal

able to the place they hold at Creighton, we find one-act plays written by students are finding their way on the stage. The production of such a play would be an experience that would be pleasurable and profitable for a cast as well as for the student. A series of one-act plays, written by students, interspersed between the heavy classical productions, doubtless would afford ample opportunity to the director and students. It would give further development in dramatics; it would offer an excellent opportunity for student directors to master the technique of stage directing; and, finally, it would stimulate a keen interest in dramatics throughout the university.

Of course, the technique of a three-act play is more difficult to acquire.

But, if a three-act play, of such a character and plot could be written by a student of the dramatic classes, it would seem feasible that it should be given to the public. Other schools have found a plan similar to this to be workable; and such productions have been received with enthusiasm by the public and student alike. It need not be mentioned, but some of the great playwrights of today, who have followed the profession of the stage and drama, found their vocation in a college dramatic club. Such a plan would not be inconsistent with the undertakings of the club, and it has been plainly understood from faculty headquarters that it would willingly and earnestly co-operate.

WITH the Creighton Dramatic Club just passing through the formative stage of its existence, several planks, if they may be termed such, as the production of one-act plays written by students, and a final three-act play, produced by a student, would be listed in the calendar each year, and a great advancement could be noted.

Participation in dramatics is a valuable part of a student's education. It develops unknown powers and prepares for a fuller life.

The characters of a play, the settings, the lights, all of which the student or professional actor must come in contact with, awaken the hidden powers of observation and make the actual practice instinctive. The actual as well as cultural benefits to be derived from dramatics well repay the student for his efforts.

The production, "Duley," and the staging of the "Seven Keys to Baldpate," the latter of which was presented by the Junior Club, drops the painted curtain on the dramatic season for the scholastic year. Its success was determined by its reception, and, although the year has been characterized with favorable comment, a greater field awaits those who take part in the year. For, each succeeding year since its incep-

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tion, the advance of the Dramatic Club has been marked.

With the abundance of talent at Creighton, the operation which was manifest this year, a prospective future is foretold for the infant organization. It is the hope of its leaders that the club will be able to produce several one-act plays, on three-act student production, and the "Passion Play" for Omaha and vicinity next year. With the unlimited opportunities offered now by the installation of the Junior Club and the Senior organization as well, more applications should be forthcoming. With the beginning of registration in the fall, the club expects to receive numerous applications for membership; and it feels assured of full operation, not only from the members of the club and those interested in dramatics, but of the student body of every single department.

The facilities at Creighton offer the same opportunities and standards as other schools. As the individual makes the school, so also does the individual make the dramatic club. If the interested will glance over the roster, they cannot but note that its membership consists of some of the leading and best students in the university. They have seized the opportunity to make a club, and receive its benefits. Now, what are you going to do?

I GUESS IT IS WORTH IT

(Continued from Page 10)

directed for this cerebral ailment is oil. The prescription directs that copious quantities of John D.'s petroleum be burned each evening in a student's lamp rather than in a "Run-It-Yourself" vehicle. Being of amenable disposition, the student accedes to the Dean's suggestion. Thenceforward, even unto the end of his Freshman year he maintains an assiduous demeanor and a docility worthy of a disciple of Socrates.

WITH the advent of his Sophomore year our friend instinctively assumes the role of guardian to the incoming Freshmen. He accepts the obligation of acquainting his successor with all the onerous tasks of school and out, befitting a frosh, in order that the yearling might well fill the Florsheims lately abandoned by his immediate elders. Beyond this there is no marked deviation in the course of conduct adopted by our friend in his own Freshman year. However, it should be noted that he has changed his mode of dress. Notwithstanding the fact that his pinch-back suit was the feature of the Mail Order House Catalogue, and was proclaimed to be the feline's Van-Dyke by all the boys back home, our Bean Brummel is thoroughly convinced that Dame Fashion at home is about fifteen seasons behind Mademoiselle Fashion who struts the e-

seets. Therefore, he assails the parental domicile with arguments in favor of a new suit of Suppenheimer Clothes. In the end he prevails and a requisition is obtained from the home office allowing the purchase of new rags with all the trimmings. Then, presto, our student becomes a true Rah-Rah boy. Thenceforward everything augers that the boy will get along swimmingly, which is to say he will enjoy bon voyage for the remainder of his cruise, metaphorically speaking—his intent being in mind to insinuate that the life of a student is a literal cruise on the foam nor that he is at sea among fishes.

By the time he has reached his Junior year the persevering student has succumbed to the adulations of certain of his schoolmates, and being convinced of the benefits of fraternal unity and patronage from the Cecian Gods, he is prevailed upon to join the Rota Iga Pi fraternity which has for a rival the Tappa Iegga Bru. The natural sequence of this move is to dispose of the frat pin. Forthwith the young swain finds a gullible maiden who is charitable enough to chuckle at his second-hand jokes. She even perjures herself to the extent that she declares him the paragon of masculine pulchritude, and that he alone causes her the heart to pulsate with love and joy. Needless to say, he has a weakness for such soothsayers and he awards her his Greek letter pin. Expenses which ensue from an incident to this compact require an application of the principles of Economics Course II. You see the weekly budget of the enterprising youth includes no allowance for courtship and if such an item were included in the swindle sheet report to the home office would surely be disallowed. Accordingly it is necessary that our friend curtail his nutritive desires or that he barter with one of the local Macedonian Food Em-

(Continued on Page 43)

WHEN THE LEOPARD CHANGES SPOTS

(Continued from Page 18)

men about posing as such; and our aforesaid Liberal is anxious to show his compeers that he has not surrendered to the mammon of reaction. But if he be mentally honest, he must admit the justice of the charge. Why? He has not materially changed his laws; he still advocates the same reforms, still clings to the same ideals, still cherishes the same opinions. But the world and men of the world have changed, progressed. His reforms are in operation, his ideals embodied in the every-day life of the people, his opinions incorporated in the statutes of the land. Consequently, he is standing for things as they are: he is the champion of the established order; he is a conservative. Which may or may not explain why our radicals are always young.

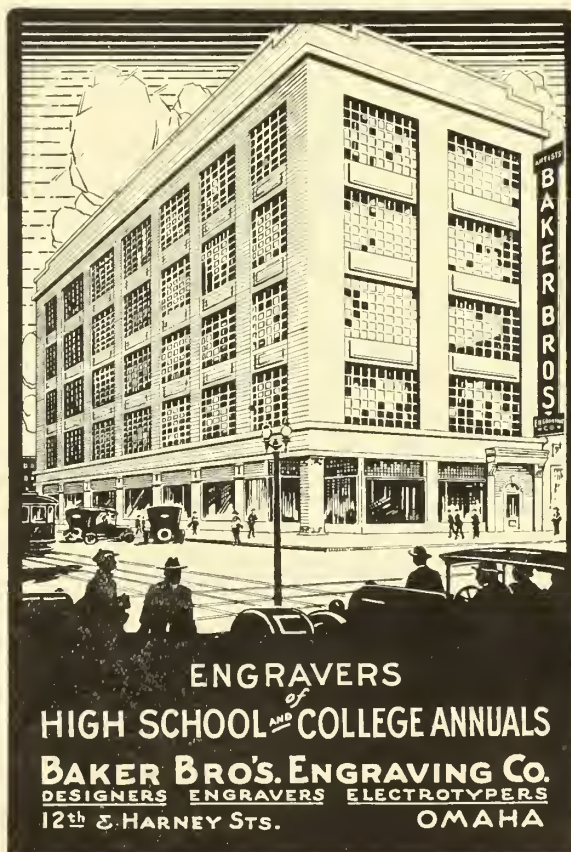
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We must remember that "radical" and "radicalism" are relative terms. What is radical today may be denounced as reactionary tomorrow; the radical of today may find themselves allied with the conservatives of the future. It is a familiar phenomenon. Washington newspaper correspondents have a cynical aphorism that when a radical congressman is inducted into office, he will be a conservative in less than a year. The evolution of Senator Hiram Johnson from a fire-eating liberal to an advanced conservative is familiar enough; so, too, is the retreat of William Jennings Bryan from the bold stand he took in 1896 in favor of the "free and unlimited coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1" to his present status as an inoffensive conservative.

REVERTING from men to measures, who does not recall the day when universal franchise and woman suffrage were deemed dangerous because radical? Obeying the injunction of our radical young collegians to "read history," we find that the men who made the French and American revolutions were radical in their day. Yet their ideals are almost without exception incorporated in our conservative political democracy of today. The ever-fluctuating fashions of women furnish abundant illustration of our point. Is it any strain on the memory to recall that only a few short years ago smiling matrons and prim old maids regarded bobbed hair as a device of Satan? And is it any distortion of the facts to say that today these same matrons and spinsters are crowding sweet sixteen out of the "Bobber Shoppes?" If the flapper of 1925 could be brought into a mid-Victorian drawing-room, she would shoe the entire company by her radicalism in dress, in manners, in deportment. Every age has its radicals, but from the noxious growth of radicalism is distilled the essence of the next generation's conservatism.

And so, by a species of evolutionism, do we account for the familiar transformation of a radical into a conservative. Once the radical's reforms are accepted by the world, they lose their radical character, and become the commonplaces of conservatism. And since the radical cannot rest satisfied with the established order and still be a radical, he must do one of two things: either retain his radical proclivities, and cast about for new changes, innovations and reforms to agitate; or—and this is the more common procedure—he must accept the established order. Once he does this, he is no longer radical—he is a conservative. And all who advocate further changes are "young fools" and "rebellious conceited puppies."

I GUESS IT IS WORTH IT

(Continued from Page 41)

pinus to juggle saucers daily for a few hours in re-
n for three squares a day.

THE Senior year of the student looms bright, for in
the distance is beheld the coveted degree which is
telimox four years or more of exposure to higher
learning. In view of the lowly status in which he found
himself as a freshman and from which he has gradually
emerged, as does a shy prairie dog from its seclusion
beneath the earth, he now nurses the thought that he
has come into his own. And indeed he has. Freshmen
are astounded at his erudition. Sophomores admire his
success. Juniors aspire to imitate him. All seek his
counsel—at least he thinks they do all this. In short,
he believes himself to be blessed with a valve-in-head
motor, that is to say, he thinks himself a high powered
flow.

This is the central figure who fills the stage until the
closing days of school. His days in school have been
many. The vicissitudes that have come in his time
were numerous. He has had his moments of aspirations
and his hours of despair. He has flunked and he has
passed. He has loved and he has studied. He has
worked and he has played. He has finished his labors,
and yet they are not begun. The Millenium of his
school days has come, but the Genesis of his life's work
is just approaches. We cannot be prophets of his future,
but we may hope that it is as full in fruition as the
present is full of promise, and as the past has been
full of varied realities, for "the world is his oyster,
and with his sword—"

VACATION TRAILS

(Continued from Page 23)

is a very fascinated inspector. By sundown I had
reached the Motor City and honestly, another uncle
waited me there. ("Relatively" speaking, my route
so far was certainly ideal.) As the Chamber of Com-
merce would have it, "Dynamic Detroit" was a treat,
Belle Isle, Grand Circus Park and the motor plants
amazing. Contrary to custom, I did not visit Mr.
Ford's plant, but at some future time I hope to make
the pilgrimage.

Niagara Falls loomed up with such magnetic power
on my road map that my restlessness started me off
again in a rush. The shortest jump to this great
American wonder-spot was across Ontario and I was
on ferrying across the Detroit River after an inter-
esting Custom inspection. A thorough search had
failed to disclose any gin or gems among my trappings,
to the inspector's disappointment. My outfit had look-
ed promisingly mysterious.

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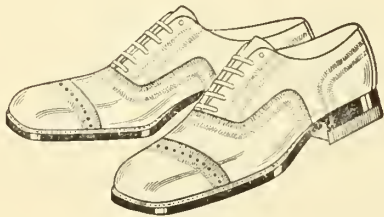
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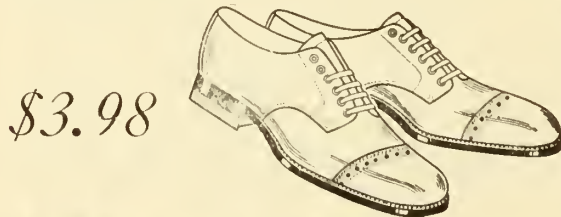


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QUAINT old Canada is intensely interesting to the visitor from the States. A glance at the Windsor shore, as compared with the sparkling Detroit water front, told the simple tale—Progress had found Canada a lagging follower. But the roads were modern enough to dispel my one apprehension and I settled down to my task. Buying gasoline by the liter and seeing the British ensign flapping boldly from every flag staff were new experiences for me, as I tried to orient myself to the situation.

Without mishap I came out of the vineyard country along the Rapids at noon on the second day and I was soon to hear the roar of the cataract. Rounding a turn at the top of the cliff on the Canadian side, I saw the great scene before me at last and felt repaid for all my travel troubles. In the words of Charles Dickens "Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty."

Crossing the International Bridge and back once more on home footing, I stood on the rock jut at the head of the American Falls and gazed in wonder at the spectacle. To attempt an adequate description of this mad rush of tons of water over a towering precipice would be futile. It is Nature in all her majesty. The Horseshoe Falls, Great Gorge, Whirlpool Rapid and the big hydro-electric plants would have claimed my attention for many days if I could have found the leisure time.

Here I seriously considered the advisability of turning back toward the west. It was a hard three-day trip to New York, finances were fast approaching the point of embarrassment and I discovered that tires have a queer habit of wearing out at the most inopportune time. But what is more alluring to a wanderer than New York City? "Nothing," said I, as I began the last lap. Through Buffalo, Syracuse, Schuectady, Albany and then south into the heart of the big metropolis my route carried me.

A broken steering gear forced me to pitch camp high up in the Catskills one night but I was becoming accustomed by this time to sleeping wherever and whenever the occasion demanded. The trip down the Hudson, a hurried glimpse of West Point, and then New Jersey after three very tiresome days.

My first view of New York City was unexpected. Coming up to the top of the Palisades from lower Jersey City, I was surprised to find the New York water front and skyline panorama spreading before me. Then across the Hudson, as far up and down the shore as eye could see, stood a solid mass of skyscrapers, the most colossal work of man that I had ever seen. The scene alone furnished the "punch" at the end of the trail that I had hoped for.

I was soon in the whirl of New York traffic. Broad

set my western spine to tingling, as I recalled the scenes which fiction had inevitably placed along the White Way. My arrival was typically western, and if I did not profess to be fresh from "the great open spaces." Big Irish traffic cops grinned as I led the street horns up Fifth Avenue, and I considered that a warm welcome for socially chilly territory. In a final burst of luck I located an old friend who was invited to spend a week with him in the Big

THE days that followed I shall never forget. I drove from dawn until dark every day, seeing everything possible, and wishing that I had months of time in which to do it. Grand Central Park, Wall Street, Long Island, Greenwich Village, Chinatown, the East Side, the Battery, Polo Grounds—it is useless to enumerate—were "covered" in my travels. A trip to the top of the Woolworth Building was the climax when from that dizzy height I viewed the whole city in one grand sweep from the Statue of Liberty in the bluish haze of the historic Bay, across to the Brooklyn Bridges and upper Manhattan with its hundreds of imposing structures. No one has ever finished seeing New York City and after a week of intensive effort, I felt that I hadn't ever started.

BUT now came the big problem of getting home. Fifteen hundred miles stretched out over the horizon to Omaha. I no longer wonder why easterners consider Omaha "out West." I decided to follow the Lincoln Highway. I stopped at the home of an old school chum in Easton, Pennsylvania, the first night after crossing a hilly stretch of "New Joisey." A warm welcome and good rest invigorated me.

Bethlehem Steel Mills were taken in with one glance and I hurried westward. Into the Allegheny mountains on the second day, I swept up and down the long ranges of ideal roads and saw more scenery that was not soon to be forgotten. Sooty Pittsburg, Cleveland, a breezy drive along the Erie shore, Sandusky, where the tornado had struck a few weeks before, Toledo and then the prairie was finally reached. It was just like getting home. I had been four days on the road.

A few days of recuperation and my impatience started me off again on the last half. I arrived in Chicago the first night, after visiting Notre Dame university at South Bend in the afternoon. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was my next camping spot, and after much dust and flat tires, the last lap through Des Moines to Omaha No. "7" was accomplished on the seventh day of actual driving time.

Weary and exhausted from the strain of the trip home, I gave way to my feelings with a whoop of joy

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and relief as I felt the Douglas Street bridge roll beneath me again. Omaha had never looked quite so fine to me before, and I vowed that it would be long before I should be enticed from its portals again.

But that was in September. Vacation time will soon be here again and with it will come the "Call of the Open Road." I suppose that it will find me as submissive as ever. There are many routes that I would like to travel, and many places that I would like to see, but my experiences during the summer of 1924 taught me one lesson in regard to travel, whether it be north, south, east or west. It is this—"Take more than steer horns for company."

GOOD MORNING, LADY!

(Continued from Page 16)

posed to canvass Spencer today."

After a short rest they continued on their way toward the hotel, situated almost at the top of the hill. When they reached their destination Rolland registered, gave his suitcase over to the clerk, and turned to Della.

"Will you be here at twelve?"

"Yes."

"We'll have lunch together, if you don't mind."

"Just as you say."

"All right. Twelve o'clock, sharp. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

He left the hotel and ventured into the street.

"I might as well do this systematically," he thought. "The west side this morning, the east this afternoon."

He turned into a side street and attacked the row of houses on the right.

The first stop was a success, the next three were failures. But as he went on he became more and more confident and persistent. Gradually, different ways of attacking their excuses came to him, and by noon he had made more than the agent had promised him for a whole day.

Only one more house on that street remained to be visited, and going up to the door he rang the bell. A lady answered the ring.

"Good-morning, Lady!"

"Good morning!"

"I came to see if I could get you to do me a favor," he said.

"I suppose so; what is it?" she answered. "What can it be?"

"Pardon me," he smiled. "I forgot to ask your name."

"Mrs. Turner. Why?"

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How much did you say?"

Sixty-nine cents."

I don't believe I have a bit of change."

Here's my pen, write a personal check."

Mr. Turner is at the drug store. If you go down there he'll pay you."

All right. Thank you very much. I'll give him a receipt."

The drug store was a block from the hotel, on the east side of the street. As he walked toward it Rolland cheerfully reviewed his morning's successes. Then, when he was the appointment with Della. He rolled the words on his tongue and stepped out a little more briskly. So far, at least, everything had gone smoothly, and so far he had no reason to suspect otherwise as he entered the store. It was a rather narrow place, with a fountain at the rear end of the room. An elderly man was packing an ice cream box as he approached. Is Mr. Turner in?"

I am Mr. Turner."

Your wife said you would pay me her subscription for the House-Help Magazine."

What's that?"

It's a new publication being put out by the Hersh Publishing Company, something different."

But Mr. Turner had already stepped into the reception room. In a few seconds Rolland heard the telephone ring.

Operator, give me One-One-Three, please." Then followed a sibilant conversation.

ROLLAND, unable to hear what followed, walked slowly to the front of the store. Evidently, Mr. Turner had called his wife to verify the sale.

Meaning against a counter, Rolland removed his hat, and drew in a full breath of summer air. A clerk was just leaving the store. Probably going out to lunch. At the thought of lunch Rolland recalled his engagement. He glanced at the large wooden framed clock, which hung over the door through which Mr. Turner had disappeared. Twelve-ten. Miss Thurston would be expecting him. What was keeping Mr. Turner?

Rolland stood erect, replaced his hat, and glanced aside. As he did so, a rather delapidated looking Ford bumped up to the curb and came to a sudden stop. From it stepped a burly individual upon the lapel of whose coat glistened a shining tin badge.

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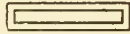
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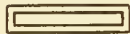
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Rolland swallowed hard, hesitated a moment, and then walked slowly toward the door. As he opened it he turned to the clerk who stood back of the counter and said: "Mr. Turner seems quite busy now. Tell him I'll be back later."

Once outside the door he raced to the hotel. There was no doubt in his mind, now. Mr. Turner, he reasoned, had seen through the whole thing and called the police. It was crooked, but what could he do? They would not believe him.

He slowed down when he entered the hotel, and went quietly up to his room. Then, with his heart thumping madly, he hastily placed all his stubs, prescription blanks, clothes, and everything, in his suitcase, and went downstairs. There was no one around. The lobby was completely deserted. The door of the street entrance was open, and after placing his suitcase behind it he assumed an attitude of unconcern and sauntered up the street.

It was as he suspected. There, not thirty feet away, came Mr. Turner and the constable. The deep, commanding voice of the officer broke the silence: "Young man, let's see those blanks."

"I—why—I haven't any more with me."

"Where've you got 'em?"

"At the hotel."

"Well, that's nice. How do you expect to sell 'em at the hotel?"

"I gave the last one I had to Mrs. Turner."

"Suppose we go down to the hotel and have a look at those blanks."

"Officer," suggested Mr. Turner, who had emerged from the rear when the constable entered the street, "I'd go along, but there's no one here to watch the place."

"Sure, we'll have a look at 'em. C'mon, Mr. Age-

TAKING Rolland by the arm, he led him outside and down the street. As they neared the hotel Rolland mentally revolved his conversations with the constable.

"If they ever bother you," the stranger had said, "call on Jones. He will be up at Fairfax."

Across the narrow street a few idlers sat on a projecting window sill. Catching sight of the officer in his charge they nudged each other, arose, and became interested. The constable's air of authority had aroused their curiosity, but they resumed their seats when the pair entered the hotel.

Della met them in the lobby and came forward questioning.

"I've been arrested," explained Rolland. "The gentleman seems to think my proposition is crook-

"Where's your room, young man?" interrupted the unstable. "I want to see those blanks."

"He is registered in Room Three," volunteered the clerk. "Right down the hall."

Entering the room, Rolland opened his suitcase, drew out a pad, and handed it to the officer.

"Where's the magazine printed?" queried the local representative of the law.

"In—in New York," blundered Rolland, becoming confused. "Isn't it on them?"

"No, it isn't, and you know it," replied the man of authority, as he again took the pad. "How's the people to know where to send, if they don't get their copies? You'd better come with me. We've been catchin' yon birds lately. There's been enuf of this game goin' on. The justice of the peace'll take care of you, young man, and I hope he soaks you good."

AS THEY walked over to the courthouse, Rolland feverishly revolved the situation in his mind. Unoubtedly, Verdell had made him the goat. That letter to the police might easily have been forged, and, anyhow, it would not bear much weight under the present circumstances. And what if the affair were crooked? Verdell would be on guard for the first sign of trouble. A call would only mean his immediate disappearance. Rolland puzzled the situation over and over, while he and his companions walked several blocks.

"Here we are," announced the marshal, opening the door of a rickety frame building. "Now, we'll see what Justice Thomas has to say."

"Yer honor," he began, when the magistrate glanced up, "this young man's arrested on a charge of fraud."

The justice sat up. "On a charge of what?" he demanded, recovering his composure.

"Fraud," the constable responded, enthusiastically. He was rather proud of the day's work.

"What's he been doing?"

"Selling a magazine that h'aint printed," he explained, handing over the subscription blanks.

"Then he's accused of obtaining money under false pretenses?"

"Well, maybe," admitted the captor, "but I don't see no use in calling it by such high-falutin' names."

"Show me the magazines," interrupted the magistrate. "We'll observe all court regulations here."

The prisoner gasped. He hadn't ever a sample copy. He began to stammer excuses and then stopped in confusion.

The interrogator began again. "How long have you been in this?" he demanded.

"I just started this morning."

"Who hired you?"

"A man named Verdell."

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"Where is he?"

"He's in Chicago now. He told me if I got in trouble to call Jones. He's working Fairfax today."

"Call the hotel at Fairfax," he commanded, turning to the constable. "Call them and ask for Jones. And you, young man, pray that he's there."

Eventually the connection was made.

"Hello—Fairfax hotel?—Is there any other hotel in Fairfax?—There ain't?—Well, is there a fella' stopping there by the name of Jones?—Aw'right, I'll wait till you look."

Tense and expectant, his fate depending upon the answer, Rolland placed one hand on the desk, and leaned forward. If they found Jones, his problem would be solved. But if Jones were not there, the officers would accuse him of framing an alibi. All three centered their attention on the telephone. The room grew quiet.

"Hello. You say he ain't registered? That's all. Thanks."

Bang! The receiver struck its hook. Slowly Rolland straightened up. His hands trembled. Beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. He tried to ignore the constable's triumphant smile.

And then, with a sudden unexpectedness, a feminine voice broke the silence.

"Gentlemen!"

Rolland spun around. Before him stood Della, strikingly cool in contrast to the excited group confronting her.

"I overheard the conversation at the hotel," she began, glancing from the constable to the justice. "I'm looking for this fellow myself."

The constable glanced up, and demanded gruffly "Who are you?"

"My name is Thurston," she answered, "Della Thurston. Here is my card."

"So you are working for the Burns Agency, are you?" he replied, merely glancing at the card.

"Only indirectly," she replied. "You see, I was hired by the government postal service to run down these agents of the Hersh Publishing Company. They have been operating all through this part of the country."

The constable glanced at the prisoner and sidled between him and the door.

"What is the prisoner's defense?" inquired the newcomer.

"He says that he doesn't know anything about the company," volunteered the constable, keeping a wary eye on the prisoner as though he were about to disappear through the transom.

"Just as if he was selling that stuff without knowing what he was doing," he snorted, in disgust.

Is that all you have to say about it, Mr. Barry?" inquired, turning for the first time to the prisoner. "All I know about it," he stammered, "is that they came to call Jones and he would make it all right." "Who told you?"

Mr. Verdell."

"There ain't no such fella as Jones," growled the constable. "We just tried to get him at Fairfax, but he wasn't any guy there by that name."

Della laughed musically. "He was there all right. I guess, but I don't think he was able to answer. The way he is I left him in jail up there before I came down here to pick up the rest of this outfit."

The justice glanced at the constable and the latter returned the compliment, but neither vouchsafed a remark. Della broke the silence.

"Well, gentlemen, I'll have to trouble you for your prisoner. I'm going on into Omaha and I think I'll visit him there. It will be somewhat safer," she addressed the local malefactors, glancing at the weatherbeaten structure that housed the local malefactors. "If you will just make out the papers I will sign them and you can hand him over to me."

BACK again in the street, Rolland sauntered dejectedly along toward the station. His dreams of the morning had gone up in smoke, his job, his future, and he glanced shyly at Della. But she, as befitting a representative of the law, conducted herself in soberness, completely ignoring him. They continued on in silence.

"Well," said Della, slowly, "when they had reached the station. "I've been thinking your case over. This is our first offense, isn't it?"

He nodded his assent.

"Well, then," she continued, "if you'll promise to leave this town immediately, I think I'll let you go. Provided, of course, you find something else to do. I'm too simple for a job like this, anyway," she concluded, by way of afterthought.

Around the curve, the afternoon local screeched its approach. Rolland turned toward Della.

"Before I go," he began, hastily. "I want to thank you for what you've done. If it hadn't been for you I don't know what would have become of me. That fellow Jones would have let me lay there and rot," he concluded, viciously.

The train roared up to the station and came to a screeching halt. He stepped to the platform, hesitated, and turned back. "If you would only let me thank you," he began, impulsively, "I—"

"Don't bother," replied Della calmly. "That's part of the day's work. I'm Jones."

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