

that he should come to me and do the chores about the cottage that had heretofore plagued me in their persistent calling. He was an apt pupil. "My heart it is in my hand when I do the work," he explained. The little garden now yielded much more than we needed, and he sold the surplus in the city market. Before long he was deep into the chicken business; but, busy as he might be in these interests, his first care always was to look after my comfort. "Your cabin," he had said, "calls to me when I get awake first and when I go to bed last. It is no bigger, but prettier it is and more worth than the hut of my people."

Sometimes, in the long evenings, he would take up his violin and play the songs he had learned in the country that had "despised" him. Sometimes he would read from my books, frequently asking me to explain some phrase, or to tell him further about some person or incident. He carefully pored over the lives of our Revolutionary statesmen and warriors, and often some scientific work held him closely. "In Rooshy for long time they not let Darwin's works be translated. Why? Because he the old

order upset. Spencer's works first must be much cut out by censor—ignorant public officer. But Tolstoi and Ruskin, they let them be read. These writers object to what is; but they say to suffer and not rebel. And Rooshy like the people to suffer."

Occasionally I would place in his way some article exposing corruption in the working of our municipal and national Governments. I had my fears as to the effect it might have upon him, so childlike was he in his adoration of the land of his adoption. And yet I felt that this knowledge must come to him, and I wanted to be at hand to help him when it was necessary.

"Ah!" he cried one evening, laying aside a specially severe attack on Senators accused of being controlled by corporation influence. "The author, will he not for that go to prison?"

Then I explained to him the responsibility of both the writer and the publisher in the matter, and showed him the replies that the accused had made through the press.

"Yes," he said, "that is it, the liberty to say, to speak. You and I—everybody in this coun-tree

where everybody can read—we are the jury. What is it your great man say, 'All the people all the time you cannot fool'? And so it is that your coun-tree—our coun-tree—maybe totter a little sometime; but it never go over. Liberty, it is the grand thing. It do not mean everything is good; but it mean everything may be good."

It was an evening in the late fall when he told me fully about his early life. His load of produce he had taken to the market that day brought him good prices, and he had brought home with him, not the money, but a bankbook showing his first deposit. With boyish glee he told me what he had done. But suddenly his face clouded.

"It is the contrast I remember. When I think so happy thoughts, I cannot forget," he explained. "Rooshy and her poor people—my people—they will keep in my mind." After a short silence he went on:

"It was that my mother's people (she was only a girl of seventeen years old) had little money enough to pay the taxes. And the harvest was poor, so poor

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WHAT WOULD YOU DO

By Elliott Flower

Drawings by Howard Giles

THE sophomores, by virtue of traditional authority, had decreed that the headgear of freshmen should be limited to little pink caps. The sophomores, as usual, considered themselves well qualified to act as arbiters of freshman etiquette and fashion.

Tod Kean, a freshman, did not share this view. Tod knew little and cared less about tradition. Moreover, Tod, being an only son, had been his own supreme authority in most matters for some years, and he was confident that he knew more about dress than the whole sophomore class. So Tod strolled out with a derby of the very latest design.

This, of course, was a deadly affront to every sophomore. It was also rebellious, revolutionary, anarchistic, and everything else that is horrible. The very foundations of a great institution of learning were threatened. Main Hall shook, Science Hall tottered, the gymnasium wobbled, the dormitories rocked, and all other buildings gave similar evidence of instability. Even Woman's Hall shuddered.

The situation was the more serious because the derby was really of late design. If it had been a battered thing of ancient vintage, an old slouch, a back number cap, or anything like that, disaster would not have been so imminent; but for a mere freshman to wear an up to date lid was a frightful menace to the whole college world. How could he be distinguished from his betters?

Thus reasoned Sam Tanson, a sophomore, when the bonnet first dawned upon his view, and Sam was a man to whom tradition was dear. It was clearly his duty to protect the dear old college from desecration; yet he was not disposed to be too hasty in his action. A mere warning might be sufficient. It was possible that this youth erred through ignorance only and had no realization of the enormity of his crime or that it was a crime at all. So Sam approached and chided him gently in some such tactful words as, "Burn the helmet and put on the pink." Tod, however, so far forgot himself as to answer back, which, as everybody knows, was a grave breach of etiquette. Furthermore, the answer was not couched in deferential or even polite language.

There was, naturally, nothing for Sam to do but reach for the hat and inflict such damage upon it that it would be of no further use, which he promptly did. This, you understand, was not only his right but his duty as a sophomore. The freshman was clearly in the wrong. He should not have worn the hat in the first place, he should not have answered back in the second, and he should not have glared defiantly in the third. A great principle was at stake, and it devolved upon the lone sophomore, who had been as considerate as circumstances permitted, to uphold it.

UNFORTUNATELY, Tod could not see it that way. A man, even a freshman, whose new hat has just been ruthlessly wrecked, is seldom able to see things in just the right light. Tod sought immediate revenge, and in something less than half a minute he and his volunteer mentor were engaged in a rough and tumble argument which promised to be one of the loveliest little affairs of the college year.

There came then various freshmen and various sophomores, none of whom needed any explanation of the trouble or of his duty in the premises. There came also Buck Penroy, to act as interested spectator and, possibly, referee. Buck, whose complete front name was Buckingham, seated himself comfortably on a fence to watch the battle. Being a Junior, it was not necessary or becoming that he should take any part in it; but it was entirely proper that he should enjoy the sight, and take such action as might be advisable in case hostilities exceeded the limits of undergraduate decorum.

When the smoke of battle cleared away, which it did in brief time, the freshmen had been beaten off, leaving three of their number as prisoners of war.



Buck Rose with a Roar of Rage.

The beaten freshmen were still circling the victorious sophomores, looking for an opportunity to rescue their comrades; but the sophomores wisely refrained from being lured into any sorties that would weaken the guard about the captives.

"To the lake!" was now the sophomore cry, its being one of the cherished traditions of the class that no freshman was fit for human companionship until he had been properly ducked.

Unfortunately, when the start was made, Tod Kean, one of the prisoners, was flat on his back, and the impatient sophomores did not stop to pick him up but dragged him along by the legs. This was heedless; for the road was not of a nature to be easily or safely navigated by a man on his back.

BUCK PENROY jumped down from his perch on the fence. With the fighting, so long as he saw nothing of bricks, knives, or brass knuckles, Buck had no concern except as a privileged and appreciative spectator, and the proposed ducking was quite in line with the usual order of events in such circumstances; but to drag a man over a rough road by his heels was another matter. That was brutal, even from a collegiate point of view, and it was dangerous. Buck's duty, as an upper classman, was to interfere. This was also traditional.

"Haze him on his feet!" ordered Buck.

There was a lull, sophomores and freshmen pausing uncertainly, and Buck pushed through the

crowd. He leaned over to help Tod to his feet. Instead, however, he joined him on the ground.

Just who did the awful deed will never be known; but some one planted a heavy foot just where it would most disturb the equilibrium of a man in Buck's attitude, and Buck was catapulted across the prostrate form of Tod.

Now if this cowardly assailant had merely hit Buck on the nose or thrown a brick at him or stuck a knife into him it would not have been so bad; but to be kicked is humiliating! Buck rose with a roar of rage and turned on those behind. A man who has been kicked does not reason closely, nor does he stop to get affidavits from the spectators as to the guilty party; he just jumps to conclusions—and Buck made a mistake. It was a natural mistake, but a most unpleasant one for Sam Tanson, for Sam lost two teeth and had one eye closed before Buck could be convinced of the error. Then Buck apologized handsomely, which was consoling; but did not restore the teeth or open the eye.

"I'm sorry," said Buck; "but I shouldn't be sorry if I'd got the right man."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Sam magnanimously. "I'd have done the same thing in your place. A fellow don't stop to think when he's kicked that way."

The incident was closed, apparently. Buck extended a cordial invitation to the man who had kicked him to step up and say so; but no one responded. The hazing, having been suspended, was not resumed, for the good and sufficient reason that the freshmen prisoners had escaped. There was really nothing to do but to attend to the injuries of the unfortunate Sam.

Beyond that, no one gave further thought to the affair—until the following afternoon. Then suddenly the startling rumor that Buck Penroy was in danger of indefinite suspension gained currency.

IT was a terrible thing for the undergraduates to contemplate. Think of it! Buck Penroy! Any other three men could have been better spared. Buck was quarterback on the football team, shortstop on the baseball team, and held the record for the two hundred-yard sprint. Even Prexy himself was less necessary to the university. The students were aghast. They could not believe it. And yet the board of discipline was summoning witnesses.

Sam Tanson was the first called, and Sam was an indictment in himself. The shade over one eye and the absence of two front teeth would have convinced the most skeptical that he had not been playing tiddledywinks. But Sam was game. It was, he said, a matter of no consequence. The board thought otherwise and pressed for details. Sam couldn't remember just how it happened, it was all so sudden. Anyhow, he had no charges to prefer against anybody.

"The charges are already preferred," said Professor Dole, the chairman of the board, severely. "Penroy made a vicious assault on you, did he not?"

"Oh, you couldn't call it vicious," objected Sam. "Not vicious!" exclaimed the professor in amazement.

"Well, you see, Buck couldn't help it," explained Sam.

"Why not?" demanded the professor.

"Somebody kicked him."

"Did you?"

"Me? Oh, no; I'm no mule; but he thought I did."

"And you consider that sufficient justification for such a ruffianly attack?"

"Why, yes, of course. I'd have done the same thing. Wouldn't you?"

The other members of the board of discipline smiled, and Professor Dole, after recovering from the shock of the question, permitted his own features to relax. "Your suggestion," he said, "is so imper-