

lighted to engage. In the visitation of the sick he excelled also, and his joyous kindly face and ready wit lighted many a chamber of the invalid and infirm.

From these ministrations he seemed to rise the more refreshed for his combat with evil in the outer world, a labor to which he always brought his characteristic radical influence. He was not only permanent chairman of the Billy Sunday Solicitation Committee, but he was also one of the first established pastors of this city to see and acknowledge the real though somewhat peculiar service of that splendid minister. Dr. Hyssop believed firmly that the Rev. Mr. Sunday had a work to do which no other man of his time could perform. "All hail and welcome to such an evangelist," was therefore the legend which he caused to be engraved upon the stationery of the committee, thereby awakening some antagonism among the older and more conservative members of his congregation.

No outline of the character of Arthur Hyssop would be complete which did not contain a note upon his great admiration and friendship for our Secretary of State, the Hon. W. J. Bryan. It was at Chautauqua, N.Y., where Dr. Hyssop spent all his vacations during the last decade that he first met the statesman. Mutual admiration and esteem slowly ripened into friendship. Though in the quality of their oratory they differed, Dr. Hyssop attending little to melody of style but much to emphasis, the Secretary employing both rhythm and assonance as a two-edged sword; yet at heart their spirits were linked in kinship. It was to Mr. Bryan that his friend dedicated this volume of collected sermons entitled "Willingness."

Thus anointing and being anointed upon all his ways out of a full heart, he established himself as a lamp for the guidance of others less fortunately endowed and for the stumbling children of this generation. How many are there left like him in this our land?—men of whom it may be said that they are living epistles, known and read of all men.

WALTER CUTHBERT HELPS.

Fit to Dine With Her

It must have been because the room was a real room in a downtown club, and not a room on the stage, that the other men talked about Wiley just after he had gone instead of just before he came in. Wiley had had to leave early, before luncheon was over. He had a strong personality. His fluent conversation, especially when he got off business and on to other subjects, was strengthened with the strength of his personality. Many of the things he said were subtly gratifying to Mr. James P. Bemis,

who thought he understood them more completely than any other member of the party.

At about this time of year Mr. Bemis always had forward-looking thoughts. He began to sketch those summer widowers' dinners and suppers with which it was his custom to brighten the months of his wife's absence. And often, when he had planned a supper that looked about right, his mind would turn to Mrs. Bemis with quickened tenderness. Wiley would be a good man to invite two or three times a summer. He would be the right man in the right place.

Something joggled Mr. Bemis out of his reverie. He woke up to what the other men were saying about Wiley. One voice, hearty and final, declared that Wiley sure had made good. Another voice, modulated, spoke these words: "Yes, Wiley has done very well by himself, very. He started a long way behind scratch, poor fellow. Why, at college I barely knew him." The discussion was closed by Mr. Bemis's contribution to it: "Wiley's all right in his way. I like him. I hope to see more of him. But when all's said and done, he isn't the kind of man you could ask to meet your wife at dinner."

While Mr. Bemis was walking back to his office the poetry of the spring day entered more deeply into his soul. Through half-shut eyes he examined the women he met. Most of them he merely brushed with his glance. That was all they deserved. Now and then, however, when he caught sight of what he was looking for, he gave her a stare that was knowing, cordial, a little derisive. She would do for one of those neat little dinners. Even when full approval was withheld, even when she was not quite worthy to sit at his right hand, Mr. Bemis did not always cross her off his list. She might do for Wiley.

In his office, where he lighted a slightly less expensive cigar than the one he had smoked after luncheon, Mr. Bemis signed the letters his stenographer brought him. They contained too many mistakes. She really wasn't an A1 stenographer. However, a man couldn't expect everything. She was the prettiest piece of goods he had had in his office for several years, even if she did mess up the simplest openings, like, "Confirming our conversation over the phone of yesterday." How would she take an invitation to dine and go to a roof garden? H'm. He had plenty of time to find out. No need to discharge her before autumn, anyway. Curious how a man's mind, once a man like Wiley starts it along certain lines, keeps going. Especially when summer is coming. That was a good thing he'd said about Wiley—not the kind of man you could take home to dine with your wife. It classed a man, a remark like that. When he got home he repeated it to Mrs. Bemis.

That night, as it happened, the Bemises were dining out. It proved to be one of those large dinners where you have to talk all the time to the two persons next you. When they were seated Mr. Bemis inspected his wife's neighbors. One of them was safe, he thought. And in this he was right, for the man was a steady, quiet autobiographer, who entertained women with discourse about his new motor and the trouble he was having with his architect, who liked to show people over his place in the country and say to them: "What I mean to do here . . ." As for the man on Mrs. Bemis's left, Mr. Bemis was in doubt. He had never seen him before—didn't much like the look of him. He looked young and eager and lean, showed white teeth when he laughed, and lacked dignity. Named Brace, Mr. Bemis discovered by asking.

When dinner was well along, six courses up and three to go, as Mr. Bemis said humorously, he told one of the women next him a story. It was taken from a collection carefully made. The point of it, like the point of its chosen companions, was that no woman could take offense at it without showing she understood more than any pure-minded woman ought to understand. The telling of such tales, his eye on his hearer's face, was Mr. Bemis's sprightly way of making dinner less tedious. To-night the story's first hearer didn't get it. By insisting upon having the point explained she made Mr. Bemis feel a little foolish. His other neighbor, when his chance came to repeat the story, restored his self-respect by blushing slightly and looking confused.

The ladies being gone at last and the men alone at last, Mr. Bemis had himself introduced to Brace. When dining out Mr. Bemis never spoke to unknown guests until he had been introduced. He

wanted to find out whether Brace was the kind of man it was all right for Mrs. Bemis to sit next to. The result of his inquiries was unsatisfactory. Brace, who had been talking eagerly, shut up after Mr. Bemis began to talk. His attention wandered. He seemed half asleep. Then a good idea occurred to Mr. Bemis. He brought in Wiley's name, which roused Brace to the pitch of calling Wiley a cad with brains. Mr. Bemis spoke for the defense. He praised Wiley up one side and down the other, guiding his eulogy so that it carried him to the desired close: "Of course I admit, with all his good points, that Wiley is hardly the kind of man you could ask to meet your wife at dinner." The third man in the group said he'd just as lief have his wife meet any man he liked to meet himself, and that anyway he didn't see why you should make any difference between your wife and your women friends. Mr. Bemis countered by a long explanation of his idea. His words had a peculiar effect upon Brace, who looked him in the eye and said: "The kind of man I wouldn't ask to meet my wife is the man who likes the kind of man he wouldn't ask to meet his wife at dinner." Then Brace jumped up and walked off.

Evidently stupider than he looked, Brace was. Mr. Bemis said so to the third man, who answered, "Oh, do you think so?" and smiled. Or perhaps Brace had meant to be offensive. Mr. Bemis wasn't sure. Anyway, whichever he was, Mr. Bemis resolved, as the men moved into the other room, to get even. He asked his hostess to introduce him to Mrs. Brace. But there wasn't any, it appeared. Brace was a bachelor. That explained a good deal, after all. No bachelor ever understood chivalry.

TWO COMMUNICATIONS

Vocational Education

SIR: Some of us school men, who have profound respect for the insight of Dr. Dewey where the underlying principles of social organization and of education are under discussion, are somewhat bewildered on reading the contributions which he has recently made to *THE NEW REPUBLIC*. Those of us who have been seeking to promote the development of sound vocational education in schools have become accustomed to the opposition of our academic brethren, who, perhaps unconsciously, still reflect the very ancient and very enduring lack of sympathy, and even the antipathy, of educated men towards common callings, "menial" pursuits and "dirty trades." We have even reconciled ourselves to the endless misrepresentations of numerous reactionaries and of the beneficiaries of vested educational interests and traditions. But to find Dr. Dewey apparently giving aid and comfort to the op-

ponents of a broader, richer and more effective program of education, and apparently misapprehending the motives of many of those who advocate the extension of vocational education in schools designed for that purpose, is discouraging.

To many of us the questions of the so-called dual or unit control are not fundamental at all. The fundamental questions are, first, as to what constitutes sound pedagogic theories as to the aims and methods suited to vocational education in schools, and secondly, the most effective organization and administration of the means designed to realize them. There are fewer mysterious and uncertain features in vocational education, whether carried on by schools or by other agencies, when such education is rightly interpreted and defined, than in the fields of the so-called general or liberal education. Vocational education—not as carried on in schools, of course—is the oldest as well as even yet the most widely distributed form