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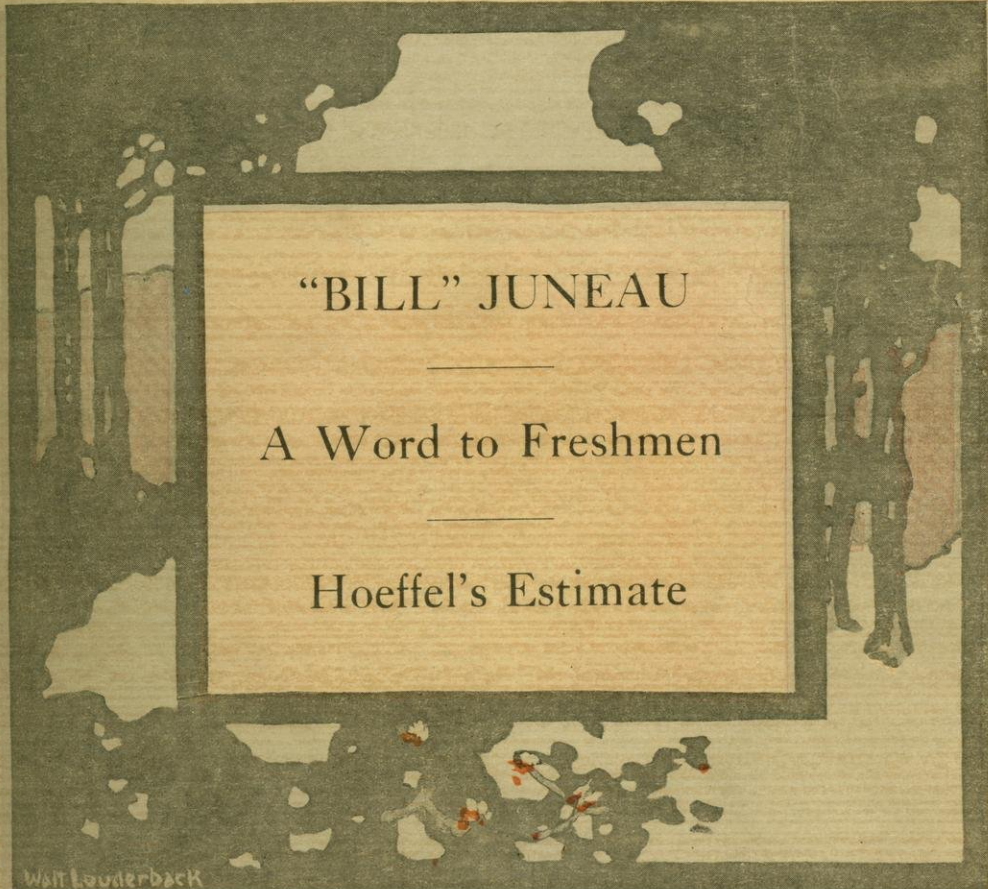


THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume X

OCTOBER, 1912

Number 1



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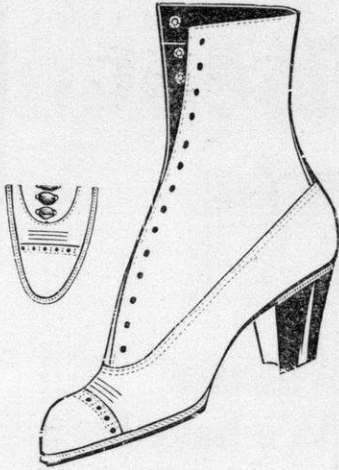
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VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1912

NO. 1

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TERMS: \$1.50 per year if paid before December 15th. \$2.00 if paid after December 15 of the current year. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the center entrance to Main Hall, or contributions may be mailed to the editor, and subscriptions to the business manager.

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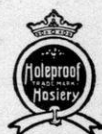
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Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl



Reg. U. S.
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VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1912

NO. 1

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MUST WE HATE?

OF ALL the happy days of the college year, the first is by far the best, and the first month commands to itself no small amount of the year's totality of exuberant spirit and overflowing enthusiasm. It is when you grasp your friends' hands with glad greetings, when you are filled with joy to see Jones back after a year in absentia, or equally crestfallen to learn that Smith has joined the ranks of the money-grasping world, and renounced his degree—it is then that Wisconsin is sweetest to you, and your college is truly your Heaven.

There are no political parties when we first get back—we are lined up, most happily, with everybody. There are no social lines—the scheming agitators who are so largely responsible for the cleavage have not begun to get in their deadly work. The anvil chorus is far, far, in the rear. No one is sour on the football team or the new coach. All the world is at peace with the deans and the director of physical education. This year, fortunately, there is no insane scramble for unwary freshmen. Wisconsin's great campus and her Latin quarter is indeed a Utopia.

That such a condition should continue, is of course impossible. Our enthusiastic happiness must give way to labor, to factionalism, to fight. We need our "Constructive Criticism Club." We need our investigations and our resolutions of censure. Maybe we need these in the full degree of thoroughness and finality that they gained last year, and in previous years. But let us see if we cannot save to ourselves this year, just a little more of that "Glorious to be back" feeling. Can we not preserve our greater brotherhood as Wisconsin men to a little greater extent? Must we be torn by partisanship and factionalism by the end of the year, or even by the end of the semester? Must we be plunged into campaigns that reek with vileness in their personality and vicious onslaught? Must we submit to peanut politics—we who have for our heritage the most progressive state in the world.

Must we stare stonily ahead when we pass a "damnable fraternity house" or re-ville behind his back a "leader of the majority?" Must we work out our problems as two trust corporations, neither of which gives the other credit for honesty, morality, democracy, common sense, and loyalty to duty?

The answer is NO. We can accomplish our work—and it is serious this year—without losing our respect for our fellow students and our pleasant relations with them. With the social organization of the student body as the principal issue of public thought and student activity this year, both constructive and destructive attacks will cut to the quick if they are not tempered with the sound judgment, the gentle-

ness and the absolute sincerity which every Wisconsin man should possess. We are playing a game—a dignified and a worthy one, but let us play it, not like Camorra with secret meetings, and underhanded strategy, but like men, who do as we would be done by.

WHAT THE "MAG" WILL BE

WISCONSIN MAGAZINE enters its tenth year of existence as the literary monthly of the University of Wisconsin with its goal firmly established—its aims clearly defined. If your staff succeeds this year in working out a monthly publication which is entertaining, which fulfils that most necessary function of furnishing a monthly review of things Wisconsin deserving comment of a more than superficial nature, and lastly, but by no means less important, of furnishing a worthy vehicle for the work of university writers, then will we consider our function fulfilled.

We believe the plans for the coming year are the most elaborate which have ever heralded the work of a single staff of the "Lit." We have already started improvements which tend to place the magazine, mechanically, on a par with or superior to any of similar nature in the United States. A new "dress"—our new size, new three-color process cover, and new type faces—afford big opportunities for attractive display. To a certain extent, the methods of the magazine will be popularized, but in no way will true merit in work be sacrificed, nor will the ideals that stand for the best in Wisconsin men and women be subverted.

Among our various features, already in course of preparation are a series of historical articles on Wisconsin institutions—not dry, rattling collections of figures and names, but vigorous, virile, interesting sketches, full of human interest and on subjects that Wisconsin people want to know about. In our November issue, which will appear just in advance of the big game with Chicago and the home-

there will be hints and instructions as to how to start after things. This feature opens in this issue.

On the fiction side, there are the Vilas Memorial prizes to compete for. Mrs. Vilas has again contributed two prizes—\$50 and \$25, respectively, for the two best stories which shall be submitted in a contest to close in December. The conditions are printed elsewhere.

BIG HOME GAME WITH CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 2

Wisconsin's Football Schedule, 1912.

- Oct. 5, Lawrence College at Madison.
- Oct. 12, Northwestern at Madison.
- Oct. 19, Purdue University at Madison.
- Nov. 2, Chicago at Madison.
- Nov. 9, Arkansas at Madison.
- Nov. 16, Minnesota at Minneapolis.
- Nov. 23, Iowa at Iowa City.

coming, that will be a history of Football at Wisconsin, by Cal Chambers, who perhaps, is the best authority on this subject in the ranks of the undergraduates. In succeeding issues will come the story of traditions of Chadbourne—three girl writers are working on this piece—the history of the prom—the origin of the junior play contest—the growth of the student conference as the legislative body of the University—why, when, and how Wisconsin began to participate in the Poughkeepsie classic. These things should be known to every Wisconsin man and woman.

And then, for the ambitious student—for the freshman who don't know how, most of all—there will be a monthly forecast of those activities which will open up, or present opportunities for participation, and

Then there will be our jubilee number. It will come out in the middle of the year. The old boys who contributed to the "Mag" ten years ago, and nine, and eight, and so on down, are going to write for the students of the present generation in this issue. It will be a souvenir of Wisconsin that you will always want to keep. But more about the Anniversary number later.

Now for a word as to policy; The Wisconsin Magazine recognizes no distinction in Wisconsin students—no party lines of aristocracy. Wisconsin can only progress through unity. The columns of the magazine will never be open to partizanship, but to fair discussion and criticism—to correction if necessary—to these words it will always open wide its columns, and your staff will be happiest when the Wisconsin Magazine is an instrument in the thrashing

out and SETTLING of some social problem in the student body. If we have factions, the Wisconsin Magazine wants every leader and every member to be familiar with the foregoing paragraph, and to avail it.

VILAS PRIZE STORY CONTEST

THE William F. Vilas Prize Story Contest, conducted annually in the Wisconsin Magazine through the generosity of the late senator's widow, has become one of the important elements in the literary activity of the university.

Again this year, two prizes, one of \$50 and one of \$25, are offered for the two best short stories offered in a contest which will close December 3. Last year there were thirty entries, and many of the stories submitted were printed in the Wisconsin Magazine.

As has been explained before, Mrs. Vilas does not seek to put magazine contributions on a mercenary basis, but rather believes that honest effort deserves encouragement and worthy recognition. Her generosity has been manifested in many ways previous to this contest, but this is by no means one of the least worthy.

The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. The contest is open to all undergraduates of the University of Wisconsin. It is now on, and will continue until December 3, when all documents must be received.

2. The length of stories submitted shall be not less than 1500 words and not longer than 4000. There are no limitations imposed on the subject matter. Contestants

are requested to have the copy typewritten, and to submit it unfolded.

3. The stories must be mailed to the business manager, 521 N. Henry St., not later than December 3, or placed in the Wisconsin Magazine box at the middle entrance to main hall on or before that date. They should be addressed, Business Manager, Wisconsin Magazine, for William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest. Only a nom-de-plume shall appear on the story. Enclosed, however, shall be another small envelope, on the outside of which shall appear the nom-de-plume used on the story and inside of which, sealed up, shall be a slip with the author's real name.

Members of the faculty will be secured to judge the stories.

ANENT ANTI-VARSITY ADVERTISERS

ONE OF our good jeweler friends recently told us that a movement was on foot among Madison advertisers to cut out all university advertising. He hastened to explain that he had refused to join, and he signed up his contract.

Mr. Individual Student, this is of importance to you. You want your daily, your annual, your monthly, your comic, but you don't want to pay any more than at present.

Figures compiled by C. J. Kirch, druggist, showed that last year, students of the University of Wisconsin brought to Madison, one million and a half of dollars which were simply dumped in, in the course of nine months. This money was not

Captain Hoeffel Expects Championship

THE GRIDIRON outlook for 1912 presages a continuation of Wisconsin's successful basketball, baseball and crew seasons. Football is the last sport of the twelvemonth to go on record and it is now up to us to make a championship year of it.

For the past two months, Coach Juneau has been busy preparing for a strenuous campaign and it goes without saying that our coach will make a showing similar to the old days when he himself played a prominent part for Wisconsin.

The eligibility report which was submitted to Coach Juneau was the best that has been given out in years. This indicates that Wisconsin spirit is of the highest order. This spirit has been stimulated very largely by the backing given the team last year by faculty, alumni, and student body.

The loss of such veterans as Captain Buser, Moll, Mackmiller, Branstad, Roberts, Neprud, Hayes, and Pierce is a very severe blow to the team. However the fact that twelve "W" men and over sixty other experienced players have already reported for practice prophesies encouraging conditions. With this wealth of sturdy material on the field, the outlook is certainly very bright.

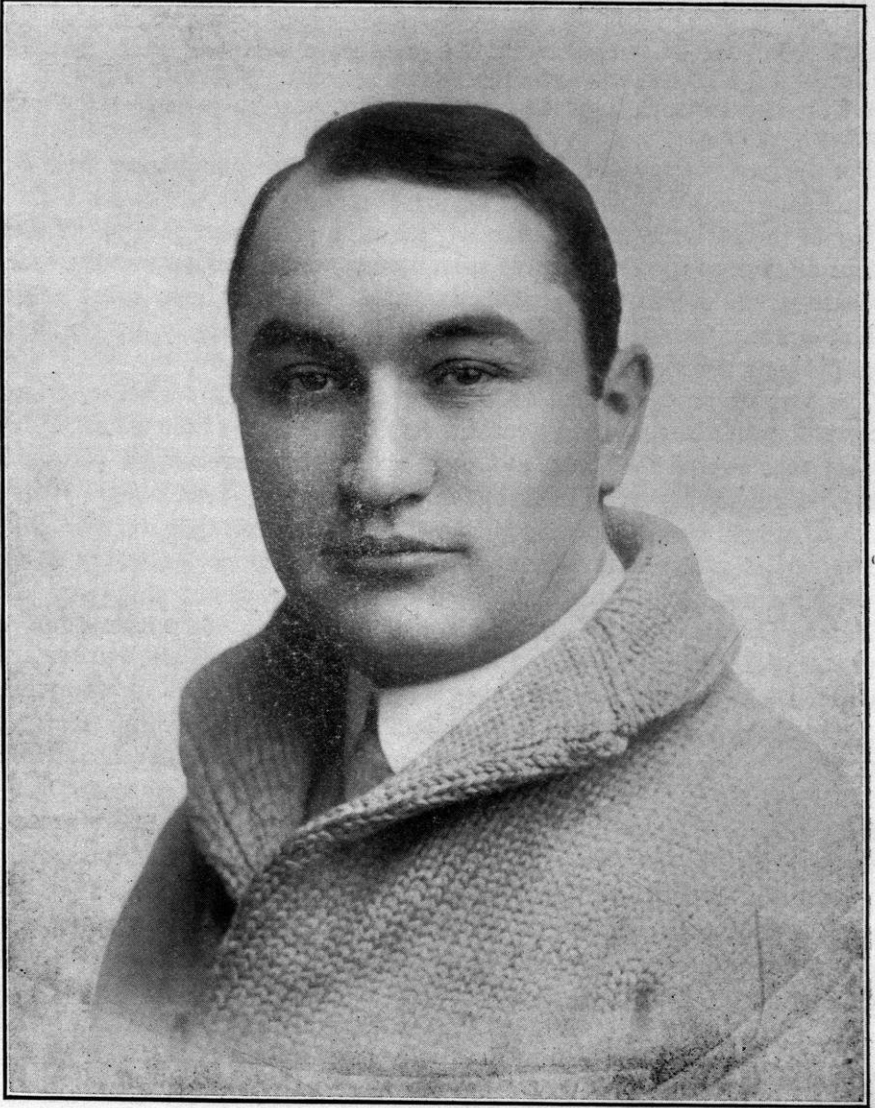
The earlier games with Lawrence and Beloit ought not to worry us much, but we must not be over confident, as both teams are strong this year. Beloit is a new aggregation for Wisconsin and has not been on our schedule for years. Purdue is another new foe, taking the place of Colorado. While Purdue always plays good ball, reports indicate that this year they will have an exceptionally strong fast team. Additional interest will be aroused regarding the Purdue game owing to the fact that our old team mate, "Keckie" Moll coaches Purdue's back field this year.

Iowa and Northwestern both have heavy and sturdy teams this year and we will have to play our best to win. When we play Minnesota at Minneapolis this fall, there will be a lot of new faces in the line-up. Only two of last year's veterans will be back. However, they have an array of splendid material with weight and speed, and to beat them we must play the game to the limit. With Chicago, however, we will have to face most all the veterans of last year excepting two stars eliminated by Cupid. The battle will be a hard one, but we will win.

The slate must be clean this fall. We must have the championship.



Captain, 1912



William Joseph Juneau, '04
Coach

COACH WILLIAM JOSEPH JUNEAU, '04.

By Charles Thomas Anderson, '14.

Here is a pen picture of a coach, an alumnus, and a man, who is to play a prominent part in Wisconsin student life during the coming two months. The advent of the first of the graduate coaches brought success to Wisconsin, and it is to be believed that the coming of the second will be none the less beneficial in the days of the gridiron battle that are before us. You will know Coach Bill Juneau when you have read this article—and he's a man worth knowing.

ON THE opening day of football practice at South Division High School, at Milwaukee, in 1898, a rather slender youth of about eighteen years of age, who turned his toes in just a shade, reported with a group of his schoolmates for the first practice of the season. He was distinguished from the rest of the squad, however, by the shiftiness of his movements and his swarthy features, which bore the mark of determination in their every line. The lad was William J. Juneau, who had played the game of football a little during his previous two years at school, but was now to enter upon his first year of enlightened training under an efficient coach and also, under his own captaincy, lead his team to a championship, without once being scored on.

Thus began the football career of William J. Juneau, the man who is to return to his Alma Mater this fall and carry on the work so nobly begun by Coach John R. Richards, of restoring to Wisconsin that aggressive and unconquerable fighting spirit, which was characteristic of football in the nineties, the period of best traditions and ideals at Wisconsin. To this one purpose he is pledged, and, whether

it brings a championship team this year or not, to foster and keep alive that underlying principle of all winners—forget defeat, and work and play with fight—is his work at Wisconsin, and of this he is full aware.

It is all around this man that our attention centers. As we return to school there suddenly grows up on the hill a mass, one might almost say a herd, of students, men and women, full of interest, eager, and alive for action, inspired by the old familiar hills and lake. We hear the same old inquires, those old questions, "What's the team doin'?", "Who's back?", "What's our chances against Minnesota?", and "What's Stagg got to show?" Each watches his own "pink sheet", and each works out his own "dope," but down deep we are all thinking about the man who is to train, build up, and guide the Wisconsin team. Last year we returned with those same feelings, and, at the end of the season, we found a man, who, true to his purpose, had proved himself. This fall we again find a new man, and the same questions arise; "What has he done?", "What has been the dominant note of his career?", "What has been the underlying thread

around which he has built his reputation?", and "Wherein does his success lie?" All these and many more are asked about the man whose work has brought him back to his university of ten years ago, but none can be answered unless we look back over the high points of his career.

Juneau first entered athletics in 1896 as a football player on the South Division High School team at Milwaukee, where the simple creed of the game embodied only the two canons of fight, first of all, and second, work. Fortunately he played on a team which had a reputation at stake, and he learned the game from the best angle, but it was not until his third and last year that he made a showing which opened a career to him. That fall, under the tutorship of George Downer, he developed, displaying those football characteristics of tactiturnity when in the game, of fighting savagely for each inch, and of tackling with that vicious abandon, which make up an ideal half back. As captain he led his team to a championship, and won the reputation of being a ground winner when all others had failed. The prowess of the Milwaukee "Indian" became known state wide, and although all opponents arranged their defenses especially for him, he continued to make consistent gains throughout the year. In the spring he became a candidate for track, and although he was a good sprinter, he was put to work in the field events, owing to the fact that the team was hard up for points. Here he displayed his usual ability of making good and broke the state pole vault record, doing better by several inches than he had ever done in practice.

That was Juneau's last year at high school, and he left with not only a football reputation but a stock of friends as well among whom was his coach, who sums him up as a man. "In that year I came to know him very well indeed and to appreciate him as a friend of rare loyalty, to whom anything in the slightest degree mean or faint-hearted was utterly impossible. Not at all inclined to put himself forward, in fact the reverse—being of rather a retiring nature, Juneau was still a leader among his school fellows, because of his absolute, unblanching sincerity and unselfishness."

In the fall of '99, "Billie" Juneau entered the University of Wisconsin, bringing with him the reputation of a high school star and a born football player, but also a scarcity of weight, which rendered his chances of "cinching" a place on the varsity eleven rather uncertain. In fact, it was not the usual thing in those days for a freshman to make the varsity. However, after a grueling tryout and a hard fight, he was chosen for end from a squad of eighteen men who were trying for the same position. This was the last year of Pat O'Day, and the holder of an end position meant a man who was not only good but exceptionally good and was sprinter enough to recover the long punts of the reputable Badger kicker. Juneau filled the place, and although he was put on the side lines for a short time on account of condition, he became a star of the first magnitude. This year, Wisconsin suffered two defeats, one to Yale and one to Michigan, but secured the championship of the West, and to some of the old stars and to

Juneau, a freshman the victory is attributed.

In the fall of 1900, Juneau returned and filled his former position of end. This was not an exceptionally good year for Wisconsin, although they defeated every team but Minnesota, but the records show that the star of a year ago continued to play with that old tenacity that had won him a recognition on his first appearance and this year gave him a position on the all-western team.

It was during the season of 1901 that Juneau's brilliant and dashing football playing came to a climax, not that he declined in ability later on, but owing to unfortunate circumstances was forced to give up his natural position of end. More than once Juneau pulled the team out of the hole, and, by his inborn physical ability and his football knowledge, gained through hard fought experience, along with such well known players as Abbott, Fog, Larson, Cochems, and Driver, he helped win a second championship for his university and also secured a place on the all-western team for the second time. A number of incidents are given by several of Juneau's old friends of his work during this year which are highly illustrative of his ability to execute the most remarkable plays.

In the game with Chicago this year, Juneau probably executed the most spectacular play of all his football career. Lacking a drop kicker, Coach Phil King, had set to work on Juneau and, developing his natural if somewhat awkward style, had made him into a really dangerous man anywhere up to forty yards. Wisconsin had early made victory certain by several

scores, but Chicago had a fair team and was fighting bitterly. Finally at a certain stage, the failure of a couple of plays had left the Badgers, with a long distance to gain on the third down, near the center of the field. Rather than simply call for a punt, Fog sent Juneau back with the advantage of a slight wind at his back, to try for a drop kick. The pass was good, and he made a splendid attempt, but the distance was too great, and the ball dropped into the arms of the Maroon player inside of his own ten yard line. As the ball left the ground, Juneau recovered himself quickly and started down the field. As the rules then stood he could not put his team onside but might tackle the man or recover the ball, and, in this case, handicapped by the equivalent of almost twenty yards, he actually passed his own ends before they reached the Chicago man and, diving headlong at him, knocked him down and out before he had gone more than ten yards from the spot where he had caught the kick.

In this manner, Juneau continued his playing through the entire year, and, when the end of the season came, we find him holding a position on the all-western team, and also captain-elect of his team for the year of 1902. And it was during this last year that we see the real Juneau, the Juneau who played for Wisconsin and Wisconsin only. Forced to face one of the most trying situations of a team with one of the strongest lines in Wisconsin history but with no back field of any caliber, Captain Juneau, like Stover at Yale, laid aside all thought of personal ambition or reputation in his position at end and went back of the

line, with that same old spirit of fight and work, to help make a team for Wisconsin. He was only slightly heavier than when in high school, but he took the batterings of the varsity back without apparent feeling, and by sheer force of will power, made a splendid showing at half on what was one of Wisconsin's best, but most unlucky and overmatched teams.

It was in the game against Michigan at Chicago, when Yost's physically more powerful and perfectly coached eleven took the ball from the kick off straight up the field to a touch down in less than six minutes of play, that Juneau again came to the front with that old tenacity of spirit and prevented Wisconsin from receiving what appeared to be a calamitous defeat. Working his team up to almost a frenzied pitch, he lead the defense and prevented the opponents from securing more than the first touch down. During the last part of the game Wisconsin had forced the fighting inside of Michigan's twenty yard line, when on a Wisconsin fumble, one of Yost's men recovered the ball. Herrstein, the man with the ball, started down the field unimpeded for Wisconsin's goal line, Herrstein, the fastest man on the Michigan team, a track star with a record close to even time for the sprints and a fifty second quarter miler, was away with a five yard start over any Badger. A groan went up from the Wisconsin bleachers, for every one knew that this same Herrstein could give yards and yards to any Wisconsin player, in a straightaway run, yet someone with madness, had started in pursuit, and the groan changed to a sigh of hope when it was seen that the flying figure was

Wisconsin's captain, and that he was not losing in the first few yards. A mere instant, and it became evident that not only was he gaining on the flying Wolverine, but that he was actually cutting him down with every step. Somewhere about the twenty yard line Juneau, with a mad tackle, launched through the air at full speed, crashed into the sprinter, cut him down with a stunning impact, and, arising, moved mechanically into place for the next play, before any other player had reached the spot. This game resulted in a twisted knee for the captain, and he was forced on the side lines for over four weeks, which gave him only one more chance before the season closed, and his career as a player ended.

In the fall of 1903, Juneau returned to Wisconsin to make up the work he had lost during an absence from school for two semesters, which absence had also prevented him from taking any active part in track, although he had done some work during his first year and was awarded a W in 1900. As a student he helped Phil King coach the varsity, and also took charge of the Fort Atkinson High School squad, which he made into a championship team, taking the title of the state.

In 1904, he went out west to Colorado Springs, where he preceeded John R. Richards and tied his Colorado Tigers for a Rocky Mountain championship.

The next year we find Juneau director of athletics at South Dakota College. Here under the most serious and adverse circumstances, he secured the only state championship in seventeen years and, in fact, produced the first winning team. He

continued here until 1908, coaching baseball, basketball, and track, as well as football, and when he left, came away with a record of having played all the teams in the central northwest and of having lost only two games in three years.

In 1908, our coach-elect returned from the west and located at Marquette. The first year things went pretty bad, and football became a rather blue subject, but the new coach, starting at the bottom, spent his time straightening out a number of affairs, and getting the conditions in a favorable shape for a winning team. The next year he went at it and produced a team which succeeded in holding Notre Dame to a scoreless tie, whose enmity had been incurred the year before and was to continue down to the time of the coach's departure. This year's work was pretty far from a championship class, but Juneau kept fighting and in 1910 got together a team which again held Notre Dame, who held the western title, to a 0 to 0 score. The next and last year of his work here, the prospects were not the brightest, but by hard work and plenty of fight, he turned out a team that did not lose a game and also held its old enemy, Notre Dame, to the familiar tie score.

This fall Mr. Juneau has taken another step and returns to Wisconsin as a coach, with the fighting spirit, to restore to his school the traditions and ideals of football as it was played in the nineties. He returns with a threefold record. As a football player, he worked for seven years, during which he played on three championship teams and twice held a position on the all-western team. As a coach he has

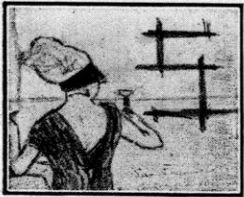
worked at the game for nine years and during this time has produced three titled teams and six of no mean ability. And as a man among men he has received the highest endorsement of his friends. Listen to this summary by his first coach, Mr. George Downer, who has watched him rise for over a dozen years.

"I know that all one man can do to revive the best spirit of football was done last fall. I know how hard John Richards found the task, but he did it. I am convinced that the work he began so well will be carried on this fall by Bill Juneau. He has my sympathy on the job he is tackling. I believe he will succeed, I trust that the faculty, the alumni, and the student body will give him every fair chance to do so. Juneau is the stamp of a man who will ask for no more than an 'even break', but note this, he will fight just as hard—a little harder, indeed—if he fails to get even this. He will give Wisconsin the best that is in him, now as always, and he will go after Minnesota and Chicago with every shot in the magazine. Wisconsin need not be more surprised than it was the last year at a coach who will have the temerity to aspire for victory over these old rivals. That was the Wisconsin spirit in those old days when we did beat them. The man who pulled down Herrstein in 1902 may be equal to pulling down the Gophers in 1912, but in spite of the most effective work possible toward that end, if he falls just short of success, I presume his stoicism is sufficient to enable him to listen, without visible surprise, to the old familiar strains of the anvil chorus from 'down toward the square.' Go to it Bill and God be with you! Those who know you best believe in you most."

THE WHITE NIGHT

By Sidney Herschel Small, '14

Robert W. Chambers, who filled space with the tale of a woman's fight against a taste for alcohol that had begun with lumps of sugar, cologne-soaked, might have known his "heroine" in the living had he met, as did this writer, the woman whose tragic life is so interestingly portrayed here. The Barbary coast, with its atmosphere of bazaar romance, probably is not alone in sponsoring such victims of inexorable fate as this.



OME DAY," she said, "when I have oodles and oodles of time I want you to come and let me talk to you."

She was a good deal like all the rest of her sisters—her lips were much too red—her eyes much too bright—her cheeks too smooth. I had been attracted to her because of her brightly colored stockings and pumps. They were my college color, and we had just been winners at the Hudson classic. Her face wasn't wonderful—rather florid beauty, but just the kind that you would expect from such a woman.

It was her beautiful English that made the woman seem out of place. She had a low voice, and spoke faultlessly—easily—picking out her words with the view to please her hearer. A few moments before, on the floor of the dance hall, I had heard her banter with a half-drunken soldier, outcursing him, and now she had just said—"Oh, Yes, your standing there with your hands clasped back of you reminds me of one of Galsworthy's heroes." Galsworthy on Pacific Street!

She kissed me good-bye noisily, and it left my own lips a little redder than before—her own a trifle paler. Then we went back to the crowded floor—and in the whirl of the "Angle-worm-wiggle" I forgot her and everything else, except that our oarsmen had come in at the front! Afterwards the few college men who were celebrating with me pulled me out to an automobile, then the Cliff House—more Barbary Coast—more excitement, and—Oh, well, the Poughkeepsie races come off only once a year.

A week or so later I was in the same neighborhood, after elusive copy. I wanted a story, and wanted it—needed it—badly. I passed dance-hall after dance-hall, all rather quiet in the afternoon, although here and there I heard the screech of the "orchestra" and the dull hum of the mechanical piano. As I got no material, no inspiration, the cigar didn't taste good. The taste of the cigar only reflects your own feeling at the time, anyway.

"I've got time now"—

It was the girl of the brilliant stockings, dressed in a quiet tailor made dress, with nothing to distinguish her from any other woman sightseer.

Rather involuntarily I took off my hat, and mumbled that I would be delighted to go with her. And, also involuntarily, I threw away my cigar.

She smiled—"I don't object to smoking."

I knew that, I had seen her smoke myself, yet I merely said—"Oh, you know—when walking with ——"

"I thank you" she said.

There was no trace of the belladonna now. She touched my arm as we crossed the street, and I remembered that I was her escort, and helped her up the rather high curbstone on the other side. We walked along Kearney to Market, and in front of the Chronicle I said—"Some flowers?"

She nodded—"Pink sweet-peas, please."

When I had bought them she shoved the fragrant mass into her belt, and said—"We'll take the Turk and Eddy car, please."

We waited on the safety platform until the car came—I rather silent, because I knew nothing to say, she silent probably because I was. The car was filled, and as soon as she entered two or three men jumped up to offer their seats—she took one, murmuring her thanks, and smiled up at me—a little mockingly, I thought.

We rode away out into the Richmond district, and she led the way to a medium-sized house, such as the average business man who is "solid" owns.

She rang the bell, and a china-boy answered almost at once. He took my hat and gloves, and led the way out into a sunny living-room gay with penants and posters.

"My den," she smiled. "Here we can be just as cosy as we wish." She drew off her wraps, and pulled two big wicker chairs over to the window.

"Now"—she dropped into one—"I've got those oodles of time—what shall I tell you about?"

My curiosity was returning rapidly now. Goldsworthy—Pacific Street—this home.

"Well," I answered slowly, "suppose, now, you tell how—er—how this—er—all came about."

She drew off her gloves thoughtfully, smoothing them on her knee. "I knew you would ask that. It isn't—especially—easy to tell about that yet. But—how far back shall I begin?"

"At the interesting point." My eyes caught a "Death to Freshmen!" poster on the wall.

She dropped her gloves to the floor, rang a bell, and told the china-boy to take them



Her Lips Much Too Red

out. Then she settled back into her chair more comfortably.

"Firstly—I went to school at Miss Daeh's School for girls—over in Alameda, you know."

I knew. My sister went there some five years ago.

"Well—I was like most girls, ordinary. I had my love affairs—gave one boy my pin—another a ring—girl fashion.

"There was one boy, no he was a man, whom everyone liked, my people most of all. He and I went out often, to theatres, entertainments, restaurants, in the car, and—once, before dinner, we had a cocktail. Then—another time—another cocktail. Oh, he was good enough."—She saw me look at her closely—"He never hurt me—but one night I brought home a bottle of gin, vermouth, olives, and had my own cocktail. I had two—three—four a day. Surely, the habit grew. All habits do. This man left town. Oh, I was a good girl," she smiled—"but the cocktails came more and more often.

"I graduated from the school, and lived at home. I went out often—but always found time for the cocktail at home, in my room. I needed it—craved it.

"One day I met—you don't know his name. We went out and were after a time engaged. He was—a man. I loved him, but I loved that pale opalescent drink more. We were married. Everyone said—'They'll be so happy.'

"After—when we were alone—I drew out the bottle—mixed two—offered him one—but, oh, how he looked at me!"

"I drank mine, and then his. All he did was to kiss me, but I knew—could see the

pain in his eyes. We were happy—after a fashion—and then—he—divorced me—because I—drank.

"And then—there was another man—another—and—here I am." She held out her arms toward me and I bent over her, and kissed her hand.

The touch of my lips awoke her. "You, sir, are a gentleman." She brushed a lock of hair out of her eyes and said—"Come, would you care to see the house?"

There was a library, lined with good books, with Mark Twain and O. Henry shaking hands with Aristophanes and Shakespeare.

"Here"—she said—"is my other life. I have a boy, away at Whitney academy, who will never know what his mother is."

I bowed over her hand at the door. "I have enjoyed myself immensely," I said.

"I'm glad," she murmured. "Let me see the story when it is finished."

Two days later I brought it to her—at Pacific Street. Her eyes were bright again—her lips scarlet—she had on the gay stockings again.

"Let's have a drink," she said.

I nodded and she called—"Two Martinis, boy."

We drank, and then I said—"I've got that story here."

"Oh—wait until some afternoon—when I have oodles and oodles of time."

I left, after I had bought her another drink, and watched the couples whirl on the floor and listen to some fish-wife voiced entertainer. It was a hot night, and the fetid air was stinking with the odor of many cheap perfumes.

A heavy fog slid down Telegraph Hill, with just a taste of the ocean salt in it. I turned up my collar, and went down to Pete's for an oyster stew.

THE TIME TO START -- A WORD TO FRESHMEN

By Chester Caesar Wells, '13

"Get thee into activities," says the writer of this article, especially intended for the incoming freshmen. How many freshmen—how many upperclassmen, for that matter—know just what is meant by activities. Athletics, debate, oratory, journalism, dramatics, music, religious work, culture, even fussing, all have an important part in our student life, and go to make up that mass of throbbing industry known as student activities. This article is in pursuance of the Wisconsin Magazine's established policy of showing freshmen how to start.

GET THYSELF out into the field of college activities that thy Alma Mater and thy fellow students may be benefitted by thy presence here.

In these words a writer in the Wisconsin Magazine last year set down what he would make the first of ten commandments for freshmen. To the men who have gone through the mill, one thing is apparent. Control of activities is concentrated in too few hands, but not because those few are too grasping, but because the vast number of "lay" students have never fitted themselves to take control of these activities. Nor can it really be said, that as a whole, the activities of the student body suffer from this concentration, for generally the men who come to the top are able to carry the burdens they assume.

But this fact is apparent—the positions of importance in undergraduate activity could be equally well handled by hundreds of students other than those in whose hands they are, provided those other students had begun when they were freshmen in the loyal work of serving their Alma Mater and their fellows. But that

is where the shoe pinches—a man cannot start playing football in his senior year and be captain, or manager, nor can a man become editor, debater, orator, leading man or "lady", play manager, political ring-leader, or student court judge without first working through the recognized entrances to these activities which are opened to freshmen, cordially, and with a helping hand.

And to freshmen, let this be clear. There are ways opened for your entrance into every one of these activities. If you have inherent ability, that is all that is necessary. You don't need a "graft" to make good at Wisconsin. If ever a "pull" helps anyone, it is mighty seldom, and the few men who have won something through it are deserving of your profoundest pity. But backed with an intimate experience with many Wisconsin activities, some of which I have worked in, I can truthfully say to the ambitious freshman, I have never yet seen a freshman, or any Wisconsin student, make good through "pull" while on the contrary I could cite many cases in the present student generation where our

foremost men began without even a single acquaintance in the whole university, and with all the odds against them, if that were possible.

And the necessary ability, combined with persistent conscientious plugging, brings sure success.

And when I direct a remark to freshmen in this connection, it applies equally to sophomores, and in no few instances to juniors and even seniors. I have seen men start to make good in the middle or end of their junior year, and graduate with their "W", or some other honor recognition. But to the freshman the greatest field opens itself.

One word of caution appears to develop itself thoroughly in the careers of most of Wisconsin student leaders, and they generally deliver themselves of it in their last year. That is, don't tackle too much. Don't let a craving for honor impair your usefulness by crowding too many tasks upon you. Select your field. Go after it hard and concentrate and to conscientious effort will come success.

For the benefit of those students—both men and women who wish to participate in student activity, The Wisconsin Magazine proposes to conduct a monthly forecast of such fields as will open up during the thirty days which succeed each number, and hints as to the best methods of trying-out will be given. Below is given a detailed list of activities many of which open at once, coincident with the opening of the university.

Athletics

Most of the freshman teams will be organized within the next few weeks, and

the freshman football work starts at once. Freshmen who desire to participate in any of the teams, must first secure an O. K. in a physical examination. Although all freshmen are required to take such examination, and assigned a time when they register, special examinations will be arranged at once upon application to Dr. W. E. Meanwell, director of the gymnasium.

Football Practice every afternoon at 3:30 at the freshman field. Consult the coach if possible before going out. Suits and lockers at the camp are provided.

In General—Crew, Track, Cross country, Swimming, Fencing and Wrestling coaches may be seen at the gymnasium at regular hours. Basketball and baseball open up practice later, but the coaches are glad to talk to prospective candidates. Prof. G. W. Ehler, Director of Athletics, and his assistants at the gymnasium may be consulted about any phase of this work.

Journalism

There are opportunities for every sort of literary work in the college journalistic field. Most of the competitions open up at once. The recognized university publications are listed below, with a hint as to their styles of work, and the names of the persons to see.

"Daily Cardinal." It is announced that The Cardinal will become a noon paper, printed at the State-Journal office. Its field is news writing, editing, and work in advertising and circulation. Inasmuch as the change from an evening to a morning paper makes necessary a rearrangement of office hours and assignment periods, it is impossible to announce the details for the try-out, but these may be found in full

in the first issue which appears on the first registration day.

"Wisconsin Daily News." It has been announced that a daily of this name will appear in the evening, from the Madison Democrat press. It is owned and published by a corporation of students. The staff has not been announced. The field is the same as the Cardinal's, and it is supposed similar try-outs will be announced in the first issue.

"1914 Badger." The annual is to appear about the 23rd of May, 1913. Staff positions are only open to juniors, but art and literary prizes will be announced for all students, and try-outs for recommendations to the class of 1915 will be conducted for sophomores. Arthur W. Hallam is editor and Wallace Brandel business manager.

"Sphinx." The college humorous monthly, with humorous writing as its literary field, and the regular business possibilities. Dennis W. Crile is editor. The business manager is Burt J. Markham.

"Wisconsin Engineer." Published monthly by the engineering students. Technical writing field, and the usual business field. C. P. Stivers is editor and R. D. Hughes, business manager.

"Wisconsin Country Magazine." Published monthly by agricultural students. Agricultural writing field, and the usual business field. W. A. Freehoff is editor and Noble M. Coe business manager.

"Athletic Bulletin." Official publication of the department of agriculture. Writing field limited to athletic topics. John Wattawa is editor and Robert Lamson manager.

"Wisconsin Magazine." This publication is the literary monthly of the University. The writing field includes original fiction, articles on current topics, poems, playlets, illustrating, and miscellaneous writing, while the business field affords advertising and circulation training. Chester C. Wells is the editor and Myron H. King the manager.

Music

Try-outs for the musical organizations will be called for within the near future. The names of the organizations explain the work that is necessary. Those in charge are C. A. Mann, who conducts the university band, which is affiliated with the Cadet Corps, and replaces regular drill, and the university orchestra, and Herbert Stothart, who has charge of the Glee club and the Musical clubs. Both Mr. Mann and Mr. Stothart are members of the faculty.

Foreign Language Clubs

Germanistische Gesellschaft. German club having social, literary, and dramatic programs. Weekly meetings. For membership, see Miss S. A. Sterling, Associate Professor of German.

Romance Language Club. Similar to the Gesellschaft in scope except that it is an organization of those interested in French, Spanish, Italian, and the other Romance languages. See J. S. Galland, of the Romance Language department for membership arrangements.

Military

All freshmen and sophomores are required to drill. Freshmen may try out for non-commissioned offices if they have had previous military training or knowledge. The Rifle Club trains a team for the

annual intercollegiate shoot. See Commandant Ball or Assistant Commandant Atkins for information regarding fall try-out for non-coms. Second floor, Gym.

Wisconsin Union

Every male student is ex-officio a member of the Wisconsin Union which works out the all-university side of social life. Quarters are maintained in the first floor of the Y. M. C. A. which is rented outright. Club rooms, piano and game tables, billiards and pool, are found here, and a candy and cigar store is conducted. Those wishing to work on Union projects, such as dances, mixers, football returns, vodvil, etc., are assigned places on committees upon application to the president who has a daily office hour from 4:30 to 5:30 in Association Hall, except Saturday and Sunday. Committee work leads to recommendations for election to the governing board.

Student Government

Elections to the Student conference will be held early in the semester. Freshmen vote, but have no representatives.

Forensics

Freshmen are elected to literary societies

within the first few weeks of the semester. A public declamatory contest, known as the Freshman Dec, comes in December, and will be announced in detail later.

Freshmen may attend the first few meetings of the literary societies and might discuss membership with members of their acquaintance.

Religious Work

There are four working religious organizations, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Catholic students association, and the C. F. U. (Catholic women). The Y. M. C. A. is quartered in Association Hall, the Y. W. C. A. in Lathrop, and the Catholic organizations in the chapel house, next to the chapel on State street.

Dramatics

The dramatic field includes the Edwin Booth, the Haresfoot, the Red Domino Clubs, the senior and junior plays, the Union vodvil, the bi-ennial circus this year, and other minor productions. Inasmuch as they do not come into the limelight immediately, they will be given thorough treatment in the next issue.

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE THE STORY OF WISCONSIN FOOTBALL

An intensely interesting narrative of the old days of glory, the hideous blackness of depression, and the rise to success that came again. The big men who have participated, Chief Justice Bruce of the North Dakota supreme court, Candidate "Ikey" Karel of Milwaukee, Rev. Mr. Jacobs of the Milwaukee University Settlement, Pyre, Richards, etc.: The man who conceived the idea of introducing football at Wisconsin, the primitiveness of the early game: The era of Pat O'Day, the eastern trip, the Yale game, and the 1901 championship: Ned Jordan's expose of the rottenness of western athletics in Collier's in 1905, and the athletic reformation: The faculty proposal to abolish football, the near-riots that resulted, and the appearance of "Ping Pong Hall" in ten foot letters on the front of the gym: The student's activity for the retention of the game: The down and out period of bum teams, no money, and no coach: McCarthy's volunteer services—first success in the 17-17 game with Minnesota in 1907.

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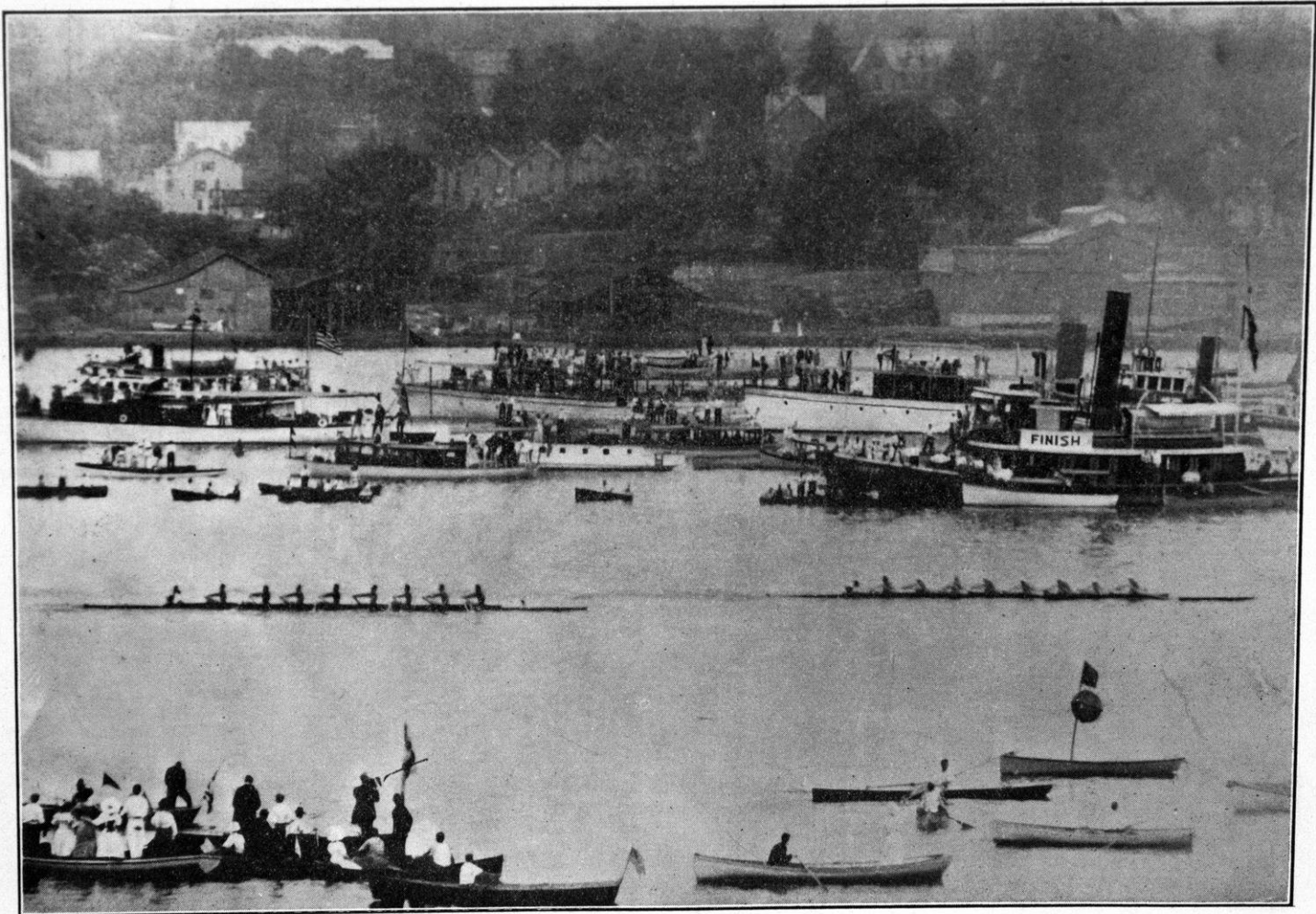


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Just how far behind the winning Ithicans the Badger shell really was on the momentous day last June when our oarsmen "showed how" to Columbia, Syracuse, and the other rowing schools, the enterprising camerist demonstrates for us in this splendid picture of the finish. Wisconsin was a length behind, this picture having been taken from a slight angle.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF CLASS ACCOUNTING

By Edwin Stanley Hollen, '15

AN EFFICIENT means of safe-guarding the student funds will be initiated this fall, when the new system of class accounting goes into being. The "checking-up" plan was evolved by the student conference, evidently as the result of rumors, concerning the mismanagement of class funds which circulated about the campus last spring. The unwholesome undercurrent showed slight depreciation as the year drew to a close.

Coming as it did, on the heels of a dozen other "eleventh-hour laws" passed by the conference near the close of the school year, the class accounting resolutions enjoyed little publicity. The conference rules do not affect the financial recording of the classes but mean also the creating of a new set of class officer-ships. The rules therefore assume considerable importance.

Each of the classes will, in the future, elect a board of three trustees at the beginning of the sophomore year. The trusteeships are to be held during the life of the class. Vacancies will be filled temporarily by the class-president and permanently by the class itself. Should any trustee become manager of the Badger, the junior prom or a class play, his resignation from the board would be required.

To forestall juggling of class funds the board of trustees aided by a faculty member will audit accounts and keep the records

under lock and key. A complete summary of what the class received and where the money went will be published at the beginning of each semester. As a significant comparison, the only class financial record published last year was an item concerning the sophomore smoker. This obligatory publicity must in itself form an efficient check on expenditures. Under the new arrangement class treasurers will be supplied with sufficient funds to meet the incidental expenses of the class. The board of trustees will be the official caretakers of the class money. Every committee and every member of the class will henceforth be required to submit complete accounts of the minutest expenditures.

Another feature of the student conference rules, provides that "The manager of the junior play and the senior play respectively shall receive for his services, after all expenses have been met, twenty per cent of the net receipts." The reputed fabulous fortunes made regularly by the play managers will thus assume more tangible proportions. The boards of trustees for the classes of 1913 and 1914 will be elected during the coming months.

Considered merely in the light of a formidable stumbling block to petty grafting, these class accounting resolutions appear the most promising of all student conference legislation passed last year.

"THE DROP IN THE BUCKET"

By H. E. R.

What is more glorious than to be a man among men, a pal among pals. Perhaps you reply, a man among women. But in all its seriousness, this question hits one of the fundamental features of university education. If you are not succeeding in building up close intimate personal friendships, and a good number of them, at college, you are losing something very important. The authors of two tales, "The Drop In The Bucket" and "Acis, Genius," evidently know whereof they write, and while we spurn didacticism, yet we relish wholesome pictures of social elements in our life

WHEN EMALINE came to the University, she experienced that same sense of profound chagrin that all of us feel, when, still somewhat inflated with the comparative idolatry of our little home circle, and still burdened, perhaps, with the three-month-old dignity of having delivered a valedictory address, we find ourselves suddenly plunged into the outrageous, swirling throng at the registrar's office, and the tragic conclusion is borne in upon us that here are a thousand others who, together with us, will be counted as mere drops in the bucket.

But Emaline came with the grim determination to defy the inevitable mediocrity to which every freshman is doomed. She had gained recognition in her home town; why not here? She wanted to be somebody. She wanted to stand out from the common throng as a serious minded young woman who was a vital force in the progressiveness of this great university. And with this ambition ever before her, she settled down to work.

She maintained a fairly admirable scholarship, and by the beginning of her third year in college, she was surprised to

find how deeply she had plunged into college "activities". Incidentally she had gained recognition. Her name was connected with every active college enterprise. Her opinion was solicited upon all matters ranging from class politics to literary programs, and she realized with gratification that her opinions were generally respected.

Yet Emaline, notwithstanding the respect in which she was held, did not "go out" much. She attended one dance in her freshman year. She did not attend any in her sophomore year. Some thought it was because she scorned frivolity. A few knew it was because she was not asked.

The fact that she was not asked worried Emaline. She loved to dance, and skate, and drive. She loved a good time. And she loved an interesting discussion on a good, serious question. Yet the men who came in the afternoon to consult with her about planks in the platforms of their political tickets, or to ask her to please "swing the co-ed vote" this way or that--- these men who came to ask favors of her in the afternoon, took other girls to dances at night.

In a way, Emaline was glad that these men did not ask her to go out. If they had asked her, she could not have escaped the distasteful feeling that she was merely being rewarded for the faithful performance of a favor. But there were other men who might have asked her to go out, men from her home town who carefully made a point of making a ten-minute call on her once a year—men who respected her “in the abstract”—men who liked to have common sense discussions with her when she wanted to study at the library. Somehow, they never cared to take her out. They took out girls that were more adept in the chit-chat conversation that is said to relieve the tension of the day’s work.

At first Emaline was keenly sensitive about her apparent deficiencies. But she was at a loss to know just what they were, or how to remedy them. Later her sensitiveness turned to scorn for the men who preferred to earnest conversation, the exchange of frothy compliments and superficial pleasantries.

Then gradually the normal perspective asserted itself. She realized with a start that it was she herself who, at the beginning of her college course, had set up her own standard. The two courses that are open to everyone had been open to her: she might seek a more or less wholesome mixture of seriousness and frivolity, and be a drop in the bucket; or she might choose that course of extreme seriousness which fascinates and lures till it assumes monstrous proportions and leaves precious little room for frivolity—but she would be an individual, standing out against mediocrity.

She had made her choice, and now after three years she had established her reputation; and regardless of the question as to whether or not it was “worth while”, there was nothing for her to do but to live up to it.

It was in the spring of Emaline’s third year that the first “mixer” was held. Emaline was overjoyed. Here was the sort of entertainment that meant something. It meant an interesting, cosmopolitan crowd. It meant a delightful indifference to the conventionalities of informal parties. It meant a splendid expression of democracy! It was a party to which a girl might go without being asked. Wisconsin spirit demanded that every student should go, and Emaline donned her most becoming party frock, and went with two of her girl friends.

There was a crowd when the girls entered the hall, and Emaline, radiant in her enthusiasm, was soon separated from her friends. Unconsciously she assumed the role of hostess. She went about from group to group carrying enthusiasm wherever she went and surprised herself by making clever remarks at unexpected moments.

“Good evening, Emaline.”

Emaline wheeled about and cordially held out her hand to the man who had taken up three quarters of her precious hour at the library that very afternoon.

“Why, good evening, Joe. I’m glad to see you here this evening,” she said pleasantly.

“I’ve been thinking about that short ballot system ever since I saw you this afternoon,” Joe said. “Let’s sit down

over here and settle it up now. You said yourself that the short ballot practically implies a commission form of government."

"Yes—That's its chief virtue, because it will eventually centralize the power in the hands of responsible people—experts. Just look at the irresponsible statesmen we have now."

Joe laughed good naturedly.

"Yes, but look at the responsible statesmen we have. Look at Bob La Follette, and a lot more like him—just as earnest and responsible as any of your commission men would be. Why, your commission government's going to lead to all kinds of graft. Look here:

"Suppose Madison wanted to hire a professional mayor. And say Superior thought she'd like to have the same mayor. Perhaps there are very urgent reasons why Superior should have him. And perhaps Madison has just as urgent a claim. The professional mayor will go to the highest bidder every time, because that's his business. Why, there's the richest field for graft right there—"

"Hello, Joe! What are you two people talking about so seriously?"

"Hello, Ruth." Joe was on his feet in an instant. "Glad to see you. I was looking all over for you. Hard to see anyone in this mob. Have you decided yet on the relative merits of tutti-frutti ice and lemon flip?" Joe laughed and then suddenly turned to Emaline.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Have you ever met—?"

"O yes, indeed," Ruth interrupted him gaily. "Emaline and I are good friends. Say, Joe, I want you to meet my room-

mate. She's over there across the room. I hope I didn't interrupt?"

"Not at all," Joe assured her. "We were just talking politics."

"Politics!"

Emaline was amused.

"Just discussing commission form of government," she explained.

Joe looked impatient.

"But there's no use arguing with a girl," he said, cheerfully unconscious of the ruthless blow he dealt. "Come on and show me to your roommate." And the two went off together, leaving Emaline with the sinking feeling of having been dropped into a bottomless pit.

Emaline was hurt. She was just as capable as Ruth in discussing the relative merits of tutti-frutti ice and lemon flip. She had talked to Joe about the short ballot because he himself had suggested it. Nobody gave her credit for knowing about anything frivolous. The habit of talking seriously to Emaline had become instinctive to her friends. And her friends seemed to enjoy it. That was the funny part of it. They seemed to enjoy it—until some other girl came along who could discuss the more attractive subject of lemon flip. It was painfully evident to Emaline that she was not a social success. Her cheeks burned at the thought of Joe's indifferently walking off with Ruth in the midst of their political discussion.

"Hello, Emaline. Can I have the twelfth dance?"

It was a man from her home state that came up, and Emaline smiled a pitifully forced smile as he sat down beside her.

"I don't know whether I'll stay as late as that. I have to leave early."

"O pshaw! Say, I was glad to see you swing that election the other day. It was the co-ed vote that decided it. I tell you it takes people from our good old state to do the big things around here. How's the S. G. A. coming? And the Consumer's League, and the Y. W. C. A.? and all the rest of them? You manage to keep pretty busy don't you?"

Emaline sat up straight.

"Karl, I'm sick of the whole business. What's the good of S. G. A.? What's the good of Consumer's League? What's the good of Y. W.? What's the good of anything around here? I'm tired of talking labor questions in a mock literary society. I'm sick of infinitive constructions in **Maria Stuart**. I'm disgusted with the co-ed vote that decides such weighty questions as: who shall be junior sergeant-at-arms? What's it all for? Three men break their necks trying to get me to swing the co-ed vote in three different directions. They flatter me and tell me I'm influential. They're after the co-ed vote. But if you talk equal-suffrage to them, they're at the indelicacy of a woman's soiling her lily hands at the polls. But they don't care if their mothers soil their hands scrubbing a dirty floor. Yes—I'm sick of the whole business and I'm done with it. I'm tired of friends that are nothing more than business acquaintances, and if no one will talk lemon flip to me, I'm going home—" and without another word she jumped up and made her way through the crowd and down to the dressing room. Trembling with excitement she put on her cloak, and

snatching her party bag from the hook, she ran out of the building.

"I don't care what he thinks," she told herself recklessly, as she waited on the corner for the car. "If he thinks I've gone mad, maybe he isn't so very far from right. Oh, if I could only go home tonight!" and a wave of self pity surged through her. "I've made such a goose of myself and I'm so sick of the whole business."

She boarded a street car and sank into a seat near the door.

"What's it all for?" she asked herself bitterly. "I don't care anything about it, and surely no one else does."

She looked around the car. It was empty except for a very tired looking woman and a sleeping baby at the other end of the car. As she took her fare from her dainty silk bag and gave it to the conductor, it seemed to her that he looked sorry and sympathetic. She did not want sympathy. She did not need pity. She had gone to the party because she had wanted to. And she had come away—because she had wanted to. She was glad she had enough backbone to be independent.

The car stopped and she got out. As she stepped down she stumbled on the muddy crossing, but doggedly she picked herself up and walked quickly toward her rooming house half a block away.

"I don't care," she assured herself fiercely, as the tears welled in her eyes. "Anyhow, I'm not a mere drop in the bucket."

ACIS' GENIUS

WHEN Acis' mother looked into his bright eyes for the first time she knew that her son was destined to be a genius, and gloried in the fact. Accordingly she gave him the mystical name of Acis.

From the very first Acis was something apart from the rest of the world. When barely three years old, at an age when other children took huge delight in rolling about in the sand and mud, playing with their fellows, Acis was toiling over the pages of a book. At five he had read all of Shakespeare.

His proud mother sent him to school early. Acis was a model pupil, both in deportment and in studies. Never engaged in mischief, he spent all his time at his lessons, and so apt was he that when he entered high school his intellect was as well trained as any of the teachers'. He lacked something in specific knowledge, otherwise there was no material difference.

One day a great man visited the school Acis attended. He read some of the themes written by the young prodigy, and heard him recite. Then he went to Acis' mother and told her that her son was a genius. He also offered to send Acis to college at the conclusion of the year.

Acis ought to have been very happy. He knew that if Providence granted him length of years, his work and deeds would endure long after his death. It is only once in a century that anyone is born with his inherent ability. But as Acis grew

older it seemed to him that his genius drew him away from the common lot of man into a dream world of his own. His soul rebelled against this with all its ardent strength.

In the very beginning Acis was thrown among live young lads, not one of whom was ever suspected of harboring the tiniest microbe of genius. Rich, red blood coursed through their veins, hard knocks were given and taken without a murmur. All overflowed with the exuberance of youth and were glad to be alive.

With Acis it was different. He was a genius. Geniuses never romp and play. It was their duty to crave and dream their name into eternity. Little knew the red-cheeked lads that, though he stood so silently by as he watched them at their play, his inmost nature revolted at his thrall-dom; he would gladly have given all his natural gifts to secure a bloody nose in some rough and tumble sport.

A sleigh with tinkling bells whizzed past. There was a scurry of eager feet and Acis was left standing alone. For while he stood idly by, letting his once rosy cheeks be replaced by faded ones, real, live boys, thrilling with vigor, were speeding over the frozen snow.

Ice, smooth and clear as glass, beckoned all with magnetic power. Acis, too, donned polished steel runners but he could not dream and skate at the same time. He was ever the slave of his beckoning star, which constantly lured him on to things

ethereal.

Excitement was at fever heat in school. The football eleven was to meet its first strong foe. Brawny fellows, whose only genius consisted in enduring violent contact with mother earth, were the hope of the hour. All eyes worshipped their brute strength, while the genius stood unnoticed by. What would Acis not have given to change places with any one of them!

Going to a dance, a strange unrest seized his heart as he watched the graceful figures flit by, borne on the wings of music. He, too, would join the happy throng and lead a butterfly existence, but his inexorable genius interfered. Acis could only stand silently there, eating out his heart.

A beautiful young woman, whom he loved with all the intensity of his poetical nature, was the queen of the evening. A dozen eager cavaliers acted upon her slight-

est beck, while Acis might have been a thousand miles away for all the notice she took of his existence. It has been said that a genius never hates, but a wild rebellion at the slavery that held him in its sway, was surging through his soul. Why had he been created a genius!

At four score and ten years, Acis died. During his long life he led a reserved existence, silent and taciturn. He never mingled with the mob but was ever occupied with his work. His labors were prodigious, his accomplishments stupendous. Men pointed him out as the most intellectual person that had ever lived. He was a genius.

Little they knew the wild longing of Acis to be a man among men and not a mere machine, mere intellect; that he would have given all the treasures of Eldorado to be a dreamer no more.

AN AUTUMN REQUIEM

Murray Ketcham, '13

I

The golden tints have passed away,
 The bare brown limbs remain;
 They sigh and moan to leaden skies,
 For summer days again.
 The dead leaves lie along the road,
 They rustle to our tread,
 And cover low in silence deep,
 The long, fair summer's dead.

II

Like by-gone days that ne'er return,
 With youth and joy again,
 Sometimes in life and heart we feel
 The cold autumnal rain.
 The heart may yearn for loving eyes,
 And forms that now are gone,
 For closed within her brazen book,
 The Past keeps all her own.

"PRAISE TO THEE WE SING"

By John Mulany, '08, Deceased

In inaugurating a series of historical sketches, this piece of work has been reprinted from the October, 1908, issue of the Wisconsin Magazine. It has been characterized by alumni since, as one of the finest pieces of writing that has ever appeared in the "Lit." Mr. Mulany's story of the first use of the Varsity Toast and of its present influence is highly interesting. The second article of this series, "The History of Football at Wisconsin" by Cal Chambers, will appear in the November issue.

SOME time since, the president of one of our large Eastern Universities, in addressing a convention of college students took for his subject the songs of our American Colleges.

In his introductory remarks he referred to the songs of the English and German Universities as lasting inspirations gleaned as students. He pointed out the wholesome effects which these melodies have had in inspiring devotion and reverence for the Alma Matre, thereby making in the end, for a deeper and better spirit of national patriotism. He deplored as an undeniable truth, that there are few American colleges, if any, which have songs incontrovertibly their own. The address created some discussion in current reviews at the time. Many staunch alumni came to the support of their mother institutions and brought forth in print defensive histories of our well known college songs. The end of the controversy served to instil in the mind of the interested reader a single conviction: With the exception of "Old Naussau" of Princeton, there is no college song that is indisputably the property of any one school, as regards both words and music.

Had this discussion been waged in the Middle West, how much different might have been the conclusion! But it was a New England contention, and to the New Englander, the considerable part of America lies east of the Blue Ridge. To him the American university is extant no further west than the Hudson. In the meantime, however, Wisconsin students, equally egotistic as regards the importance of commonwealth and college have been singing the praise of Alma Matre in the words that know no parody, to an air that, in respect to college songs remote or near, is no unholy adaption. Wisconsin has at least one song that is incontestibly her own.

How could Wisconsin Rooters dispense with "Hot Time"? Since the days of Phil Allen it has been an adjunct to the enthusiasm of every mass meeting, of every contest, of every subsequent conflagration. "Hot Time", rescued from the mass of maudlin street songs, has, if we shut our eyes to the frenzied processions and midnight glare, become sanctified and hallowed in its present dignity as a college song. It is the most familiar of the airs which are ours, stirring and popular in its tune,

happy in the turning of its phrase, possessed of a sense of joyous irresponsibility. To-day (or shall I say to-night) the Pied Piper is once more among us. He comes in the guise of a band member without uniform. In his shirt sleeves he sounds the magic air of hot time on his battered saxophone and once again the children (for we are all but children on such occasions) come scurrying. Through the streets, dancing and zig-zagging, follow the luring notes, not to the whirl pool, but to the depot, the campus or the gym. Stirring indeed is the summons, and joyful the promise.

But there are heights and depths of feeling which "Hot Time" does not reach. There are shades of sentiment,—the emotions of the crowd—which "Hot Time" does not express. There are occasions for honor, for respect and reverence, such as University Day or a day made notable by the visit of some distinguished alumnus or friend. There are those moments when defeat makes the spirit bitter, when the students rise *en masse* and sing the praise of Alma Matre with spontaneous loyalty. There are moments of tense excitement when the teams appear upon the gridiron, when victory is yet in the balance, that the bleachers rise to a man and the song is one of trust, or inspiring confidence. And greater still are those moments at evening when lights are lit, when the piano is sounding, when the call is a song to Wisconsin, when the sentiment, deeper than that of

mere loyalty, is one of filial love and devotion. We have but one song which meets every occasion and more than does them honor, a song which is the simplest, the briefest, and yet the best of them all—The Varsity Toast.*

Its context is short, almost curt in its brevity, but how much more could it express! The air, likewise, brief as it is, sounds from the finest notes of its master, Gounod. It awakens a responsive chord in every feeling from devoted homage to riotous enthusiasm. It is, as before intimated, a song for all times.

The Varsity Toast was composed in 1898 by Henry D. Sleeper, who also arranged the music. It first appeared in a book published in that year, and its popularity, gained at that time, has never waned. It invariably opens the concerts of the glee club, likewise all student convocations and athletic meetings—at once an invocation, a song of praise, a battle slogan.

Visitors have lauded the beauty of the air and the impressiveness of the spectacle when, with heads uncovered, the bleachers arise to sing. Our own athletic heroes attest the inspiration of the moment—that determination to do or die which portends a victory. Even the self concerted grind, astray in the crowd, feels a qualm of enthusiasm—a contentment that he too is part of the scene, that Wisconsin is his own.

It is, however, in the world apart from the immediate environments of college life,

* "On Wisconsin" was introduced to the student body in 1909, by the writers, W. T. Purdy, composer of the music, and Carl Beck, author of the chorus, both of whom were students. Its success was instantaneous, and has been continuous. More than 10,000 band and orchestra copies have been issued to leaders, and the piano solo distribution has exceeded 100,000 throughout the United States, according to the publisher, Joseph Flanner. Although frequently played in public concerts throughout the United States, it is still "On Wisconsin," and even retains its identity when sung at other colleges. Certainly it is distinctively and purely a Wisconsin product. How long it will remain so is a matter of conjecture.

"On Minnesota" has since been produced by the same writers.

that the Toast has its deepest significance. There comes to mind the memory of a little inland town where the local high school alumni had met together in annual reunion. Gathering in a knot about one of the tables, a group of Wisconsin students sang the Varsity Toast. There was in the act not only a manifest spirit of comradeship and kindred worship, but, to the youth who listened, an inviting call to join the privileged band of singers—to go forth, also, into the world beyond to learn and, in that learning, to rejoice. But fondest of all is the recollection of an alumni reunion, held by Wisconsin men and women in one of the larger cities of the West,

where the meeting was opened by singing the Varsity Toast. How, like a memory key, the words unlocked the past, recalling through happy suggestion, experiences that the busy world had already dimmed if not obliterated.

Surely it is the alumni, who after all most revere the Varsity Toast,—those men and women who have gone forth to face the world, to find that college days are the happiest days, that the old Alma Matre has been indeed a fostering mother. It is they who sing with deepest fervor, who find most unction in the words:

“Praise to Thee we sing.”

THE VIOLINIST

By Howard Jones, '14

As, bending to his cherished instrument,
 The master first doth gently touch the strings.
 And the quick bow, responsive, lightly sings
 Of happy moods and laughter and content;
 Then, one by one, he frees the furies pent
 Within the violin, until he flings
 Restraint aside, and wild the chamber rings
 With sobbing music, lawless, passion-rent,
 Breathing unuttered sorrow and regret,
 And wailing of the dead and their despair,
 Until it seems unbearable, and yet,
 Because the great world's throbbing heart lies bare
 Beneath the harmonies that he hath set
 In motion, we are fascinated there:

So Life, the master, on his violin,
 Ourselves the tool, at first a merry song
 Of happiness and dancing and the long
 Delights of childhood lightly doth begin;
 Anon there comes a change—entangled in
 The melody, a graver note that strong
 And full resounds—then, one by one, erelong
 Awake the cries of passion and of sin.
 O fearful symphony! How wildly swell
 Thy notes of sorrow, blurred with scalding tears,
 Of high ambitions and the threats of hell!
 Unbearable thy voice! Yet of the fears
 And hopes of life thou sing'st so grandly well,
 Awed and enchained we listen through the years.

DOES THE WISCONSIN STUDENT TAKE HIS EDUCATION SERIOUSLY?

By Theo. Robert Hoyer, '12

Are student activities defensible? Is the modern trend from undefiled "boneing" to an education in the "art of meeting men" justifiable, and proper in the curriculum of a great state university. Theodore Hoyer, senior last year and one of the most active of the men of his class, especially in journalistic lines, gives voice to a most interesting philosophy in the following article, in which he views the situation from that pedestal of aloofness to which we all are doomed to transposition upon presentation of our sheepskins.

THE WISCONSIN student does take his education seriously. He is an observer, a student. He enters the university with high aims and purposes and he means to do right and get during four years above all things an education. His intention is good. But what about the results? Is it not true that many students leave our halls with a different kind of an education than they had dreamed of possessing before they entered the university? It is the opinion of many that they do. Not only do students discover this, but the faculty seems to think so, especially when they go over the college record of individuals who seemed to have majored in student life outside of the university curriculum.

But who's at fault?

We need not stretch our conscience very far to agree that there is lacking a serious atmosphere of scholastic appreciation at Wisconsin. This is by no means a specific charge against Wisconsin. It holds true of many modern universities. Is it not true that we draw a whole world onto our campus, that the

university with modern ideas of education gathers up all the important activities of life and aims to perfect them and to make them more serviceable to mankind? Yet we complain of a lack of seriousness of purpose in the higher branches of learning. Try to consider for a moment how you would foster intensive study in the humanities on a campus where practically every activity of life reflects itself. It can't be done in the majority of cases. If a student could temporarily lead a life "in meditation deep, recluse from human converse" he would take on more of the characteristics of the scholar. Of such a person we might well say that he is taking his education seriously. But to take one's education seriously these days, it is not necessary to spend college life in a cloister. However, we must not forget that serious application to study can be entirely dissociated from the ends of an old time real scholastic training. If, therefore, a student does not receive that education for which a university is supposed to stand, it is not so much his fault as it is the fault of our modern idea of education.

The life of our colleges has changed within the last fifty years. Practically speaking, only the small denominational colleges still adhere to the old fundamental principles of education. And what are those?—To develop the best that there is within man by bringing him in contact with the thought of the ages past as well as with the thought of the present world, that he might there find “how all things work and ever blending, produce one vast whole from Beings ample range.”

If our student to-day does not seem to learn the meaning of life, if his conversation is trivial, if he knows not the heroes of the past nor cares to know what life meant to the generations before him, he cannot be blamed. He is a student. He learns from his surroundings. He grasps the spirit of the university and applies it in his student life. But as has been said, the things he applies may be entirely foreign to the real aims and ends of education.

The student learns from the university.

The university is no longer an isolated place with bolted doors and walls. Neither does the student isolate himself for serious meditation. He does his meditating amid a thousand distractions. He can learn his French or German while his roommate is talking to him or while the piano next door is accompanied by strong voices. The university these days is immensely practical. We can learn how to freeze ice cream, and we get credit for it. Very well, the student catches this practical spirit and applies it with true instinct in his life among his fellows. He must have his practical “activities”. He wants a circus, and lo and behold, he erects one. Who taught

him to digress so far from serious scholastic studies? He can be and is serious in the making of ice cream. It is a university course. He is equally serious in the circus. He has caught the spirit of the university. Can you blame him?

Students are taught how to build chicken coops. They take this work seriously. Well and good, if the university can take coop building seriously, building Haresfoot stage property can also be taken seriously. If a student can get three credits for building a chicken house, why isn't it an entirely legitimate proposition to build stage property while you are getting a university education? The latter construction even carries with it more of the aesthetice than does the construction of hen houses.

The university teaches playwriting. That is good. The Junior play contest cannot be condemned. It's tit for tat. In one case you get instruction and credit and in the other you take chances of losing a hundred dollars. That's about the difference. You blame students for spending too much time on dramatics yet faculty members encourage dramatics by their participation in them on the stage.

Surely the student wants his own stage. He has learned from his instructors. He can't help it. He wants a channel for expression. The university teaches him how, by providing an official assistant for the students in musical dramatics. Who's at fault?

If the graduated woman of Wisconsin is ignorant of philosophy and knows not the great metaphysician Kant she is not necessarily to blame. If she stands before display windows or reads the fashion plates

in class she is actually serious. She is taking a course in dress making and receives university credit for it. She may not have had this conception of a university education before she entered the institution, but she too has caught the spirit. It is human nature to choose main travelled roads. The student who is constantly seen on the streets soliciting advertising, when in your opinion, he should be in his room reading Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," is probably applying the principles taught in Psychology of Advertising. The student who is seen at too many concerts at times when his Greek should receive more careful attention may be only following out the principles underlying musical appreciation. No, these men and women are not wasting their time. If it is waste of time these university courses stimulating such interest must also be branded as time wasters. May be they are, but they are tolerated under our present system, and the student cannot be blamed for taking them.

Again, we accuse men particularly of wasting time in the so called drinking clubs. Yet will you hold a student responsible for taking these organizations seriously when they are patronized by members of the faculty? It is unfair to do so. Students take it for granted that the social prestige obtained through affiliation with these clubs is beneficial. They are at heart good fellows and do not regard these clubs as time wasters. Give them the association of university instructors in these clubs and surely they begin to believe that this sort of social

life too has its merits and its excuse for existence.

You go on and cite the evils of the excessive journalistic enterprises in the undergraduate body. But you may not know that our school of journalism is benefitted by undergraduate journalism. Student publications are at present the only media through which a journalistic student can apply the teachings in the class room. The university supplies apparatus for the chemist and pianos for the musician, but no instrument for the journalistic student. Considering this, you cannot very well blame students for supplying the necessary facilities. They are in truth assisting the journalistic department.

Then you say, "Well, there is no need for all this athletic craze". Let it be admitted that it is difficult to concentrate one's mind on serious studies when athletics dominate all university interests, but again the student is expressing the spirit of his university. He loves life, activity, and he finds it in athletics. If the university embodied less of the life of the world and were more of a secluded institution, no doubt the environment would tell on the students. But, inasmuch as we have a "restless" Wisconsin, with those words "more light and progress" constantly ringing in our ears, student life is affected, and the desire for victories and glory is instilled in every individual.

It is true, we have too many activities, but it is equally true that the university fosters many of these activities.

Should you ask then whether or not the Wisconsin student takes his education seriously, the answer must be yes. But

should you ask whether the nature of his work is of serious university educational nature, you would be asking a more fundamental question.

Are His Courses Worth While?

On this question opinion is divided. If education worthy of a bachelor's degree means developing better mechanics, better farmers, better housewives, better business men, then surely Wisconsin is pursuing along the right lines. Remember then, however, if you favor this sort of education, you have no right to demand the old cultural knowledge, the humanities from these graduates. You have no right to accuse them of discussing affairs in their table talks which deal not with the essence of human nature nor border on the best that is known and thought in the world. You have no right to assume that your graduate knows men and books, nor that outside of his particular practical profession he is more able to sympathize and feel the needs of the human race. You have no right to assume that your graduate is a scholar in

the old sense. You cannot accuse him of not having taken his university education seriously if at the end of his course he lacks depth of insight or the capacity of judging soundly and dealing broadly with the affairs of men.

Inasmuch as the university of to-day with its methods of education differs from the university of the past, we must apply different tests as to the education of the college graduate. He may be a practical man, yet unlearned in these arts. Learned or unlearned, however, he has taken his work seriously. If the interest in which the college man of to-day takes in life seems superficial, trivial, undignified and unbecoming of an educated man, don't blame the man, but the institution which has sent him out into the world under its official seal.

This is not a criticism on the modern methods of education, but rather a defence in behalf of the graduate who is accused of having wasted his college life.

WELL, IT MIGHT BE

They didn't know distinctly whether he was a professor of agricultural or commerce school affiliations—he had classes in both. And he was a widely discussed instructor, too.

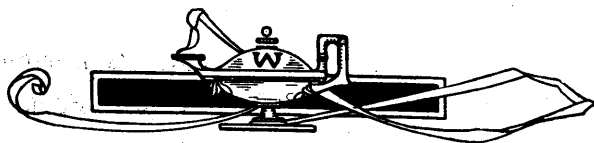
At the close of a dissertation he had called for questions. One was given that he didn't approve of. He delivered a stern rejoinder:

"Fools can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer."

And up piped a voice in the back—he never found out which of two hundred and fifty it was:

"Is that why so many of us failed on your last blue book quiz?"

When quiet came again he proceeded to fill out the hour by giving the chemical formulas of certain grains.



THE COG

By John V. McCormick

DOWN IN the great steel mills everything is life and bustle. No one rests, and no one works slowly. Great cranes swing to and fro creaking and grinding. Through the curling smoke-wreaths, the open fires shine with a lurid glare. Half-naked men rush about but they never jostle or get in each other's way. Cars laden with smoking bars of metal are pushed back and forth by grimy, sweating men. Sometimes one of the bars slips, and a burned, crushed body is carried to the dun-colored hut which he once called home.

But the cranes swinging huge ladles full of molten steel from the furnace door and dumping them in the molds are the most fascinating to watch. High up on each, sits a man who manipulates the levers, pulling the right lever at just the right instant, shooting a stream of hissing incandescent metal into the mold provided for it. John Humpheries was lever man on one of the cranes, and as he stood in front of his levers, clad in rough, blue cloth, blackened with oil, his steady gray eyes gazing straight before him, automatically scizing a lever at the right time, one might fancy him a part of the almost human machine—its brain. And he was intended by his employers to be a part of the machine; for that he was paid and let exist.

But to-day John Humpheries was thinking the most wonderful thoughts in the world, and had the most wonderful light

in his eyes—the light of fatherhood. For the day before a son had been born unto him, and now he was thinking of its marvelous soft limbs and its deep blue dewy eyes and its weak wails. When the neighbor woman who was helping out the little household in its time of stress had first placed the surprisingly fragile thing in his arms, it wailed weakly, clutching, as it seemed, to him at his rough shirt, his heart had gone out to it and he tried to realize that this living, breathing mite of humanity belonged to him—to him and to Minnie. And when he had kissed her goodbye this morning, the child resting on her arm had awakened with a faint cry.

"Isn't it wonderful?," she had murmured as she hushed it to sleep again; "I prayed it would be a boy." He was a father and the thought caused his heart to beat faster; the giant cranes crashed back and forth, but he heeded them not; they were but great machines, and he was a man. When the whistle blew, he hastened home with a new joy to the dingy yellow house in which lay his pride—his son. To-night, it did not cry out when placed in his arms.

"You'll be a famous man, old fellow," he said bending over him. "We'll make a manager out of you. No crane for young John."

Afterwards, each morning as he started for the smoky inferno he rejoiced that

another step was taken toward the coveted managership.

"We had better give up tea," Minnie said one night as they were seated at their evening meal. "We won't miss it, and it will be that much more put away."

The days rolled rapidly round, and young John's first birthday came and passed without event. They had a little account now at the savings bank, and at the end of each month Minnie counted out the coins from a cracked vase in which they were put for safe keeping. When John took them down to the bank, he straightened his bowed back as the teller, who was also the president, said to him, "Good evening Mr. Humpheries, and how it the young chap this evening?" Then he would pour into the receptive ears of the shrewd old banker all the latest cunning pranks of his son. When John would leave the banker would turn to his thin, under fed, over-dressed stenographer and sneer, "You'd think no one ever had a child before to hear him talk; I have to endure him, for Old Sprague across the way would be only too glad to pamper him and the account would soon be transferred."

The long summer evenings followed when John and Minnie would sit together and plan the future of their child. In front of them were the mills belching fire into the placid sky. And in their mind's eye they could see him as manager, dressed in a natty gray suit. Often wrapped in their dreams, they would sit until the grimy-faced clock would, with cracked voice, announce a new day. So passed the months, and autumn followed summer only to herald the approach of winter. For a

space the landscape was covered with a dirty gray covering of snow which melted and ran away in black rivulets. Out in the country the grass turned green, and the wild crab bloomed in the hedges. In the town the annual cleaning up of the streets was talked over, and the factory quarter as usual forgotten.

With John Humpheries things had been going well; his son had grown but was not strong. He was making an effort to talk, and to John the sweetest hours in his life were those spent with his child, guiding his stumbling feet and listening to his baby lisplings. One night in the first week of May when he came home, he was met by his wife at the door.

"I think you had better get the doctor, John; the boy is sick." The doctor came and looked at the suffering child.

"He's quite sick; not so very seriously, perhaps, but you should get him out of here to the sea shore or the mountains. The coal dust in the air is doing him no good."

Then followed dreary days and nights. The baby grew no better. John watched with him part of the night and Minnie the remainder. The neighbors helped them the best they could, but they also had to work and take care of their own families. The money in the savings bank dwindled away. When it was gone, John asked for a small loan from the formerly jovial teller.

"Sorry, but I can't oblige you," was the harsh reply. "If you owned your home, it would be different." No word of sympathy, only this. The doctor came every day now. The frail little child tossed and moaned, the dark angel hovered closer and closer, until one night, the shadow of its

wings passed over the waxen face, and the tiny body lay still. After the funeral, John went back to work. He performed his duties as before, but he could not forget. Often in the night, he would feel the pressure of the child's hands, and he would awake with a start. His life had a feeling of vacancy—of something lacking. He performed his duties as well as ever, but his mind was ever turning further from his work. Minnie seemed to forget easier than he; life soon came back to its normal course with her. The autumn passed and winter came and went. The child's grave became green and turned brown in the turbid heat of mid-summer. John had ceased to brood over his loss, but often in the night he was with the baby in a glorious meadow where the smoke of lofty factories did not obscure the light of the sun.

Once a man came to the mills; he was some sort of an inspector; with him was his boy, a lad of about three years. When John was eating his dinner, the child approached him and talked with him in lisping baby talk. The old memories rushed over John with overwhelming force.

That evening as he sent the huge crane swinging up and down the track, its hissing load glowing in the semi-darkness, he felt an intense desire for rest; he was tired of it all. The whistle blew and the mob of men, reeking with perspiration, surged out into the gathering darkness. John, leaving the crane, walked slowly across the bridge above the sea of slowly cooling molten metal which, in most places, was a dull gleaming white, shading here and there into a deep cherry red; around the edges, it was black. He paused for a moment and looked down; at first, it pained his eyes, but as he became accustomed to the glare, the surface seemed to retreat before him, and he was looking down into a glowing well. At the very bottom was a figure; he could not distinguish what it really was. Attracted beyond measure he leaned forward further and further. From below came a warning cry, but he did not heed it because he was looking into the eyes of his son and the face was rushing up to meet him from the bottom of a glowing well.

AUTUMN THOUGHT

By Murray Ketcham

Open wide the eastern windows,
 Where the brooks of morning run,
 Where the birds in joy are singing
 With the first light of the sun.
 In your heart is youth and gladness,
 Like the streams that ripple low;
 But in mine is gray and sadness,
 And the first fall of the snow.

THE ROBE OF MAKE BELIEVE

By Elizabeth Ritcher

SHE HAD not meant that a single person should know. She was not even very sure of it herself, so it would have been quite impossible to have explained it lucidly to anyone else, even had she wanted to. Yet she found to her dismay that those secrets which are the most precious are usually the hardest to keep. Plenty of times she might be left alone for whole weary homesick evenings, but not to-night when most she wanted to be. The others kept coming in, bursting through the door in tempestuous haste, to borrow her blue necklace, or to have their gowns fastened, or to see if she would pin on their flowers, or observe their hair, or arrange their bows. And each and every one, after one swift glance at her, stood transfixed in the doorway and cried out in tones of unaffected amazement, "My dear, are you going anywhere?"

And to each and everyone she had laughed the same insidious, teasing laugh and replied, "Who knows? Stranger things have happened."

Yet all the time she knew she was but evading the question because she could not give a direct answer. She was not even sure that she could give an answer at all; the idea was still so dim and unformed in her mind, an idea which was most of all a desire for something different, a hope of driving away the loneliness by the only means in her power.

So she turned a resolutely deaf ear to all the curious questionings and went on piling her heavy hair in its softest, fluffiest, most becoming fashion just as if on the exact position of each separate lock there rested a tremendous destiny. Then at last, with a little wondering sigh, she slipped into a gown that fell about her in softly gleaming folds, a gown that was neither one color nor another, but many blended tints of light and shadow, which brought out the shining waves of her hair, and the deep glow in her dream-clouded eyes.

Doors opened and shut all along the corridor as she came to her own and peered furtively out. The others were just descending the stairs, arms intertwined, borne along, as it seemed, by light laughter and snatches of song. She waited only until they had disappeared around the first curve, then stole softly to the head of the balustrade and crouched down close to the rails where she could see the staircase and the hall underneath. There, at the foot of the stairs, stood the group of escorts smiling up into the faces of the girls, who smiled back as they gaily went to meet them. At the bottom greetings were exchanged, and then they were swept outdoors on a last breeze of floating laughter.

She waited a minute after the door was slammed in order to be very sure, then rose, went back a few steps to destroy the ignominy of her former position, and

also descended the stairs. What had been unconscious grace to the others, was by her studied and polished to the point of perfection, a grace gained not from practice but from careful observation. The touch of hauteur in the poise of her head was truly patrician, and there was the faintest suggestion of jasmine blossoms and wide oaken staircases in the slim hand that rested ever so lightly on the railing, just as a Southern belle's might have done in the sunny times before the war. With an eye to the effectiveness of all, she had placed her caller, not at the foot of the stairs where she would have to maintain a fixed, unbending smile all the way down, but a little to one side where she could flash upon him one of all suffusing radiance just as she turned the last curve and held out her hand in impulsive greeting. Everything developed flawlessly; not an awkward phrase nor misplaced smile, as they exchanged the first few words and turned together towards the library.

There the scene was set for their coming (she had seen to that before). Only the side lights burned, bathing the room in mellow glow, and drawn up before the open fire, the great davenport stretched forth its arms in hospitable welcome. She sank into it blissfully, piled up the pillows, and smiled at him to show that he might sit beside her if he wished. The fire-light playing warmly upon her face and hair dispelled embarrassment and instilled the deep peace of content. Wondrously at ease she felt as if she did not need to talk unless she wished, not at all to satisfy that hideous monster which usually hung over her, demanding instant conversation

regardless of desire or ability. So she sat for a few minutes, silent, until quite naturally they began to talk of the things they really cared about, not just the obvious incidents of the day, but those closer matters which, for the thoughtful, enrich and deepen life. And the wonder of having someone who understood and cared; the miracle of finding a deep delight in conversation instead of a maddening necessity. Content lay close about her like a robe, soft and warm, through whose enveloping folds no chill could creep in.

Yet happy as she was, there ever rested in the very back of her mind a vague, half formed fear that at any time someone might come and find her there, an uncomfortable alertness lest at any moment she might be caught and with no explanation to offer. The outer door was ajar, and through it a girl's voice, clear and insistent, floated in from the frosty air. "I have had the most splendid time—O surely I hope so. Good night."

The words cut sharply across her own thoughts, and left her dazed and silent. The robe of make believe slipped from her shoulders and, before she could catch it, fell to the ground. Robbed of its protecting warmth she shivered and grew cold. Dully she turned to look beside her on the sofa, and instead of the man, saw the fire light playing on a heap of tumbled pillows. The mockery of it rose and struck her as it might have an outsider who had happened in and found her with all the illusion gone. An old rhyme with its taunting refrain rang in her ears,

"Molly, Molly Make-a-Beau,

"Make him of fire or make him of snow,

"Long as your Dream holds fine and fair,
"Molly, Molly what do you care!"

So long, only so long. Why had she not realized that the meaning of it was all on that one word? Yet still the taunting, suggestive rhyme beat against her brain, and she could not help but hear.

"Molly, Molly make a beau,

"Make him of fire or make him of snow."

She had made snow men in her youth and they had melted at the first warm touch. Would a fire man last any better?

Deep into the glowing heart of the fire she gazed, and remained motionless, held by some magic power. It was her shrine of dreams; dreams that had been dreamed and forgotten, dreams that were still to be, dreams of sorrow and of gladness; dreams which would be fulfilled, and those whose only mission was to bring peace into yearning hearts for a very little awhile. Many of her own burned there, the dreams of success, the dreams of service, the dreams of love. And to-night because she was very lonely, it was for the love dream that she searched.

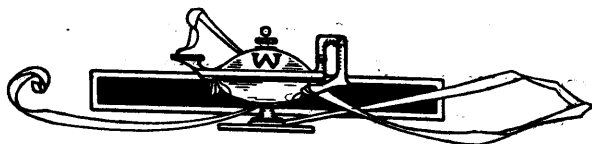
Steadily she gazed at the leaping flames until piece by piece she found it and wove it into form. The man of fire, which she searched for, must be made of many parts. Manliness, she found, and strength, in the darting scarlet points, courage invincible, chivalry and honor, without stain. Slowly,

from all the parts, the man evolved and took shape. In the violet lights which shot now and then through the red, she found the things of the spirit; purity and faith, an ardent quest for the true in life, a soul not scornful of the commonplace, but able to soar far above it at will. He was splendid now in the full strength of body and mind, yet something, the vital something which meant perfection was still lacking.

Then, still gazing before her, she found it, hidden away within the fire's glowing heart. It was the man's love which leaped out in all its power: love all prevailing and absolute, love that had tenderness and strength, love which asked and gave, which protected and adored.

The rhyme rang again in her ears; this time with new promise. It seemed as if it must last: it held so fine and fair. Its presence was near and real. The joy of it swept through her; the warmth of it held her close like a fleecy robe in a cold room. The fire man was made.

There was a stampede on the front porch, loud voices and shrill laughter broke the spell. The robe fell again from her shoulders and this time she did not try to catch it. Shivering with sudden cold, she darted around the davenport and up the stairs just as the crowd was swept in on a final gust of light-hearted laughter.



ANENT ANTI-VARSITY ADVERTISERS

(Continued from Page 4)

earned back, nor taken from the city in scarcely a single instance, by the students who brought it.

The men who sell things in Madison got that money. First it went to the boarding house, then to the grocer, butcher, dairyman, the coal man, the druggist, the paint and paper dealer, the electrician, the gas company, the water company, the furniture man, the jeweler, the music dealer and so on, even to the churches and saloons. This money did what most similar sums couldn't do—it stayed in Madison, going from one dealer to another, until they sent it out for more goods, to supply further wants.

And now some of these same dealers think they can get that million and a half without advertising in university publications, and they propose to try it.

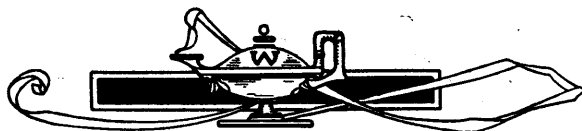
Fortunately, most of this year's publications have their contracts signed up, and need not fear this action. The Wisconsin Magazine need look with no personal uncertainty at such action because it has met a generous response in yearly contracts. But the student body, which makes business Madison so largely possible, had best look to its own interests in this matter. The student body, we trust, will continue

for many years after the writer of this editorial is gone, and it will be entitled to the same support. Perhaps it might dawn upon the university authorities that the student advertising situation needs attention. The university could never allow an anti-advertisers' combine to form without taking action on the side of certain student publications.

Perhaps there are too many publications, and we know there are other reasons. This will be covered in a later editorial, in which the Wisconsin Magazine will present to its readers a compilation of the insignificant sums the students' publications receive back for advertising out of that million and a half.

And then, we are going to discuss the reforms we recognize are necessary in this advertising situation. We are going to work on this with leading Madison merchants, and we hope to have something constructive to offer.

But we said, the Individual Student controls the situation. If the future of Wisconsin's publications are worth anything to you—and they should be—read the advertisements, and shape your purchases, and those you control thereby. And tell your dealer that "this trial order" is because he advertised, say in The Wisconsin Magazine. It makes him happy, entrenches us, and it gets you better service.



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Regular \$1.35 per sack on present market.

\$1.25 per 49 lb. sack }
2 sacks for....\$2.45 } This week
4 sacks for....\$4.85 }

SUGAR—finest cane granulated, 5 lbs. for 30c.

10 pounds 59c.

20 lbs. \$1.18; 100 lbs., \$5.73.

BAKING CHOCOLATE—Per cake, 16c.
Pound 32c.

Rolled Oatmeal 8 lbs. for.....25c

Corn Flakes, 7c; 4 for25c

5 lb. jar fancy Dairy Butter.....\$1.65
(5 cents back for empty jar)

Anchovy Paste, finest, each25c

Waw-Waw Sauce, each.....25c

Sea Moss Farine, pkg.....25c

Junket Tablets, pkg.....10c

California Olive Oil, ½ gal.....\$1.90

Own Make Saratoga Chips—fresh every
hour, pound.....40c

Similar offerings appear every week.

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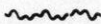
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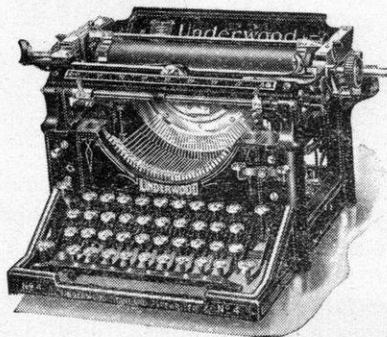


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