



SHADOWS  
EASTER NUMBER



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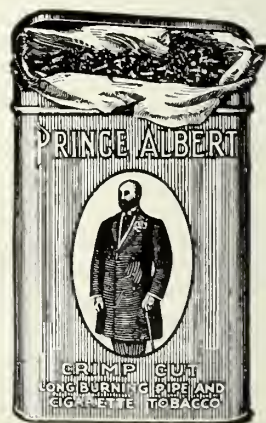
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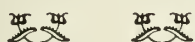
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# SHADOWS

## CREIGHTON

VOL. XIX—NO. 3

EASTER, 1928

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FIRST PRIZE POEM *in the*  
SHADOWS *Writing Contest*

## Love

Love is a beggar, vastly importunate.

Uncalled he comes and makes his dear demands.

He storms my heart; it must capitulate,

And then he asks the homage of my hands.

He claims my eyes and wistfully they turn.

He craves my lips; half willingly they yield

Their soft obeisance to his, which burn

With sweetened passion in the power they wield.

And then with woman—faith I give my whole.

I wonder if dear Love can realize

That with it all, unless he claim my soul

He gives me naught, and asks but sacrifice.

For love, if love be love, should ask no toll,

Nor eyes, nor lips, nor heart, without the soul.

*Franklin J. Vogt*

# SHADOWS

— *The Creighton University Magazine*

ol. XIX

EASTER, 1928

No. 3

## “ Soap ”

By MILDRED GUGGENMOS

FIRST-PRIZE STORY *in the*  
SHADOWS *Writing Contest*

HENRY HICKENBOTTOM spat. Perched on the top of a load of hay, he chewed speculatively. The reins hung loose in his hands and he allowed his team to jog along at will. His big, loose-knit body gave easily with the teetering motion of the high old hayrack as the wheels passed over the bumps or slid into the ruts of the narrow road. But Henry was becoming irritated. His bubble of preoccupied contentment had been pricked. For the last five minutes he had been disturbed in his serene contemplation of nature, as manifested in the black and green stripings of the corn field down the slope to the left, and the grotesque, fuzzy-topped shocks of oats on the right, by the raucous insistence of an automobile horn. Henry knew instinctively that that blatant horn belonged to no other Ford than that driven by Hiram Twing. His irritation soon gave way to an unseemly satisfaction as the hayrack rumbled along, at the same deliberate pace, in the middle of the road. Back in the Ford, Mr. Twing grimly bit off a corner of his tobacco plug and vented his indignation, for the time being, in most energetic chewing. The train bringing his grandson was due in twenty-five minutes, and that old fool wouldn't move from the middle of the road! Wheezing, rattling, quivering as with the palsy, the Ford wobbled along, with an occasional peremptory toot, behind the hayrack for a quarter of a mile. Nearing a cross-road, where he might pass the obstacle in

his path, Mr. Twing sat forward tensely, gripping the wheel, arms akimbo, and shoved up the hand accelerator with a vengeance. With a final, protesting cough, the Ford stopped. Mr. Twing's righteous wrath boiled over.

"What's wrong with ya, ya consarned old scarecrow? Are ya deaf?" he shouted up at his complacent neighbor. "Things are coming to a pretty pass when a man can't use his own road."

"Say, who's keeping you from using this road? Just because your old Lizzie died on you, you have to squeal. A self-respectin' man wouldn't ride in one of the durned things, anyway."

HIRAM untangled his long legs from the pedals and, disdaining the door, climbed nimbly over the side, swinging his legs in a fashion reminiscent of the saddle. He spun the crank viciously and Lizzie revived.

"Well, I warn you, Hickenbottom," he exploded, shaking his fist at Henry, "I'll have things fixed so you can't use this here road at all. Then mebber you'll learn how to treat a man on his own property!"

Henry snorted. "Yes, your own property! This ought to be my property by rights. If you wasn't so confounded stubborn, you'd sell me this strip. It naturally belongs to my place. You can tell that by the lay o' the land."

"I ain't hankerin' to sell this piece."

"Well, I ain't hankerin' to be under obligation to no man. And that's what I am to you as long as you own this land. You know right well that this is the only way that I can get to town, it's the only road that leads from my place out to the highway. I want to deal fair with you, Hiram. But no, you won't sell me this piece and then you'll holler your head off because I have to use this road—dog-in-the-manger!"

"I wouldn't sell this piece to you, Henry Hickenbottom, if you was to give me five hundred dollars an acre for it!" Hiram rasped. Lizzie sputtered and Hiram was off.

Mrs. Hickenbottom had news for Henry at supper that night. "I heard Mrs. Calvin's ring on the 'phone while I was washing up the noon dishes, so I wiped my hands and listened in. Mrs. Twing was telling Mrs. Calvin that her grandson, Sarah's boy, came from the city today. I guess Sarah's husband ain't much account and she has to scrimp and save to make both ends meet. This boy's sickly, and what with the other children and the debts and all, Sarah can't take very good care of him, so she sent him out to her mother. Mrs. Twing'll raise him up good and healthy, too . . . Are you listening, Henry?"

"Uh huh," Henry grunted from behind a roasting-ear.

"Now don't eat too much bread and jelly, honey, or Grandma won't give you any pudding." Mrs. Hickenbottom beamed upon her own little grandson at her side. "And Henry, Mrs. Lane is going to have a quilting social next Wednesday, and Mrs. Twing is going to take Bobby Holmes to show him off."

Pausing for a moment, she turned to wipe a blob of jelly off David's cheek with the corner of her apron.

"Would you like to go too, darling, and play with Bobby? My, won't it be fine to have a little playmate now?"

Henry speared a piece of ham from the platter in the middle of the table, and glared at his wife.

"I don't want no doin's with them Twings. Hiram had the gall to tell me today that he wouldn't sell me that land at all . . . just when I was getting ready to give him a little something for it than I offered before."

"Ssh! Henry, you know little pitchers—" Mrs. Hickenbottom cautioned. "You mustn't talk that way, anyhow. Mrs. Twing is a nice neighbor and you shouldn't keep Davy from playing with Bobby just because you are quarreling with Hiram."

HENRY lapsed into a resentful silence. As Mrs. Hickenbottom was bringing in the pudding, he complained, "What's making Norah so late? She ought to be here on time for her supper. I suppose she's over at the Dover girl's house again."

Mrs. Hickenbottom cleared her throat and said quietly, "Well, you see, Henry, Norah won't be home for supper at all."

"Well, why not? Where is she? It's too bad she can't come home for her meals any more."

"Well, you see, Henry," Mrs. Hickenbottom began, weakly, "Norah went to the church supper in town tonight with Jimmie Twing." She hurried on. "I heard Mrs. Robinson tell Mrs. Mulloy that the Ladies' Aid Society is trying to raise money to buy a new armchair for the rector's sitting-room. But Norah will be home soon and she can tell you all about it."

Thinking that the crisis had been passed safely, Mrs. Hickenbottom relaxed, and added brightly and hopefully, "I hear the deacons are right pleased with the new rector and—"

But the gathering storm broke. Henry rose, kicking his chair back so vigorously that it toppled over. He brought his fist down on the table with a force that made his wife and Davy flinch.

"Jimmie Twing! Didn't I order that young upstart off the place only three weeks ago? Didn't I tell him not to show his grinning face around here again? And here you go, my own wife and Norah, my own mother, letting her—"

"Henry dear, hush! You'll get yourself all worked up. It isn't—"

"I tell you I won't have no son of Hiram Twing courtin' my daughter. If that young hound ever puts foot on this place again, I'll—"

"Now, Henry, there's no use in working yourself up into such a tantrum. You'll only make yourself sick."

"I'd like to get my hands on that whippersnapper. Thinks he's going to marry my daughter, does he? Well, I'll show him, I will, and in a way he won't forget, either."

"But, Henry, you forget that Norah should have something to say about this. Jimmie is a good, hard-workin' boy and Norah loves him, and there's no reason why she shouldn't marry him."

"No, of course there isn't. She's just like her mother. Her Jimmie's father could do anything he liked to her poor old father, but she wouldn't care. To think that Nora

KEENE ABBOTT SAYS OF  
SOAP:

"HERE is an amusing character story, the theme worth while, the humor unforced, the plot machinery deftly hidden. It leaves an impression of authentic reality, of living people drolly portrayed. A magazine editor might find the tale more to his liking if it were all told from Henry's point of view. By this means the story might acquire better unity. Then, too, I should like to see the two old men more clearly visualized. Not that I care for a detailed description of them. The sort of thing I mean is done with striking vividness, when we see the woman bunch up her apron to take a hot dish out of the oven. A detail or two, as telling as that one, should be applied to the men. And what about horsehair furniture? Does that belong to the present day period of the radio? Or does Henry merely recall horsehair furniture as being 'the thing' when he was young? I think we should get some impression of his age and that of his neighbor when we first see them. Then we shouldn't have to correct or recreate our mental picture of the characters; and for an author to economize the attention of the reader—that, of course, is one of the first requirements of an excellent literary style."

would hurt her own dad like this!"

Henry's first violent rage was retreating before the advance of the inevitable self-pity.

"I can work and slave for her and this is the thanks I get. Sharper than a serpent's tooth is the—"

"Now, Father, for goodness' sake, be reasonable. Norah doesn't want to hurt you, but she can't blame Jimmie for what his father does, either. And you yourself know, Henry Hickenbottom, that Hiram is one of the best friends you've got, and that when it comes right down to it, he would do most anything for you. You could have that road business settled in a minute if you both weren't such stubborn, obstinate old fools. You do make a body get out of patience with you, Henry. You want to make our poor little Norah unhappy because of a silly quarrel."

MRS. HICKENBOTTOM was fast warming up to the subject, and Hiram feared Nancy's tantrums." He took his straw hat down from its peg behind the door, jammed it on his head, and stamped out. He turned to the door and delivered a sullen parting shot, "I allus knew I never got any consideration around here. All I'm good for is work. Now my own daughter is ought to disobey me. Go ahead, let her do anything she wants to. I ain't got any say about it."

Nancy Hickenbottom had her last word. Running to the door, she called out to her retreating spouse, "Now listen here, Henry Hickenbottom, don't you open your head to those two young ones when they come home. Norah feels bad enough about it now."

Henry disdained an answer. In a loose-jointed, shambling fashion, he walked far from the house, out to his haven of refuge. Sitting down at the foot of a haystack, he lit his old cob pipe, leaned back, and watched the red sun slip down out of sight far away over the prairie. Soon the twilight crept on the meditative old man unawares, and with eyes half-closed, he fell to dreaming of Norah's wedding, of a radiant bride, of an adoring young husband, of the new red-plush parlor furniture they just have. It would be pleasant to greet the "comp'ny", stroll arm in arm with Hiram.

Mrs. Hickenbottom came home from the quilting party Wednesday bursting with excitement.

"Henry, I could hardly wait to get home to tell you. Everyone is talking about it."

"About what?"

"You'd never guess. It's the best thing that has happened in Clay county in a coon's age."

"What are you talking about, Nancy? Consarn it, why don't you get down to brass tacks?"

"Pshaw, you don't need to get so impatient and take a body's head off, Henry. It's this. The radio station ZYX—I don't see why they give them those silly letters for names—the radio station over to Marysville is going to have an Old Fiddlers contest a week from Saturday night. Anyone who wants to can try. The people who listen in will write to the radio station and tell which players they like the best. The one who gets the most votes will win twenty-five dollars, and the next best will get fifteen dollars. Oh, Henry, you just must go into it. I'm sure you'll win. Why, you can play "Money Musk," "Fisherman's Hornpipe" and "Turkey in the Straw."



Mildred  
Guggenmos

JIN "SOAP", SHADOWS presents the prize-winning manuscript in the short story section of the annual writing contests. To Miss Mildred Guggenmos, author of "SOAP", is awarded the first prize of twenty dollars.

Second prize, carrying with it an award of ten dollars, was merited by Franklin J. Vogt, with *A Perfect Cast*.

The third prize of five dollars goes to Miss Kathryn Southard for her story, *Before Sunrise*.

Honorable mention is made of the story, *Professional Ethics*, which is the work of Albert L. Russell.

All awards were made by Keene Abbott, author of *Wine o' the Winds* and *The Tree of Life*, who acted as sole judge in the short story section of the contests.

Miss Guggenmos is an Omaha girl, and a junior student in Duchesne, the women's college of Creighton University.

"NOW hold on there, Nancy." Henry's self-satisfaction was ill-concealed. "I wouldn't say that I could play better than anyone on Spring Creek. There's Hy Lynch over to Meade's Landing and Terry Malone up on Canada Hill and Seth—"

"You know perfectly well you can beat all of them. You just want to be praised up and coaxed. Oh, you can't fool me, Henry Hickenbottom! Why, only last winter Solomon Hubbard, you know, that calls the dances over at Clay Center, told our Norah that he'd rather call a dance to your fiddlin' than to anybody else's in this part of the country."

"Y-a-a-s," Henry drawled, "but last winter Sol Hubbard was

tryin' mighty hard to make a good impression on our Norah. You know, Nancy," Henry liked to be provoking, "you can't believe everything a young feller tells his girl when he's makin' love to her."

"Well, I do declare! Do you mean to sit there and tell me—"

Henry laughed and reached over and patted her hand.

"There! There! Nancy. Of course, I didn't mean that. But you know young fellers have changed since my day." He winked, solemnly.

Nancy tweaked his ear.

"They haven't changed a bit, you old teaser! But land sakes! We've plumb forgotten about the contest. You must go in. I just know you'll win, Henry. And we do need a

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# Franz Schubert

## — An Unfinished Symphony

By ALLEN L. MCNITT

THE name "Franz Schubert" is heard. What mental associations instantly arise in your mind at the mention of it? Perhaps you think of that musical comedy Blossom Time. This musical comedy was based on the touching sadness of the life of Franz Schubert, with Schubert's own matchless music built right into the structure of the book.

But perhaps your experience summons different associations to your mind. It may be that Schubert's immortal melodies begin to sing in your mind. His *Serenade*, *Erlking* or *Unfinished Symphony*, when heard, command the attunement of the listener's sympathetic mood. It was the main theme of the first movement of this same symphony that in *Blossom Time* became *The Song of Love*, which is remembered so vividly.

During the course of his education a student acquires knowledge of certain great men of the various periods, of Kepler's laws of astronomy, of Newton's law of gravitation, of Napoleon's battles, of Burke's parliamentary speeches, of Charlemagne's rule, of Marco Polo's travels, of Columbus' voyage, of Copernicus' astronomical theory. Whether the deeds of William the Conqueror have moved human beings more than has the music of Franz Schubert will not be discussed here. There may be individuals who maintain that Darwin's theory of evolution supersedes Schubert's symphonies as aids to a richer enjoyment of this life.

Upon completion of a modern education, a student knows nothing of Cellini and his salt cellar of Francis I,

of Wagner and his *Parsifal*, of Peter Vischer and his shrine of St. Hebaldus, of Brunelleschi and his cathedral dome of Santa Maria del Fiore. Thus great men in the fine arts are scarcely mentioned; but to be educated in the

full sense of the world, one should have at least some general knowledge of certain geniuses whether of music or history, art or science, physics or opera.

THERE is no doubt that as an orchestral composer Schubert had but just "found himself" in the C symphony, now ranked among the finest compositions of its class. It is not unlikely that having established so high a standard for himself, he would have followed this symphony with others, but such was not to be and the world may well be satisfied with what he left.



THERE can be no doubt that Franz Schubert was a genius; for he manifested such fecundity of musical invention that he, as also does Mozart, stands high among master composers for this phenomenal aptitude, for this ease and facility in creative composition.

Not only was Schubert unique among geniuses, but he also commands notice as a musician and as a man.

Regarding any one so worthy of being known, the college student should have Schubert placed at the point of time and should know his relative position among musicians, the basis of his fame, the qualities of his work, the cause

of his popular appeal, the influences in his life, salient facts of his biography, his noteworthy works, and possibly something about his appearance and character.

Contemporaneous with America's War of 1812 and the careers and lives of Adams and Jackson, Schubert was busily composing in Vienna. Bach and Mozart preceded Schubert by a generation or more. However, he lived contemporaneously with such famous musicians as Me-

Mendelssohn, Johan Strauss, Schumann, Liszt, Beethoven, Wagner and Chopin.

Franz Peter Schubert was born January 31, 1797, in Lichtenthal, a suburb of Vienna, Austria, and a bare thirty-one years later died in Vienna, November 19, 1828.

However poor were his parents, they saw to it that music was part of the home life. Of the large number of brothers and sisters, only Ferdinand and Ignaz need be mentioned. Between the former and Schubert there existed a mutual love and deep admiration which was rare, while it was Ignaz who first gave him instruction on the piano. Also these three could play stringed instruments and, together with their father at the cello, they would play quartet chamber music in the home during the evening hours. Michael Holzer, choir-master of the parish, became his teacher for both violin and piano, as well as for singing, the organ, and thorough bass. Of his pupil he would say, "When I wished to teach him anything fresh, he always knew it already."

BEING such a gifted lad his next step was the Imperial Convict, or school for educating the choristers for the Court chapel. While awaiting his entrance trial, he was laughed at by the other boys of better appearance, but he sang the trial pieces so superbly that their taunts gave way to admiration. At the Convict he played in the orchestra which daily practiced symphonies and overtures of Haydn, Mozart, Krommer, Koseluch, Mehul, Cherubini, and occasionally Beethoven. The knowledge gained by this study of the works of such composers was invaluable to his equipment. However, his musical instruction never went deeply into counterpoint; consequently there is great speculation as to what greater heights the composer might have gone had he had the thorough musical education of Mendelssohn or Mozart.

As Schubert advanced in the musical department of the school his general education fell low. It was now that his extraordinary thirst for composition began to assert itself. His works won the personal attention of Salieri, a noted teacher, whose association lasted for several years after Schubert left the Convict in 1813. Salieri, who was a stickler for pedantry, served as a governor to keep within reason the romantic buoyancy of the youth.

To avoid conscription the lad settled down to three years of dreary teaching of arithmetic and other elementary lessons. But the poetic and lyrical Schubert performed these staid and irksome duties with great conscientiousness. Such drudgery did not stifle his musical urge, for in regard to composing, these years were not only among the most prolific of his life, but during them he wrote some of the works which have made his name immortal.

It staggers one to learn that in the year 1815 he wrote five dramatic works, two masses, two symphonies, a quantity of music for church and chamber, and one hundred and thirty-seven songs! Furthermore, some of these songs were of fifteen, eighteen and twenty-two pages!

AFTER forsaking teaching he spent his remaining twelve years unattached and free to compose except for several intermittent professional situations. He traveled some but never far, for Vienna was the musical center of the world.

Upon rising in the morning he would compose until two, when he would eat and spend the afternoon in the company of valued friends. One of these was Franz Von Schober, who while of small means, provided living quarters for Schubert who occupied them as fortune and fate varied.

Illness weakened him in the year of 1828 and he was forced to take to his bed. He rallied only to fall sick with typhus to which he succumbed November 19, 1828. Thirty-one years of age, he died while in the bloom of approaching maturity. Schubert composed but eighteen years, yet it requires forty volumes to house his complete works!

His achievements include almost six hundred and fifty songs, eighteen dramatic works, eight sacred works, twenty stringed quartets, ten symphonies, twenty-four sonatas and countless arrangements, concertos, cantatas, octets, oratorios, overtures, quintets, trios and variations. Not only has Schubert a record in quantity but in quality as well, for in each group he has contributed at least one masterpiece to add to that branch of musical literature!

It was certainly no task for him to compose; as soon as one song was reeled off he would immediately begin another. He never revised nor changed a composition, merely transcribing onto manuscript the melodies which surged in his mind. On reading a lyric poem his musical ideas immediately flowed into being. Once as Schubert was with his group of friends in the "Zum Biersack" beer garden, he was thumbing the pages of Shakespeare's poems when he suddenly exclaimed, "Such a lovely melody has come into my head; if I had but a sheet of music-paper with me." Whereupon his friends drew lines on the back of a bill of fare, and Schubert wrote his famous song, *Hark, Hark, the Lark*.

OTHER masters, however, had a different method of composing; Beethoven, as did the majority, kept a scrapbook into which he wrote his compositions, revising and tempering them time upon time. Bach, Mozart and Haydn had a certain ease of production, but of Schubert it may safely be said that in general composing ability he ranks second to none. Mozart may have better observed matters of pedantry, but Schubert has no peers in the poetic element. Mozart was rather the superior in clarity of style; also Schubert's power of musical construction was inferior to that of Beethoven's, but no one, not even Handel nor Mozart, both of whom excelled in lyric tunes, surpassed or approached him in fertility and variety of resource.

Of him Liszt said, "Truly Schubert has the divine fire in him." This quality could not be in his works unless it

(Continued on Page 37)

# A Perfect Cast

SECOND-PRIZE STORY in the  
SHADOWS *Writing Contest* —

BY FRANKLIN J. VOGT

ALL of us fellers thought a heap o' Smokey afore he went nuts. Not really crazy, I don't mean, but just sorta loco like.

Never was a better waddy on the Circle Cross than Smokey, so don't get the wrong idee that he wuz no 'count. But Smokey was young. Most of us ol' timers let it go at that at first.

It all started one nice, sunshiny mornin' in July when Slim an' Bow, 'count o' his laigs, come t' me out in th' corral, me bein' foreman o' th' outfit fer ol' Walrus Benton. They sez, sez they:

"Smokey's gone plumb loco."

"How so?" asks I, curious like, allus thinkin' Smokey was a more or less bright young puncher.

"You know where Smokey went with the boss and them packer fellers from Omaha?"

I did. They went t' Yellowstone park, the same bein' not more than two hundred miles from the Circle Cross. Smokey had went along as a guide accordin' t' the wages, but I knew th' ol' man'tuk him 'cause it would seem more like home.

"Yu ain't told me nuthin' I didn't know fer some time," I sez real dignified.

"Well," begins Bow, apologetic-like, "Smokey went out with th' boys this mawnin' ter ride fence. Slim'n me had ter shoe a couple a bronks fer th' race at the reservation next week. We got thet done an' started out t' let Dopey an' Jake come in from the south lot."

"Why don't you ol' gossips say somethin'?" I urges, gettin' out o' patience.

"Aw, keep yer shirt on!" pipes up Slim, oneasy. "We're comin' to thet."

"Oh *we are*, are we?" I sneers, pretendin' ter be insulted at this bright remark.

Bow shuffles aroun' in th' dust a bit, gettin' up courage t' go ahead.

"Stop scrapin' up a gob o' Montana dust, or does you figger your idees is down there an' you want ter stir them up?" I helps him retain his composure.

"We comes on Smokey out there near Crazy Woman's butte with a short pole in his hand. He's got a dingus on th' thing with a lot o' string wound aroun' and it's fixed so's th' string'll run through a loop at th' end o' th' pole. There's a lead weight on the end o' th' string and Smokey's standin' out there on th' prairie tryin' ter hit a tomato can about thirty yards away.

"HE slants th' pole back," Bow goes on, bringin' his hand back like he's got a pole over his right shoulder. "Then he heaves th' pole ahead with his wrist," goin' through th' motions we used when we wuz kids and used ter throw apples from a stick.

"Thet dawgone weight starts leavin', th' string buzzes off'n the dingus near his han' an' kerplunk! Derved if he didn't sock thet can right in th' middle."

"Bow an' me sits our hosses there 'bout fifteen minutes,"

opines Slim, speakin' right out in meetin', "and watches th' dern cuss. He must-a done thet same 'bout twenty times. Some time he'd hit 'er and sometimes he didn't.

"Well, sir, we stood it as long as we could and then we hollered. Th' kid blushed redder'n Miss Jessie does sometimes. He stood there, lookin' kind o' foolish-like, tryin' ter hide thet pole. It was 'bout five feet long, and skinny, —it wan't no thicker'n a lead pencil."

"'Jess practicin', I wuz,' sez Smokey, as we rides up. He ain't got no gun on so we know if he does git vi'lent he

## KEENE ABBOTT SAYS OF A PERFECT CAST:

"BUILT upon a novel plot idea, this is an entertaining farcical yarn, well proportioned, rapid in movement. Is the story convincing? Hardly. But the writer has achieved the breezy comic effect which he evidently sought to achieve. The reader is no more expected to believe it than he is expected to believe the tales in the Arabian Nights.

Mr. Abbott adds, in commenting on *Told by Two Skeletons*, a second story submitted by Mr. Vogt: "As for the color and richness of fancy displayed by Mr. Vogt in his *Told by Two Skeletons*, those qualities, in my opinion, promise more for his future work than his story that has been given the second award. Both he and Miss Guggenmos are to be congratulated for handling subjects which belong to our own region, to our own western tradition."

Mr. Vogt is a sophomore in the College of Journalism, and a past winner of the SHADOWS short-story contest.

wan't hurt us none, 'count-a him bein' such a little runt. Then we axes him what he's doin', practicin'?"

"Tryin ter hit thet there can every time," he tells us.

"What's th' idee, if any?" we wants ter know.

"Why, this here's a castin' rod," sez Smokey, actin' superior and dignified. 'Yuh catch fish with it. Up in thet Yellerstone on some o' th' lakes I caught some whoppin' fish with this here rod. But y' gotta be accoorate, in this Smokey, takin' another fling at th' can an' missin' it. Th' idee is ter put yer plug over a clump o' reeds t' where the fish is."

"It really was tough, Pete," they sez t' me, "t' see Smokey actin' that-a-way. Who ever heerd uv a person puttin' a plug in' terbaccer on th' end uv a string of fish? An' there wan't any reeds anywhere 'round, and they wan't no fish.

"So we left him out thar an' come in," finishes Bow. "I guess th' trip was too much fer th' kid."

ME, I don't say much, knowin' that they's a lot o' ways o' catchin' fish besides a plain hook and a worm. Still, it does seem kind-a queer, seein' there ain't no lakes where they's fish within' two day's ride. Oh! they's lakes near, but they ain't got no fish.

While I'm settin' on top th' rail o' th' corral fence, tryin' to figger some way out o' th' difficulty, I feels somethin' tuggin' my shirt out in back. I reach aroun' quick and hear a little scream when I grabs Miss Jessie, the boss' daughter, by th' wrist. She blushes like she was a little kid caught stealin' jam.

"You were so quiet, Pete, I thought you wouldn't notice," she says, dimplin' all over her purty face at me. "Were you thinkin' about something very serious?"

"Yes'm," I informs her, stickin' in my shirt.

"Where's Smokey?" she asks next.

"Thet caught me fer a minute. I didn't want ter let her know that this fishin' business had gone t' th' kid's haid, but yet I couldn't lie t' her.

"He's rode over by Crazy Woman's butte, and is now ownin' a piece o' lead tied ter a string at a tomato can,'" I explains, watchin' th' effect o' my startlin' disclosure. "There ain't no effect.

"Will you see that Dawn is saddled, Pete?" wuz all I sed.

"Thet wuz all o' thet. But when Smokey come in th' bunk house thet night I talked ter him long an' confidential, explainin' him how like a dawgone fool he wuz, standin' out in thet wide open spaces the writer-fellers howl about, actin' like a school kid. But I might jes as well talk to a steer on thet mpede. Thet boy ain't got no more reason than a loco loco s."

"If yuh starts out t' do somethin'," he opens up his sermon, "Yuh got t' keep it up till yore purty good, er they wan't no sense startin'. That's me. I'm-a goin' t' be able t' back thet 'ere can every time afore I quits." An' with thet he quits—talkin'.

THINGS keeps on that-a-way fer some time, Smokey allus playin' with thet rod'n reel o' his'n when he wan't with th' rest uv us takin' care o' Circle Cross calves which wuz allus turnin' up missin'.

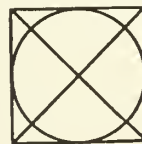
Th' ol' man had a suspicion that "Four-Eyes" Mathews was th' real reason fer our stock gettin' th' wander-lust, but we never could prove't. His brand wuz a funny sort-a thing, an' one which I didn't like wuth a cent. He called us, "Ox-in-a-box."

T'change th' Circle Cross to Ox-in-a-box, all y'had t'do wuz prolong th' bars o th Cross an' make a square 'round th' whole thing. Take a look at th' two brands and see fer yourself:

CIRCLE CROSS



OX-IN-A-BOX



Mathews ran his range right next us an' it wan't no trick t' sneak a calf or two into his herd now an' then.

Anyway, me an' th' boys started out t' prove thet Four-eyes wuz rustlin'. Course we never rode up t' his front door an' told him what we thought. Nope, not us. Four-eyes wuz powerful speedy on th' draw, an' he allus went with his iron in plain view, jes' like a movie puncher.

Miss Jessie, bless her heart! wuz forever tryin' 'n tryin' t' get into excitement, an' she usually did. When us fellers started out to get Four-Eyes, she 'lowed she'd help us git him. She brought out a fancy little shooter, all shiny an' nice, an' strapped it on like she seen th' boys do when they wuz out on business. Oh, she could shoot it well enough, don't think she couldn't!

WELL, we separates one mornin' an' rides over th' range hopin' t' catch some o' th' Ox-in-a-box riders runnin' our brand.

I spected t' see Miss Jessie ride off with Smokey, they bein' kind o' gone on each other, an' th' ol' man hatin' it like pizen. But she didn't. She come up t' me and sez, jes as nice as you please:

"Pete," she sez, "can I ride with you?"

Course I said, "No." Yes, I did NOT. Nobody ever says "No" t' Miss Jessie, and th' man ain't livin' which could do that.

So there we are, ridin' over th' prairie, lookin' in this arroyo and pokin' aroun' in thet gully, tryin' t' scare up a wanderin' calf. Nuthin' doin'.

"Pete."

I turns in my saddle and looks at Miss Jessie. She's gazin' way off t' th' northwest and seein' nuthin'. Sort-a wistful and thoughtful-like. I kind-a felt what wuz comin' next. It come.

"Pete, do you believe Albert will ever be more than a

common puncher?" The party named Albert, bein' our own Smokey, when he's in society.

"Yep, Miss Jessie," I sez, real solemn outside and snickerin' inside. "Yep, someday, maybe he'll be foreman."

"Oh, Pete, be sensible!" she pouts, pretty as a picture. "You're old enough to be my father," (It wan't no pleasant thought, but I wuz et thet)—"and I want you to tell me what do you think. Will he ever be somethin' bigger than just a common cow waddy?"

"Miss Jessie," I sez, an' I'm feelin' serious inside an' out this time, "I'm goin' t' ask yuh a question first an' I want fer yuh t' answer me true. Yuh think a lot o' Smokey, don't you?"

She don't answer, so I gets stiff in my saddle and gathers up the reins.

"Course," I tries t' look real offended, "If yuh don't trust me, if you think thet I'll go an' tell him everything y' tell me, why, tha's all right."

SHE thaws in a minute. A little, soft hand reaches and pats me on th' cheek, an' damned if I don't feel water gettin' in my eyes. Lookin' at th' sun, I reckon.

"You know I trust tyou, Pete," she sez. "If I were older, or you were younger, I believe I'd be in love with you. No, I mean it!"—when I started t' say somethin'. "Yes, I do like Albert a great deal. But I don't think he'll ever make good. I—I believe—Oh! I hate to say it, but I believe he's a coward. I don't mean I like to see a bully, or anything like that. One time in town, there was a drunk who insulted Albert in a way that I wouldn't stand if I was a man. Albert just smiled at him and walked away. He never wears a gun. I don't believe he has one on now, even though he knows that there is danger of running on to the rustlers. He told me once he was afraid of them."

Then she started in t' cry a little bit. Now I don't like t' see any female woman start cryin', least of all Miss Jessie, so I tries to comfort her, and darned if I don't like my job. It's kind o' hard fer her t' put her haid on my shoulder ridin' hossback, 'specially when the hosses is dodgin' prairiedog holes, but we gets along purty well, considerin'. Bye'n bye she quits some.

"Now you lissen t' me," I sez just like I think a father'd do. "You think a lot o' Smokey. You said yuh did. Well, then, it don't matter if he is a coward or ain't. I'm purty dumb 'bout some things, but I'd bet a new saddle thet Smokey takes more than a friendly interest in you. Tha's all as counts in th' long run. Yuh don't haf t' be no battlerlike t' git along in th' world. D'yuh love him enough t' marry him?"

"I don't know, Pete," she sez, "I'm not sure of myself."

COMIN' over th' top uv a leetle rise I sees a thin line o' smoke curlin' out o' some cottonwoods in a gully. We're just about on th' line 'tween the Circle Cross an' th' Ox-in-a-box range. Miss Jessie's eyes begin t' sparkle at th' idee uv action an' she loosens her gun in her holster. Me, I jes' pull up to a walk an' git ready fer business.

A calf bawls in the clump o' trees. Course I can't tell it's a Circle Cross calf by its yawp, but I'm goin' t' investigate some.

We dismounts and starts through th' gully, treadin' so so's not t' disturb whoever's in there where he ain't got business.

"Don't turn around, an' keep yore hands away fro yore hips!"

Th' voice is behind us and I actually blushes at be such a collection o' dern fools as t' walk right inter onfriendly party with my back in front.

There ain't nothin' to do but what the voice sez, so done it. Miss Jessie, she's purty scared, but she lets on li it's a everyday affair, this bein' stuck up in broad daylight.

I hears a step behind me.

"Keep yore eyes ahead o' yuh," warns our mysterious friend.

Then I feels somebody lift my iron and it crashes in th' bush.

"Now then," the voice goes on, and it seems like kind o' reccomember hearin' them same tones afore. "Now then, jes take off thet purty neck rag you're wearin' a tie it over the young lady's eyes—TIGHT! But keep yore own eyes straight ahead."

While I'm doin' the same, cussin' under my breath, t'ere feller keeps right on chatterin' away. Miss Jessie squeezes my arm a little and whispers:

"Go ahead, Pete, I'll get out of this some way." Wh same I wan't too sure about.

"Now tie her hands behind her with yer bulldogg rope. Have t' keep little girl's hands out o' mischief." could-a smacked thet guy right on th' spot and had a o' fun right then.

"Y'see, I know law purty well, fer a young feller," t' hidden skunk continues cheery like. "I know thet if one of yuh sees me, my word is good as yourn in court. Which don't prove nuthin' one way or t'other. Th' right?"

I knew darn well it wuz, an' ol' Judge McAlpin was none too friendly with Walrus, 'count-a him fightin' h at 'lection.

"You an' me," says th' voice, when I has Miss Jessie all trussed up like a hog tied calf, "is goin' t' take walk."

I started straight ahead towards th' edge o' th' timber. Hadn't got more'n thirty yards when th' feller tells me pull up. I done so.

"From now on I'm walkin' ahead o' yuh so's I kin git my hoss. An' I'm goin' t' spring a leetle surprise on yuh."

THE feller walks around t' one side and damned if t' ain't ol' Four-eyes hisself. His glasses is some's else, an' he's got a scarf 'cross his face, but th' way e handles a six-gun is good enough fer me. But me, I do let on nuthin'.

(Continued on Page 38)

# — Before

*A Tale of the  
Mexican War*

# Sunrise

THIRD-PRIZE STORY in the  
SHADOWS Writing Contest

by KATHRYN SOUTHARD

"GUERRA! Revolucion!" The cry swept down the Sierra Madre from the banks of the Rio Grande. It echoed along the Cordillera from the white peaks of Iztaceihuatl and Popocatepetl until the narrow streets of Mexico City took up the cry. "War! The Texans have revolted! And on the night that Houston shed across the Rio, Vincente Queretaro, Captain of the dictator's Guards, stood across the place and heard himself condemned to death.

When Santa Anna had dispatched the order for execution he turned to the officer.

"Captain Queretaro," he said, "you will be shot before sunrise for treason. However, I take the opportunity to ask again—have you anything to say, any explanation to give?"

Vincente shrugged indifferently and turned toward the windows which looked out on the court.

"You will say nothing?"

"Nothing, Excellency."

"Despite the fact that those papers are treasonable lies against me—the dictator of your country!"

The captain remained silent.

The dictator watched him thoughtfully. "You give no explanation, no reason why those papers were in your possession?"

"None, Excellency."

"Then you admit your guilt!"

The slender, proud figure in front of Santa Anna

straightened. Vincente turned to the dictator. "I admit nothing. I have nothing to say."

"You fool, you are shielding Johann de Juarez!"

A sudden light leaped into the officer's eyes, then died down. He bowed to Santa Anna.

"I await your Excellency's orders," he said quietly.

The dictator struck a bronze gong. It clanged harshly, and he leaned toward Vincente. "Captain Queretaro, you have been my aide, my confidant, but even your former position will not save you in the light of what has happened tonight, unless you explain your actions. Don't you understand? You have been seized with papers on your person which say that I was planning to sell Mexico back to Spain and make myself Governor-General of the new province. At whose instigation were those papers procured? Where were you taking them? Who are your accomplices? Speak! I tell you!"

The captain regarded him with expressionless eyes. He did not answer.

The door opened in answer to the dictator's summons. "Put him

under guard," Santa Anna commanded.

AFTER Vincente's departure the dictator poured out a glass of muscatel. His fingers tapped the table nervously. He looked grimly around the room, muttering to himself. "Who—who but Johann could be the cause—"

## KEENE ABBOTT SAYS OF BEFORE SUNRISE

"THIS romantic tale, with an historic background, is one of the most interesting of the manuscripts. But isn't it rather more of a novelette than a short story? I find in it no outstanding single effect, but rather, as in a play, a whole series of dramatic situations. Handled in dramatic form, this material might make an excellent romantic drama; or the material could be expanded into a decidedly interesting novel. In its present form, the story lacks balanced proportion, lacks unity. This defect is the result of the several shifts in point of view. It is nearly always desirable, in a short story, to look at everything from the eyes or consciousness of one particular character. Otherwise, the interest scatters.

Miss Kathryn Southard, the author of *Before Sunrise*, is a junior in Commerce and Finance, and last year won first place in the SHADOWS poetry contest.



for sake. He had not known how prophetic his words had been. She felt his arms hold her close and she arose unsteadily to her feet. The chair tipped and fell with a thud on the stone floor. She was alone. In a frenzied madness she turned away and there came a sudden lunge at the door. It opened, a gust of chill wind blew the candles out and she heard a body fall against the table. She sprang to the other side of the room and cried out:

"Who is it?"

There was no answer. The door was kicked shut and a few moments later she heard a tramping of feet pass by outside and fade away into the depths of the street.

HE guided herself to the little table against the wall.

With trembling fingers she lit the candle. It was the arm of a man in uniform, tattered, dirty, with a smear of blood matting the hair on one side of his head. She moved nearer to him.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

The soldier struggled to arise and fell back weakly. He looked up at her, in his eyes a wildness she had never seen before.

"You—you are *Senorita de Juarez!*"

"Yes."

"Then you can—help me." His words came slowly. He breathed heavily. "Tonight," he gasped. "It must be tonight. You must get to Captain Quentin. Tell him to get out of the city—as soon—as possible. He must go—to the northern lines."

Johann passed her hand across her forehead. She tried to understand and failed. "What do you mean? Captain Quentin! Do you mean Vincente Queretaro? Who are you?"

The soldier was speaking more coherently. He looked at her questioningly. "Aren't you Johann de Juarez?"

"I am."

"Then you are Vincent Quentin's sweetheart—the woman he told me to come to."

"Vincent Quentin! You mean Vincente Queretaro!"

The soldier brushed her words aside. "That's just the name he assumed down here. He's Captain Quentin and you must see him tonight—tell him to leave—They know about him—I got here before the news could have left *saca de la Guerrero*. But he'll be shot—for a spy if he is in Mexico City in the morning."

"Shot for a spy!" It seemed that she could not comprehend. "A spy! Who are you? Tell me who you are!"

"I am Lieutenant Armand from Houston's troops." He was speaking rapidly now. "Vincent's messages north have been intercepted. They've got him cornered—are on his trail."

"Then Vincente isn't Spanish—isn't Mexican!"

"No, he's American. Spy from Houston's army. That's why you've got to get to him tonight. They need him badly up north. Get him away from the city—tonight—"

The soldier's voice wandered. He slid into a heap on the floor and Johann called Luisa. When they had left the room she tried to think, to plan, but no plans came. Vincente was even now under guard facing death. She had done it! Because he had been willing to help her in aiding Farias, he must die when his country most needed him. Was there nothing she could do? She was to blame, not Vincente—she—

A cry came from her lips. She fled up the steps to her room, stumbling against the little gong beside the door. It clanged dismally and she shrank against the wall in fear. A cry came from her lips and echoed through the room. She turned, seeking among the cluttered silks. Her fingers touched a vivid green shawl fringed with gold. She flung it over her shoulders and ran down the steps.

"Luisa!"

The maid hurried in.

"Captain Queretaro will be here to find me within the next hour. Tell him that I have gone to the ruins beyond the city where we met Farias; then let the soldier talk to him before he leaves. Do you understand?"

"JOAQUIN, put out those candles at the north end.

Then you may go." Santa Anna stood before the huge table. There was a sudden tramping in the hall. A guard opened the door and it was closed sharply. The dictator swung around. Pale-gold fringe touched the heavy carpet; vivid green reflected the light of the candles. The dictator smiled grimly. Johann stood before the massive door. He came toward her, his eyes, in the shadow of their shaggy brows, peering at her through the dimly lit room.

"Ah, *Senorita*, you come to my palace."

Her lips curled. Scorn emanated from her whole bearing, from the flagrant poise of her flowerlike head and black eyes.

"Will you accept my hospitality?" The dictator held a chair toward her, watching her closely. She did not move and he shrugged his shoulders.

"As you wish, *Senorita*. Is there anything I can do?"

"I have come," she said slowly, "to surrender myself for—" she paused, "for treason."

He leaned forward, amazement written on his features.

"You surrender yourself—you proclaim yourself a traitor!"

"Why?"

"You have this night condemned to death Captain Vincente Queretaro because papers were found on him which contained treason toward you—"

"I have."

"Captain Queretaro is not guilty. He knew nothing of them. I sent him to get a message for me and he was seized. He did not know about my plans."

Santa Anna looked at her with narrowed eyes. "Why did you send Vincente?"

"Because you would least suspect him, Excellency."

(Continued on Page 39)

# Europe vs. America in Education

By DR. STEPHEN A. HOSKO

TO compare the educational merits of the European continental system with those of the system prevailing here in America seemed at first to be an easy task to me. But soon I found out how greatly I was mistaken. For it is undoubtedly easy to enumerate facts you know out of your own well-earned experience but at the same time it is very hard to restrain yourself from being biased and carried away by emotions awakened by the hitherto slumbering memories of the past, of the golden days of your youth, which have flown away and shall return never again.

It is hard to avoid being unconsciously prejudiced. And, nolens volens, you will be suspected of prejudice anyhow. That is, if you express yourself in glowing terms concerning the system of Europe, the gentle reader will accuse you of being unreasonably conceited as a direct product of that system while on the other hand if you denounce it, you yourself will be considered the representative product of that denounced system.

And the emotions! Your memories awake. They crowd each other. You again live through the joys and tribulations of your long forgotten school age, the dreaded days of examinations with used and attempted tricks of the trade, the knowledge of which enables you to prevent the use of them in your classes at the University.

Let us try it, however, and, "Fiat justitia et pereat mundus!"

There can not be any argument about the fact that those who in continental Europe are fortunate enough to go through the many grades of secondary and higher education, study much more and are being adjudged much

more severely than here in America. But while here in America almost every one finishes his or her high school over there only comparatively few have the same opportunity.

The system itself, except perhaps in Germany, where it is still stricter and more severe, is in its principle the same everywhere in continental Europe and so the reader will have a fairly correct view if I lead him through the pathways of the system of my own native country, Hungary.



Dr. Stephen A. Hosko

Budapest, Kolosvar, and Paris. He has served as the official attorney of the Archbishop of Kalocsa and before the war was a member of the Hungarian Parliament. Dr. Hosko has traveled extensively in South America, China and India and has twice journeyed round the world. The paintings of the Italian Renaissance period are the doctor's chief hobby.

THIS exceptionally interesting article has been written by a man who is unusually well qualified to speak on the relative merits of American and European education. Born and educated in Hungary, Dr. Stephen A. Hosko of the Creighton University faculty, has had the privilege of studying at three famous European universities,

schools (gymnasium, real gymnasium, real) are mostly state operated, while the universities are all conducted by the state. There are comparatively few privately owned and conducted grade and high schools are also under strict governmental supervision. Religion is compulsory both in grade and secondary schools, but thought only on the faculties of theology at the universities.

Those intending to go through high schools finish only four years of the grade schools, while the rest are accommodated in grade school extension courses up to their sixteenth or eighteenth years. In the second year of grade school they begin to learn the first foreign language (in Hungary, German).

The high school course takes eight years (in Germany, nine) and, roughly speaking, the course contains all subjects taught in the American high school, plus the subjects of the American college and some more in addition. The gymnasium lays stress upon the classical and academic, the real emphasizes the scientific subjects and modern languages, and the real-gymnasium combines both. The real qualifies only for the technical universities, while those graduates of the real who want to become students

universities of arts and sciences have to pass an extra examination in Latin.

Those eight years through the high school are very hard and almost mercilessly severe. The teachers are mostly doctors of philosophy and only comparatively few are the degree equivalent to the American A. M. The American A. B. does not qualify for teaching in the high schools. The work is strenuous and the discipline severe.

SO give the reader a general view I shall enumerate the subjects we had to tackle in the gymnasium:

Latin eight years, eight hours weekly; grammar two years, syntax two years, Cicero, Sallust, Ovid, Virgil, Horace and Tacitus; Greek four years, five hours weekly; grammar, syntax, Odyssey, Iliad, Plato, Sophocles; German eight years, French three years, geography two years, and political geography one year. Mineralogy with geology one year, botany one year, zoology with biology one year. Mathematics, (higher arithmetic, geometry, algebra, analytic geometry, calculus, etc.) eight years. History five years, physics three years, Hungarian language and literature eight years, penmanship two years, religion eight years, philosophy (psychology and logic) one year.

And at the end of the eight years' course, the real hardship began. The student had to pass the nightmare of all nightmares, the fright of all frights, the terror of all terrors, for then came the so-called examination of maturity. This examination consisted of two parts, written and oral. Written examinations were given in Hungarian, Latin, Greek, German and mathematics, oral in Hungarian, history, Latin, mathematics and physics. Those who fail in written Hungarian are set back for one year, others for three months. A special government commissioner presides over the oral examination. Failing in one subject means a three months' setback; failure in more than one, a year's setback. Those failing twice are not allowed to try any more.

Thirty years have passed since I went through this horror. In the meantime I have passed many important examinations, gone through military service and many hardships of life. But still when (mostly after overeating) I have a nightmare, when the restlessness changes into terrible dreams; those dreams invariably take me back to the time when I had to face the government commissioner presiding over my examination of maturity.

And because the continental high school provides everything that is given in the colleges in America, it is perfectly natural that colleges in the American sense do not exist. The certificate of maturity after the high school, corresponds with the American B. A. degree, which is nowhere an acknowledged degree, except in France. In the other country before entering the university, one has to pass an entrance examination, which entitles him to the degree of B. A. (Bachelor).

THE universities are the highest grade academic schools. They usually have four faculties. The universities of Arts and Sciences have the faculties of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. On some of the universities where no theological faculty is needed, the faculty of philosophy has been divided into two parts, the faculty of philosophy and the faculty of natural sciences.

The course takes four years, in the medical department, five. The same number of years is the course in the technical universities, which have also usually four departments, i. e. civil engineering, mechanical engineering, architecture and chemical engineering.

In direct contrast to the strictness of the high school discipline, the university students enjoy almost complete freedom. Roll call happens very seldom and there is an immense variety of courses to select from. But the examinations, both the initial, or basic, and the so-called rigorosa, leading to the doctor's degree, are very strict and very thorough. Every rigorosum is oral and takes two to three hours for each candidate. After having passed successfully these examinations, the candidate writes his scientific dissertation (dissertatio inauguralis) which also comes under the scrutinizing eyes of the faculty and has to be defended by the author in the course of a final examination. Then and only then, will the candidate receive his doctorate.

The dissertation in the department of philosophy has to be a research work of real scientific merit and has to be printed in regular book form with at least one hundred copies. The subjects are divided into certain groups and each student has to select his or her own field of endeavor. Two subjects for the majors and minors, besides the educational and philosophical subjects.

The major groups at the Sorbonne University of Paris, where I received my degree, were: French-Latin, French-English, Latin-Greek, History-French, Geography-Natural History, Geography-History, Mathematics-Physics etc.

IN the department of law and political sciences the requirements are not less strict. For illustration, let us enumerate all the subjects one had to tackle at the University of Budapest and of Kolozsvár, where I received my degree in law and political science: civil law (torts, documents, contracts, estates, wills etc.), commercial law, negotiable commercial documents, civil proceedings, Roman law (Institutes and Pandectae), political economics and finance, financial law, administration law, the philosophy of law, the history of law, constitutional law, international law, church law, political science, criminal law and statistics, were required. To become an attorney, one had to pass at the end of the first year a basic examination in Roman law and legal history, while at the end of the second year the subjects of the basic examination were economics and finances, law philosophy and constitutional law. And after finishing the four years' course the candidate had to pass not less than three hard rigorosum-examinations. The sub-

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# Professional Ethics

By ALBERT L. RUSSELL

HONORABLE MENTION in the  
SHADOWS Writing Contest

IF anybody had ever tried to tell me that Scotty Davidson was going to get mixed up in a shooting scrape over a woman, I'd have called him a liar on the spot, for Scotty was my best friend, and the mildest and best-tempered fellow I'd ever known. Then, too, he was older than most of the other fellows at Greyfield—about twenty-eight or nine, I should judge—and more settled. He got his B. A. just before the war broke out, enlisted as a private, and spent seventeen months overseas. Afterwards, he decided to study medicine. We came down to Greyfield on the same train, I to enter my pre-dental year, and he to go into the medical school. I was only a kid, just out of high school, and I guess he thought I needed protection. Anyway, we got a room together. Greyfield is a poor man's college, and students live anywhere they can.

But even if I'd known Scotty would do it, I'd never have picked Ellen Reed as the girl.

Ellen was our landlady's daughter. She was the only girl in town we knew when the first school dance came along, and we flipped a quarter to see which of us would ask her to go. Scotty won. I didn't care much, though, because Ellen brought her cousin Martha over to the house a couple of nights before the dance, and I went with her. Martha struck me as being nothing but a bright, good-humored little idiot at the time. Of course, I changed my opinion later, but that's what I thought then.

Things went on that way for nearly five years. We kept the same room, and Ellen and Scotty and Martha and I would go together to the school dances and things, and maybe once in a while downtown to a show. We went out about one night a week or so, perhaps not so often. There was nothing sentimental about the affair, but Scotty and I didn't go out with any other girls and the girls didn't have any other beaux—not until the last year, when Scotty had taken his M. D. and was serving out his internship at a hospital in town, and I was a senior in the dental school. Then a fellow in town named Johnny Simms began to come out evenings to call on Ellen.

After you've roomed with a fellow that long you either hate him or have a lot of sympathy for him, and Scotty and I had come to like each other so well that

we'd made up our minds to open offices together after we were both full-fledged doctors. I could see without asking a lot of questions that Scotty didn't like Simms, and wondered what he would do. For that matter, I didn't care particularly for Simms myself; he seemed to be too slick with his clothes and too flippant about things.

I don't believe that Scotty said anything at all to Ellen but one evening he and I were coming home together late and we met Simms walking out of the yard. Scotty stepped in front of him and stopped. "See here, Simms," he said "I want you to quit coming out here."

I thought Simms was scared a little, but he answered a flippantly as usual, "Well, what are you doing to do about it?" He was a lot bigger than Scotty, and I was afraid there'd be a fight if I went away, so I stayed.

"You know what I can do," said Scotty.

"You can't scare me," said Simms.

"I'll do more than scare you if I catch you out here again," said Scotty, and would have said something else if someone hadn't come running down the walk. It was Ellen. She had been on the porch and had heard every thing. I guess she was pretty mad.

"See here, Scotty Davidson," she said, "what business have you got butting into this? I guess if Johnny wants to come out he can. What do you care, anyway?" And then she started to cry and ran into the house and slammed the door.

Scotty stared after her a minute or two and then turned to Simms. He didn't speak very loudly. "Simms," he said "if I ever so much as see you touch her again, I'll shoot you." Simms only laughed, but I was scared, for I knew he meant what he said. Mrs. Reed kept a pistol in the drawer of the table in the living-room. Still, I knew that Scotty didn't care particularly for Ellen—that is, he was fond of her and all that, of course—but I couldn't figure out why he should care if she had dates with other fellows. He wasn't the dog-in-the-manger kind at all.

SIMMS kept on coming out to see Ellen, but he didn't meet Scotty because he was assigned to night duty at the hospital a day or so later. Everything might have been

(Continued on Page 43)

# Contemporary Pioneers

By EPHRAM MARKS

ONE of the standard American traditions is the pioneer tradition. When in patriotic mood, we like to think of the stalwart, daring men of '49 who ded their way slowly across the plains with their oxen, bound on a mission of building a civilization in the west. Next to the familiar and inevitable love story, the pioneers are probably the favorite subject of both contemporary novels and movies.

And yet I venture to suggest that both books and motion pictures are unnecessary to satisfy our craving for this romantic pioneer "stuff". For we are living right now in the midst of a marvelous age of pioneers, whose activities are never greater than they are today.

Of course it's true that the modern-day pioneer wears neither leather clothing nor a wide-brimmed hat, nor does he carry a formidable-looking blunderbuss, with which to subdue recalcitrant Indians to masticate the turf. The new model 1928 pioneer is a portly, well-dressed individual, with a top hat. He rides in on a battleship, a roll of currency in one hand, a concession contract in the other, and pockets bulging from all his pockets. The modern American pioneer is the financier, the so-called big business man, who carries American imperialism and civilization into every corner of the globe.

Now people realize how active these pioneers have been in recent years. Ask the average man on the street if he knows that this country has a protectorate over Haiti. Perhaps he will register faint surprise; more likely he will interrupt the conversation by asking you what you think of the Giants' pennant chances this year, or how fast the new model cars really can go. The very word "imperialism" has taken on an evil connotation, and is to be carefully avoided. It is simply remarkable when one considers what rapid strides the United States has taken in this direction within a few years. Our pioneers have penetrated slowly down the Caribbean sea to establish imperialism firmly in Latin America.

Just a few years ago, it was true that out of twenty-one American republics, eleven had their financial affairs controlled by North Americans officially appointed. In six of these eleven countries our financial agents were backed up by American military forces on the ground. In half of the other southern countries, American capitalists had negotiated special loans and concessions, which made these

countries practically dependent in financial matters upon the United States.

STRANGE as it may seem, it was really the Panama canal which started all this. When we acquired the canal route, and the actual digging was begun, our statesmen saw the necessity for holding all the strategic points in and around the Caribbean region, so that no outside power could ever gain a commanding point from which the canal could be menaced in time of war. So when, in 1904, the little republic of Santo Domingo fell upon financial difficulties, or more accurately, "went broke", certain European powers threatened to intervene to force collection of debts due their nationals.

The recognized method of collecting debts of this kind was to intervene and to take control of the customs revenues for a long period of time. This is much the same process as the modern receiver goes through in a bankrupt business.

President Roosevelt saw that if European powers were allowed to do this in Santo Domingo, it would constitute more or less permanent European control over American soil, which would be contrary to the Monroe Doctrine, as well as decidedly unsafe for the canal. So, in characteristic style, Roosevelt himself determined to intervene. United States marines were sent and they administered the affairs of the republic, which included taking fifty-five per cent of the customs revenues to pay off European debts. Meanwhile our capitalists got busy, and when they finished, Santo Domingo owed us the comfortable little sum of \$25,000,000 in loans, most of which had been loaned by and with the advice and consent, to say nothing of actual assistance, of our state department and the marines. When our troops finally withdrew from Santo Domingo in 1924, a treaty had been made which provided for a more or less permanent American receiver to administer the financial affairs of the country until all debts are paid off.

This was the precedent, the first time that American troops had gone to act as receivers in bankruptcy on foreign soil. This was the beginning of that modern pioneer movement known as "Dollar Diplomacy", with its combination of bonds and battleships, marines and capitalists.

SINCE this time the United States has intervened more than a score of times in Central American republics, and is even now in the process of shooting a "fair election" into the Nicaraguans. In every case in which we have intervened, wonderful fields for exploitation and investment have been opened up to our modern pioneers, and to say that they have taken advantage of their opportunities is putting it mildly.

Take the case of Haiti, for example. Our state department had long been trying to negotiate a treaty with Haiti by which its financial affairs, which were in bad condition, would be administered by the United States government. But the Haitians were jealous of their liberty, and sturdily refused to sign away their sovereignty even temporarily.

But in 1915 a crisis was reached. Conditions had always been more or less turbulent, but in that year the president of Haiti did the rather surprising thing of butchering two or three hundred of his political opponents, which so angered his countrymen that they, in turn, took the president out and cut him up into two or three hundred small pieces. This clearly demanded some sort of outside interference.

Again our marines were called upon for police duty. They entered Haiti, established martial law, took charge of the customs houses, and assumed general control against the will of the Haitian congress. Afterwards they succeeded in having this congress pass the treaty which we had so long been urging upon them. It provided, among other things, for United States control in developing the agricultural, mineral and commercial resources of Haiti; for the payment of all European debts; for all future loans to be passed upon by the United States state department; and finally, for the right of our armed forces to intervene in Haiti whenever necessary for the protection of lives, liberty, or capital. This is a choice example of American imperialism, and it illustrates very well how enterprising our modern pioneers are.

BUT while our pioneer forces may be enterprising, they certainly play safe. Whenever loans are made to any of our southern neighbors, they are generally secured by ridiculously large collateral. A loan to Nicaragua of \$1,000,000 was not granted until our capitalists were given the Nicaraguan national bank and railroad as security. In Bolivia the hardest bargain of all was driven. Our pioneers floated a loan of \$24,000,000 in that country. And this is the list of what they took for security: the nation's customs, the stock in the government bank, the stock in the government railroad, and finally, all the internal revenues of the country!

An analogous case would be for me to make a loan \$110 to Douglas county, and take as my security the De las county courthouse, the Omaha street-car and public library systems, and the houses and lots of our city commissioners.

Some people profess to find grave dangers in this modern pioneering policy of imperialism. They say that cause of this policy, the United States has lost glory and prestige in Latin America. They point to the fact that every fresh maneuver on the part of our marine capitalists, including the present Nicaraguan adventure brings forth a perfect storm of denunciation from one end of the hemisphere to the other.

Again, it is said that our modern pioneers are exploiting our southern neighbors at the cost of the independence and sovereignty of these nations. That this charge is true to a great extent cannot be denied. So complete has been control in some cases, that certain Central American nations have at times been facetiously called by the name of the Wall Street bankers who controlled their affairs. Thus, Nicaragua was for a time known as the Republic of Brown Brothers, which latter firm is a prominent New York financial institution.

BUT of course there is another and brighter side to the story of our modern pioneers. Whenever a southern nation grows as careless of its international obligations as disorderly as Haiti, it is time for some outside force to enter and stabilize matters. Before the advent of our pioneer forces, these small Latin American nations have been acting like the proverbial drunken sailors. There has hardly ever an orderly election in any of the Central American countries—the new "president" always came to power by the murder, exile, or suicide of his predecessor. There were, in Santo Domingo, twenty different men who acted as president in the course of sixty years, and of these twenty men, one held office for fifteen years, and another was reelected five different times! There was, therefore, a real necessity for our interference in many cases.

Besides, there is no doubt in the world that our intervention in many Latin American countries has accomplished wonders in civilizing the inhabitants and in conferring material benefits upon them. Wherever the new pioneers have gone, there you can find improved economic conditions, paved roads, new schools and libraries, modern sanitation methods, phonographs, radios and Fords—all unmistakable marks of the peculiar American type of civilization.



# Trouping Through Canada

By JOSEPH C. LAWRENCE

MUCH has been written about Western Canada, and a goodly number of stories have had their scenes placed in that vast region stretching from Lake Superior to the Rockies. I have read my share of such writings, and all that I have read has filled me with a wonder concerning that portion of the North American continent, a desire to see it all. Strangely enough, I never wanted to see a part of this globe as much as I wanted to see Canada. For this reason I considered myself more than fortunate when an opportunity presented itself which would satisfy my desires for travel up north. This opportunity presented itself in the form of an engagement of a profitable nature with a prominent dramatic teacher of Omaha to travel with the Canadian Chautauquas in a play by Hubert Henry Davies entitled "The Mollusc." That was in 1926. In 1927 I went back the same route with a "Give and Take" company headed by a former Omahan.

I went to travel in Canada for several vacations via the Chautauqua route, I would still enjoy it. Why? Because there is so much of interest to see, so many people of interest to meet, and so many things to do. Traveling with the Chautauqua familiarizes one with the country as no other traveling does.

What is to be seen in middle-western Canada? Let us start in Alberta and work east. First, there are the mountains. The part of Canada I am writing about goes only about twenty-seven miles of the mountains. So all we can do is to scan the great peaks covered with snow. Close at hand, however, are the crystal-clear streams which form the headwaters of several wonderful drainage systems which go all the way to the Hudson Bay. We are in Calgary now. The city is clean, modern, and progressive. The mountains form a splendid background for Calgary which is the center of the finest wheat-producing region in the world. I can't say the largest, but I do say the finest, having reference to quality. The Canadians of these parts boast that their number "10 hard" is better than our number "100 hard." But of course every self-respecting American will come back, "Yes, but where's your corn?" You see the corn is particular where it grows, and it won't do much in the short, cool growing season.

BUT wheat isn't the only reason for the progressive atmosphere and tall buildings of Calgary. A vast natural wealth lies close at hand. Between Calgary and

Edmonton are coal deposits. The country here is the geologist's delight. It is a rocky region with great buttes forming canyons. South of Calgary, natural gas abounds. They haven't piped it very much as yet but the future will give them time to do it. Also oil has been found slightly east of Calgary. It takes a good deal of patience and money to bring in a well up there. They have to use diamond drills to bore through the rock and, occasionally, the drills get lost.

The main line of the Canadian Pacific goes through Calgary, and in as much as that main line goes straight through from the Pacific to the Atlantic, it means quite a bit. That's something they point to with pride in Canada. They have two railroads which go straight across the continent. When the freight business is good up there, going to sleep in a hotel room near the main line railroad is just like setting thirty-two alarm clocks, each fifteen minutes apart, and then trying to get eight hours of rest. So you can see why Calgary's a prosperous place. Now let's go to Edmonton.

Edmonton was established way back in 1778 as a post of the Northwest Company. One of the depots there looks like it had been there that long. Picture a level plane, and then dig out a channel for the North Saskatchewan river about a mile wide and several hundred feet deep and you have a rough idea of Edmonton. The bottoms formed by the river are heavily wooded. The buildings, on the whole, are dark old structures which have been standing for years. If I were to build a city, I would use gray stone or light brick. If you have seen Winnipeg, Calgary, and Edmonton, you can appreciate the better appearance that such construction gives to a city. I could write a great deal about Edmonton but I'm not going to mention anything further save that it is right on the edge of a real No Man's Land. I heard accounts of the land north of Edmonton and from these and the fact that Edmonton was founded as a trading post I gather that the country is a real one.

SASKATCHEWAN is the prairie province "de luxe." The farthest north I got in this province was Prince Albert. That was on July 1st and the Canadians were celebrating Dominion Day by shooting off sky-rockets and fire crackers, etc. It was pretty warm that day. I read this winter that the thermometer descended to about forty below during one storm. Prince Albert is on the North  
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# Car Trouble

By MARION LUCILLE BULLER

## A One-Act Play

### CHARACTERS

MR. MORGAN, a man with old-fashioned ideas.

MRS. MORGAN, a very ambitious mother.

GEORGE MORGAN, the son, a pleasure-loving youth of twenty.

PEGGY MORGAN, the daughter, twenty and in love.

BOB CARLSON, a college man whose father is president of an automobile distributing company.

MR. SILVERS, a dealer in second-hand furniture.

THE SCENE: *A comfortable living room with a window at center backstage, and at left back a small hallway which opens onto the porch. The outside door is open. There is a staircase at right back and a door at right front. A book-case stands near left back and a table under the window. A divan and two chairs are arranged at center of stage. A desk and telephone at left front.*

MR. MORGAN *is seated at desk, examining some papers.*  
MRS. MORGAN *enters from dining room at right front, followed by GEORGE and PEGGY, and crosses over to desk.*  
GEORGE and PEGGY *linger on opposite side of room.*

MRS. MORGAN (*somewhat severely*). And to go on with the discussion you so rudely interrupted by leaving the table, I want to say that your reasons for not buying the family a car are mean and selfish. You really have no excuse.

MR. MORGAN (*exasperated*). Good Lord! Are you at it again? I said we can get along without a car and that settles it. You know the debts facing us. The upkeep on a car costs money.

PEGGY (*who has been listening intently*). That wouldn't cost a bit more, Dad, than always taking a taxi.

MR. MORGAN. Anyhow I prefer taking a cab. You should too, Margaret. There's some distinction there, at least. And when we want a pleasure ride we can always go with the Rogers.

MRS. MORGAN. You haven't an ounce of pride. Do you always want to be under obligation to people for pleasure rides?

MR. MORGAN (*turning round in his chair*). Yes, if you call buying all the gasoline on every ride we take and treating every one round to refreshments being obligated. (*Resumes work*).

MRS. MORGAN. Well, that's just it. We aren't under obligation, but we're made to feel that way.

GEORGE (*who has been sitting on armchair, listening*). I'll say so. The Rogers take us for a ride and the machine gets stalled right in front of the Fontenelle. We all go to eat and the bill naturally gravitates to you.

MRS. MORGAN. Yes, and when they take us to Fremont or Council Bluffs, or some place, for a ride, the car always runs out of gas, and you say "Fill 'er up." Then we thank them for the ride.

PEGGY. At that rate, Dad, you would be saving money in buying a car.

MR. MORGAN (*gets up and slams down pencil*). I'll have no more from any one in this house on the subject of cars. I'm going back to the office. (*Starts for door*).

GEORGE. Wait, I'll go with you. (*Jumps up from a chair*).

MR. MORGAN (*stopping suddenly*). No you won't. I had enough family for one day. (*Walks out sternly, taking his hat off tree in hall*).

MRS. MORGAN. Go with him, anyway, George. You may be able to do some good.

GEORGE. Righto, Mother dear. But I'm afraid it only means more car trouble. (*He picks up his cap in hall and goes out*).

MRS. MORGAN (*sitting in armchair by the desk*). Never mind, Peggy, we'll have a car yet, even with your father continuing his stubbornness.

PEGGY (*smiling*). It looks as if he will, Mother. I would almost rather he had one of his violent attacks. He recovers from those more quickly than he does from these passing spells of antagonism. Besides, you know how he feels about Bob. He never will get over that, it seems.

MRS. MORGAN (*comfortingly*). I know, dear. I told him that Bob was a fine fellow and that everybody likes him. But he heard that Bob had been in a scrape and that spoiled Bob with him.

PEGGY (*absently*). It isn't true, though.

MRS. MORGAN. Did Bob deny it?

PEGGY. No, Mother; I never mentioned it to him.

MRS. MORGAN. Does he know how your father feels?

PEGGY (*laughing*). Oh, yes. He's quite aware of Dad's antipathy. But he thinks it's all because he's somewhat

er-do-well. (*Pauses.*) Mother, you know that Bob isn't type to do what Dad has heard.

MRS. MORGAN. No, when you know Bob you feel it isn't. But your father doesn't know him, Peggy.

PEGGY (*throwing herself on the divan*). Well, why doesn't he know him better before forming his opinion? He absolutely forbids me to speak to Bob, and here I have a date for the Rondell's dinner dance tonight. (*Acts per- t bed.*)

MRS. MORGAN. Oh, Peggy, all the best people will be there. You must go. I'll attend to father. (*Sees Bob Carl- sa in the door.*) Why, here's Bob now. How do you do, Bob?

BOB (*entering very cheerfully*). Good afternoon, Mrs. Morgan. Gee, you're looking great, Peggy. (*Sits by Peggy on divan.*) How's the rest of the family?

PEGGY (*cheering up marvelously*). Probably at daggers drawn by now.

MRS. MORGAN (*reprovingly*). Why, Peggy! (*To Bob.*) They just left for the office, Bob.

BOB. Yes, I saw them going down Webster street, but neither of them saw me. Mr. Morgan doesn't know me, anyway. (*Laughs.*) He's just heard about me.

MRS. MORGAN (*slightly annoyed*). Yes, it's a pity. You children will have to excuse me now. I have some business calls to make. (*After a slight, awkward hesitation.*) I'll use the 'phone upstairs. (*Exit.*)

PEGGY (*becoming serious*). Bob, I really don't know about this party tonight. Dad just won't let me go.

BOB. Do you think it would do any good for me to talk to him?

PEGGY. It might if you had the chance. But he won't listen when he learns who you are.

BOB. Maybe I could keep him in the dark until after we become acquainted.

PEGGY. Such deceit would make him still madder.

BOB. But if I persevere even then?

PEGGY. He'd walk out on you.

BOB (*after some silent thinking*). The only thing to do, it seems, is to confront him some place where he could neither walk out on me nor throw me out.

PEGGY (*becoming enthusiastic*). Bob, I have it. You pose as an automobile salesman and sell yourself to Dad. You know, put forth the best. Dad was just becoming interested in the idea of a new car when Mother tried to further it; and then, of course, he balked. But he'll soon be over that; and if you work it right, he ought to be willing to go out to a demonstration with you even this afternoon.

BOB (*enthusiastic*). And I could get stalled and talk to him as man to man, and stay stalled until he opens up. That's an idea worthy of you, Peggy (*Rises.*) I'll go right now to order a new car from my Dad's place and begin the siege. I'll be here at six to take you to Rondell's.

PEGGY (*rises and goes to door with Bob*). That will be great. Now you just sell yourself to Dad, as I said. Good-

bye. (*Bob kisses her and leaves. Peggy calls after him.*) And in the meanwhile, Bob, try to sell him the car too.

(*MRS. MORGAN enters, carrying hat and coat.*)

PEGGY. Going out, Mother?

MRS. MORGAN (*throwing her things on a chair and seating herself at desk*). Yes, in a little while. I'm expecting someone. You better go upstairs and rest; then you'll be fresh for the party. I'm sure I can persuade your father to let you go.

PEGGY (*smiling*). All right, Mother. (*Leaving.*) Will you be back before I go?

MRS. MORGAN. Oh yes. Of course, dearie.

PEGGY. Well, good-bye until then.

MRS. MORGAN. Good-bye, darling. (*After daughter is gone, MRS. MORGAN reaches to tripod for telephone and makes call.*) Atlantic 7622. Yes. Are you sure he's coming to 706 North 58th? Oh, all right. (*MR. MORGAN appears in doorway, enters. MRS. MORGAN sees him and puts hand over mouthpiece, and speaks sweetly.*) Yes, yes; that will be fine, Julia. I will . . . All right. Yes . . . Good-bye, dear Julia. (*Hangs receiver.*)

MR. MORGAN. Was that Julia Rogers?

MRS. MORGAN (*rises and stands uneasily by armchair*). Why—yes, dear.

MR. MORGAN (*crossing over to desk*). What did she want?

MRS. MORGAN (*disturbed*). Nothing. Just wanted to know if I'm home. She's coming over in a few minutes. (*Sits in armchair.*)

MR. MORGAN (*Seated at desk and sorting papers in drawer*). Oh—Then I may as well wait and give her these notes now.

MRS. MORGAN (*anxious*). But William, don't you have to be at the office? What brought you back?

MR. MORGAN. These notes. On account of your behavior this noon I forgot them. I came back because they are too valuable to be left lying around the house.

MRS. MORGAN (*almost frantically*). Then you can give them to her some other time. She'll be in a hurry today and may lose them.

MR. MORGAN. After I give them to her, I am no longer responsible.

MRS. MORGAN. But you wouldn't want *her* to lose them!

MR. MORGAN (*impatiently*). Good Heavens, Margaret, she isn't likely to lose them. (*He picks up a letter and leisurely reads it.*)

MRS. MORGAN (*nervously strumming on chair; becomes desperate*). William, isn't that man from Chicago coming to the office today?

MR. MORGAN. Yes, at four.

MRS. MORGAN (*disappointed*). Oh.

MR. MORGAN. That reminds me, though. I'm expecting another man at any time. I hope he doesn't call while I'm away—

MRS. MORGAN (*eagerly*). But he might, William, and it  
(*Continued on Page 47*)

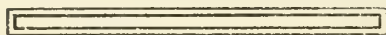
# Nebraska Writers who Read the M



JOHN G. NEIHARDT who  
judged the poems



*“Don’t say anything about me, except, perhaps that I am literary editor of the ST. LOUIS POST-DESPATCH.”*





# 28 SHADOWS Writing Contest

KEENE ABBOTT who  
judged the stories



*Mr. Abbott is author of "Wine o' the Winds" and "The Tree of Life," and dramatic critic of the WORLD-HERALD.*

Contributions to the Poet's Corner will always be welcomed by the Poetry Editor. The Shadows Sanctum is in the old R. O. T. C. Office.



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

## GODS OF THE WEST

The old gods are lonely when the misty moon  
Of spring-time silvers on their vacant shrines;  
Above their sacred river mocks the loon.  
A strange new wine is pressed from their vines;  
Temples where leaves of prophecy were strewn  
Are barren as an old forgotten street;  
No sacrifice awaits the harvest moon,  
For holy bread is fashioned from the wheat.

The old gods are lonely. Spring-time swells  
To summer, and the summer wanes to fall.  
The clashing shields of Mars and brazen bells  
Ring out upon the winds a futile call;  
And Pan in vain upon the lowland trills—  
The race of men has turned "unto the hills."

SECOND-PRIZE WINNER  
in SHADOWS Poetry Contest

By BERTHA LOOMIS  
of *Duchesne*

THIRD-PRIZE WINNER  
in SHADOWS Poetry Contest

By KATHRYN SOUTHARD  
of *College of Commerce*

## CAPRICE

I think I shall always love just love,  
But never Thou or Thee,  
And whether the eyes be brown or blue,  
Will all be the same to me.

While life would be dull without some love,  
And beauty a barren thing,  
The lover wouldn't matter much—  
But the happiness he would bring.

Life to me, is adventure,  
You, perhaps, today;  
And then another to take your place  
When you have gone away.

I do not know how right I am,  
Perchance some love is true;  
How can I tell when I've only loved  
As fickle a man as you?

# EDITORIAL

## DAY OF MARTYRS

**L**IKE the day of miracles, the day of martyrs is not yet past. The March number of *Jesuit Missions*, a valuable little periodical concerned with the missionary work of the Society of Jesus, the story is told of the execution in Mexico of Father Miguel Augustin Pro.

Father Pro was a Mexican Jesuit. All the available evidence points quite conclusively to the fact that he was guiltless of political activity and intrigue. His life was the priestly life of ministration, instruction, inspiration. Yet, on Nov. 17, 1927, he was imprisoned by the Calles police, charged with complicity in a plot to assassinate General Obregon, and executed without so much as a trial! He died protesting his innocence, but he died with a smile of rapturous welcome for the martyrdom that he knew was immortalizing, perhaps canonizing him. For Father Pro did not die because he had chanced his life on a turn of the political wheel and lost. He died, like the martyrs of old, like many another Jesuit, "for the greater glory of God".

No, the day of martyrs is not past, nor will it pass as long as tolerance has her abode apart from the hearts of men. Thoughtless adventure, uncritical romance might quicken the pulse a beat at the thought that men can still die in the grand manner. But the sad part of it is that one man's heroism is another man's perfidy and weakness: Father Pro's noble death was made possible only by the ignorance or bigotry of the Calles regime. In the perfect state there is no martyrdom because there is no intolerance. In Mexico there is both. The world is not altogether civilized.

## THE EDUCATION OF ADULT "CHILDREN"

Last September twenty-nine hundred freshman matriculated in the University of Wisconsin, proud institution presided over by Glenn Frank, editor and educator. Twelve hundred returned in February to take up the work of the new semester. The rest—sixty per cent and better—had been weeded out. They were too indolent, too ill-prepared or too devoid of talent to carry on; in the language of the Wisconsin faculty, they were "mere children". They had come to college expecting to find it a "glorified playground"; they remained to find that, like life, it is a struggle in which only the fittest survive.

It is an appalling decimation, and one can feel only the keenest sympathy for the seventeen hundred "children", who have thus failed in the first individual venture of their lives. But at the same time one cannot but admire the frankness and courage of the University which ruthlessly cut itself off from swelling revenues and bloated enrollment reports for the sake of a principle—the principle of the survival of the fittest.

No teacher who has ever failed a student can help realizing that among the seventeen hundred "children" were numberless "good fellows", "well-meaning boys", "promising athletes", "lads who never had a chance", and the like. It was hard to give them up—hard for the instructor who sifted them out among the unfit, hard for the faculty council which had voted for the restriction of educational privileges to the aristocracy of minds, and hard for the deans and registrars who had to witness

the seventeen hundred poignant, touching individual tragedies. But race conditions demand the education of the spirit, and the education of the spirit is impossible when the machinery of schools is cluttered up with social lions, pampered athletes, loafers—"children". So reasoned the Wisconsin faculty, and convinced at last that the fairest and most merciful policy in the long run is that of selection in education, they decided to prune. The seventeen hundred went home, and the smug educational world rubbed its eyes in bewilderment at the unprecedented mortality.

The incident, if it does nothing more, should reverberate throughout the educational thought of the day and refocus attention on the muddled and snarled debates concerning the democratization of culture—shall learning be for the many or the few—CAN it be for the many? Can culture ooze through the strata of indifference and indisposition into the hearts of the masses? Shall we aim to better the race by preparing a few select leaders, or shall we patiently lift up the man in the street notch by notch until he attains the comfortable mediocrity which in his peak and maximum? They are vexing questions, but for tomorrow's sake today must unriddle them.

America has approached the problem gingerly, bungled the answer, and then provided a working answer by throwing open the doors of its schools to the masses. The inevitable penalty of this unintelligent handling of the problem was the Wisconsin butchery of careers. Education had courted the masses, and flaunted before them the fair vision of beauty, learning and, most alluring of all, technical skill and excellence. The masses came—are coming now. So the problem, before theoretical, becomes concrete: shall we slam the door in the face of the masses? Wisconsin has answered affirmatively; everywhere else, there is silence.

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#### DRUMS OF GLORY

There's glamor enough in the hearth fire  
For the lad with tired feet;  
It's youth that's hearkening to the wind  
When the drums of glory beat.

There's a quietness too by the fire-side  
And peace for the old is sweet,  
When youth is carrying high the torch  
And daring the battle's heat.

Lo, Wisdom speaks by the hearth fire,  
"Come rest, for living is fleet";  
But youth is hearkening to the wind  
And the drums of glory beat.

*Bertha Loomis*

#### ONE WHO WOULD BE A POET

God gives to every race some man to sing  
Someone in whom the fire of verse is strong  
And Beauty to his soul in everything,  
For which he lives and dreams. His heart is song.

When David sang his lay he did not choose  
Some foreign people, other than his own,  
His verses held a message for the Jews.  
And his harp was strummed for them alone.

God grant me then that some day I may sing  
A song my people's voice will raise high,  
And as the words from mouth to mouth shall wing  
Mayhap the world may listen, passing by.

*Bertha Loomis*

#### WILL 'O THE WISP

There's a vagabond strain on the rising wind,  
Some Romany wanderer's song.  
And the magic croon of that wanderlust tune  
Bids me follow the trail along.

It's a stave of the stars and the open road  
Of the cooling rain and the sea;  
Of a gypsy band in a distant land  
And a life that is wild and free.

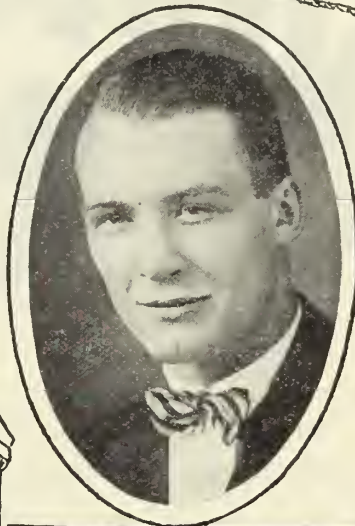
Oh, a haunting strain that I am hearing tonight!  
But a will 'o the wisp is that strain;  
For those who are wise say that Romany lies,  
That the end of the Road is pain.

*Bertha Loomis*

SHADOWS IN THE HALL OF FAME



BECAUSE he has served his school loyally and faithfully as a member of the track team and president of the Student Union, Shadows nominates  
**W. A. SCHMIDT**



BECAUSE of his splendid spirit displayed as a member of the Student Union Board and captain of the 1927 Blue Jay eleven, Shadows nominates  
**E. P. LANG**



BECAUSE of his tireless efforts as manager of the University athletic teams for the past six years, Shadows nominates  
**J. V. BELFORD**



BECAUSE his unusual record as a scholar and a musician have won the admiration of his fellow-students, Shadows nominates  
**L. R. RAMBOUR**



### A. SOP'S FABLE.

#### *An Old Fashioned Morality Play.*

(Editor's Note. Due to the fact that the perpetrators of this column were recently called to Hollywood to take leading roles in the forthcoming cinema super-production, "The Druggist's Mistake" or "Who Killed Rosie?" the editorial department has decided, after due consideration, to throw this section of SHADOWS open to our subscribers. A hearty response greeted the recent announcement that SHADOWS welcomes timely comments and constructive criticism. These contributions need not be humorous, as the following playlet from the pen of Anonymous proves.)

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOE COLLEGE	} ----- }	College students, to a man.
JOE GASPIPE		Joe and Joe are roommates as
JOE COSE		are also the other two youths.
JOE STING		All are expert literary critics.

SCENE. Joe's room in the Gamma Theta Phi house. In the room are one chair, one bed, one desk, one ukelele, one saxophone, four pipes and one package of tobacco. As the curtain rises Joe is seen playing *Me and My Shadow* as he gazes at picture of John Gilbert on wall. Two other Joes are draped on bed and desk.

JOE (*Rushing in with a magazine in hand*). Hot doggy! SHALLOWS is out, fellows.

OTHER JOES (*In chorus*). Who cares? (*At this juncture the absent-minded Joe I, forgetting the time, the place and the present company, pulls a fresh packet of cigarettes from his pocket. All others "mooch."*)

(Editor's Note. It has been found necessary to delete the following remarks of the character known in this playlet as Joe I. Had I not done so, a shocked and outraged public would have demanded our removal. We hope that the necessary deletion will not break the thread of the narrative for you, dear reader.)

JOE (*Excitedly, as he reads*). Oh! looky, men. Here's a poem by Miss Ruth Commertz.

JOE II. Huh, I'll bet Edgar Guest read it before she ever did.

JOE I. Joseph, you're a boor.

JOE III (*Who has cold in head*). So's the poeb.

JOE IV (*With tears in his good eye as JOE I opens mouth to speak*). For gawsh sakes. Don't read it.

JOE I (*Indignantly*). I won't. Don't worry. Wash j goin' to spit. Ptui! Hum-m-m-m. Well! Well! Another of those alleged articles by G. Peterkin Barge.

ALL (*In chorus*). Oh! Read it. Do! Do!

JOE I (*Reading*). "In order to be successful in love a man must first of all be large physically, must have a commanding personality, and must be assertive. The most successful lover is the cave man, of which type, I . . ."

(JOE I is revived in a few minutes by the cold-water-in-the-face process. The saxophone wasn't much good, anyhow, and if a few of the kinks are taken out, it can easily be sold to some Alpha Tau Sigmund as a bassoon).

JOE I (*Staring blankly*). Where am I? (*Sees SHALLOWS, grabs it, hugs it close*) Good ole SHALLOWS! What would I do without you?

JOE III. Send for a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. (*Hearty laughter greets this sally.*)

JOE II (*Mockingly*). Look and see if I'm in the Hall of Shame. I should be. Got three conditions last semester.

JOE I. (*Examining magazine*). No. You aren't, it Brother Sudser is.

JOE II. Read 'em off.

JOE I. (*Reading*). Because he worked his and his gradson's way through college, by means of his hand laundry, SHALLOWS nominates for its Hall of Shame, Herbie O'Herberson, affectionately known as WU.

ALL (*In chorus*). Guffaw! Guffaw! Guffaw! Let's live the rest.

JOE I (*Reading*). Because he never got a demerit in class, never raised Ned in the corridors, was never called to the Dean's office, was never late with an assignment; because he quit school the day after registration, SHALLOWS nominates for its Hall of Shame, Dem Smart.

## "SOAP"

*(Continued from Page 9)*

because he never argues with the professors, because he talks in class (not even to recite) SHALLOWS nominates for its Hall of Shame, Corvin Biesing.

because he has never been beaten in a billiard game, nor in a pin kist, SHALLOWS nominates for its Hall of Shame, Beryl Sudser.

ALL (In chorus). Hurrah for Brother Sudser.

SCENE IV (Beginning to take interest). Well! Any good stories?

SCENE I. Yeh. Here's one, "The Wrong Scent" or "The Teacher's Daughter," by Katrinka Smouthard. (Then exultantly) Gee! Here's a new feature. SHALLOWS is conducting a culinary department.

SCENE III. A what—?

SCENE I. A culinary department. You Sap. You know. Recipes and things. How to cook.

SCENE II. Gee! That sounds dizzy. (Laughing) College is going to do me some good yet. Read a receipt.

SCENE I. All right, be quiet. Here is a recipe for Kiss Cake, contributed by the renowned chef, Francis Pellihahaux. Editor's Note. Fearing lest the faculty censor might think that the Kiss Cake recipe would serve equally well for Devil's Food, the recipe has been deleted. We hope that the necessary deletion will not break the thread, etc.)

SCENE III (Clapping hands). Not so bad! Not so bad!

SCENE IV. What's in Silhou-Jests this time? There's something that's always good.

OTHERS (In chorus). Right. It is always chock full of clean humor.

SCENE II (With a merry chuckle). That's because the jokesters get their Ivory heads together.

SCENES (In c—s). Guffaw! Guffaw! Guffaw!

SCENE I (Reading silently). Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Wow! That's a good one! Listen, fellows, to this one.

Policeman (To man beating his wife). Where's your valtry, you big brute?

M. B. H. W. Believe it or not. I traded it in last week on a Dodge.

SCENE I (I. C.). Chuckle! Chuckle! Chuckle!

SCENE (Reading again). Here's one in the Personal Column of the want ads.

G. Rupert Phibs and Franklin Jehova Volt wish to announce that they will no longer be responsible for debits contracted by the KRAYTONIAN.

Alvin Hussell wishes to announce that he will in future be responsible for any debits contracted by the KRAYTONIAN.

SCENE I. Well, well! In union there is strength. (Dinner songs. SHALLOWS is thrown in far corner under the table. The maid will pick it up in the morning and bury it with the rest of the rubbish. All exeunt pronto as curtain falls.)

## YEARS AGO A. SOP SAID:

When may die and rot, but the printed rot lives on and on.

new horsehair sofa. They have a lovely one at Perry's for twenty dollars. We can put it across from the piano and take out—"

"Say, listen, we haven't got that sofa yet. Don't count your chickens—"

"But our parlor furniture is a disgrace. I'm so ashamed when Norah's young men come, it's so shabby."

"Well, that furniture has been good enough for twenty-five years and I reckon it will do us yet awhile. Besides, I need a new cultivator, one with a seat on it. They've got a new contraption, a go-devil they call it, at Johnson's Hardware, that kinda takes my eye. It's for cultivating listed corn, two rows at a time. Jens Jensen says they're mighty fine."

"You would have to have every new contraption if we sat on the floor. You make a body tired."

"Aw! now, Nancy," Henry pleaded, conscious of having made a blunder. "Gosh, we haven't got that twenty-five dollars yet. Mebbe I couldn't win it anyway. I haven't had the old fiddle out since last winter. My fingers ain't as limber as they used to be. And you know, Nancy, I had a considerable reputation in these parts when I was in my prime. 'Member all the barn dances I played at? And I'd hate to go into this thing and have one of these young sprouts walk off with the honors and leave me out in the cold."

"Oh, but you won't be left out, I know. You just try it, and I'll be so proud of you."

"Naw, I don't think I will, Nancy. I'm a pretty old man to be doin' in for these new-fangled things. And my rheumatiz has been bothering me these days. I ain't as sprack as I used to be."

"You'd try the patience of Job when you get a crazy idea in that bullet-head of yours, Henry Hickenbottom."

NANCY knelt down before the oven of the range, bunched up her apron in her hand, reached in, and drew out a steaming, savory meat pie.

"There, wasn't that Calvin's ring, Henry? I'm going to listen in and find out if she knows any more about the contest."

"Now you better stay away from that phone, Nancy. I don't think listening in is altogether honorable."

"Be quiet." The cautious Nancy had her hand over the transmitter.

After a short, tense silence, Nancy hung up the receiver quietly and turned to her husband, with a method of attack newly planned.

"What did she say?" Henry whispered expectantly.

"She said," Nancy spoke emphatically, "that Hiram Twing is going to play in that contest."

"Hmph!" Henry grunted. "Somebody oughta soap his bow for him, pestiferous critter."

"Henry! You should be ashamed."

David, who was searching the woodbox for a "good whittlin' piece," turned to Henry.

"Why should somebody soap his bow, Grampa?"

"There, you see?" Nancy chided.

"Well, you see, Davy, that would—er, it would—that is—"

"It would only help him play his violin better, that's all, Davy," Nancy cut in. "Now run along and do your whittlin' out-doors."

When Davy was well out of hearing distance, Nancy scolded Henry.

"How many times have I told you to keep your mouth shut in front of him? You know how children are about repeatin'—"

"Aw—" Henry retreated, inarticulate, to the parlor.

NANCY shrewdly calculated the struggle that would take place in Henry's mind between "to do" and "not to do." If Hiram went into the contest and Henry stayed out, folks would say that Henry knew Hiram would win. And Henry wouldn't have folks criticizin' him and underratin' his fiddlin' like that. No sir-eeeeeee! Why, Henry knew, as well as he knew his own name, that he could beat Hiram all hollow at fiddlin'. Yes sir-eee!

Henry didn't tell his wife that he had decided to play in the contest. He was actuated partly by some quirk in his stubborn, dogged disposition, and partly by a laudable desire to surprise Nancy with the twenty-five dollars or perhaps even the new horsehair sofa. The next afternoon, when Nancy took some cream and eggs to town, Henry hid his violin in the shed farthest from the house. He would sneak out there at every opportunity, slip the mute on the bridge of the violin, and practice untiringly. And Nancy untiringly manufactured and multiplied the opportunities. She drove into town alone several times that week, something she had always been too busy to do before. Or in the evening she and Davy would run over to Calvins or Blodgetts for a few minutes. She never scolded Henry when he came in late to supper, and she helped him with the milking and the chores at night so he would get through sooner. Meanwhile Henry was exulting in his secret, visualizing Nancy's surprise, Norah's pardonable pride, Hiram's ignominious downfall.

Bobby came galloping over to the Hickenbottom farm Saturday afternoon.

"Grandma and grandpa went to town to Mr. Hewlett's fun'ral today and I had to stay at home. Please, Mrs. Hickenbottom, c'n Davy come over and play with me a while?"

Mrs. Hickenbottom pondered a minute. Davy had evinced a dangerous curiosity about Henry's frequent excursions out to the old shed. In fact, Henry was there now, putting the finishing touches to his practicing. That child was capable of anything, so perhaps it would be better to have him out of the way.

"All right, but be home by five o'clock, David," cautioned.

Bob rode his pony over to a fencepost and David, with the aid of the post and of Bob's steadying hand, clambered up and settled himself behind Bob on the pony's bare back.

"Want a cookie?" he asked.

Bob hesitated. "Is that the pocket you keep your fingers in?" he asked.

"No, this is the one I keep the rattlesnakes' rattles in. It's all right, Bobby." David was most reassuring, so he accepted the cookie.

When the boys reached the Twing farm, they turned the pony loose in the pasture. Bobby decided to entertain his guest in the parlor, in true society fashion. From behind the door he drew out a pair of roller skates that he had brought with him from the city. Roller skates were quite new and wonderful to David. Bobby gravely explained that one couldn't skate in the house but that a roller skate made a "peachy" train to push around on the floor, with designs on the parlor rug for tracks. He initiated David in the magic art of imitating the sound of a train by saying brmmmm! br . . . brmmmm! through loose lips. It tickled Davy's lips at first but his train soon sounded as big and as noisy as Bob's. Davy enjoyed this new game immensely, but he looked ruefully at the hole he had worn in the knee of his overalls by crawling around on the floor, and he wondered what grandma would say.

DAVID'S knees were getting tired. He had explored every possible track on the parlor rug, so he squatted back on his heels to watch Bobby. His attention soon wandered from Bobby, though, and was soon fixed on the victrola case on the piano.

"Say, Bob." David had an idea! He was breathless with the thought of it. "Whose fiddle is that?"

"That's Grandpa Twing's. There's going to be a contest or something in town tonight, to see who can fiddle best. But I know, without any contest. My grandpa is the best fiddler I ever heard."

"Well, that's because you never heard my grandpa, but you think yours is the best. Why, my grandpa could beat yours all to pieces," he boasted. Sol Hubbard said he would rather call a dance to grandpa's fiddlin' than anyone else.

"Well, if your granddad is so good, why don't he play tonight? My grandpa says that everyone knows that He Hickenbottom is afraid of Hiram Twing."

David was downcast. "Gosh all fish-hooks! I don't know why he won't. Grandma wanted him to, but he wouldn't. I guess it's his rheumatiz or something. Listen," he added confidentially, "do you want to know how you can help your grandfather win? I know how he can because my grandfather told me. And you know," he went on in a patronizing tone of voice, "as long as my grandpa isn't in it, I want yours to win."

"Gee! what is it? Sure, I want to know." Bobby's eyes were shining with anticipation.

"You can soap his bow!"

The idea struck root in fertile soil. David took down the violin case and opened it while Bob got the soap. They were all ready for work then, but how could they put the soap on? They looked at the bow, at the soap, and at each other. Then David the ingenious, ever alert, had another brilliant idea.

"I know. When grandma washes my face, she puts soap on with a washrag. Go get one."

Bobby was dubious. "Well, when my grandma washes her hair she just puts soap on with her hands and rubs it out."

"Yes, but my grandma says that if you use a washrag, you get much cleaner. We want to do this right, don't you, uh?"

Bob was by no means convinced of the excellence of David's theory, but he got the washrag. David, completely in command of the situation, rubbed the soap vigorously on the washrag, producing a most satisfying lather. With his index finger covered with the washrag, he spread the soap liberally and evenly on the bow. Bobby looked on, admiring David's ingenuity and handiwork. Then, with painstaking care, the bow was replaced in the case and the case put back on the piano. Bob and David fervently prayed that that soap would dry before evening. The two solemnly pledged themselves to keep their work secret. Bobby explained that the Boy Scouts in the city were supposed to do a good act every day, and that it was their duty if they didn't tell people about it.

NANCY got an early supper that night. As Henry was washing up in the kitchen, Nancy said, casually, "This is the night of the violin contest. I do wish you had entered it. But with the hayin' and all, I suppose you couldn't have practiced."

Henry carried the washbasin to the door to empty it, and with elaborate care and studied indifference.

"There, there, mother! Don't you worry about that. I'll show you what we'll do," he added by way of consolation. "I'll hitch up Nellie and go to town and hear that concert anyway. I'll take you to Susan Frank's. Bert Taylor told me to go to the barbershop, to hear it from there."

Henry slipped out after supper while Nancy was "pinning," and hid his violin under the seat of the buggy. When he hitched up Nellie and brought the rig around to the front door. Nellie was trotting along the road to town in good gait when suddenly that hated horn shrieked and hid them.

"Move over and give them room." Nancy commanded. The crowd moved. As the Ford passed the Hickenbottom concert, the two women exchanged greetings, but Hiram and Henry ignored each other completely.

"I'll take some of that uppishness out of you pretty soon, my lad," Henry mentally prophesied.

Hiram Hickenbottom deposited his family at the Frank home and then made all haste to the radio station. He

walked in, violin-case under arm, as nonchalantly as possible, and grinned at Hiram's evident but silent amazement at his presence there. Soon the announcer opened the studio door and beckoned, and eleven breathless old men tiptoed into the silent, shrouded room. They gazed about, curiously, at the furniture, the grand piano, the microphone, the announcer—speaking naturally into the bronze "contrapshun hangin' there on a string from the ceilin'." Henry sat forward, tensely. Hiram sat forward, anxiously. Henry looked at Hiram. "Hmph!" he grunted, and slid back.

"You are listening to station ZYX, at Marysville, Kansas. You will now hear an old fiddlers' contest. Eleven players will compete in this contest. Each will play two numbers. The listeners of ZYX are asked to judge the contest. We would like to have all who hear it, telephone, write, or wire, their choice. There will be two prizes—twenty-five and fifteen dollars, and the awarding of them will depend on the decisions of the radio fans. All communications may be addressed to Station ZYX, in care of the Beacon Grain & Feed Co., Marysville, Kansas."

With this introduction, followed by the announcement: "Sam Bethel will play, as his first number, 'Turkey in the Straw.' Step right up, Sam, and give them their money's worth."—the announcer relinquished the microphone. Sam strutted across the room, straightened his customary tie, smirked at his invisible audience, and played. But Sam lost his head and played "Larry Gaff" instead of "Turkey in the Straw."

"Well! Well! Sam sure is flustered, ain't he?" Hiram chortled.

"Ssh!" warned the announcer.

Henry grinned maliciously.

SAM was followed by Terry Malone, Hank Perkins, and Seth Bennett. Next came Hy Lynch, who soon had all the "old timers" tapping their feet and nodding their heads vigorously with the swinging rhythm of his tune. Ben Fritcher and Jerry Newton followed Hy Lynch. While Jeff Harvey was playing, Henry began to get—Well, not exactly nervous but the tendons in his legs quivered and his fingers were clammy. To steady his nerves, he turned his attention to his violin. He plucked a faint, experimental A, then looked sidewise at the announcer. There was no response from that quarter. Less timidly, even boldly, came a shrill E. The announcer frowned at Henry.

"Old stiff-neck!" muttered Henry.

Henry waited a few moments, and then there issued forth from the violin, in quick succession, a sonorous G and a taunting D. The announcer was beside Henry in a minute.

"Mr. Hickenbottom, please," he growled, menacingly.

Hiram winked at Terry Malone and chuckled. Henry killed Hiram with a look.

"Mr. Henry Hickenbottom will play 'Devil's Dream.'"

Henry smoothed down his cowlick and smiled reassur-



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ingly into the microphone at Nancy. He could see her sit up straighter in her chair and smooth down her black silk dress. Nancy was justly proud of Henry that night, for he could still play the "jiggliest dance tunes in Clay county."

Mr. Hiram Twing was next on the program. Poor old Hiram, moving with characteristic, provoking circumspection, took out his violin with a flourish, and tuned with an expert finger . . . A . . . A-E.D. . . D-G . . . E . . . Then, with his fiddle tucked under his arm, Hiram adjusted the bow to just the right tension with meticulous care. The ceremonial was making quite an impression on the cronies, and Hiram knew how to make the most of a favorable situation.

Still playing to the gallery, Mr. Twing stepped past the microphone. He raised his violin to his shoulder, twirled the bow twice above his head, and touched the fiddle to the string to draw out one long, quivering note.

That note never came!

HIRAM soon regained his composure, grinned nervously at the announcer, and again essayed that old but less quivering, note. Again his fiddle failed to respond. A third and fourth time he tried, and in dogged determination almost cut the violin in two with the bow.

Stark silence.

Hiram held his bow up close and scrutinized it with incredulous eyes. He saw nothing extraordinary, but immediately at once detected a strong odor. That bow smelled like soap. He touched his tongue to the horsehair . . . soap! The prayer of David and Bob had been answered. It hadn't worked and stuck!

Something broke loose, then, in Hiram, and he went livid, trembling, raging, on Henry. A torrent of verbal abuse started forth from behind shut teeth. But his fury abated suddenly, for the blank amazement on Henry's face exonerated him of all guilt. Hiram stared a moment at his old enemy with expressionless, unseeing eyes, then turned away. Shadows appeared from nowhere under his eyes. His head dropped. He looked at the bow again with indignantly and then it slid from his graspless hand. The whole being hung loose, limp, inert. Roused somewhat from his stupor by the impatience of the announcer, Hiram raised his head, and Henry caught in his eyes the tormented, pleading look of a suffering animal, mute, voiceless. Something like a knife-blade turned in Henry's heart and he scraped off that corroded crust of hatred. He crept over the deep, soundless carpet, across the tense, silent room.

"Here," he whispered, "use my bow." And he pressed it into Hiram's nerveless hand.

"HENRY, for goodness' sakes hurry up with the bow and come out here. Hiram Twing is driving the lane."

Hiram stopped at the kitchen door.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Hickenbottom. I thought you ought to know."

ld be going in to town this afternoon and mebber I  
d give you a lift."

Now that's real nice of you, Hiram. I suppose you're  
g in to spend that twenty-five dollars you won the other  
it. I'm right glad you won that."

Well, now, I sure appreciate your feeling that way,  
Hickenbottom. But you know I feel that Henry de-  
ced that first prize instead of the second, on account of  
t he done for me. That sure was mighty fine—  
o there, Henry. My, you're all spruced up in them best  
es of yours, ain't you?"

Yep, goin' in to look at a new sofa Nancy wants. So  
want to take us to town, eh? I don't know as I'm  
kering to ride in that durned Lizzie of yours. Them  
gs is dangerous, Hiram."

Hiram laughed. "You'll be just as safe as if you were  
nd Nellie. But say, Henry, I wanted to tell you that  
decided to sell you that piece of land the road runs  
ugh, and I'll let it go right reasonable. You can have  
whole strip, that runs from the road over to Spring  
k, if you want to. There's a little over eighty acres  
e and there ain't a finer piece of land in the state."

Henry was thoughtful.

Well, Henry," Nancy prodded him, "aren't you going  
ll Hiram how grateful you are to him for letting you  
that land?"

don't want his old land," Henry calmly remarked.

Well, then, what in thunder—?" Hiram exploded.

Now hold on there, Hiram. I'll tell you what I'll do.  
give that there piece to Norah and Jimmie for a wed-  
present and I'll build 'em a nice little house on it."

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(Continued from Page 11)

ed in the composer himself, and it was this fervency of  
which enabled him, in spite of the ungainliness of his  
ct, pudgy body, to make friends and, furthermore, to  
them. Some of these friends would write verses and  
would set them to music faster than the lines were  
plied, for, as Schumann said of him "he could set a  
bill to music." These friends were all talented and  
ly interesting, and he quite enjoyed the intimate  
dships of this circle.

ost of the time he was penniless, even lacking manu-  
t paper at times. Although he composed at a terrific  
t the publishers did not see fit to publish much of his  
.. Whatever royalties did come to him trickled away  
y. Schubert did not care for money and position;  
dy was his life and so infatuated was he with it that  
as subordinated to his immortal music.

HE ways of the nineteenth century were slow. The  
music publishers of a century ago did not saturate  
and with a new tune by sending thousands of copies  
music dealers to dangle the printed cover before the

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peoples' eyes and to have it sung during the noon day rush, to theater organists to play when the people seek entertainment, to recording artists to pervade the peoples' home, and to radio artists to break the silence of the night. By present-day publishers' machinery and advertising, a song hit even may be synthetically forged and the composer reap success within two months. But the sale of Schubert's music took years to gain any momentum; consequently, he passed unheeded throughout life.

Another reason for the said neglect paid him was that Schubert with his happy and contented disposition never solicited the courtly existence which masters like Beethoven and Liszt enjoyed. He preferred the humble, penniless order of affairs which allowed him to compose in freedom and to have cordial friends.

Thirdly, his operas, which would have served to put him in the limelight, were not very successful due invariably to the weak dramatic lyrics which his music could not bolster.

Also, he was not a virtuoso on either violin or piano, nor did he care to be such; thus the general public never came to know him.

There is an abundance of evidence to show that Schubert was inordinately shy and modest although his hearty nature was very much revealed to his circle of friends with whom he indulged in repartee as well as aphoristic observations. Furthermore, his cheerfulness allowed of no sensibility to envy, which quality, together with his lack of self exploitation, cost him more than one desirable position.

**S**CHUBERT was a romanticist, using form not as an end but always as a means to the expression of some poetic or romantic idea in a simple lyric manner. Tendency to lengthiness, due to his rapid mode of composing, taking his *Great Symphony in C* as one example, is the only feature against his works. Several works show the influence of Mozart, while others reflect his deep reverence for Beethoven. His *Symphony in B minor*, better known as the *Unfinished Symphony*, is regarded as strictly Schubertian.

Strange to say, this masterpiece, as also was the case with many of his larger works, was never heard played by Schubert, the peaceful strains and fervent effects being entirely conceived in his mind.

This number is extremely popular because, whereas most of the great symphonies require the masses being educated up to the beauties of the work, this composition is able to stir the emotions and move the hearer by appealing directly and unerringly to his moods. For this reason Schubert is an excellent starting point for the novice in music.

During his brief career he was honored by membership in several musical societies. Some forty years after his birth he was so appreciated that his body was placed in a memorial monument costing 42,000 florins. Observances have been held on the twenty-fifth and fiftieth anniversaries

of his death, and also his birth centenary was given great attention.

The year 1928 has been designated as the Schubert centennial and an advisory body with Otto H. Kahn as chairman has enlisted musicians, patrons of art and music lovers the world over to forward plans in bringing this notable genius to the foreground. Local committees are being organized in the principal cities of the world. One thousand cities in the United States are planning to utilize modern methods, such as radio and auditorium orthophonic recording machines, to supplement the limited scope of concert orchestras in order to reach the smaller communities and a greater audience.

To those who ponder upon what might have been accomplished by Chatterton and Marlowe is added the problem of Schubert. To what further heights might he have reached had he lived as long as the eminent French composer Saint Saens?

In view of Schubert's worthiness and the pitifully brief life that was his, Dr. Burney's words carry a less

*"The artist who is suffered to linger in want and obscurity is made but small amends by posthumous honors and commemorations."*

## A PERFECT CAST

(Continued from Page 14)

We goes on then, him walkin' backwards and me walkin' forward like a pup after a bone.

Jes as we come t' th' edge o' th' timber, somethin' happens, an' 'it ain't 'zactly clear in my mind yet.

Four-eyes' gun seems t' jump right outen his hand an' sails away 'bout ten feet and drops t' th' ground. Mathews turns one way an' t'other jes' in time t' catch a pup which jumps from a bunch o' bush. Fust one's on the ground then th'other.

I'm so excited I don't recognize Smokey right away. By th' time I does, Miss Jessie's at my side. Her head's scratched where she's rubbed against trees t' th' rag off'n her eyes. Her hands is still tied.

"Smokey," she screams, when she sees who's on top in a minute. "You'll be killed!"

But Smokey's so busy he ain't got time t' answer a word. They's on their feet, givin' an' takin' some awful punishment. I never knew a little feller could hit so hard.

Four-eyes' mask has fell off an' he's puffin' as Snake lands one first on one eye, then in th' belly, then back on th' other eye. Mathews is givin' some good ones too; me or twice he rocks th' kid purty bad, but th' little snake shake his haid an' come back fer more. This demonstration sure ought to convince Miss Jessie that th' kid in no coward.

At last Smokey plants one in Mathew's middle an' th' wind goes out with a grunt, a right to th' point of the chin lays th' four-eyed gentleman flat.

GETS enough o' my gray matter t' workin' t' git Four-eyes' gun an' find thet it's all tangled up with a string, with a lead weight on th' end.

"What's th' idee?" I want's t' know, right off. Smokey's busy feelin' his face an' Miss Jessie's dabbin' at w little cuts with her handkerchief. I has t' ask him all

"Well, yuh see," Smokey begins sort-a shamefaced, "I didn't have a gun an' I couldn't do nuthin' else."

"What'd d'yuh mean, anythin' else?" I asks, "What'd yuh do?"

Miss Jessie has her arm around th' kid's waist an' he's a-d-a nervous; I don't blame him none. But finally he gets the bit 'tween his teeth.

"Y'see, I wuz out practicin' with my castin' rod an' I opened t' see Four-eyes drive in a calf. Thev's a fire iron an' a couple o' irons. I watches him run over the Circle Cross brand into an Ox-in-a-box, an' wuz waitin' fer a t' come out when yuh come in.

"I wuz waitin' thar behind thet bush an' when I seen you with thet gun out, I knew I didn't have a chance to catch him. I still had my rod and reel together an' I hopes thet here's a chance t' git some real practice, an' t' drive at his gun hand. But I sure hope I don't ever see t' put up a battle like thet with a fish arter he's hooked," he finished touchin' his nose, tender-like.

"Did he git you all fixed up that-a-way?" he sez, jestin' how Miss Jessie's head is scraped. She nods.

Smokey calmly walks over an' gives Four-eyes, which is comin' 'round t' enjoy th' weather, a good kick.

"Git up, an' git th' rest uv it!"

"No, Smokey, please don't," begs Miss Jessie. "He's a enough now. Anyway, he'll be convicted of running hands and that's plenty. You come home with me and let me attend to those cuts and bruises."

"Aw, I'm alright, Miss Jessie," grins Smokey; it's a wisted grin though. One side of his face still hurts. "You're th' one which needs fixin'. Yore haid is all bled," an' he looks at Mathews like he'd love to kill

"You two ride on t' th' ranch an' I'll trail along with you, friend and neighbor," I urges, wantin' t' git 'em off'n my hands. I can see thet they's almost in love an' a leetle alone may do th' trick. An' two youngsters in love can't do a damn bit o' help in a case like this'n anyway.

"They starts out fer home an' I follers a good distance back, with Four-eyes an' th' fishin' rod. They rides separate fer a while, but th' hosses decide thet its better walkin' together. Bye'n bye it looks like two hosses an' one rider goin' over the rim o' the rise that leads t' the Circle Cross.

## BEFORE SUNRISE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Then why do you come to release him?"

Her lips trembled as though the words were torn from her.

"Because—I love him, Excellency."

"Why didn't you think of that when you sent him on the mission?"

"I never thought that he would fail. He is not guilty. I swear it."

"And you!"

"I—did it."

"I will tell when you have released Vincente."

"But you know that the death penalty automatically falls upon you. You will be executed under his death warrant."

A shudder passed over her. She swayed unsteadily. The dictator watched her. If he freed Vincente he could easily rearrest him when Johann was out of the way, and if Johann could be made to talk—then Farias—he sat down at the desk to write.

"Will you sign this?"

JOHANN took the paper. It was a written confession of what she had just said. She nodded assent. The dictator summoned a guard from the outer hall. The soldier approached the table where the dictator was sitting. He started upon seeing Johann, then faced the dictator. Johann looked up. Her eyes widened as she recognized him. "Jose!" Her lips barely formed the word. The soldier's eyes glided toward her and back again. She gave a little moan and swayed unsteadily. Santa Anna leaped to his feet but the guard caught her in his arms as she fell.

Her lips barely moved. "Vincente—vete a mi casa—a mi casa—"

Jose bent nearer. Santa Anna was coming toward them. "To your home," Jose repeated softly. Then with Santa Anna's aid he carried her to a couch, took the order of release from the dictator and left the room.

Santa Anna went over to her. For an instant his face showed perplexed uncertainty. After a long while Johann raised her head. She spoke dully, her eyes fixed on the carpet.

"Have they released Vincente yet?"

"When I dispatched the order," he answered.

She sat stupidly inactive, her fingers lacing through the gold fringe on the shawl. Santa Anna took a chair near her. "What is the rest of the plan?" he asked.

"It was for Farias—you knew—"

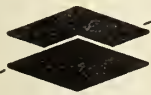
"I had guessed that. Who else was concerned?"

She began to speak, then checked herself.

"Who else!"

"I will not say right now."

A gleam of malice leaped into his eyes. "The condition



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of Vincente's release was that you tell everything. Either you comply or he will be rearrested."

She sank back, turning away from him. For a long time the room was intensely silent. The heavy splendor of the drapings seemed to weigh down on her and she huddled on the couch. Her eyes closed and the dictator went on to the table. For a quarter of an hour his measured tread was the only sound in the room. She heard him stop before her.

"You have not changed your mind?"

"No."

"Then I will rearrest him immediately."

She sprang to her feet. "You—hypocrite—what will you say? If you dare to rearrest him, you will have to specify the treason. Do you think your actions will bear investigation? I can do nothing, but you will be closely questioned before you condemn Vincente on suspicion."

"There was no question of his guilt!"

"Yet you released him saying the charge was unfounded. If you seize him again, you will have to release me. Would you rather Vincente or I were free?"

"Yet, you know that within the next few hours you will die."

She arose and stood quietly before him. The night was creeping by. A knock came at the door and before she could reply, de Mendoza burst into the room.

"Where is Queretaro?" he cried and strode over to Santa Anna. "Look at this!" He held out a paper. "Vincente Queretaro!" he grimaced, "Vincent Quentin! He is the spy—the dog who has been sending our plans to Houston. Where is he?"

Johann's form stiffened. Her eyes grew hard. The dictator sprang to her and caught her by the arm.

"You hell-cat! You knew! You gave yourself up that he might get away." A snarl distorted his features. He whirled upon de Mendoza. "Get the guards out after him. Go now." He turned fiercely upon Johann.

"By the gods, Senorita, this is no time for play. You die within the hour unless you tell me where Vincente is!"

She faced him, strangely quiet and serene. Her eyes glittered.

"Will you speak? No? Then you'll remain in this room with me until you face the firing squad—perhaps before then you will come to your senses—"

FROM the ruins at the edge of the city, Vincente watched the dim line of mountains. Night was falling and with it his chances of escape. Why didn't Johann come? There was barely another hour before dawn. He heard the rustle of skirts, footsteps, and turned to see Luisa running toward.

"Senor! Senor! El Capitan!" she cried. "I come just from the Palacio de Santana. Jose says Johann die instead of you!"

Vincente caught her roughly by the arm. "What are you saying?" he cried hoarsely. "Where is she?"

"despota have her imprisoned in the big room!"  
 "Where is the dictator?"  
 "I saw him ride away with the Teniente—de—de Men-  
 Que es, Senor? The dictator place el centinela, el  
 la outside the door. They hunt for you over all the

"I gave myself up that I might be released—"  
 "I can say she get free perhaps, but you—never! Oh Dios  
 Senor! What can we do?"

"I was a fool! Santa Anna will never consider her  
 his interests are concerned." Vincente flung his cape  
 "Look! How can we go back there through the  
 la? No one will see. Come!"

"I took his hand and cautiously but hurriedly they  
 and their way through the maze of streets, her face  
 ging lightly, surely as her Indian ancestors had tread  
 vious maze through the Sierra Madre of old. By a  
 still pitch black, they came to the little, two-storied  
 house. Black walls and uncertain buildings hemmed  
 in. Luisa led the way through a tiny door at the  
 and Vincente found himself inside. He hurried into  
 Spanish uniform. It was a dangerous thing to have on  
 at time in Mexico City, but a bit of bravado could  
 get off whereas his own uniform would have meant  
 death. In a few moments they were again in the  
 He pulled the high collar around his face and  
 the rim of the hat down. Luisa went before, pick-  
 -upped streets that led to the palace. When they  
 had it, she motioned for him to wait. After moments  
 seemed hours, she came back.

"I can say there is a new guard at her door. You can go  
 but will not recognize you, but how you will get out  
 I do not know. Dare you try? You may be trapped!"  
 "I reply Vincente pulled the collar close around his face  
 and talked firmly to the outer gate. Jose admitted him  
 as they approached the guard.

"THIN the room Johann rested in a chair facing  
 the massive table, her eyes closed. The shadows  
 and ghostly streaks on her white face. There was a slight  
 motion outside. Voices reached her and the door was  
 as open a few inches.

"I tell you I am Commodore Velaquez from the Spanish  
 The dictator told me to await him in the study." The  
 was haughty, commanding.

"B, Excellency, General de Santa Anna is gone and  
 ere to enter the room."

"I tell you, you're speaking to the Commodore. Stand aside!  
 wait in the room. When he comes, send word to him  
 I am here." The door was swung wide and Vincente  
 re. He motioned Jose out and the door closed on him.  
 went over to Johann. At the sound of his voice her  
 opened.

"I tell you, Vincente, why did you come back? They  
 seize you now, why, oh—why!" She saw the uniform  
 drew back. "You dared to put that on! Oh, you will



**Phi:** "What's your best course?"

**Beta:** "Straight past the dean's office  
 —what's yours?"

**Phi:** "A course in etiquette! Life  
 Savers are 'always good taste'."

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be doubly guilty now, if the general comes. And he will be here any minute."

Vincente bent towards her. "Johann, you dared—to offer your life for mine. Can my sacrifice then be so unwarranted?"

"But what will become of us?"

He flung his cape about her. "Go out!" he commanded. "You can get away. Jose has promised to distract the guards attention until you are out of the room—then—"

She had reached the door when they heard the voice of the dictator in the hall. Johann ran to Vincente and he caught her in his arms.

"There! There! sweetheart, be quiet. We'll fight it through." He touched his hand to his sword. She pressed closer to him and hid her face against his breast as the door of the room opened.

It closed.

"So!" There was a sneer in Santa Anna's voice. "The commodore!" He laughed grimly. "I thought I could trap you by keeping her here. So you were the spy—Vincent Quentin!"

Vincent caught Johann close and touched her hair with his hand. He did not look up and the dictator came toward them. "We shall have a pretty party before the firing squad."

"Damn you! will you shut up? Can't you see she's nearly exhausted from fright." The metallic ring in Vincente's voice startled the general.

Then he began to laugh. "Right now we shall have the party." He motioned to the window where a tint of rose hovered over the mountain peaks. "Just before the sun rises over the Guadalupe." He did not hear the door open and close behind him. "Farias will appreciate this little touch!"

"Farias will appreciate it—yes—very much, Excellency—"

The soft voice from behind brought Santa Anna around. He stared in amazement at the slight, debonair figure in the uniform of the republic leaning easily against the door.

"Valentin Farias!"

The patriot bowed to Santa Anna with a touch of gallantry.

"Farias, you know that you have been forbidden to enter this city." The voice of the dictator was ominous.

"I enter and leave when I please." Farias answered curtly.

"Then leave now—before I make your exit compulsory."

"You would not dare, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna." Farias drawled the name, a bit of irony in his words. "You would not dare. There is too much at stake."

The last words aroused the dictator. He lunged toward the patriot, then staggered back, his eyes fixed on the black muzzle of a pistol in Farias' hands.

He retreated to the table, his hand reached for the gong. But before he touched it Farias' voice rang out.

"Beware! The moment I am seized the true paper con-

taining the proof of your treason will be given to Congress!"

"The true paper!" Santa Anna echoed the words.

"That one," Farias motioned to the parchment on the table, "is false. I have known all along that you were watching my compatriots, so I put false material into their hands and took care of the real proof myself."

A COLD sweat broke out on Santa Anna's face as once his mask betrayed him. His eyes glided about the room, seeking.

Farias spoke.

"There is one condition upon which that paper will not be submitted to the Congress. That is the release of Senorita de Juarez."

Johann broke away from Vincente and ran to Farias. "I cannot go without Captain Queretaro." He cried. "I will not go without him."

"Is he under arrest too?"

"Santa Anna claims that he is a spy!"

"But he was willing to aid my cause."

Farias turned to Santa Anna. "The condition will include Captain Queretaro." At signs of the dictator's reluctance he lifted the muzzle of the gun. "I will not hesitate to shoot, Senor el Presidente, and you will not hesitate to obey when you consider the stakes for which you are held before these two—death for treason. Sign the release."

With trembling hands Santa Anna dispatched the messenger. He ordered the guards away and Johann and Vincente slipped unnoticed into the streets. When they haggled the two faced each other across the table.

"Now we will talk this over." Farias motioned Santa Anna aside. He moved slowly toward the table. Time before the dictator could intervene he seized the paper which lay on the table and touched it to the candles. While the gun held on Santa Anna he watched it burn to ashes.

Santa Anna watched him in fury. "That, that paper," he cried, "was the real one!"

"It was."

"And you burned it when you might have kept it."

"Senor Presidente," Farias smiled grimly. "I know well the danger of such a paper in your hands. In that place it would give you a clue to its origin. I also know that I would never leave this palace with it upon my person. Whereas you will not dare to have me seized if I have already destroyed it. There are too many willing to take any injury done me. The paper can be replaced. I may have failed once—" he backed to the door, "but I will not fail again." He opened the door and disappeared into the night. Santa Anna stood beside the table, alone. The flickering lights of the candles which had burned low played on his face. He looked up to the window where the rising sun crept over the mountains. From without came the tread of marching feet and he saw the firing squad pass under the window to the courtyard.

## EUROPE vs. AMERICA IN EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 19)

of the first were: Roman law, church law and law philosophy; of the second, constitutional law, administrative and financial law, criminal law and procedure and political science; of the third, civil law, commercial law and documents, Austrian civil law and civil procedure. But this, together with the dissertation provided only for the doctor's degree, and the candidate was still very far from being a full-fledged attorney.

To become this he had to spend four years in the practice of law either with an attorney or with the courts and for this time had elapsed he had to pass an examination, both written and oral, which has been acknowledged as the hardest examination in Europe, with a percentage of failure during the ten years from 1910-1920 of not less than seventy-seven per cent. And the most cruel feature of this examination was the provision of the law, according to which those who twice failed were not permitted to try the examination any more.

Those doctors of jurisprudence who also wanted the degree of doctor of political sciences, had to pass one additional rigorous examination in economics and statistics, but they were compelled to write and file a new dissertation in any subject of a practical nature.

Athletics? No such thing in European universities. The school, as such, does not care for them at all. There are athletic clubs within some of the universities, but they are run by the students themselves and run by them exclusively. If they want a coach, they have to pay him themselves. It is not the business of the school.

And now a little subjective comparison and subjective criticism.

At first we have to consider some obvious basic differences between the European and the American system regarding not only the means but also the aims. The American system seems to tend toward specialization, the European towards generalization. The former provides more of a practical training, the latter more of liberal education.

But on the other hand while the European system, providing high standards for comparatively few, aims chiefly to develop leaders, the American system provides the blessings of education for much greater masses.

And still something more. There is something in the American system which the European seems to lack entirely, especially in the universities. I speak of personal touch, intimacy and interest between the professor and his pupils. The professor in Europe has been considered to be high above his pupils, that the personal interest is never developed. And so the system, not being able to adopt itself

to the individual needs of the pupils, becomes somewhat rigid and pragmatism.

And so, the main question to be answered by the conscience of the reader is simply this:

Is it better to provide a somewhat lower standard within the reach of everybody or to have a much higher standard developed but within the reach of only a comparatively small number of the especially favored?

## PROFESSIONAL ETHICS

(Continued from Page 20)

all right if Simms hadn't kept staying later and later until finally one night Scotty got home before he left. I hadn't gone to bed yet; I had a patient in the clinic that was in a hurry for a set of dentures, and I had been getting them ready to vulcanize. I heard Scotty come in and then there were some sounds like an argument. I ran downstairs. Simms was at the front door, his face pasty white, and Scotty had Mrs. Reed's revolver.

"I'll give you a chance," said Scotty. "You start running."

Simms ran out of the yard and down the street, zigzag like. Scotty followed him. When Simms was about halfway to the corner, Scotty shot twice.

I couldn't see Simms, but I could see Scotty's face. "You've killed him!" I said.

Scotty laughed. "No, I didn't kill him," he said. "I only scared him so he won't come back. I shot three feet over his head."

But when I saw the papers the next morning I knew Scotty must have been mistaken. A policeman had found Simms a couple of blocks down the street, lying on his face, stone dead. Simms didn't seem to have any relatives in town, and the coroner had taken charge of the body. The newspapers didn't say what had killed him, but I knew it was only a question of time before the police would be looking for his murderer.

Since Scotty had gone on night duty he had taken to sleeping late in the morning. I woke him up and showed him the papers. I wanted him to get out of town before anything happened. He was pretty sleepy at first, but I finally got him to understand what he had done. Even then I couldn't get him to run away.

"That would be foolish," he said. "They don't seem to know how he was killed."

"Yes," I said, "but they can't help but find it out. They'll have an inquest or something."

"You're right," he said. "I'd better surrender."

Though I did my best, I couldn't make him change his mind, so I went with him. The police hadn't done anything yet, and we decided the coroner was the man to see. We found him in his office.

"I've come to surrender for the murder of John Simms," Scotty said.

The coroner seemed surprised. "We've found nothing

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to indicate that Simms was murdered," he said, doubtfully. "However, I'm just about to make a post-mortem examination. Under the circumstances I'll have to ask you come with me."

We waited a while and pretty soon two other doctors came. Then we went into a back room where the body and they began.

"I'm no medical student, but I have dissected a normal human body as part of my dental course, and even could see the ravages that disease had made in Simms. They finally went into his thorax and found an aneurysm—a place in the artery where the walls had become flabby and it had bulged out in a ball like a weak spot in an over-inflated inner tube. This thing had burst." "That's what killed him," said the coroner, putting down his knife. "Some little unusual exertion or excitement would have done it sooner or later." He took off his rubber gloves and turned to Scotty. "You can see for yourself that there was no murder," he said. "If you know what causes these things, you'll understand what I mean when I say it's your own fault. There will be no inquest."

"That's the reason I didn't want him around Ellen," Scotty told me as we were going home. "I treated him at the medical clinic at school two years ago. He ran a fine plus Wasserman. But I was bound not to tell anyone about professional ethics, you know. What could I do?"

That was Scotty for you. I think, if I'd been in the same place, that I'd have said something to Ellen.

About three weeks later Scotty came into the room one night, grabbed me by the shoulders, and danced me around and around. "Congratulate me, Tom," he said, "I'm engaged!"

"I've seen it coming," I said. "Going to pull it soon, wait until you have a practice worked up?"

"Some time the last of June," said Scotty. "Ellen and she'll help with the office work until I can afford to get an assistant."

"That's funny," I said. "That's exactly what Martha said to me."

WE made it a double wedding a few weeks after I got my D. D. S. and passed the State Board examination. We hadn't really intended to let the girls work in the offices, but they insisted, and I was glad they did for Martha turned out to be a born operating assistant.

Scotty was away on an appointment with the stork one evening when I locked up the offices and started home with the girls. "There's one thing I never could figure out," I said to Ellen. "What did you ever see in that Simms fellow?" We were pretty good friends, of course, or at least never have said anything.

Ellen and Martha both grinned that particular grin which means that all men are imbeciles. Finally Martha

"She had to do something to wake Scotty up," she then, I guess all men are apt to be imbeciles at like that.

## TROUPING THROUGH CANADA

(Continued from Page 23)

Saskatchewan river, just as Edmonton is. The country there is woody and swampy. A mile west of the town is a penitentiary. It is right beside the swiftly flowing river as a special invitation to would-be prison escapers. I saw a fine specimen of the masculine assemblage of our company were led through the prison, which is considered an ideal institution in every respect. The prisoners were being led out like sixty when I was there to construct a great stone wall to keep outsiders out and themselves in. I viewed the searchlights of the prison, the guns of the guards, and the height of the walls, I felt certain that if I were confined there, I would have no desire to attempt escape. The prisoners have to get a little education every day. At one board one fellow was having a hard time figuring out two times twenty-four.

to say that Saskatchewan is just one big prairie would overlook its many lakes and wooded hills. Some of the hills are more like small mountains than anything. The chautauqua went as far south as Bracken, which is in the south-western part of the province and about twenty miles from the border. Bracken isn't on the map yet, but soon will put it on the map for they have a great town there. They had the town all done up in bunting for our arrival. We were all a little nervous for fear we would have to make speeches, but the people seemed content to stare. The country at Bracken is flat, but north of Bracken is a rugged section. Here are found the red hills and a little way distant is "The Old Man on the Rock" plateau. The early inhabitants have bestowed peculiar names upon lakes, rivers, and hills. In these hills is the source of the Frenchman river, which finally empties into the Missouri.

Some of the towns of importance which were visited in Saskatchewan are Moose Jaw, Regina, and Saskatoon. None is particularly large but Regina seems to have the largest population in Moose Jaw and Saskatoon.

Manitoba is just a continuation of the prairie. There is a change, however, and that is that there is lots of brush. The farmers cut it out or plow around it. A glance at the map of Manitoba shows that two large lakes or systems of lakes occupy the northern part of the province. Lake Winnipeg begins just north of the city of Winnipeg and Lake Superior begins just north of Portage La Prairie. The presence of these lakes gives the people a ready attraction for recreation ground. Hunting, fishing, swimming, and boating are excellent.

WINNIPEG is the city of Manitoba and western Canada, too. In half a century Winnipeg has grown from a log stockade to a great city. One of the lecturers on the chautauqua was an Englishman, Dr. Arnold, the son of Eir Edwin Arnold, for forty years the publisher of the London Telegraph. The doctor had gone to school with a boy who was born in that old stockade. Dr. Arnold couldn't believe it possible for a half century to work such a change. Winnipeg is the distributing center for the whole of western Canada. It forms the gateway to Canada from the States. The largest wheat pit in the world is located there. The banking houses of the country have their largest western offices there. There are a hundred reasons for Winnipeg's growth. The buildings are for the most part tall, gray stone structures. The stores would delight anyone. What I enjoyed was the splendid escalator service from the third basement to the sixth floor of the new Hudson's Bay store. I guess they're proudest of their Parliament building up there in Winnipeg. It is constructed of natural stone found in the province of Manitoba. You can go up to the walls and see impressions of leaves and fossils. It cost around ten millions to build this edifice for the provincial government, yet it's not a bit hard to see where the money went.

I went through the building with a group of Americans like myself. There was one over-dressed, over-talkative, and over-stuffed Yankee in the crowd who took it upon himself to be the guide's assistant, if not the guide himself. This conceited person followed closely behind the guide and having heard the guide's explanation would turn and address the group pointing the while with his cane. He bragged about the magnificence of governmental buildings at home. He pronounced "Lieutenant Governor" in the Canadian fashion with a knowing emphasis upon the "eu" which the Canadians pronounce as "f." This intelligence surprised the group and pleased the man. He didn't know whether to put his hat on or not while descending the stairs of the court preparatory to leaving the building. So he put on his hat, then considered and took it off again. He left the guide at the door after making a big thing of handing him a tip. Americans are most patriotic when away from home. Then (you'll pardon the expression?)—"and how!"

Next we go to western Ontario. Reader, if you've ever wanted to go into the unbroken land of God's country, if you've ever wanted to tramp through woods over rock hills covered with blueberries, if you've ever wanted to explore, to find gold, if you've ever wanted to see where the birds really live in the summer, where the wild animal still lives, then all I can say is "Visit western Ontario." Fort William and Port Arthur are twin cities on Lake Superior. The largest grain elevators in the world line the docks and continually they direct tons of the golden grain through their spouts into the holds of the lake boats. Here on the western shore of Superior "stood the wigwam of Nakomis." That beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," was written about this

western edge of Lake Superior. Back through the forests twenty miles is a fall where the Kaministiqui River hurls itself over a high rock ledge to form the Ka Ka Beka falls. Leaving Fort William we travel nine hours through this beautiful country following the Kaministiquia a good part of the way in our journey to Sioux Lookout. It is raining and a sense of gloominess overwhelms us, but yet it is so pleasant to see the stream rushing and tumbling over rocks below, to see the high hills covered with foliage so dense your gaze can penetrate but a few feet. How different is a lecture in chemistry! Yet without the one, we couldn't appreciate the other and vice versa.

**T**HERE is nothing but little posts in this region until we come to Sioux Lookout. It is a town of about two thousand, and it has a dandy little brick hotel with hot and cold running water, and a Y. M. C. A. with the same accommodations. Quite remarkable indeed for a town connected to the outside by only the railroad. As yet no roads have been constructed into Sioux Lookout from Fort William or Winnipeg. When such a road is built the American tourist trade will become stupendous. They have discovered gold north of Sioux Lookout in the Red Lake district. This field is reached by water or by air from Sioux Lookout. Sea planes were making the jump daily when I was there.

Western Ontario abounds with pulp mills and saw mills. The supply of timber seems inexhaustible. There are many lake systems like the Lake of the Woods, which is the largest. The timber for the mills is cut and floated to the mills on these lakes.

I said at the outset that chautauqua work is interesting because you meet so many interesting people. On chautauqua you meet people in all walks of life. Taken as a whole, the people of the prairie provinces are industrious, intelligent, and wholesome. The men are strong, husky fellows and surprise you by their height. Canadians have a growing spirit of nationalism, which is due to the efforts of the government to encourage unity. The young men have as great chances as in our own country to become leaders. The universities are respected and deserve that respect, judging from the students.

It would be impossible to recall here a fraction of the people I have met. The list includes hard-working country doctors. There are not enough doctors for the small communities, hence those that are in the field are overworked. The list includes speakers, educators, elocutionists, farmers, singers, pianists, students, business men, members of the "Mounted" while unmounted, Indian agents, and others. What genius lies obscure in that great farm land? In Alberta I heard a young fellow sing who had never had any training. Musicians in the crowd agreed that his voice had extraordinary possibilities. This fellow was working on a farm for fourteen dollars a week. In Alberta also, I met the Doukhobors.

The Doukhobors are a sect that came over from southern Russia. They are organized into a little kingdom at the center of that wonderful wheat producing region which I mentioned at the first. When I entered the colony Doukhor girls were out on the hillside kneeling and singing about an altar. While the doctor who had brought me along attended his case, I had a chance to observe the Doukhor girls. The women were dressed in the fashion of Russian peasants. They all had expressionless faces like the children. Everything in the Doukhor settlement is cooperative. The farming, the building, the marketing are all done for the community and not for the individual. The women too are allotted definite work which must be done.

**A**MONG the chautauqua talent are some interesting people. One, Dr. Arnold, whom I have already mentioned, was particularly interesting. He is a man who has spent a lifetime in travel in all parts of the world, especially in the orient. When a boy he was present at the leading statesmen and scientists who became guests of his father's in their London home. His impressions of Darwin and his beautiful philosophy tinged with the oriental make conversation with him a real pleasure. Another chautauqua lecturer to whom I was attracted was J. Smith Damron, the potter craftsman. Mr. Damron has a potter's wheel erected on the stage and in a dry Yankee drawl he has given me a great lesson by making examples with his wheel. One of his best demonstrations was to build a beautiful vase on his wheel. As he made the vase go higher and higher he remarked that many a young man started out that way to attain lofty things. All of a sudden the vase collapses. The look of disappointment which comes over Damron's face makes everyone believe that the accident was unexpected. Then Mr. Damron announces that the vase must have been a cause so he pokes around in the wheel and pulls out the cause in the form of a piece of wood which holds up the piece of wood and addresses the front of the stage where the children generally sit, "You know, that is the same as a cigarette in a boy's mouth." The drawl in which he delivers that remark, backed up by the honesty of his face, puts the point over and every audience gives him a good hand. He then transforms the clay to a spittoon which he holds it up as an example of what habit does to a young boy. The point of interest about Mr. Damron is that he doesn't smoke himself.

Chautauqua work is interesting because you are always doing something. Traveling to a new town every day doesn't leave much time for idleness. Then, too, the people and committee men in particular, like to show the results of their communities and the local beauty spots. Side trips, say, a Sunday at Lake Manitoba, or a trip to the Kakabeka Falls, from Fort William, or a visit to a saw mill or a mill or penitentiary, are little pleasures greatly appreciated. The many lakes give wonderful chances for swimming.

Now I've rambled on here for about long enough!

article I am making no pretenses at covering the whole of my observations and experiences on the Canadian chateaus. In fact, of the funny situations in which I have found myself I have said nothing at all, but I do hope that what I have written will add just a trifle to your ideas about that fast-growing country of Western Canada.

### CAR TROUBLE

(Continued from Page 27)

It would be too bad to miss him by waiting for Julia. She probably won't be over for a long time yet.

MR. MORGAN. You said a few minutes.

MRS. MORGAN. But you know what her minutes are like. They are always unbearably late.

MR. MORGAN. No use, I must be going. But I did want to give her those notes as soon as possible.

MRS. MORGAN (*brightly*). Julia will be here after dinner tonight. You can give them to her then.

MR. MORGAN. Of course. (*Rises, picks up hat and is going.*) Good-bye.

MRS. MORGAN. Good-bye—sweetheart. (*Relaxes in armchair.*)

(PEGGY enters.)

PEGGY. Mother, I almost forgot. Will you get me a pair of buckles for my silver slippers at Napier's? I lost one last week.

MRS. MORGAN. Yes, dearie. Just like the others?

PEGGY. Yes, please. (*Sees a man at door, speaks to her in an undertone.*) Mother, there's some one at the door.

MRS. MORGAN (*going to door*). Are you Mr. Silvers?

MR. SILVERS. Yess, I am Meester Silvers.

MRS. MORGAN. Come right in. Be seated, please. (*She takes a chair which Silvers forthwith occupies.*) Peggy, where did I leave my glasses upstairs. Could you get them for me? (*Mrs. MORGAN slowly goes to other chair and sits down.*)

PEGGY. They're right here, Mother. (*Takes them off desk and gives them to her mother.*)

MRS. MORGAN. Oh yes; and Peggy, will you see if I left the curling irons on in my room? Then lie down on your bed and rest a while for tonight.

PEGGY (*affectionately*). All right, Mother. (*Leaves, looking quizzically over her shoulder.*)

MRS. MORGAN. Now, please, let's hurry and have this done with. I have another engagement.

MRS. SILVERS. Vell?

MRS. MORGAN (*goes over to desk*). I want all this furniture mortgaged. Here's a list of all we have with the valuation. Then there is the silver.

MRS. SILVERS (*takes papers and looks at them doubtfully*). Ver silver?

MRS. MORGAN. That's there on the paper too. We were insured for those amounts when we had all our goods insured.

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SILVERS. Ah, yess. (*A car drives up outside. MRS. MORGAN goes to the door, looks out and wants to motion to someone.*) Now eef I kood examine da foorniture an' see eef eet ees in good shape.

MRS. MORGAN (*putting on her hat and coat*). That car out there is waiting for me. I must go now. Couldn't we finish the business in your office?

SILVERS (*rising*). But, Lady—I hafn't examined vat is to be mortgaged.

MRS. MORGAN. But you have the valuation which was made out a year ago. What more do you want? Come, there's an automobile agent out there and we'll drive you back.

SILVERS. T'anks. I haf my own fliffer. (*He insists on examining the furniture and takes his time about it. He carefully looks over the pieces of silverware which MRS. MORGAN had to produce for his inspection. She finally compels him to leave with her, hinting that she will not want much.*)

MRS. MORGAN. I'll be down to your office in an hour to finish this transaction. (*She leaves but returns a few seconds later and calls up to PEGGY.*) Peggy!

PEGGY (*from upstairs*). Yes, Mother.

MRS. MORGAN. I'm going out now and I want you to call Julia Rogers and tell her to come over after dinner tonight. Ask the whole family over. Now don't forget. (*Exit.*)

PEGGY. All right, Mother.

(*GEORGE enters from dining room at right front, carrying a partially filled bag, which he puts on a chair, goes surreptitiously to staircase and listens. Then he goes over to table and puts all the silver pieces recently laid out by MRS. MORGAN for Silver in the bag. He accidentally drops one piece and listens in suspense.*)

PEGGY (*from upstairs*). Is that you, Mother? (*After a pause.*) Who is down there?

GEORGE. I am, Peg.

PEGGY. What are you doing, George?

GEORGE (*picking up the fallen piece and putting it in bag*). I just came back to get something I forgot. I'm going already. S'long.

PEGGY. Did you have any luck with Dad?

GEORGE. Naw. (*Exit.*)

(*The curtain descends to indicate a lapse of four hours. When it is raised again, a car is heard outside. Shortly GEORGE enters, very jubilant. Calls to PEGGY who is upstairs.*)

GEORGE. Peggy! Oh Peg!

PEGGY (*from upstairs*). Yes. What is it?

GEORGE. Come on down. I have something to show you. (*He is grinning; goes to window, looks out, comes back and walks excitedly about the room.*)

PEGGY (*comes down staircase, wearing an evening gown*). What do you want, George?

GEORGE (*nonchalantly*). Look outside, Peg.

PEGGY (*looks, and is delighted*). Oh! So Dad finally gave in.

GEORGE (*seriously*). No; not yet.

PEGGY (*puzzled*). Oh, I thought it was ours.

GEORGE. It is. I just bought it.

PEGGY. George, what did you do? How could you?

GEORGE. Why, Peg. Aren't you glad?

PEGGY. No, not if Dad doesn't know about it. He'll be furious and send it back.

GEORGE (*very reassuringly*). No, he won't. He'll just be crazy about it when he sees it. And besides, he won't want to lose the five hundred.

PEGGY (*very much concerned*). Did you pay five hundred dollars on it?

GEORGE. Sure; and Dad can pay the rest.

PEGGY. Where did you get the money?

GEORGE (*with hesitation*). Well—indirectly from Ed.

PEGGY. What do you mean?

GEORGE. Now, Peg, I'll tell you, but don't you tell Dad before I see him. I'd rather tell him myself at the right time. You see, I knew we needed a car. Well, not as bad as we need silverware.

PEGGY. Silly, we have silverware.

GEORGE. Not any more. But since we have to have a car, Dad'll get it back again, and we'll have the car beside us.

PEGGY. George Morgan, you tell me right now what you did, and no more riddles.

GEORGE (*forcing a laugh*). Why, don't you understand, Peggy? I pawned the silver.

PEGGY (*plumps into chair*). Mercy!

GEORGE. Wasn't that a good idea, Peg? Dad'll get the silver out of hock, and we already shall have five hundred dollars on the roadster.

PEGGY (*scornfully*). You had no right to do that, George. Dad will have them take the car back.

GEORGE (*brightly*). He can't. Not without losing me. The car's sold. It's ours, too.

PEGGY. I'd rather not have it. It's going to cause a lot of trouble.

(*There is a crashing sound outdoors. GEORGE runs to window.*)

GEORGE (*explosively*). Holy cow!

PEGGY (*following him*). What's the matter?

GEORGE. Some sedan ran into our roadster. By the way, if they bent a fender—(*He goes to door, intending to go out.*)

PEGGY (*still looking out of window*). Look, George! Is Mother driving?

GEORGE (*opens door and sees MRS. MORGAN*). Good!

MRS. MORGAN (*coming in, very radiant*). Good evening to you children. Did you hear the racket?

PEGGY and GEORGE. Yes.

MRS. MORGAN (*calmly*). A roadster was in the way of our car.

GEORGE. Our car?

RS. MORGAN. Yes. Look at it. Now we won't be obliged  
k the Rogers for rides.

GGY (*who is still standing by window*). Which car do  
mean, Mother?

RS. MORGAN. The sedan, of course.

ORGE. Oh Lord!

GGY (*in a choked voice*). Mother!

RS. MORGAN (*perplexed*). What on earth is the matter  
you children? I thought you'd be very happy. Perhaps  
don't understand. *We have a car.*

ORGE. No, Mother dear; *we have two of them.*

RS. MORGAN (*astonished*). George!

ORGE (*an all-gone expression on his face*). You tell  
is. I can't.

GGY. But is it really so bad, George? Can't you take  
roadster back? You've made only one payment on it.

RS. MORGAN. One payment on it? Whose roadster  
it?

ORGE (*meekly*). Ours.

GGY. Well, not yet. He's only made one payment on it.

RS. MORGAN (*growing angry*). Who gave you the  
to buy a car? Does your father know about it? George  
an, what in heaven's name made you do it?

GGY. Well, Mother—he knew we wanted a car—and  
ought that if we had one, Dad would be converted and  
I make the other payments on it.

RS. MORGAN. But where did he get the money to make  
first payment? (*Turns to George*). Answer me that,

ORGE (*bluntly*). I pawned our silver.

RS. MORGAN (*exceedingly troubled*). You couldn't.  
*looks about for silverware and discovers that it is all*  
) But you did! (*Collapses in chair*.) What will we do?

GGY (*comfortingly*). Mother, please calm yourself. He  
pawned the silver. He didn't sell it.

ORGE (*going over to Mrs. MORGAN*). Gee, Mother,  
ought you'd be so pleased with the car that you  
didn't mind the silver. I'm awfully sorry, really.

RS. MORGAN. But you don't understand—neither of  
I already mortgaged the silverware and furniture.

GGY and GEORGE. OH!

RS. MORGAN (*weakly*). Yes.

ORGE (*recovering himself*). Is that where the money  
from—the money with which you bought a car?

RS. MORGAN. Yes, George.

ORGE. Ye gods! The family will go bankrupt.

GGY. And two unpaid cars on our hands. What'll we  
about the cars, Mother?

RS. MORGAN (*not yet herself*). I don't know.

ORGE. And what'll we do about the silver? We mort-  
something we didn't have.

RS. MORGAN. We did have it, then.

GGY. You're the cause of this, George. If you hadn't  
the silver we wouldn't be subject to libel, or what-  
is, and we wouldn't be worrying ourselves sick now  
two cars.

(MR. MORGAN *enters*.)

MR. MORGAN (*in very good humor*). Good evening, kid-  
lets. I thought there was company. The street's lined with  
cars. (*Laughs*.) My! You all look downcast. What's up?  
Aw, chuck the blues, folks. I have something to cheer you  
up with.

PEGGY (*trying to be cheerful*). Good news, Dad?

MR. MORGAN (*swaggering*). Indeed. Look at the big  
green, seven-passenger car out there, please. (*All run to*  
*window*.) It's ours.

MRS. MORGAN (*dazed and on verge of a tearful break-*  
*down*). It can't be true.

PEGGY. Oh. Dad—you too?

GEORGE (*beginning to stride up and down room*). Three  
of them! I'll say we won't have to go riding with the  
Rogers.

MRS. MORGAN. I think you are horrid, William. You  
knew all along that you were going to buy a car. Why—  
oh, why—didn't you say so?

MR. MORGAN (*exasperated*). For the love of Jupiter!  
What's wrong with you people? You rant and rave when  
you haven't a car, and when you have one you act like  
perfect nitwits.

PEGGY. But, Dad; we have three of them.

MR. MORGAN. Three?

PEGGY. Yes. All those out there belong to us.

MR. MORGAN. Are you crazy?

PEGGY (*trying to show seriousness*). No. You see, Moth-  
er and George each bought one, but neither of them knew  
what the other had done until a few minutes ago.

MR. MORGAN (*absolutely dumbfounded*). Lord! Then  
you also sent down that Carlson whippersnapper to sell  
me one. (*Pause*.) He did. Now—now the family is in a  
fine mess. Three cars! When we can't even afford one.  
Where did you people get the money to do this?

MRS. MORGAN (*through tears*). I mortgaged the furni-  
ture.

GEORGE. And I pawned the silver.

MR. MORGAN (*pacing the floor desperately*). What a  
family! (*Stops*.) Do you realize what this means?

MRS. MORGAN (*crying softly*). It's terrible, William, I  
know.

GEORGE (*vindictively*). Well, for heaven's sake, Peg, why  
did you have to butt in and send Bob down there to sell  
Dad a car? You always spoil everything.

PEGGY (*angrily*). Where do you get the right to dictate  
to me, George Morgan? You make me sick!

MRS. MORGAN. Now, children, don't quarrel. It's your  
father's fault.

MR. MORGAN (*volcanically*). My fault! Ye gods!

MRS. MORGAN. Yes, your fault. If you hadn't been so  
mean at noon and said you'd never buy a car, we wouldn't  
have gone off and bought any.

MR. MORGAN. Now, listen. This is the last thing I'll ever  
do for this family. Your furniture can stay mortgaged. The  
silver can stay pawned. You can go so far into debt that

you'll never get out. You can make so many mistakes that you can't turn round. But I'll not raise one finger to help any of you. *My fault!* Lord, such a family!

(*The doorbell rings.*)

MRS. MORGAN. See who it is, Peggy. (PEGGY *lets in* BOB.)

BOB. Good evening, everybody.

MR. MORGAN (*springing up*). Impossible! You—

BOB (*to PEGGY*). Have you heard the good news?

GEORGE. Yes, she's heard it from three of us already.

PEGGY. Bob, we're in an awful mess. Every one in the family but me has bought a car today.

MR. MORGAN. And you sent him down to sell me one. So you're to blame too.

MRS. MORGAN. I say, William; it's your fault.

MR. MORGAN (*vehemently*). Whose fault?

MRS. MORGAN (*weakly*). I don't know.

PEGGY. And George can't take back the roadster without losing money. Mother paid cash too. Dad—

MR. MORGAN. He paid cash too.

PEGGY. So you see, we have three automobiles—

BOB. Perhaps two can be returned, Mr. Morgan.

GEORGE. I don't see how. The company regards all three as sales.

BOB. Not any more.

MR and MRS. MORGAN. What?

BOB. I had the sales of two of the cars cancelled.

PEGGY (*exultantly*). Bob—you darling!

GEORGE (*bubbling*). Gosh, that was bully of you. How'd you do it?

BOB (*laughing*). There was nothing heroic about it. You people bought all three cars today at Dad's place. He heard about the sales to the Morgan family and asked me why you bought three cars. I guessed what happened, and so two sales weren't entered in the books. You can get your payments back for the roadster and the sedan tomorrow.

MR. MORGAN (*amicably*). Now *that* was intelligent of you, boy. I always knew you could be clever. But the trouble was that I thought you never were.

PEGGY (*to Bob*). I felt that if Dad ever knew you, I'd overcome his prejudice and like you.

BOB. But your Father had a right to be prejudiced at what he had heard about me, Peggy.

PEGGY. Yes, of course.

BOB. You knew, Peggy? And still thought the sales of me?

PEGGY. I knew that it wasn't true.

BOB. You're a dear.

MR. MORGAN. I see now how wrong it was to think of you, Bob. But when I heard, from what I thought good authority, that you—well—virtually stole—

MRS. MORGAN. Why were you accused, Bob?

BOB. It was this way. My roommate was occasionally in need of funds. Once in particular he was desperate. He didn't tell me about it. Instead he pawned the school silverware, and then told me about it. I took it out of his hands, and was returning it at night so that no one would know who did it, when the prefect caught me. He thought, of course, that I had taken it in the first place and returned it after I realized what I had done. My roommate fessed up to everything the next week.

GEORGE. I see—and we just didn't hear the last part of the story.

BOB. Then you knew about it too?

GEORGE. Sure. That's what gave me the idea to pawn our silverware.

MRS. MORGAN (*looks severely at GEORGE and then dresses PEGGY*). Isn't it time to leave for the dinner dress, Peggy?

PEGGY. Oh yes. I almost forgot. May I go, Daddum?

MR. MORGAN. Of course. Certainly, my dear. You may go in our car, if you wish.

BOB. Thank you, Mr. Morgan. I'm using my own. I don't want to go riding yourself.

MRS. MORGAN. I feel as though we ought to go to see the Rogers.

(CURTAIN)

---

### MY HEART

I hold my hand upon my heart,  
 I like to feel its rhythmic beating;  
 At night it sometimes makes me start  
 To hear the beating of my heart,  
 To sense with awe God's perfect art.  
 And when they tell me "Life is fleeting",  
 I hold my hand upon my heart,  
 I like to feel its rhythmic beating.

Ruth Ziev

# SHADOWS in Bookland

By GENE MARI VANA

## THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

By Thornton Wilder

The bridge of Peru fell, hurling five travelers to death in the gulf below. Terrified, awe-stricken natives gathered the remains, gave proper burial, and resumed the routine of every-day life. All would have been forgotten had not the venerable Brother Juniper resolved to solve the purpose behind the accident. "Why did this happen to these five?"

The Marquesa de Montemayor, Pepita, Esteban, Uncle and Jaime, were snatched from the world. "If there is any plan in the universe at all, if there were any pattern in a human life, surely it could be discovered in a human life, surely it could be discovered mysteriously latent in those lives so suddenly cut. Either we live by accident or die by accident, or we live by plan and die by plan."

In reviewing the existence, loves, hatreds and problems of the five the reader is carried away to the court of Peru, then back to Peru; is allowed to take long adventures on journeys, to view the simple life of a convent; to work and work with the laborer and to share the joys and sorrows of the actors. They are born, they live, and they die, all five, to the bridge at the same time in the same manner. Why? Was it plan or accident? Maybe with an intention, maybe not.

What is the trend of the story. The philosophy? A philosopher and a cautious artist, Thornton Wilder subtly evaded answering his own question. "Who can answer the words on his lips as he approaches his theme, they are on his lips again when he leaves it. But he asks the question, "Who can say?" because he thinks the answer is, "Wilder can say, and Wilder says there is no answer in life." His doubt is a denial.

James M. Cash.

## THE PAUL STREET BOYS

By Ferenc Molnar

Coincident with the visit of Ferenc Molnar to the United States, is the publisher's release of his novel *The Paul Street Boys*. Molnar, heretofore known in this country as the playwright of the masterpiece, *Liliom*, is now being hailed by the local critics as the novelist creator of the masterpiece, *The Paul Street Boys*. This work, they say, is the

one by which he will be remembered in the future rather than by his already famous plays.

In thus welcoming the author and his book the critics have said nothing new or original, for *The Paul Street Boys* has long been considered in Molnar's native land, Hungary, as his one great work and a treasure of literature.

In the hands of another author, at least an American author, the theme of *The Paul Street Boys* would have likely reduced the work to the category of an Horatio Alger production. The title is decidedly "Algerian" though it fits the Molnar novel as aptly as it might an Alger inanity. *The Paul Street Boys* will appeal to the youthful reader as does *Backwoods Boys* or *Ben the Luggage Boy* by Alger. So far as the material and incidents of the book are concerned, it could very well find a place in the boys' section of any library for it contains no sex, no romance, and deals solely with the activities, interests and ideals of two youthful groups of grammar school age, the type we find in America absorbed in the work of the Boy Scouts.

Who of the American writing group could produce a masterpiece on a Boy Scout situation, much less attempt a novel? Who but Molnar could create a character so charming as little *Nemecsek* or hold the reader's interest in the doings of the *Putty Club*, an organization whose president is entrusted with a wad of putty collected by the members, and who in order to hold office, must keep the treasure moist and workable at all times to the extent that he must chew it occasionally?

Typical of Molnar there is nothing deep underlying the general theme of *The Paul Street Boys* and typical of his nationality, the author has directed his appeal to the emotions. His is a simple story, simply told with a hold on the heart strings so delicate, restrained and controlled that in reading we live again with the boy characters through situations paralleling our own childhood experiences.

To enjoy the novel completely and to remove a certain discomfort felt in scanning its first few pages, the reader must make several mental adjustments. He must take into account the advanced stage of educational development in the Hungarian over the American youth. He must appreciate a marked difference in viewpoint on life, a viewpoint as divergent as pessimism and optimism reflected in the Hungarian boy as to his place in the scheme of things as considerable of a tragedy. Understanding these differ-

ences, the dignified conversations, the mature judgments and desperate seriousness of the characters do not appear as inconsistencies on the part of the author. *The Paul Street Boys* has lost little of its charm in translation, according to those who have read the Hungarian and American versions.

C. L. Sanders

### TRADER HORN

"Being the life and works of Alfred Aloysius Horn, the works written by himself at the age of seventy-three, and the life, with such of his philosophy as is the gift of age and experience, taken down here and edited by Ethelreda Lewis; the narrative of a boy trader's adventures in the seventies through which runs the strange thread that is the history—meagre but all that is available—of a young English gentlewoman (Nina T—, goddess of an African Josh House.)"

John Galsworthy in his introduction calls these "untutored memories of youth adventuring long ago in a wild place, recorded with an untutored pen in a Johannesburg doss house. And to those who in these days of fakes, might be doubtful whether it's not all too good to be true, let me say that in February, 1927, I had the pleasure of meeting the "Old Visiter" and his editress in Johannesburg; and that he is in very truth the character here disclosed."

"Born thirteen miles out of Glasgow, Ma'am. My name's Horn. Aloysius Horn of the Fist-and-Spear . . . . I've been blood brother to the cannibal . . . . the most moral race on earth. The women chaste and the men faithful. Ma'am, I could tell you, I've seen." He came close as he spoke. The waxen skin and high, wide skull stretched over with parchment and a few gray hairs; the white beard, longish, narrow and pointed—an imperishable picture—Aloysius Horn.

There is in the book a reproduction of an oil painting done by Horn on a piece of paraffin tin. Two lions on a high rock—the male staring down below, the female watching his face. It has in its accompanying *Plots in a Picture* a good and clear bit of "indirect discourse" on the root of discontent and the divorce evil.

The book is charming. The winning personality of the Old Trader which seems to permeate it reaches out from the confines of the covers and ensnares you so that you want to read and reread it. It is refreshing in its newness and inimitable style. That the book is highly colored is clearly evident for the old visitor says, "I can't be second-rate in literature, Ma'am. I must give facts and novelties too. Properly woven, they are the basis of solid interest. Aye, there's something in writings like armour to the feelings."

Gene Mari Vana.

### THE GOLDEN BEES

By Daniel Henderson

Mr. Henderson, in this novel, writes lightly and charmingly, covering a simply immense amount of space in history. The story has to do with Betsy Patterson, American who marries an unacknowledged son of Napoleon. She spends a life-time wandering through Europe seeking a phantom position in European autocracy. Her son and grandson defeat her purpose marrying into American families.

This novel has all the austerity and heart-break of history, completely omitting the frills and laces which are usually attached to books of this nature.

You're going to pity Betsy Patterson as you trace her adventures through Europe, but this won't stop you from liking her.

John G. Quinlan

### THE UGLY DUCHESS

By Lion Feuchtwanger

Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir

Whether or not you like historical novels, *The Ugly Duchess* will astound you.

Feuchtwanger goes back to the fourteenth century for his material. So vividly does he present the array of irreconcilable personages that one feels these personages have only been sleeping these hundreds of years—until Feuchtwanger by the rustle of paper and scratch of pen has awakened them to life's selfish, scheming complexities.

The story necessarily is about persons. But Feuchtwanger goes deeper than this, for by use of these individuals, he presents the fourteenth century. He gives us a picture of an era with all its treachery, brutality and greed. More than this, he gives us "an impartial picture of a death—the death of the Middle Ages."

As the caption would indicate, the central figure is Margarete, Countess of Tyrol, called "Maultash" (sack-mouse) because of her ghastly ugliness. Through Margarete, we are permitted, at least once in our lives, to glimpse the passions, the power, the maliciousness which one person can embody. Here is a woman so ugly that women laugh at her or even pity her, so ugly that men avoid her. A woman with the brain of a statesman, a lonely woman heaping all her pent-up love and passion on Tyrol, the hereditary kingdom.

It is all court politics; "the untrustworthy machinations of crafty men who lust for temporal power. So rulers are changed, heirs are cheated out of their lands. Jews are slaughtered, wars are fought and peoples bribed."

As has been said, the book will astound you.

Grace Ringer

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