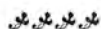


The vindication of that fundamental law to which America is indebted for her glory and her greatness was a mighty work and it was complete. No American has ever risen higher in his conception of the grandeur of union, and none has given a deeper or more distinct meaning to the great national truth for which he stood. None has ever moved the American heart with nobler and grander sentiment, and none has ever planted deeper in the soul of a responsive nation a great fundamental principle.

Of all the great men who have figured in American history, who have stood as a bulwark in our national crises, there is none who has succeeded better in settling a question of great moment, and settling it right, than has Daniel Webster, the champion of the Constitution.

*F. C. Aldinger, '98.*



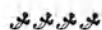
### BIOGRAPHY.

FREDRICK C. ALDINGER was born near Utica N. Y. Dec. 21, 1873. At the age of five he came with his parents

*Fredrick C. Aldinger* to Sutherland, Iowa, where they still reside. Mr.

Aldinger is no exception to the rule that all great men are born on a farm, for the country has always been his home when with his parents, who now live on a farm near Sutherland. For a few months, during the winters, he attended district school, but at the age of sixteen entered the public schools of Sutherland, where he graduated, after two years, to enter Buena Vista college, situated at Storm Lake, Ia. Four years after Aldinger's initial appearance inside college walls, there came to him the consciousness that somewhere there was a broader and better field of study than Buena Vista afforded, and in casting about for the location of that field, fortunately for Drake University, he perceived in her the embodiment of all the elements that formed the foundation of his

ideal of a college and it was here that in the fall of '96 Aldinger cast his lot, as a member of the class of '98. It would be idle flattery for us to speak here of his habits, manners and high standing, which have endeared him to the whole University, as more and more we came to recognize him for what he really is. It would be doubly useless for us to dwell upon the exalted position to which he has vaulted this last year. Standing today, the most honored of all Drake's sons past or present, let us not waste our time—or his, by bestowing fickle flattery and vociferous praises upon him; rather let us with becoming dignity and *real* friendship *quietly* lend our encouragement and assistance toward the preparation for the mightier conflict which is to come, when at Beloit next May, the champions of ten states meet upon the platform to uphold the scholarship of each individual state. We are already sanguine in regard to the outcome of this final contest and we know that Iowa's orator, while he once commanded the confidence and support of his own University, now holds the confidence and *respect* of the entire state.



### The Tragedy of a Mind.

IN a lecture room of one of the large universities a white haired professor sat alone late in the afternoon. He had just dismissed a body of students and could hear them even now noisily dispersing on the campus beneath his window. "I seem very tired tonight," he said half aloud as he indifferently arranged his books and papers, and he found himself heaving a sigh of relief because the work of another day was done. Leaning back in his chair he clasped his hands on his tired forehead and noticed what he had not realized, that it was hot and throbbing. "It seems queer" he thought, "my work never used to affect me so."

The door opened and a tall girl carrying

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an armful of books entered and came quickly toward him. It was his daughter Edith, who never failed to come and walk home with him at five. He was always glad to see her, to-night especially so for she had such a restful face. He held out his hand and as she came up and took it, she looked lovingly down into his strong, rugged face and a look of tender anxiety came into her deep, thoughtful eyes as she said: "Let's go home and have our tea father, you look so very tired."

"Do I?" he said with a little laugh, "Well I believe I am just a little tired to-night, or at any rate my head is troubling me some. I wonder why it is Edith, it never used to take so much effort to hold fifty or more inquiring young minds for an hour on a subject I have spent my whole life trying to get in hand."

"Well it wouldn't now," she answered re-assuringly, "if you were perfectly well, but that awful cold you have had all month has kept you from being yourself."

"No doubt that is it" he said wearily, and he let her help him on with his coat, and they passed out into the hall.

"I had almost forgotten," he said, "I have to go into the library for a second; you hold these things and I'll be back in just a moment."

Groups of the students were sitting around at the tables beginning preparations for the next days work and Prof. Hummel's kind smile seemed to diffuse itself warmly over them all. He loved all the university's boys and girls, as he was wont to call them, and they were quick to appreciate that he was genuinely their friend. He liked to feel that he was closely in touch with their young, expanding lives, it pleased and stimulated him to be told of their hopes and aspirations, and he always treated their views with the same respect as those emanating from conservative maturity. Their petty disturbances, and so called trials, were never of small import in his eyes, and in their successes he was never too busy to rejoice. He called them his

inspiration, and he worked not for the recognition that followed from the world without the little college sphere, but only to instill into the receptive minds that came daily before him that which would broaden and enrich the lives they were to live. Keenly he felt the responsibility of offering to them the best of what he had assimilated through years of effort, in order that they might use and develop it for themselves, and for humanity, when he had gone from among them.

He was standing in one of the alcoves, looking for what he wanted, when he heard some one enter the little room on the other side of the thin partition, and recognizing the voices of two of his favorites was about to go in and speak to them, when the boy said,

"Wasn't that lecture this afternoon pitiful?"

"Yes," replied the girl sadly, "it fairly made my heart ache. I've seen it coming on all this year, but the last week has been a great deal worse, and this afternoon certainly was distressing. Once in a while there comes a little gleam that just suggests the brilliancy of other days, but then he weakens and wanders almost instantly and we are only forced to pity the contrast."

"I was just trying to think," said the boy, "what it must mean to a mind like that, to feel itself growing weak. To know that the time had come when it must rest passively on what it had done, no matter how it craved to do more."

"Right there," responded his companion, "seems to me the pathetic part of it. Prof. Hummel in no sense realizes that he is not the power he once was. Evidently he is entirely unconscious of how dangerously his gigantic intellect is tottering, and his students are all so thoroughly devoted to him, and reverence so profoundly the wonders he has achieved, that they would endure anything rather than let him feel the change. And yet I sometimes wonder how much longer it can go on this way."

Like shadows not even conscious of the walls they are darkening, they passed on, leaving the old man in the next alcove leaning heavily against one of the shelves. His drawn lips quivered helplessly as a child's, and he saw the books and familiar things about him through a blinding mist. There are times in life when one does not speak, when one does not even think. As he turned, and walked slowly away, he stooped a trifle more, his age-furrowed face was a little whiter, and the bloodless hand on his cane shook perceptibly, but he had the same cordial smile for the students he met in the hall, and when he joined his daughter he apologized with characteristic courtesy for having detained her so long.

When they reached home he said: "My head is aching badly now, Edith, so I am going right to my room and I will ask you to send my tea there. Try not to have me disturbed."

"Father isn't there something I can do for you?" she asked in a troubled voice, and he answered with a sadness she failed to understand, "No child, there is nothing to be done."

He lay down on the couch for a long time, then he got up and began feverishly pacing the floor. Pretty soon he stood still, and laughed. Why, it was all a huge joke! He was laboring under a temporary indisposition and his students had conceived the idea that he was losing his mind. Poor deluded children, he must hasten to re-assure them. He would make a special effort for to-morrow's work, and then they would see their absurdity, and know that their old teacher had many years to lead them yet. So almost briskly he settled himself to his books, but his new brightness was of short duration. He was watching himself now, he soon saw, and heaven pity him, he understood. He was weak, and it was too bitter, too awful to bear. He gathered the books he had lived with, and loved so many years up in his trembling arms, and holding them tight, cried as he had not done since the days of his early

boyhood. It seemed saying goodbye to his dearest friend. They might meet again, but they would never clasp hands. The sweet fellowship of a long life time was burning low, and soon there would be nothing left him but to worship from afar. He knew it was not the unimpedible wave, natural old age, that this chilly mist foreran. Age that was but the luscious ripening of the half matured fruit he could adjust himself to, and when his tastes and habits had smoothly moulded themselves to the changing years he would find it, though very different, sweet. He had often thought of the tranquil pleasure reserved for the time when pretensions had ceased and desire and vitality were sleeping in one grave; the passive time when one sits day after day in one's easy chair meditatively reviewing the life one has lived, content in knowing that the apportioned time had been used, and the day of activity drawn to a symmetrical close. But to feel a mental stupor weighing you down while the body yet held its own, to know that you were not broken with years, but had climbed too high, and were now falling from the dizzy height, falling, falling into something you know not what, save that it was worse than death. For what is death but freedom, and what was this but bondage in which the songs of freedom were chanted from afar?

The many colored sunset that melts from radiance into an ethereal hue and mirrors its soft loveliness far into the responsive east is nature's choicest masterpiece, and in the beauty of its mellowed splendor the soul forgets the burning of the noon-day sun, but the storm that fiercely sweeps the helpless sky while the western horizon waits yet a league away, shrouds in blackness e'en the hours that went before, and leaves unpainted the sunset that should have been. To the artist, an unfinished painting means a painting lost, and a half executed symphony leaves the heart tuned to music unsatisfied and restless. To leave one's work unfinished, this



we give as one synonym for failure. Grasping helplessly at half recognized possibilities we live on to fulfill them. On the basis of what we have built, do we conceive the superstructure.

On this he brooded, for this he plead. He was not through; who would finish his half written book? Who would lecture to his students? Much that he had to tell them yet lurked phantom like in the veiled recesses of his brain, and no man even knew that it was there. Was it then forever to go unspoken, this the culmination, the vital essence, of his whole life's work?

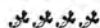
The walls were closing in on him, the air he breathed was heavy and thick. He looked out and saw that it was moon-light, and a strange fancy came over him to go up to the university and walk around a little, for it was large and high there and he could breathe. With the craftiness of a wayward child he let himself out, and with hands clasped behind him, and head bowed low on his breast he sorrowfully went the way that year after year he had gone. It was first in the bouyancy of youth, that with elastic step he had come upon that campus. The years that had ruthlessly silvered his brown hair had busied themselves in scattering far and wide the companions that had made his college days the all they were. In the clear, fresh morning of youth they had met and called themselves friends. In the light of common interests and common desires their friendship had flourished and bloomed. The life they lived fashioned them after one mould, and they came closer to one another than man ever comes to man again. Their minds were at work together, their very hearts beat together, over them all was thrown the sweet mantle of understanding, appreciation, comradeship, and sympathy. A mantle of rare weave, with an existence short-lived, but a memory imperishable. When they were floating down the green banked stream, lingering along just within roar of the sea, they pulled their little barks close together

and said; "Remember we are never going to drift apart." And for a time they did hold together, but it was harder to keep within hailing distance than they had anticipated. The water grew very rough; billow after billow came in fast and wild, storms they had not foreseen blew up and whirled their frail boats round and round in a seething whitecapped mass, foreign crafts pursued and jostled them, and mighty ocean steamers enticed some off to unknown seas. In the blackness of the night they drifted widely apart, and after each had tugged long and desperately to keep himself afloat he knew not in what stream to seek the brother whose gaily painted canoe had floated lazily beside him down the rippling river. All he could do was pause a moment in the lull, and dream fondly of the rollicksome crew of which he was once a part, and wonder if the oars that splashed so musically then had withstood the oceans' hurricane.

The scattered mass of buildings looked weird and ghostly in the moonlight and failed to appeal long to his whimsical fancy. Unlocking the door he went into the room that had been his for almost forty years. He sat down, and while the pale beams played fantastically about his white head he thought of the work he had done in those years, and how now it was virtually over. Hope, rather than joy, old age struggles against relinquishing. Having done what he could, he was to be supplanted by a man from a new generation, who would be welcomed, admired and loved in his stead. His mind was worn to worthlessness and even now he could feel it slipping cruelly from him. He supposed that soon he would cease to be conscious of his loss, and no longer unhappy. Too great a man to bewail the inevitable, here in the strange solitude he grew calmer and clung only to the one pathetic hope that some one would be found to take up the threads he was untangling and with the dexterity of a well trained intellect, and the strength and fearlessness of blood

that is young and untired, weave the beautiful tapestry he had but conceived. He had trodden it long and unflinchingly, he had made giant strides, and had not grown breathless, but now he was to step from the broad highway to sit in an arbor by the wayside, to watch the passers-by, and to wait. Wait until the God who had made him all he was, return to him a hundred fold enriched the mind and strength that for a short while he was taking from him. Wait, until the stars that the gray twilight was hiding shine luminously and serenely in the deep blue ether of eternity.

*Susie Keating Glaspell '99*



### A RESUME.

AMONG the many books that have issued from the press during the last years there is at least one book of recent date, *Quo Vadis*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, that may justly claim a place in the most reluctant library.

"The author modestly calls the book a narrative of the time of Nero. He does not tell us that his novel is a triumph of minute and painstaking scholarship, of deep religious sympathy, of marvellous character-drawing, of nice literary workmanship and of powerful dramatic construction," complains the critic. Indeed, Henryk Sienkiewicz does not tell us all this, for these facts we can best realize when we have read the book. In the very first chapter of *Quo Vadis* the reader's interest is awakened and becomes more intense with every page. The author has not failed to present an impression picture of that time "when Christianity ceased to smoulder and began to blaze." He lays hold of the horrors of the great Christian persecution with directness and enfolds his daring plot with simplicity and power. Not once does his chisel go into the dead block of marble but that it hews out some character in a new and masterly fashion. "No writer, whether of history or of fiction, whom we remember,"

says an able critic, "has drawn so living and speaking a likeness of the Emperor Nero as has this Polish novelist. No one else has made that curious moral monster so consistent in his inconsistencies, so clear to the mind's eye in the uncanny and repulsive peculiarities of his person." Sienkiewicz has very cunningly brought out the egotistical nature in Nero by causing him to exclaim during the conflagration of Rome, "True, amid these cares even I, forget who I am," and then again, "Oh! how flat this world will be when I am gone from it. No man has suspected yet, not even thou, what an artist I am."

In the Christian nation Callina, or Lygia, the daughter of the Lygian king, we find the heroine of *Quo Vadis*. Reared in the house of Aulus, away from the vice and ermine of Rome, she imbibed that trusting faith in Christ which carried her through the trials of the Palatine and over the fears of the arena.

But in the young tribune, Marcus Vinicius, that handsome and athletic young man, we find a weakness of power to resist and it was only his human passion and ardent love for Lygia which carried him through all that he endured. Otherwise it would be unreasonable to believe in his conversion to the Christian faith.

One of the most beautiful characters in all the book, a character full of simplicity and forgiveness, is that of the Lygian giant, Ursus. As a faithful and obedient servant his love for Lygia was more like that of a father for a child. Ursus was a follower of the Christ and when he was sentenced to die in the arena he feared that he might use his giant strength in self defense and not die as "become a confessor of the Lamb, peacefully and patiently."

"The graceful and polished Petronius," a pretorian of the Roman court, we recognize as the hero of our story. He is a man of calm deliberation, full of wit, humor and irony. He has no fear of Cæsar and boldly tells him, "Ye have found victims! That is true. But hear me! Ye have authority,

## *An Unprofessional Crime.*

NOTE: The incidents in this story are literally true and happened a few years ago in South Dakota.

IT being the first hour after dinner on Sunday afternoon, the reporters had nothing to do but elevate their heels to a comfortable angle and intertwine stories with smoke. They were devoting their talents to recounting personal experiences, and were doing this in a way that distinguished them from a Methodist experience-meeting in several particulars.

The talk was interesting but unorthodox, and while distinctly Bohemian, it could not be rated as altogether fanciful. Even the open fire-place, the pride of the Press Club, could not have reflected such strange conglomerations as could any of the lives identified with the respective pair of heels that were toasting before it.

The world has better men than the reporters on daily newspapers. It has smarter men, a few smoother, and quite a sprinkling of meaner ones—the last statement demanding proof. But one thing is sure, it contains no class of men so familiar with the inside workings of all parts of the world's machinery. No one class so definitely knows how many of the reputed "square" things of life are cut on the bias. No class could give so exactly the percentage of men who become broad-minded and magnanimous—for a consideration.

It is the reporter's business to know men and some of them have learned the business well. Whenever a situation culminates in an event, sooner or later—and usually not the latter—there is a newspaper man in the field to grasp all that is exceptional or significant. They bring men to justice, likewise away from it. They can obtain an audience with the first man in the land (the afore-said first man being occasionally created so by them for the sake of a story.) They can be kicked down from the fifth story of

a back tenement house—all with the same divine serenity. So to the man who would know things as they are rather than accept them as they seem, there is much that is worth while, when a crowd of the busiest men on earth take an hour off to talk and size things up.

The stories they tell each other are not padded beyond redemption like much of their copy, for they know it takes a clever fake to fool a faker. Privately they have ideas of consistency. They keep decently within the bonds of possibilities when they inform the man on the rival sheet how *they* shaped political campaigns, engineered reforms, and wrought all sorts of clever dodges to make people live stories that would snap well in print.

A magazine article had just appeared on "The Personal Side of the Reporter." The crowd of reporters deposited cigar ashes on the Press Club carpet and made irreverent remarks.

"The author of that article was the victim of an over-wrought imagination and lacked both experience and discernment. A reporter with that sort of a 'personal side' never held down a good job on an up-to-date paper. He might succeed as a missionary, but that was his limit. He carried a Washingtonian hatchet in his belt. He would get weak in the knees and suppress a good story to keep from breaking somebody's heart. He couldn't swim through tears and come up dry and comfortable." These were crimes, not to be condoned.

The Court reporter for the Morning Herald, embedded in a mammoth chair, puffed a Havana—supplied him by a banker whose case was docketed for the next day. He was the oldest reporter in the city, an all around man, one of the best. After thirty years of newspaper experience, it was yet whispered that he had a conscience. Strangely enough he was idealized by the



aspirants as the Old Fellow, against whom the genuine scoops could be counted on the fingers of one hand. He alone had not committed himself in the discussion, so all turned their eyes expectantly when he flicked the ashes from his cigar and meditatively cleared his throat.

"I suppose," he began quietly, "a convention of managing editors would agree with you that a reporter needs enough sympathy to color his story well, but needs no more. He might see ghosts if he was constituted too susceptible. It is a great thing to have a fine eye for the pathetic in a situation, but that is because it gives the story a brighter tone, and yet—" he was looking into the fire now, "hard and fast lives sometimes snap at the wrong time, and the tears you talk about lose their commercial value, and become human tears, and once in a while it is hard not to have a heart of your own when you are with people whose hearts are aching. I hope I am not a sentimental idiot, but I have lost some sleep in my life that the assignment book could not quite account for. Some day I will tell you how I missed the chance of my life because I was floored by the human side of a situation and committed a crime against my profession, but just now I am due at the office."

"Office be blown, let's have the story! Let her go, it won't take long."

The Herald man blew a few long puffs, by way of forming a background for his story, and then began in his rather deliberate way,

"No, it won't take long, and it may explain what I tried to say. If you want to kick me down stairs when I'm through, you needn't have any scruples. I'm not exactly proud of the thing, but I'd rather like to know what you think about it."

It was when I was running a paper out west about twenty years ago, and it happened on a Christmas Eve. A prettier

night was never put in a poem. I don't see how a better one could be imagined. It was so crisp and frosty that it was better than a glass of whisky just to walk around a block, but not cold or mean. The snow was piled in ridges along the sidewalks and sparkled like silver with the regular old Christmas Eve glitter. It was a good sized western town and every mother's son was on the streets. I never saw such a crowd. Jolly! it made you laugh just to watch them.

News had been bum for a long time and we were getting down in the mouth about it, for out there they like stories that go with a snap and a rush. You are N. G. if you don't get them. There hadn't been any shooting on the reservation to speak of for nearly a month, and the men at the mines were like so many Sunday school children. It was awful. I tried my best to run on to something during the evening, but I couldn't even scare up a single-header.

About nine o'clock I started to the office to run in a little mild copy, but I was suddenly interrupted—that is the story. Right at the corner of an alley a small boy dived into me and nearly knocked me over. He seemed so scared that I collared him and said, "What's the matter kid?"

"There's a man layin' dead in the alley," he whimpered. I loosened him and he pelted off. I supposed some one was hurt a little and stepped into the alley to see. In about four steps I tripped over a man. I struck a match and saw it was Jim Connor, a brakeman on the new road. One more look and I knew the kid had guessed right.

I went in at the side door of the saloon where he had evidently come out. They said he went out that way about ten minutes before. He had quarreled with Bill Barker, who left by the front door about the same time. There was a young doctor in the saloon and when we carried Jim in

he examined a little and found he had received a hard blow in the mouth and that a big wad of tobacco had been knocked into his throat. While he lay there insensible it had strangled him. It was peculiar, but as clear a case as you could want.

None of us doubted that Bill Barker had done it, so I got a hack and hurried to his home in the edge of town. Barker was a railroad man too, Connor's conductor. He was hot-headed, but a better hearted fellow never lived and he was one of the best friends I had in town. He lived with his mother and took care of her and his sister who was sick most of the time.

"Glad to see you, old man, come right in here and have a pipe," he said in his big western way, when he found me at the door. I told him that I couldn't do it, that I was in a hurry and just wanted to ask him a couple of questions.

"Fire away then," he said.

"I want to know what the trouble was between you and Jim Connor tonight." He looked at me and then threw back his head and laughed.

"Well if you came way out here just to ask me that, you must be pretty hard up for news. We had a few words in Larkin's saloon, and when I left he came out of the side door and stopped me and tried to begin it again. It made me mad and I knocked him down and didn't stop to pick him up. He's home by this time and has probably forgotten all about it, I had. Put it in your paper if you want to, but I can't say I think much of it."

I heard another hack drive up just then and thought I had better tell him. He was standing in front of me in his shirt sleeves with a broad grin on his face. He was a big fellow, but when he smiled, he looked like an over-grown boy. If you took a good look in his eye you'd trust him with your last cent.

"I'm afraid Bill," I stammered in a voice

I hardly knew myself, "that there's more in the story than you think. We found Jim lying beside Larkin's saloon about half an hour ago, he was—he—he's dead!"

"You're foolin' me boy," he said, and put both his hands on my shoulders. "It's a Christmas Eve joke on old Bill, ain't it boy?"

There was a loud knock and two policemen stepped into the room. Bill's face grew gray and he looked at me like a big faithful dog that needed help and was sure he'd get it. There was nothing on God's earth I could do, so I backed to the door like a coward, and I'm not sure that some of those tears you tell me about didn't run down my face.

"Why, boys," Bill said in a half whisper I'll hear till my dying day, "I didn't start in to do anything like that. I didn't even know I had. I supposed Jim was home by this time. I liked the boy, you know I did, and I wouldn't kill a cat. I went down to buy Christmas presents for the old woman and the girl. That's all I started in to do. I didn't mean to kill no one; most of all not Jim. I—I—didn't mean to. I tell you I don't believe I did, did I boys?"

The big, honest fellow looked ten years older than he had a few minutes before. I couldn't stand another bit of it without acting the school girl, so I shook his hand and told him to bear up, that it would come out all right, and then I left.

I had enough newspaper sense left to know that I couldn't do the story without going to Connor's house, so I drove there next. It was all lit up and something seemed to be going on inside. I looked in at the front window and then I remembered it was Christmas Eve. There was a good-sized tree in the middle of the room and the two children were dancing around it, clapping their hands and acting like kids always do. Their mother, a pretty little woman, was sitting on the floor playing



with some dogs. She was just a girl herself and looked as happy as the kids. I started to go away, but remembered that the story would have to be out in the morning, so I went back and knocked at the door. There was a scramble inside and I heard them yell, "Its papa!—papa's come!"

I was standing a little in the shadow when the little woman opened the door. "Come on in, Jim," she said in a breezy, happy voice.

Do you think I told her they were bringing her husband home dead? Well, I rather guess not, not!! I asked to see Jim and when she said he wasn't home yet,—I knew when he would be—I tipped my hat, wished her a merry Christmas and went away.

I looked back in the window as I got into the hack and saw that they had gone back to the tree. She was sitting on the floor again and the children were tumbling around her. They were waiting for Jim. I never saw a prettier sight, nor a sadder one.

As we turned the corner, we met a party of men bringing him home. Of course you will say I should have turned back and helped lay him down in the room by the Christmas tree. It would have made a better story. I should have watched how the wife and the children of that dead man received him at the door, not losing sight of the fact of course, that tears have a commercial value. But I didn't. I flew back to town and got a drink, that's what I did. Some of you are stronger newspaper men than I and you might have seen it through. It was a great story, but one too hard for me.

There is no use telling you fellows what the opportunities were, you know the material and that's enough. Take it from the dramatic standpoint—a beautiful Christmas Eve, everybody jolly, a little scrap that amounts to nothing, and a man knocks his

friend down. He goes home, gives his old mother and sick sister Christmas presents bought with his hard earned money, and in a few minutes finds himself charged with murder.

The dead man stumbled upon in the alley had a wife and two children waiting for him around a Christmas tree! If there isn't a chapter from life furnishing newspaper material, I don't know what you want.

It was the best chance of my life to make a record, but I fell down hard. Every time I tried to write I could see big Bill standing there like a child who wanted to be comforted, and I could see the Christmas tree in the window of Connor's cottage. I tried a dozen times and then turned what I knew over to the cub and went out and took another drink. Newspaper enterprise, wasn't it!"

The veteran from the Morning Herald drew a meditative puff and the younger men brilliantly followed suit. Strange enough the youngest reporter there did not say he believed he could have handled the story, and notwithstanding the fact that the Herald man had confessed the commission of an unprofessional crime against his newspaper, his stock did not seem to have depreciated in the fraternity.

—*Susie Keating Glaspell.*



Words, "those fickle daughters of the earth" are the creation of a being that is finite, and when applied to explain that which is infinite, they fail; for that which is made surpasses not the maker; nor can that which is immeasurable by our thoughts be measured by our tongues.

—*Colton.*

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

—*Bacon.*



## The Delphic.


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### At the Turn of the Road.

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Susan Keating Glaspell, '99.

 **T**HE rain poured uncompromisingly down and down, and the State street crowd swarmed unceasingly on.

The girl in the water proof raglan and the small red turban looked from the holly-trimmed windows to the bundle-laden people swarming along outside them, and kept saying to herself that it was Christmas time, and that she surely was feeling very light-hearted and festive. She tried to smile at the children she saw, and to look contentedly about as though the jolliest thing in the world was to be down town in the rain the day before Christmas. But the water was dripping inside her collar, and her heart was taking on something of the soggy of her feet. The feeling of desolation was creeping so overpoweringly upon her that she threw back her head and said to herself, "Some day I shall be famous—some day my pictures will be hung in the great galleries of the world, and then I shall look back to this, and say it was very funny." Usually that anticipation of future triumphs went a long way in the mitigation of present discomforts, but today, though she said the words with stern stoutness, the idea was without its charm. She stepped inside Field's and sat down on a willow seat. All about her were people—people—

people, and she supposed she was the only one in the whole great throng to whom Christmas would mean nothing at all. She must simply count Christmas out this year—make it as much as possible like other days. She would go down to the Institute early in the morning and work all day long. She might be all alone there, but that would be inestimably preferable to a hollow mockery in a dreary boarding house. She would not even go out there for dinner. She would run in somewhere for the usual bite, and if she recognized Christmas in any form it would be the substitution of a turkey sandwich for the conventional ham.

She saw herself sitting in the almost empty restaurant, the waiters looking at her in astonishment to think she had no place to eat her Christmas dinner. And then she thought of last year's Christmas—of all the happy Christmases of the past—the big table—the laughing crowd—the wrapping paper and the string thrown about in beautiful holiday disorder. She rose and started hurriedly toward Michigan. She would go back to the Institute, back to the atmosphere of her work, and perhaps there she would forget those Christmases of other years—when she had not learned that loneliness is the price exacted of ambition.

She went as far as the Library building,

and there something made her stop. She could go up to the reading room and find the paper from home; it would tell her how her friends—who were not ambitious—were spending Christmas, and what she herself would have done were not all things with her subservient to the pictures which would one day hang in the great galleries of the world. The hunger in the heart was more mastering just then than the logic in her head, and she yielded to the impulse. It would moderate the dreariness to see familiar names on the printed page, and to be made sure that somewhere in the world a Christmas was waiting for her, if the pictures of the future would but permit her to go and take it.

The big room was almost empty—Chicago had little time for the reading of newspapers on the day before Christmas. She walked down the long aisle toward the alcove where she knew the Des Moines paper was to be found. A man was standing before it—a man past middle years, and he was reading intently. He looked up and saw the girl in the wet raglan and red turban, and saying, "I have just finished," pushed the paper toward her. She supposed he went away then, or rather she supposed nothing about it. It seemed she was in the presence of an old and dear friend—a sympathetic, understanding friend. She put her hand down on the well-known page and rubbed it this way and that. It was the paper she had read in other days—the paper which the people whom she loved might be reading even now. She forgot brutally big Chicago—forgot even the pictures of the future. The red turban went down into the sheltering folds of the paper from home, and she bowed without reservation under a long growing and all powerful homesickness.

At last she seemed to feel that some one was beside her, and she looked up to see the man who had given her the paper.

"Little girl," he said, "are you lonesome?—discouraged? What is it?—can't you go home for Christmas?"

The voice was a kind one, and it was a face which seemed to understand. It did not occur to her that he was a stranger. She nodded her head in answer to his question, and rubbed away a new flood of tears.

"And why can't you go home?—they want you, don't they?"

She turned her tear stained face to him in astonishment. "Want me!"—and the red turban went down again into the sheltering folds, while the stranger stood there quietly, breathing out unspoken sympathy.

At last she looked up, straightened the turban, and tried to bend her wet face to a smile. "I'm ashamed to be such a baby, but—but it's the first one I ever spent away from home, and there's something awful about feeling lonesome at Christmas time."

"And now," he asked with gentle insistence, "will you tell me why it is you are not going home?"

She flushed, and then threw back her head. "It's for art. I am studying here. Like most of the art students, I haven't much money. What little I have I must spend for my work. My teachers say I have a future, they say I am going to do more than any student who ever came here. I am living for that future—sacrificing for it. I can not afford to go home for Christmas."

The stranger was looking at her peculiarly—his lips smiling, his eyes sad. "And so," he said, musingly, "the world goes on making the same old mistakes, living over the same old tragedies."

She turned to him questioningly. "Don't you think I am doing right to sacrifice for my work? Don't you believe I will be glad some time that I lived for other things than the present?"

For a moment he did not answer, and then he said, abruptly: "If you will sit

down here by the window I will tell you a little story."

She leaned her elbows on the table, and looked across at him. The great reading room seemed entirely deserted, and the city which they could see from the window seemed very far away. For a long time the stranger sat there looking piercingly into space. "Thirty years ago," he said, recalling himself at last, "I was standing just where you are standing to-day. You have made up your mind to get fame, I had made up mine to get money. I grant you that yours is the higher of the two, but that matters little. I had determined to do the things I believed I could do, the things that were in me, and like you, I was prepared to sacrifice. I did just what you are planning to do now—cut myself off from my friends. Well—the hard years rolled on, and with them came the realization of my ambition. I am a rich man to-day—but—but some way the world is a rather lonely place for me. I cannot hope to make you see it, but after years of isolation—consecration you may call it, if you like—one loses the capacity for friendship—for real fellowship. Of course I have friends—business acquaintances, people I know socially, but I have no strong ties. I cut those long ago—sacrificed them—and after you have once grown away from them they are not to be had back. Strange isn't it?—but it's very true. And some way—my little friend—the human heart was not made to feed upon gratified ambition. Shall I tell you why I am up here today? I live in New York City now, but I came out to Chicago on business. I judge that your home is in Des Moines; mine was there, too, once—it was from Des Moines I started out to get rich. This afternoon as I saw the bustle on the streets I realized that it was the day before Christmas, and then it flashed upon me that I was very near the one place in the world that had ever been a home to me.

Something of the same Christmas longing you were feeling came upon me too—old man that I am. It seemed it would be nice to go back there—to see some old friends, and to have a good old-fashioned Christmas. Finally I determined to get hold of a Des Moines paper, and if I could find the name of any one person I thought would really care to see me I would go out there and spend Christmas. Well—I've looked the paper all over, and I am going back to New York."

"Oh, don't do that," cried the girl stretching out an impulsive hand to him, "their names didn't happen to be in today, they'll be glad to see you—I know they will."

He shook his head. "It's hopeless. I don't think I should even be glad to see them. I've lived beyond it. It's too late for me, but—I've determined to ask something of you."

They looked at one another steadily for a minute, and then he put his hand in his pocket and took out a roll of bills. "Oh," she gasped, pushing back her chair, "Oh, thank you—no."

"My little friend," he said, "it's just like this. I've gone over the path, and I want to steer you the other way. You'll paint your pictures all right, I'm sure of that—you some way look that way out of your eyes, but I want you to hold on to the other things too. I'm not a religious man, certainly not a superstitious one, but I can't help feeling that I was sent here to find you today. I want you to take this money and go out and spend Christmas where a girl should spend it—at home. I'll eat my dinner on the dining car tomorrow, and when I go in and sit down at a table all alone it will make me almost contented if I can say to myself—"That little art girl's out home with her friends now—she's having the right kind of a Christmas."

He had pushed the bills toward her, and she was looking at them uncertainly. "I



know what you think," he continued, smiling, "I'm a man and a strange one, and it seems queer. But sometimes people are thrown together in this world in a way conventional rules don't just fit. Won't you gratify an old man's whim? I wanted to go myself, but it was too late for me, and now I want to send you. They want you, and somehow I want to feel that they are always going to want you. You are at the turn of the road now, and if a little of my poor money can steer you the way happiness lies, why—maybe I haven't quite lost

my grip on humanity after all. It will please me to think that at any rate, so you won't refuse to bring a little brightness into my dining car Christmas, will you?"

She reached out her hand for the money, and before she could find voice to thank him he was gone. She looked from the window and saw that the rain had turned to old-fashioned snow. A store across the street turned on the electric lights just then, and there blazed through the dusk a holly-clad "Merry Christmas."



### Christmas Time.

*Snow on the leaves of the brown oak trees,  
It's Christmas time. It's Christmas time.  
A sunset glow where the night wind grieves  
And the solemn church bells chime.  
And tenderer than the songs we sing,  
Holier than the gifts we bring  
Are the common sympathies that cling  
Around your heart and mine.*

*There's a sacred hush in the silver night  
At Christmas time when the moonbeams climb  
Out of the purple, dim twilight  
Into the dreamy, mystic shine.  
There is more of love in the hearts of men  
Through thoughts of the child that was born for them  
Under the Star of Bethlehem,  
At the first glad Christmas time.*

—Rosa Henderson.

