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Volume X

DECEMBER, 1912

Number 3

The Traditions of Chadbourne

Pictures of the Minnesota-
Wisconsin Game

Walt Louderback

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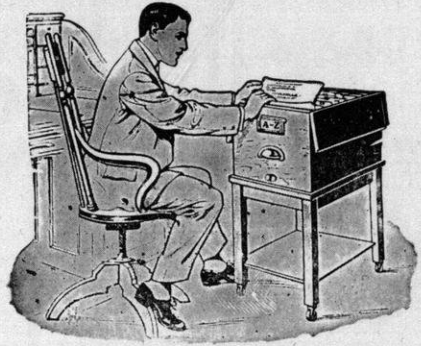
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The Wisconsin Magazine

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VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1912

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



Reg. U. S.
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VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1912

NO. 3

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THE MENACE OF CENTRALIZATION

THE centralization demanded by the development of student self-government in the University of Wisconsin is the fundamental affliction of undergraduate student life.

What is the matter with undergraduate life? Why are activities concentrated in the hands of so few individuals? Why is it well nigh impossible for the average student of average ability, to cause a ripple on the surface of worth while things?

The answer is, "The Spoils System."

It is annually deplored that a certain few bear the burdens of all the undergraduate activity. Those men who are so burdened deplore it most. Perhaps not a great deal less does the man who would like to bear a few burdens feel dissatisfied. The faculty wishes it were otherwise, both in the general assumption, and in too many particular cases. And the average man, giving it but a passing thought, finds it inexplicable, and ceases to worry.

Centralization is to blame. Man climbs in our undergraduate body, by using the men he defeats as stepping stones. It is not intentional, nor is it vindictive. Before the day of the present generation, an oligarchy of interests was created. We have fallen heir to it. True enough, conditions have changed radically, but consider the fundamental difficulty—the institution of student self-government.

When President Van Hise first called together the student conference, it was as an advisory conference. He choose the heads of activities, representatives of fraternities and organizations, and members of the senior society. Probably that was a fair personnel for an advisory counsel, but the moment he permitted that conference to take a single legislative or executive step—to manage a class rush—the damage was done. Centralization was born.

To-day the conference has taken a proper step in putting membership on an elective basis. But it has reserved to itself the power to elect the student court. In permitting this, which is mentioned as a typical case, and is far from the only example, centralization was accentuated. Why shall the court not be elected by the student body? In contemplating absorption of the union and the athletic association, the conference adds to the deadly grip of the centralization power over undergraduate life. Why not concede the power, once and for all, in these and all similar institutions, to the only real central power—the electorate?

Without any reflections on any present institutions or individuals, permit us to make one pertinent suggestion; Centrali-

zation means spoils system. No matter how honest the deciding body thinks it is, friendship, past service; possibility of future use, are predominating elements in selection of men. Has the student conference or any small committee the right to select men on this basis. We believe any man votes under these influences, but we believe that no small committee has a right to select men, under such circumstances, but that they should be selected by the electorate at large, which should be the only real power in any democracy.

The point system of eliminating individuals from too many responsibilities is being considered by faculty and students alike. It is hollow. It is artificial. It is worse than useless for accomplishing real results.

The answer to the problem is to abolish centralization. Let a man go to the electorate for election to a responsible position. The electorate has demonstrated invariably, that it will not choose the same man for more than one responsible election.

Centralization is aristocracy. Power to choose men resting in the electorate alone, is democracy.

TO THE CHAMPS

Our heartiest congratulations to the men who won the western title with All-American football. Our sincerest thanks as well. Wisconsin closes the year 1912 with her third western football championship. She closes a year that has meant more in Wisconsin athletics than any in a decade. 1912 has seen not only our magnificent football campaign, but a championship baseball team and a championship basketball five.

We showed the aristocratic East what "On Wisconsin" spirit was, by two glorious seconds, on the Hudson. The Wisconsin runners won the cross country. Maybe we would do well, in the midst of applause of our Eddie, and Joe, and Van, and Al and Samp and Coach Juneau, and the boys of the other teams, to see whether we have properly oriented ourselves in relation to the man at the head of the whole athletic department. He looks like a champ, too.

MORE CONGRATULATIONS

The journalists, too, are due to receive congratulations through the concurrence of the faculty in a plan to award deserving workers on the editorial side of the publications an official emblem. No one, we are told, is more willing to congratulate the journalists, than the athletic W men and the forensic W men.

It is a source of pleasure to know that these men who, in this case, may be regarded as expressing the attitude of the student body, are pleased with this move. In return, the journalists express the hope that they may serve their university as faithfully, as efficiently, and as fruitfully, for their token, as do their predecessors on the field or on the platform.

AND AGAIN CONGRATULATIONS

To you, students, faculty, and associated workers of the University of Wisconsin,

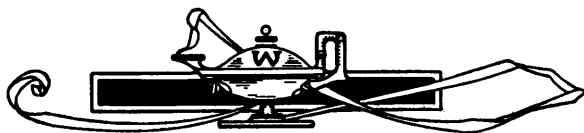
the very merriest, happiest, most enjoyable Christmas. May Christmas be to you all a period without thought of lessons or student strife. When you get right down to it, life is so big and so glorious, that the petty worries of university life are inconsequential. Let's look at it that way until January seventh, at eight o'clock.

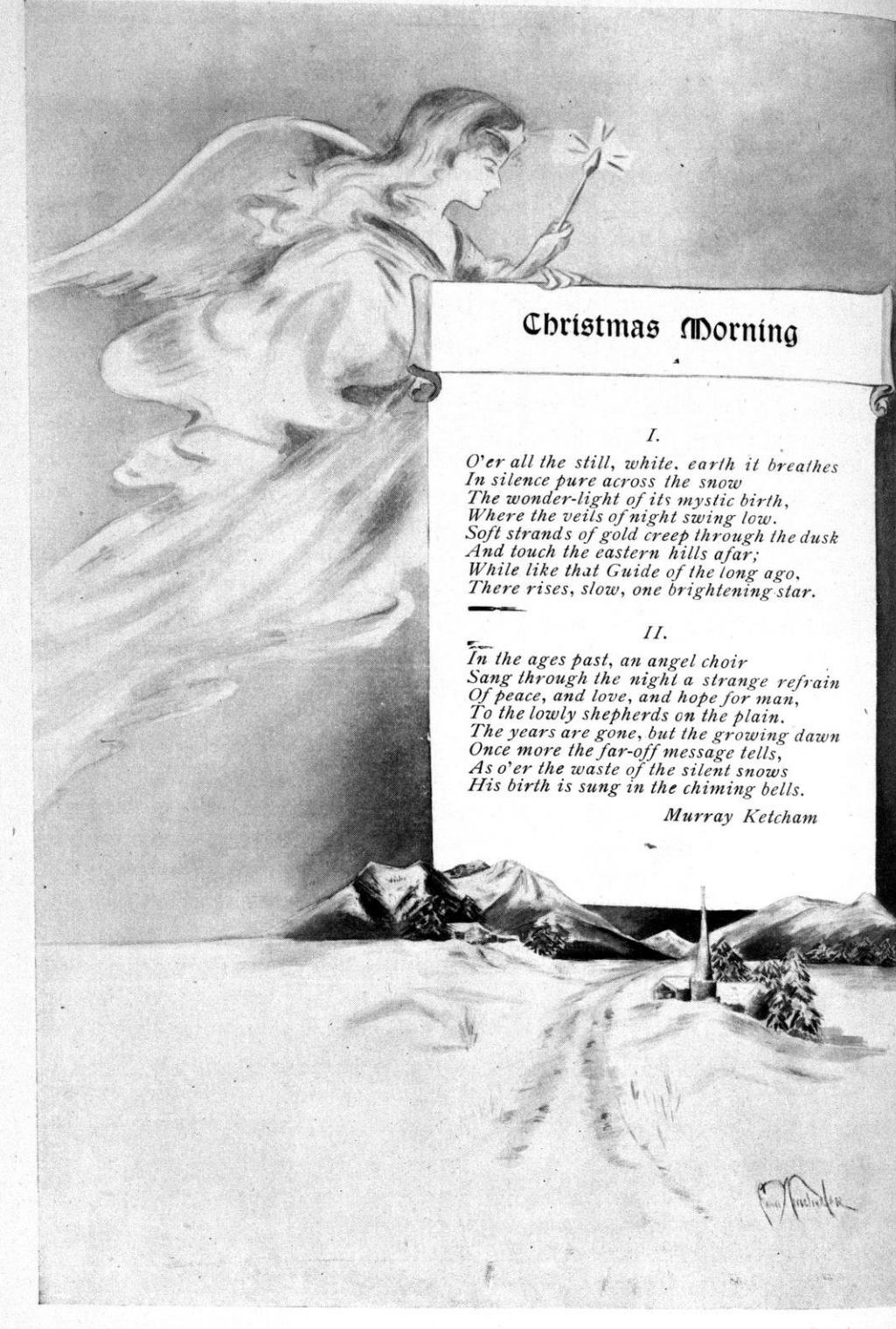
ALL-UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

The Union has undertaken the keeping of an All-University calendar. It is located in a drawer in the University library catalogue case. It is a worthy work that will mean much assistance to those who are planning various events, when it becomes established. Everyone who makes any sort of a date should first consult this calendar, and then see that their own date is entered. Only by co-operation can the idea succeed.

BADGER SUMMARIES

Seniors will soon be called upon for their summaries. What the policy of this year's board will be toward summary material will not be known until the appearance of the book. The policy of any self-respecting senior should not be hard to define. Gauge the things you wish to put in your summary by their worth to your fellows. No item that has aided in the slightest toward Wisconsin's progress is unworthy, be it only a committee appointment. Service is a good qualification to demand.





Christmas Morning

I.

*O'er all the still, white, earth it breathes
In silence pure across the snow
The wonder-light of its mystic birth,
Where the veils of night swing low.
Soft strands of gold creep through the dusk
And touch the eastern hills afar;
While like that Guide of the long ago,
There rises, slow, one brightening star.*

II.

*In the ages past, an angel choir
Sang through the night a strange refrain
Of peace, and love, and hope for man,
To the lowly shepherds on the plain.
The years are gone, but the growing dawn
Once more the far-off message tells,
As o'er the waste of the silent snows
His birth is sung in the chiming bells.*

Murray Ketcham

RELATIVE SYMPATHY

**"Must we love but on condition that the thing we love must die?
Must there breath a world in sorrow just to teach us sympathy?"**

By Ivan Adair Bickelhaupt, '14

The boys were celebrating Christmas eve. The mine had shut down for the holiday and the entire shift was scattered over the bright spots of the little town that nestled at the entrance of the "Real Stuff" main shaft. Two other young engineers and myself had settled at a table in one corner of the hotel bar and were attempting to absorb the Christmas spirit along with our Scotch. Outwardly we were successful, inwardly our thoughts were far away. Mine were of Christmas—Christmas at home, with the big roaring grate fire, the kids' stockings, the mysterious tree behind closed doors, in the dining room—Oh it was Christmas all right, that much was evident. Frank, the white haired old bartender, had hung a waxen linen holly wreath in the exact center of the long fly-specked mirror behind the bar.

"Peace on earth—why fellows even the Irishers and the Hunkies are chummy tonight," said Breck. Breck was the youngest of us three, and with the natural assurance of the inexperienced was trying hard to put up a strong front. His customary hearty laugh was just a little bit forced and I had caught him several times gazing out over the crowded room with that look which does not see or appreciate surroundings.

"It's a rare sight all right. If there is one thing that an Irishman loves it's a hunky-not. Why I remember back ho—"

There was a sudden pause.

Home—memories pent up the whole evening came surging forth. Every scene, every event, every person that was in any way connected with the place passed in my imagination.

"Go on, say it. You've started something now. Why, hell, man I've been shunning that word for the past week. You couldn't have started the salty tears flowing any faster if you had hit me with a club," said Bill, pushing his glass away from him with the same air that one would use in rejecting a jarring element before some sacred being.

But Breck didn't hear him. He had shrunk far down in his chair and I could see the muscles on his clean shaven cheek contract and relax as he gazed fixedly at a burnt spot on the table.

It was thus we were sitting when I first noticed the Stranger.

It was hard to tell just why I noticed him out of so many. Perhaps it was the incongruity of his tattered and torn clothing and his fine erect figure, or maybe it was the general air of hopeless and degenerate purpose that appealed to me. He had the appearance of one whose life is without aim. A sort of an impenetrable barrier seemed to surround him, as if his existence and its purposes were things apart from the rest of the Universe. His face had the drawn, hard look of one who

has viewed life and found it unsatisfactory. His appearance, though rough and unkept still carried a touch of higher type of man than he, himself, seemed to suggest. A long livid scar, starting below his ear, ran downward, disappearing beneath the soft collar of his flannel shirt.

I caught his eye and without realizing my action, raised my glass and nodded over it to him. He returned the salute and started to come over in our direction, but as if suddenly realizing some hopelessness of purpose he checked himself and seemed to withdraw farther than ever into his mantle of self-reserve.

Just why I took the trouble to walk over to him and ask him to join us, I cannot tell. Christmas spirit I suppose. At any rate he accepted and took the vacant chair directly across from Breck. I can't say that his presence had any direct cheering effect on the party. He scarcely said a word. Replied only in monosyllables when questioned and succeeded so well in discouraging any advances that before long the party had settled down to its former gloomy aspect. In the meantime the Stranger was consuming fiery, red liquor with a sort of hopeless regularity, as if he drank neither for the effect or taste, but because of no better occupation.

The talk once more drifted around to home and Breck, with tears in his voice, was going to great length in a description of just what the folks were doing and how the place looked. I was sitting back in my chair, looking at the ceiling, sort of dividing my attentions between Breck's story and my own tender memories, when the Stranger's voice, stringent as a rasp, cut

clean all thoughts of home.

"I take it that you boys are homesick?"

There was a peculiar vibrant quality in his speech that seemed to vaguely suggest great possibilities. An accomplished newspaper reporter would describe it as, the opening wedge in a human nature story, a kind preliminary remark, that carried with it possibilities which could only be partly appreciated.

"Well, we do rather imagine that we are up against it. It seems the height of hard luck to be marooned out in this God-forsaken chunk of the country, on Christmas eve," replied Breck.

"The height of hard luck—no. Its merely an annoyance. You don't know what hard luck is. Luck is merely a concrete part of this game they call life. It is as a rule evenly divided between good and bad. A few of us get more than our share, one way or the other. In case the shares are unevenly split, the word luck loses its meaning. It attains the distinction of joy and—grief. Do you know what it is to be really up against it—to experience the one great emotion of this life, other than which all petty griefs drop into total insignificance—the blinding, awful grief that can only come once, and which in its passing, saps the manhood, the ambition and the purpose of the one it falls to, leaving him a stunned, helpless wreck, living in body but dead and buried in spirit." The Stranger spoke in an even monotonous tone, but the hand which grasped his glass was clenched until the knuckles showed white through his tanned skin.

No one of us ventured a reply.

Several moments of strained, expectant

silence and the even voice of the Stranger went on.

"Boys, it's Christmas eve. That does not mean anything to me—to you it does. While we are all sitting around here—I include myself—each thinking of his individual woe, let me tell you a little story, of my part in this big lottery. It is a trick we mortals have—that of telling our emotions to others. I don't want sympathy. I can't stand it. There is no moral to my tale. It's just a little review of one life in which the Gods of chance were partial towards your hard luck—my grief.

"I was born and bred in the East. Attended one of the best prep-schools and afterwards entered Harvard Law. My college career was more or less of a success. I worked hard and kept at it with the result that I was given doctors' advice along with my diploma. Inherited weak lungs made it imperative for me to get out doors and stay for at least three years. I came west and took an easy position on a large ranch. The western air did wonders for me and at the end of my three years exile, I was a strong, healthy young animal, morally and physically clean, with a deep set love for the west and a marked distaste for any sort of indoor work. It was then I decided to go back and get her, bring her out to the great West and teach her to love as I had come to love, that fearless land."

The Stranger paused a moment, and bit his lips as if endeavoring to centralize and summon his forces of self-restraint.

"We were married quietly—sunshine, flowers, goodwishes, and all that, and took the next train back to the ranch. Boys, I can't describe those first few days. The

God of the outside world seemed to be exerting himself to please us. We lived every precious moment of the time and I loved with that wonderful passion that is only disclosed to mankind once.

"I'd like to tell you how she looked. Think of your sweetheart and you'll have her. Small and slight, soft blond hair, capable of reflecting every color of the most gorgeous sunset. Her whole being was one continuous display of characteristic little gestures, which I had come to love." The Stranger's hand trembled as he drained the last drops in his glass.

"Everything was lovely upon our arrival. The little bungalow that I had built for us was a treasure. The boys all treated us fine and the boss had taken me in as a junior member of the ranch management. On the beginning of the third week of this new life I was called over to the foothills to indentify some yearlings that had been taken in. I didn't get home until about dusk that night and Dolly was not in the house. Thinking that she might have walked over to the ranch, I took a few bites to eat and rode over. I was plumb crazy to see her—couldn't wait for her to come home.

"On the way over I stopped at the corral a second, to let my horse drink. One of the boys was unsaddling and mentioned the fact that Huwah, a halfbreed sheep-herder, with a noted badman record, had appeared at the house that afternoon, with a glorious, red-eye shine on.

"Well, Dolly wasn't at the ranch. The cook had seen her start out walking about half past five. Apparently she had walked over to the canon to see the sun go down.

I can't tell just why it was, but somehow or other an awful fear seemed to take hold of me. It was perfectly natural for her to walk out towards the canon and it would have been natural for me to expect her back in a few minutes, but I didn't. Intuition told me that something was wrong.

"I started out in the direction she had gone, and the farther I went the more that feeling of impending disaster gained on me. If you have ever gone up in the air over something that you can't understand, you'll know how I felt." The low voice stopped so abruptly that it gave me a feeling as if a wall, which I was leaning against had suddenly been removed.

Another drink and the Stranger continued:

"Well—I found her lying in the bottom of a little blind water-canon where the drunken half-breed had dragged her. From the surrounding indications she had put up a game fight, but the brute was too much for her.

"Boys, the bottom dropped out of everything for me right there. I carried her over to the ranch and as the realization of what had happened came over me I went mad—crazy mad.

"Without even stopping to arm myself, I hit the trail. It seemed as if I was walking along a plank with infinity stretching out on both sides of me and revenge ahead—behind me everything.

"I spotted his campfire late that night. I crept up on him, belly to the ground, like some wild animal. I guess my snarling awoke him, because he half arose and met me with his knife as I sprang. It would have taken more than steel to stop me that night. We lit all in a heap, I had his throat and I will never forget the insane joy that surged over me as his face turned from tan to red—red to purple—and then black in the firelight as his tongue swelled and hung out.

"Oh, it was sweet at the time—but afterwards, as I lay out there under the stars trying in my dumb, wounded way to understand the events of the past few hours, my soul soured. Revenge, forgiveness, sorrow and all human emotions blended into one great rebellion against the infinite power which controls this Universe.

"There was nothing left to do. From that time on I simply drifted—no purpose—no aim in life but finish and to sink into oblivion."

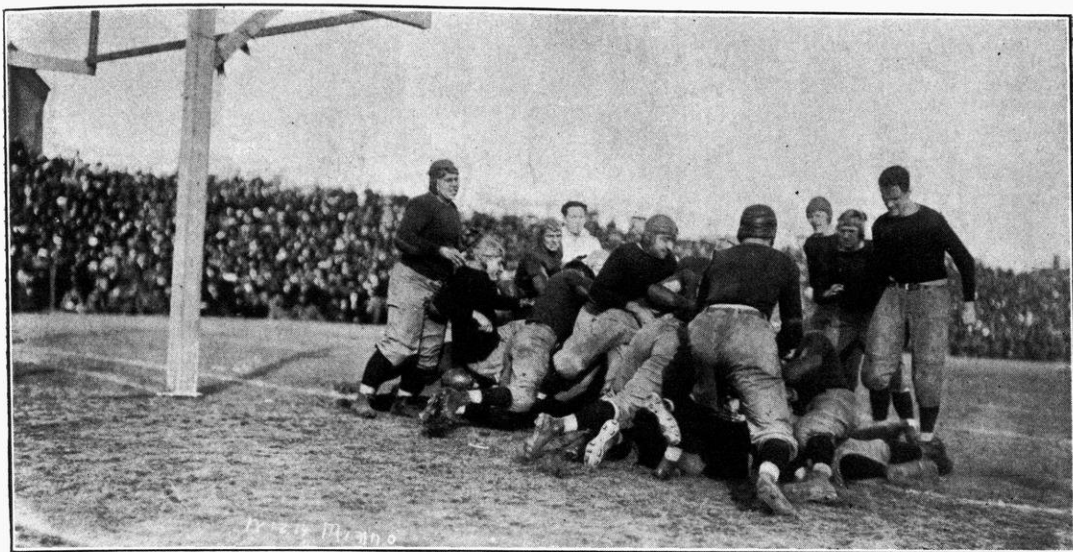
"The Stranger's face went forward into his hands.

Breck, always impulsive, half started from his chair, but before he could say anything the Stranger waved him back.

"Don't say it," he said, and his face was drawn and white, "Boys, I wish you a—A Merry Christmas."

A second later he had vanished into the crowd surrounding the bar.





Wisconsin's first touchdown against Minnesota, 1912

OUR THREE CHAMPIONSHIPS

By Charles Thomas Anderson, '14

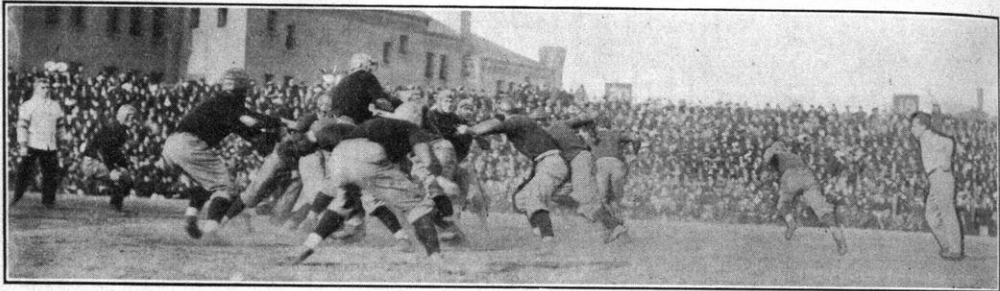
IN THE twenty-four years that the gridiron sport has held the stage at Wisconsin, its career has been a succession of ups and downs. Seated on the pinnacle of fame, the Badger team on two occasions has rested for a short hour, possessor of the elusive crown, but no sooner have the eyes of her contenders been raised to the peak, than the other side of the apex sinks away, and she is on the long slide into the pit ready for the fight up the next incline. And, as could be expected, the years spent in the upward fight are many times the number of those spent on the hither side, for the contenders are many, but the taste of reward is for one. However, in spite of the long periods that Wisconsin has been one of the contestants, that spirit that has more than once lifted the school out of the ordinary, and that spirit

which wrote the song, "On Wisconsin," has been present and has been the force which twice has proclaimed the Cardinal team victors of the West and now for a third time gives them a sup from the coveted cup.

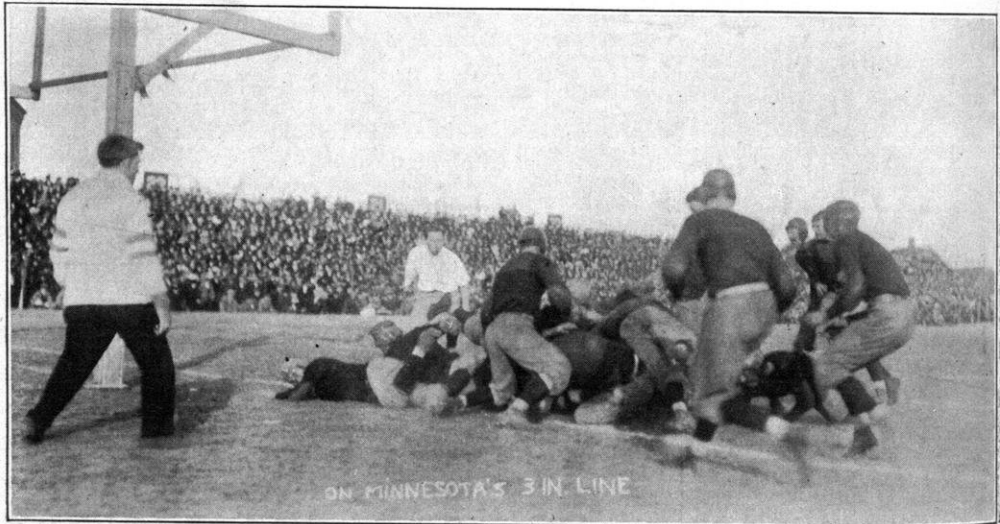
Back in the latter part of the eighties, when football entered the West, became the ruling sport at a number of schools, was talked up at Wisconsin by a few innovators, and finally launched with the appearance of a team in 1889, the effort necessary to gain a championship was not the mountain work that it is now, for the sport was in its infancy. But nevertheless, the climb was long, and although many good years were gone through in the next decade, the deceptive goal always faded away and remained for the next generation, when the curtain was drawn at the end of the season.



A clever play which kept the ball out of the scrimmage



In the process of the famous double shift play



When Wisconsin held on Minnesota's three inch line.

Graphically portrayed, Wisconsin in her football career reaches the top of the picture three times, with the end of the line touching the 1000 per cent mark. The first of these came in the season of 1897, recalled to-day as the glorious days of Pat O'Day, and depicted in the gridiron annuals as the brightest days of all the football that ever took place at this institution. Made up of a group of players who had worked together for several seasons, the Badgers set up a standard that year that has been striven for not only by the men who now represent the Alma Mater of these gridiron warriors, but by all the teams which follow the pig skin in the West to-day.

There have perhaps been no seasons among any of the western institutions more glorious than this year of '97 was for Wisconsin. With such well known leaders as Jerry Riordan, Pat O'Day, and Cochems, the team that season piled up a total score of 210 points against its seven opponents, their goal line being crossed by only one team, and that Chicago, who tallied 8 points on the first champions Wisconsin ever produced.

Minnesota went down in one of her eight defeats at the hands of this institution, under a score of 39 to 0. The next strong opponent, the Maroons, suffered the same, with a victory to the Badgers by 23 to 8. And when the season closed two weeks later, without any dispute, Wisconsin was given the highest place by her less able contenders.

Following this came the inevitable slump, and for three years the Cardinal eleven fought with varying luck for the position

which had so easily slipped from her grasp, but which always remained at arm's length when the last game was played and the pig skin was laid aside for the next year.

But the efforts of the green material told, and, when the formative period of the team which took the gridiron with the passing of the first champions, was completed, a second group of warriors was turned out which almost repeated the performance of the predecessors, but fell short in so far as there was another team which reached the 1000 per cent mark. This season of 1901, brought onto the field a number of men, who under the tutorship of Phil King, had progressed from the stage of green material to that of a team well versed in the game of football. With a backbone of such men as Curtis, Juneau, Larson, and Driver, the team went through a year, which at the end of the season again saw Wisconsin at the top of the grade, but with a follower who also claimed the exclusive position as holder of championship honors.

This year brought the defeat of the Maroon aggregation by a score of 35 to 0 and the remarkable trouncing of the Minnesota eleven with 18 points tallied by Wisconsin. The latter defeat was the surprise of the season, owing to the fact that when the two teams appeared on the field, the Badgers averaged a $170\frac{1}{2}$ pounds against their heavier opponents of 193 pounds. Before the game that day the only question in the minds of the Gophers was how large the score would be, but in spite of the handicap in weight, the Wisconsin eleven, by faster playing, three times placed the oval behind the goal and gained

the victory which for the second time placed their institution at the top of the list. The point of dispute which arose this year as to the possessor of the honors came with the Michigan team, which having also passed through the season without defeat claimed the championship. But the Badgers, on the grounds that they had beaten Chicago by a greater number of points than the Wolverines, and were also given four men on the All-western team to the three of Michigan, put in a claim which was recognized by the majority of the contenders.

But the possession of the top lasted for a short time, and, when the 1902 season came to a close, Wisconsin was on the slide which took her farther down the line than it had ever done before and which almost resulted in the disappearance of Wisconsin in the gridiron rivalry. Had it not been for a few men who fought the uphill climb and fought with more than the other contenders for a championship, the honors of 1901 would have been the last, and the end of the curved career of Wisconsin football would not have reached the season of 1912, but have disappeared in the hole where it was precipitated by the men who followed the game in the corrupted period of 1903-1905.

After four years of a checkered slide the game at Wisconsin reached the bottom of

the pit, to be taken into the hands of a few men who carried it out. But for these years of work, the participators in which would not be the men to take active part in the brighter days, the reward has come, and, as the fruits of their effort, the Badger team stands up and holds the cup of victory in her hand.

Eleven long years have passed since this feat has taken place, and, during the period that has elapsed, many men have put forth an effort for its repetition, which has come with the season of 1912. Credit should go back to those men who took the game passed the faculty in the trouble of 1906 and 1907, then to the men who continued the game in the three succeeding years in spite of the opposition, then to the men who put the sport in favor with the faculty, eliminating the ineligibility jinx, and next to the coaching staff and the men on the team, who clinched the work and placed Wisconsin again at the top.

It is here, undisputed, for the third time in the history of the sport at this institution, but where the curved line will continue when the season of 1913, 1914 and so on shall have passed and the season of 1912 is looked back upon as the glorious day of Eddie Gillette, is a matter to be told after the pencil has been drawn, for no one can tell.

The enemy should never be underestimated, frosh. Likewise it is the mistake of your life to approach Dean Birge nowadays, apropos an extension to your Christmas vacation, with a crooked train schedule, and a lie about your sisters' impending marriage.

THE CONVERSION

By Jessee H. Reed, '15

AUNT Mandy stood at the door of her cottage and looked down the sandy road of the "Quarters." A double line of whitewashed houses stretched away on either side of the street, differing only in the degree of dirt and the number of pickininies rolling about in the dooryards. At the corner was a store, more pretentious than its neighbors in the possession of a coat of green paint, and in front of this was the customary row of darkies smoking and talking, or 'jest restin'' on the pine benches. From across the street came the greasy odor of cooking, and somewhere in the village a negro was singing, the refrain, "Ise gwine Home, Lawd, Ise gwine Home," coming quivering and indistinct through the sultry air.

Aunt Mandy shaded her eyes with a wet hand, and beneath her red bandanna her ebony face glistened with perspiration.

"Ah wondah wheah dat nocount chile ob mine am," she muttered, then, raising her voice, she called shrilly, "Jim, oh Jim!"

No answer.

"Jim," she called again, "Ah knows yore roun' heah somewhar. Ef yo' don' come in dis bressed minit, youre gwine git de wustest whuppen yo' evah hearn tell on!"

A smothered laugh from behind caused her to turn around just in time to catch a glimpse of a bare leg disappearing beneath the bed. With a brawny arm she reached down and jerked into view a lanky boy of about fifteen. He was black as the Ace of Spades, with kinky black hair and

mischievous eyes.

"Yo' lim' o' Satan!" said Aunt Mandy, as she set him on his feet with a shake, "Whuffo' you' cyarn ahnswah when yo' called?"

Aunt Mandy's Jim thrust his hands into the pockets of his ragged trousers, and scowled defiantly.

"Ah, ain' done nothin' ter be treated this way," he declared. Then his face broke into a grin, and he added,

"Gee, maw, yo' sho' kinn yell some! Old Deac'n Abnah done thot it war er fiah, an' beat it down town!"

Aunt Mandy heaved a sigh of exasperation.

"Jim, Jim," she cried, "Ise done prayed an' prayed fer yo' but hit don' pear ter do no good nohow. Yo'll allus be er wurthless, nocount, shiftless niggah. Ef yo' don' come thru tonight, Ahm gwine ter wash ma 'han's ob yo' for good an' all!"

Jim dodged a blow of the broom and was off, with a basket of clothes balanced on his head. In the middle of the road he turned around and called back.

"All right, maw, Ise gwine be dar!"

Then he turned away to the city whistling merrily, while Aunt Mandy returned to her tub with a sigh and rubbed strenuously in time to the refrain from across the street where the negro choir was practicing the music for the evening meeting, when Brother Jones, the evangelist would hold a revival.

* * *

Out on the balmy air of a tropic night the music rose and fell in the perfect harmony of the negro chant. The piney woods took up the echoes and wafted them away gently and more gently until the last chord died in the distance.

From her seat in the back of the church, Aunt Mandy kept a sharp watch for her missing son. Her black face shone with earnestness as she asked the brethren to 'pray dat Jim mought see de ways ob light,' and she made careful note of Sister Grant's new hat and skirt.

"Ise gwine do Musses Wright's washin' mahself nex' time," she said to herself. "Her things is sho' gwine look bettah on me than that fool niggah!"

Aunt Mandy came to herself with a start.

"Who's gwine come to de Lawd?" asked the preacher, in a loud voice.

He was a tall man with a cast off Prince Albert coat, with white hair and gleaming eyes beneath white, bushy brows. As he leaned over now towards the congregation, Aunt Mandy looked around anxiously. No sign of Jim.

"Who's gwine come ter de Lawd?" repeated the preacher, "Ah!" as a couple of mullatto girls got up and shuffled forward, "Only two—only two."

A tall, shambling figure arose in the back of the room. It was clad in a dress of some blue material, with a red shawl and a heavy veil, and a wonderful creation of a hat, all red and white roses. As the figure ambled forward, every eye was turned upon it, and a chorus of "amens" greeted the new convert.

"Anodder sinneh saved f'om de burnin'!"

chanted the preacher, "Come Home, brack sheep, an' be washed whiter dan snow! Come thru, sistah, come on thru!"

Sister Ann Smith leaned across the aisle and punched Sister Mack.

"Sistah Mack," she said in an awful whisper, "Dat dar niggah's got on mah new hat!"

"Ez dat so?" gasped Sister Mack.

"Foh de, Lawd, dat mah new hat what Ah's been savin' foh ter weah Eastah!" repeated Sister Ann, savagely.

"An dat's mah bes' shawl what Ah done got las' Christmas!" exclaimed Sister Mack. "What yo' all reckon's bes' ter do?"

"Ahm gwine snitch dat hat right smack offen de hussy!" declared Sister Ann.

"Yo'l bus' up de meetin'," whispered Sister Mack, apprehensively, "Foh sho'."

"Ah don' cyah," was the reply, "she ain' goin' ter weah mah new hat, nohow!"

Rising from her seat, she snatched the hat from the sinner's head with a dexterous twist, while Sister Mack grabbed her shawl from the other side, revealing to the astonished congregation the frightened features of Aunt Mandy's Jim!

"Yo' ornery lim'!" gasped Aunt Mandy, as she reached the trembling sinner's side.

"Ah was jes' a-comin' thru," sobbed Jim, as he was lead down the aisle between the rows of grinning black faces.

"We'll see how yo comes thru what ahs a-gwine ter gib yo'," said Aunt Mandy, grimly, as they passed out the door.

"Let us sing numbah two hundred an' one," said the preacher. Softly the voices followed them out into the scented darkness— "Oh promise nebber ter leab me, nebber ter leab me alone."

TRADITIONS OF CHADBOURNE

By Agnes Dickerson, '13

IT IS often said depreciatingly of our traditions at Wisconsin that they are children of but a few years' growth. This charge, however, cannot truthfully be made of those customs which cluster about Chadbourne Hall. Years ago, when Chadbourne was still Ladies' Hall, and when the upper floors were apartments for newly wed professors, our traditions arose. Even then we hazed the freshmen; and if the seniors were not allowed to enter and leave the elevator before all underclassmen, it was only because there was no elevator to leave. Doubtless there were then other matters of precedence quite as important as those of elevators. First, at least in point of time, of our many house customs at Chadbourne, is the annual initiation of the freshmen. Of course, long ago, before we abolished hazing at Wisconsin, we dignified this ceremony by the title of "The Hazing;" now we merely "initiate" our new comers. In the dead of night masked, gym-suited sophomores enter the freshmen's rooms, bidding them rise quickly and don slippers and kimono; they are blindfolded and led by devious ways into the dim and dusty regions of the attic, where most of the upperclassmen, and not infrequently some of our faculty, are gathered to watch the fun. Each new girl is required to perform some "stunt" to prove her fitness to belong to the Chadbourne sisterhood. She may be asked to sing a laundry list to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," or to roll an onion with her nose, or even to give her

high school yell— and woe unto the girl who laughs during the solemn ordeal, or who acts disrespectfully to her sophomore judges. The offender is required to do stunt after stunt until her performance is sufficiently dignified to appease her audience. After all the freshmen have acquitted themselves satisfactorily, the tallest and most imposing sophomore, rises and reads the following proclamation:

"Hear, oh ye freshmen!

"These rules have been made by ye Sophomores of Chadbourne Hall in 'no' vindictive spirit, but nevertheless seriously, and ye are expected for the Spirit of Wisconsin and in remembrance of customs which have gone before to cheerfully learn and observe them, and let them bear fruits:—

Ye Freshman's Ten Commandments.

- I. Thou shalt give the military salute to all Sophomores, wheresoever thou shalt meet them.
- II. Thou shalt wear upon thy sleeve a two-inch band of green at all times until Thanksgiving.
- III. At six o'clock dinner, Tuesday, October 8th, all freshmen shall wear their hair in two braids, tied with green ribbon.
- VI. Thou shalt give ye sophomores and ye upperclassmen precedence in ye elevator, in ye porch-swing, and wheresoever the opportunity is given you.
- V. Thou shalt not sit upon ye pie or ye coffin at any time whatsoever.
- VI. Thou shalt clear the floor for dancing.
- VII. Thou shalt not express thine own opinion until it is demanded of thee, for more than likely it is worthless.
- VIII. Thou shalt learn at least two verses of the Wisconsin Hymn.
- IX. Thou shalt not allow thyself to be served at dinner before a sophomore, or touch thy food before a sophomore or an upperclassman.
- X. Thou shalt in all things honor and obey the sophomores.

When the appointed day for the freshman dinner arrives, great preparations are made. The sophomores dress as dowagers in plumes and decolette gowns, and solemnly lead the way into the dining room. Behind them come the freshmen, a motley array; tall freshmen, short freshmen, fat freshmen, lean freshmen, all attired in short fluffy white dresses, with bright green sashes, and each one with her hair, whether it be long or short, thick or thin, yellow or brown or even gray, in two braids, tied with monstrous green bows. Demurely they march around the dining room; then they are escorted by motherly sophomores to their respective tables where their napkins are tied around their necks and each one—in spite of protests—must eat a whole bowlful of bread and milk before she is allowed her desert.

To celebrate the fact that the freshmen have duly accomplished the tasks set them they are shortly rewarded by a private matinee given by the "uppers." The only admission qualification is that the applicant be dressed as a child; and a varied collection of infants in long dresses with bottles, little boys in Buster Brown suits, big boys in knickerbockers, and little girls of all descriptions, congregate for the performance. The vaudeville presented is such as is adapted for youthful minds, consisting largely of representations, more or less accurate, of prominent inmates, visitors and even callers, of Chadbourne. Many other traditions we have, many plays, many just good times. We are serenaded by mandolin clubs and drum corps, and fragments of glee clubs. We sometimes reward these vagrants with candy, but more often we

show our appreciation only by our enthusiastic applause—that, at least is never wanting. We have, also, feast days in the dining room. Halloween is always celebrated by the appearance of black cats and witches and jack o'lanterns, Easter by rabbits and colored eggs,—and our days of rejoicing for football victories and athletic conquests. We have even had a sophomore rush all our own, followed by a jury trial of the ring leaders, but this was broken off, before the prosecuting lawyer had concluded her plea, by the arrival of callers for the judge, the jury, and the prisoner at the bar. Perhaps the most beautiful of all our festivals is that of Christmas. The afternoon before we all leave for the vacation, the juniors are busy in the dining room, and when the girls who have assembled outside the closed doors file in, the whole room is a fairyland of twinkling lights. On each table is a Christmas tree covered with tinsel and blazing with candles; candles gleam everywhere amid holly boughs, clusters of mistletoe, Christmas bells and candies and stockings stuffed with goodies. In the half light of the candles we sing the Christmas carols we sang as children,—Tannerbaun and all the rest—and finally settle down to examine with bursts of laughter the slam presents which have been hidden for each of us at the base of the tiny trees. After the holidays the freshmen have one more trial to suffer. This comes on that fateful day, when the first semester examination in Freshman English is held. As soon as the freshmen are well out of the way, sophomores appear in every quarter. They ruthlessly stack the freshmen rooms, and take therefrom the most elaborate hat

and the most bedraggled kimona they can find. Familiar garments are stuffed with pillows and the freshmen, returning from their ordeal at the hands of the English department are astonished to see what is apparently one of their number standing on the front steps with a suit case in her hand about to depart for home with a placard "conned" upon her bosom, and a hopeless expression on her cambria countenance. They are still more astonished to behold another who has succumbed to the hardships of finals neatly laid out for burial in the "coffin," and another, for whom life has become unbearable, dangling by her neck from the skylight. At dinner the sophomores appear in the borrowed hats and kimonas and after a triumphant parade around the dining room, they again make the much abused freshmen eat bread and milk. But the freshmen shortly have their revenge. While the sophomores are parading, freshmen slip into their deserted rooms and abstract therefrom some necessary or cherished article—a button hook, alarm clock, or even "his" picture. Once when we returned from dinner we found a long rope dangling from the skylight down into the rotunda, on which were tied some fifty tooth brushes. The name plates, however, were carelessly omitted, and the corner drug store was unable to supply the demand for toothbrushes that night. Usually, however, the freshmen keep their stolen goods until Saturday when they hold an auction, and fabulous, indeed, are the sums which are paid for the redemption of the lost treasures. So the year wears on. With spring come our picnics, our dances, our spreads. Each week that we play to-

gether makes closer our bond of friendship, until we contemplate with sadness the arrival of the commencement season, which brings with it our Senior swing-out. In this we all take part. The freshmen practice the old college songs, and construct fanciful May-baskets for the seniors, and the sophomores decorate the dining room. The juniors in white dresses and garlands of flowers, form a long arch-way through which the seniors in cap and gown march into the room, to the tables reserved for them, while the underclassmen, standing, sing the Wisconsin hymn. Then the juniors follow to their places, chanting,

"Seniors, all hail!
Seniors, all hail!
In your life's journey
May you never fail!
Seniors, all hail!
Seniors, all hail!
We bring you good will
As outward you sail!"

Then follows a tuneful rivalry between the two upper classes, both of which have written songs appropriate to the occasion. The seniors, departing, give us good advice and leave us their choice prerogatives:

Juniors you can have our callers
After we have gone.
You can sit up late and study
Till the break of dawn.
Don't give a rip for the S. G. A.,
Student Court or Mike O' Shea!
Just have your fun while you are young.
No matter what they say!"

And the juniors reply with taunts about our teaching.

Finally, as all the girls rise and sing "Varsity," the seniors pass slowly out of the room, and for then at least, the customs of Chadbourne have become traditions to be treasured always in the goodly storehouse of college memories.

ON THE SIX O'CLOCK TRAIN

By Dorothy Lewis Kitchen, '15

THE PULLMAN was filling up rapidly. Mr. R. Blythe Merevery dropped casually into his seat with the bored air of a man weary of constant traveling—one for whom there is nothing new in life. There were many reasons for this feeling. The first, and perhaps most important, was the possession of an English cane. The second was the fact that R. Blythe was entering upon his junior year at Amherst. Third—and this is a delicate matter—he had become acquainted during the summer with many and various types of the fair sex. Acquainted, that is, to the extent of speaking cynically of “women,” as generalized by the many girls he had known. Pulling an automatic cigarette lighter out of his pocket, he played with it carelessly (it was very new) while he glanced at the seat opposite with eyes half-shut. To appear really interested in one’s fellow travellers was decidedly absurd, indeed crude. The seat opposite him was empty. Farther down, across the aisle, a middle-aged man was reading the evening paper. Just in front of him a mother was saying good-bye to a small girl evidently about to start into boarding school. A rather bourgeois crowd, R. Blythe decided. He liked that word—bourgeois. If the truth must be told, he had heard it only a week before, and since then had used it on an average of three times a day. He glanced out of the window at a stack of trunks rumbling by.

“Dinnah at six-fifteen, Miss. Thank yuh.”

R. Blythe turned from the dreariness of the window and blinked startled eyes at the back of the colored porter. A second later the man bent to push a suit-case under the seat, and he beheld, above the wooley head and white coat, the face of the prettiest girl he had ever seen. A sober little hat of black velour with an extraordinary cerise feather was pulled rakishly down over her ears, so that strands of brown hair and a firm chin were almost all that could be seen. The negro rose and blotted out the vision. But a moment later the timely arrival of two women with many bundles, drew him to the other end of the car, and the girl settled back into her seat, an uninterrupted picture.

A wave of absolutely unpremeditated excitement surged over Blythe. Not for nothing had he kept up an endless flow of badinage all summer. Not for nothing had he acquired that English cane and French vocabulary. Scowling fiercely at the end of his shiny-tipped shoe, he revolved schemes desperately. He was going to meet that girl.

Now, to a master mind there are many ways of accomplishing that purpose. He could bribe the waiter in the dining car to seat them at the same table. Yes, that wasn’t a bad idea—rather obvious, however. Something subtle—that was what he wanted. In the midst of a lightning survey of the other side of the car his eye was caught by the black letters on the end of a tan suit case. In bold English print-

ing they stared at him—Ruth Elridge, Fargo, North Dakota. So that was her name.

The car jerked, stopped, and then slid out of the station. At the same time R. Blythe's mind was jerked forward, and a clever thought came. Rising, he carelessly flicked some dust from the shoulder of his coat, started down the aisle as if on an urgent errand, and conversed for a moment with the porter at the end of the car. Strolling back, he let his glance rest care-

lessly on each person in the different berths until he came to that of the girl. His face lighted. Instant recognition was there, and delighted surprise. He rushed forward, holding out his hand.

"Miss Elridge! It's great to see you! You remember me, don't you?"

She looked up—a careful, cold glance under which R. Blythe's heart froze. Then—

"The suit-case is borrowed," she said.

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VOXIE POPULATIONS

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Notice—The Madison Dog Collar Protective Association accepts no responsibility of communications expressed hereunder; witness:

A CAFETERIA FOR PROM

The recent slap in the face of Democracy, namely, the two dollar Prom, has caused some agitators of reform to rest on their oars. Such is not the case with me. I am democratic first, last, and all the time, but meanwhile not the least bit radical. Since the Prom is to continue approximately as before, I wish to veil my chagrin with the best possible grace, and detach myself from a neat little idea that has been incubating for some time.

In my estimation, the trouble with former Proms, aside from the fact that they are undemocratic, aristocratic, oligarchic, too expensive and cost five dollars lies in the dinner that has been customarily served. Why should we knock out four perfectly good opportunities to create a sensation with a new form of the dip, for the privilege of eating Parker House rolls and pate fois de gras, if it happens to be

served? Such is good food for neither the dress suit crowd nor the great unwashed, and you have to eat it whether or no.

Consequently I suggest that the old fashioned prom dinner be replaced by an a la carte, cafeteria service picnic lunch, conducted on the pay-as-you-enter plan. Everything should be provided, from light refreshments, such as, ice cream and vanilla cookies to a stack o'wheats and country sausage. Some of our prom girls may have been accustomed to more substantial cuisine than we can ordinarily provide and Wisconsin should do everything handsomely—though democratically. And what, might we ask could be more democratic than to have that intangible odor of the "with" in "denvers with" pervading the gaudily decorated hall. The defeat of the two dollar Prom was not a popular mandate for undemocracy, and here is the opportunity for the Prom chairman to act upon the unspoken wishes of his supporters. If he doesn't, he can well fear to be blinked in a dark alley. What are you going to do about it, Tormey?

An Un-nominated Junior.

PLAYING POLITICAL TRUMPS

By Chester Caesar Wells, '13

“WELL, IF Green is nominated, are you going to support him and get out and work for him?”

State's Attorney Burton picked up his ears when Johnny Jackson asked him that question. It was the night of the primary election for county offices. The incumbent state's attorney, having fought the hardest fight in his life for his third renomination, lay back in his easy chair with an air of satisfaction, as if he had performed a difficult duty well and successfully. Of course it would still be hours before he knew whether the coveted renomination was his or not, but he had gained it three times before, so why not once more,—and anyway, what was young Henry Green but a frivolous whiffet.

But State's Attorney Burton picked up his ears when Johnny Jackson asked him that question. It was the fifth time that identical question had been asked of him in the past three weeks, and the second time Jackson had put it. The first time had been immediately after Green's announcement of his candidacy. His reply, he remembered had been somewhat vague. He had said, “Why think of impossible possibilities?” Had he answered any of the other times differently? Come to think of it, he hadn't ever once conceded the possibility of Green's success, and that had generally been the tone of his answers.

“Why of course I will support him,” declared the candidate. “But now that it's all over but the congratulations, why drag up these disagreeable thoughts? Tell me

Johnny, what makes you ask that question of me so frankly, and so repeatedly? Do you think I am a quitter? Do you think I don't know the ethics of politics down here in Shreve? I know that when one candidate defeats another fairly in a primary the defeated man stands by his successful opponent. Why do you ask me these questions?”

“Well, Ren,” said Johnny, “I am not certain of the outcome now that it's all over, and I want to say a few things to you. Harry Green is a good friend of mine. I worked for you because I thought you were the man for the job. But I won't stand for anything like the deal you gave Ranleigt when he defeated Higley for member of the assembly, or like the deal you gave Jayne when he was running for state senator, or Bresnahan when he sought a fair bit of assistance from the state's attorney two years ago, at the same time that he was running against Burton, the man, for the nomination. Ren, I think you are pretty square, but your previous course has shown one thing, and that is that you don't give a damn for party affiliations, with the party that has been nursing you for eight years now, when it goes against the grain. Whether you are nominated or not, Ren, I am going to make it my business this year to participate in the campaign of the successful nominee, and without going into details, I might as well say that you are going to participate, too.”

Burton heard these things with an open jaw, and a somewhat ashen look. He

knew he was disliked for his political practices in many quarters, but it was seldom that his staunchest workers had the nerve to throw his failings in his face. He was utterly at a loss to reply. He was angry, but his common sense showed him that he must refrain from an outburst. He knew Johnny Jackson's power.

"Johnny, Henry Green wants you on the

telephone," called a voice from the outer office.

Johnny was back in a minute. "Ren, Green defeated you 2 to 1. I'm sorry. But I have just accepted the management of his campaign. You speak for him at Holiday next Saturday night, and at Beaumont Tuesday. Hush, now Ren, what I am telling you is the wisest thing under any circumstances."

A fusser is a mental pervert, who delights to stroll into some emporium of liquid fire on State street, absorb a ginger ale, with a troubled conscience, and then walk out with a guilty smirk, in hope of meeting some of his co-ed friends, who will be properly shocked.

Apropos that two dollar prom—and you can take it either way:
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these; "It might have been."

A DAY DREAM

Roger Dod Wolcott, '13.

I'm sitting here where Jean and I
Each afternoon were wont to hie
Away from out the busy world,
And rest where bluest waters pearled.
Where grass and flowers and trees and sky
Assured us Nature's soul was nigh;—
Where hand in hand we stood and laughed
At Winter's snow and icy blast,
Our hearts as one, so gay and warm,
We well could mock the wind and storm.
While sitting here beside the bay,—
Alone,—I wonder if to-day
Her beauty was not half the charm
Of Nature here,—ah,—half the charm.
The golden sunset's radiant store
Of splendour, yonder painted shore,
The mirrored glory of the sea,
These wonders, have they ceased to be?
Ah, no! For me I know full well
That she was Nature's beauty—spell.
God! Were she here, here at my side!
Oh Jean, my sweetheart, Jean, my bride!!

WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES

By Edwin Stanley Hollen, '15

SELDOM do we pause to consider that nearly two million dollars is spent on the University each year, largely to provide us with sundry class-rooms, a football championship, the divers entertaining instructors and the rest of those things which in varying proportions go to make up our college year. The report of the business manager to the board of regents declared that 4,132 students were taught at the expense of \$1,100,000, a comfortable sum when we compare it with the few shekels we so grudgingly tendered the bursar on September 26 or there-about. A still larger amount \$1,900,000 gives a truer estimate of the annual expenditures, the \$800,000 difference being consumed by the secondary work of the University.

Two million a year for educational purposes spent within the radius of a few miles. But for what does this stupendous amount pay; where does the money go? Without any attempt at "muckraking," the writer endeavors herein to probe a bit into University finances and the business-managership of Wisconsin.

The biggest single item in the list of annual expenditures is for the salaries of the members of the faculty and their assistants. It totals close to \$800,000. More than half of this sum goes to College of Letters and Science, wherein three-fifths of the instructional staff are located. This matter of salaries is interesting. Did you know what that slope-shouldered "prof" receives for attempting four times a week

to insert into your "bean" the elements of a dead language or that deadlier "math?" If the student directory labels him an instructor, the chances are that his monthly pay-envelope contains about \$125.

There are 155 such instructors in the University. Of the next higher rank, the assistant professor, there are nearly a hundred, who average \$175 per month. Possibly the man whom you call a "prof" is in reality an associate professor, in which case he would receive between \$2000 and \$2750 yearly. The ninety-six men in the University who are rated as full-fledged professors are paid from \$2700 to \$4000. The highest paid of the faculty, the half-dozen deans of the colleges, average \$4500 for the nine months of the instructional period.

In all there are 517 on the instructional staff. The College of Letters and Science alone pays in salaries an amount approaching half a million. The professors of all colleges giving instruction in summer school, receive compensation in two ways; either they are paid in cash or they receive vacation credit.

We ought not forget the small army of the university's lesser employees—the janitors, watchmen, office boys, stenographers, farm hands, dairymen, garden employees, campus laborers, teamsters, cooks, waitresses, maids and so on. These "lesser lights" receive over a hundred thousand dollars a year. The diversified occupations afforded by the University become

apparent when one glances over the list of the "wage-paid."

Then there is a little matter of postage-stamps. Uncle Sam is richer by \$10,000 annually because of the thousands of catalogues, announcements and bulletins sent out by the University. Add to this the stationery and the printing bills and the total exceeds \$80,000. That the College of Engineering figures to some extent in the business manager's expense book is testified to by the fact that \$20,000 is spent for new machinery and apparatus. The materials consumed by the prospective engineers costs half that amount.

Did you know that the university manager is a store-keeper; that he buys in wholesale lots and dispenses from his store-room? For example, cement is purchased by the thousand barrels, thus insuring good quality and quantity to the building contractor. The university store "carries a complete line" of standard chemicals, pipe fittings, stationery, valves and other staple articles.

The university has a central heating plant which supplies all the steam for the heating of the buildings and the operation of machinery. A pumping station pumps the water into the several buildings from Lake Mendota. Electricity is supplied by the local company. It is estimated that heat, light, power and water cost annually nearly \$200,000.

Besides all of the expenditures enumerated above, which in every case apply to the maintenance of the university, there are many items of the nature of permanent improvements. Each year numerous additions are made to the grounds and build-

ings such as land purchases and improvement, new furniture, new machinery, new books and so forth. The College of Engineering and Letters and Science purchase \$3000 worth of furniture while the College of Agriculture spends much more on this one item. In fact, as regards additions and improvements, the latter college easily takes the lead with nearly \$50,000 debited against it for a single year.

So much for the general, facts and figures concerning the disbursements of the university. In the main, they fall under six heads. To summarize the expenditures, therefore, note that salaries total \$800,000, laborers wages—\$100,000, printing, postage and stationery—\$80,000, laboratory supplies and provisions—over \$250,000, heat, light and repairs—\$200,000, and additions and improvements—\$325,000. These most important disbursements, together with many of lesser notability, bring the total up to \$1,900,000. Thus, are nearly two millions spent to support the university for a single year.

Of such expenditures as these, is the annual budget of the university business manager composed. The amounts vary from year to year but the figures quoted represent a fair average. Such is the tremendous cost of higher education in our own great University of Wisconsin,—the cost that you, your parents, the people of this state and the people of many states, help to pay.

A PAWN OF FATE

By Charles Nicholls Webb, '15

"These are pawns that the hand of Fate careless sweeps from the checkerboard."

—*Ballads of Misery by John Cartar*

HIDDEN on the valley side by dense hazel brush the boy slouched lazily along the cowpath, which wound itself snakelike around the wooded hill. As he walked along he kicked his toes into clods of dirt in the pathway, and with a childish interest, watched them spurt into small clouds of finely divided dust. When he came to the point where the path issued boldly upon a prominent face of the hill, he ceased this amusement, and, before leaving the sheltered portion to make a detour about the open space, surveyed the valley keenly.

It was that warm period just preceding summer when spring fever ceases to be a delectable experience and becomes, instead, an interminable bore. Pleasant Valley lay in a fitful siesta. It seemed singularly lifeless despite the profusion of growing things. On the opposite hillside several head of cattle were huddled together beneath a half dead elm. A chicken hawk, the only sign of life in the heavens, circled with lazy deliberation at an incalculable height above its prospective victim hidden, for any sign to the contrary, in the grass below. Satisfied with his examination the boy hastened into the open. At one point a huge boulder lay on the hillside. He passed back of this and then, again protected by the trees, started on a straight course up the steep hillside, coming at

length to an abandoned lime kiln half hidden by piles of brush.

At some distant period this kiln had been converted into a cave by merely covering the open top with logs, which in turn, were hidden by heaps of brush and clumps of vegetation. It was an ideal rendezvous for adventurous youths or hunted men and the boy gave a shiver of satisfaction as he entered it through the narrow doorway. The interior had been furnished recently and it would seem, with an eye to permanency. In the driest corner lay a mattress nearly new and covered with several heavy blankets and two shabby sofa pillows. A shelf fashioned from a cracker box was fastened to one wall. It held several cans of vegetables and meat, a stone jar evidently containing other provisions, and a pile of five cent novels. Articles of clothing hung from a hook in one corner, and in lieu of chairs and a table stood two small boxes and one large one in the middle of the cave. Evidently the place had been furnished by novel reading boys.

Scant light was admitted through the narrow aperture which served as a door, and, upon entrance, the boy hastened to light a candle which he fastened to the top of a box. Stepping to the shelf he deposited a large calibre revolver which he removed from his hip pocket, and selected

a ragged pamphlet from the pile. Then he moved the box holding the candle to the mattress side, and stretching himself out at full length commenced to read.

The candle lighted his face with a wavering, uncertain light. Sometimes it brought out the delicate, wilful features of a spoiled child, and again it seemed to emphasize the carefully acquired coarseness of an embryo criminal. In build the boy was slight. He was of average height, but undeveloped. His tow hair lay about his thin face in long wisps. For a time he read his novel with languid interest. Then his eyelids grew heavy, the book dropped from his hand and he fell asleep. Although the heavy air of the old kiln was not conducive to healthful slumber, he slept very, very quietly, smiling now and then as if dreaming of pleasant things.

When he awoke he rolled over and blinked his eyes, then sat upright with a startled exclamation. Seated upon the box by his side was a tall, heavily built man whom he recognized immediately as the county sheriff. The man nodded his head.

"Hello, Dick," was his greeting. "Been taking a little nap have you?"

The boy swore with an easy fluency.

"Yes, damn you Al, you've caught me asleep."

The two eyed each other silently for a time, the man coolly, his face furnishing no index to his emotions. A blending of indecision, chagrin and vexation was manifest in the boy's countenance. Finally he said; "Well, Al, I'll have to hand it to you. How did you know where I was?"

"I've knowed this hangout for a long time Dick, an' to-day you got kind o'care-

less when you was taking your constitutional an' kicked up too much dust."

The boy laid back upon the mattress and whistled a few notes of a popular air very softly, as if thinking seriously. He turned to the sheriff with an abruptness that rather startled the man.

"Al, I'm up against it this time. It aint no reform school for your uncle Dick this trip, is it?"

"Hardly," answered the sheriff.

"Fifteen years in the pen, at least, aint it Al?" calculated the boy with childish inaccuracy.

"At least," answered the sheriff.

"It'll be hard on my mother, but it can't be helped now. Did the other boys get away?"

"We got Buck Craig and Disciple Young over at Stumptown yesterday. They were makin' for the river, but made the mistake of travelin' by day."

"You wouldn't 'a' got me in the open, as long at I had a good gun on me."

He spoke boastfully. Then glancing at the shelf where he had laid the weapon, he added, "I see you got it, Al. You ain't takin' no chances with this kid are you?"

The sheriff smiled slightly. The young criminal rattled on in a nervous boylike fashion.

"I'm apt to be slipprier than some of the old heads. I've gone some in my time, I have, and I've landed just as everyone said I would, all excep' Miss Perkins. Remember the little blackhaired school teacher don't you Al? Taught me in the seventh grade. If I'd had her a couple 'o' years more, take it from me, I wouldn't be where I am. The worst I would have

amounted to would 'a' been the village cut-up."

He paused a moment, then continued as if by pleasant inspiration. "But say, I've drawn the line pretty good, come to think of it. I've never done nothing real bad after all. This bank job has been the worst I ever mixed in. We didn't get nothing out of it either, and the building, I guess, ain't damaged much. There's one thing I'm sorry about in connection with it. I'm sorry I had to slug ol' Tom Perkins, the night watch. Tom was always a good ol' scout to me, an' besides he was Miss Perkins' dad. I beaned him as easy as I could. I guess he had a pretty sore head next morning, didn't he Al?"

The boy grinned rather mischievously at the thought. The sheriff leaned forward and stared at him with wide open eyes. "My God, Dick, you didn't do that did you? Why don't you know my boy? Haven't you heard? Old Tom is dead."

Dick made no outcry. He searched the sheriff's face closely with dry, unblinking eyes. Then his body relaxed slightly, and he lay on his back, as before, staring at the damp logs above him. A few unintelligible words passed his loose hanging lips. The next moment he half arose with his

habitual abruptness and said, in an even tone.

"If you've got the makin's, roll me a pill Al."

The Sheriff searched through his clothing for the tobacco, taking several articles, among them the boy's revolver, from his pockets and laying them on the floor. He rolled the cigarette awkwardly, lighted it, and placed it between Dick's shaking fingers. The boy smoked it in several deep inhalations. After tossing it from him, he turned to the sheriff.

"Well, Al, I'm ready if you are."

The boy was very pale, very unsteady, but at the same time wonderfully pre-possessed as he left the old kiln in the sheriff's charge. Outside he said, quietly, to the officer.

"You wouldn't mind lettin' me go back for my watch would you? I left it under the mattress?"

The man assented and the boy reentered the cave.

The sheriff awaited his prisoner's return with growing impatience for five long minutes. At the end of that time he heard a muffled shot and a slight crash. Simultaneously he remembered that he had left the boy's revolver lying on the floor of the kiln.

What is ingratitude? Why, ingratitude is what you get when you give a fellow your next last tailor made, your only match, your permission to smoke, and offer to light it for him, and then have him blow out the light before you can connect.

Someone has suggested a new tradition: to require all freshman, one day out of each week, to enter Main Hall by the rear basement door. We have a better one than that. Require all upperclassmen not to enter by any door six days out of the week, and lock the windows.

TO THE ROCKIES

By Ruth Boyle, '16

Mountains, just the might of you
 Grips me as a God would do;
 Holds my finer self in thrall,
 Bids me, body, soul and all
 Grasp at, gain and give away
 The best of life I can to-day.
 To-morrow then, more worlds to reach,
 Greater pain, new truths to teach.
 Naked mountains, lying bare
 To the smiling heaven there
 Your age-old, calm might mine is too,
 For you're of me and I'm of you;
 Both of woof the strange gods spin;
 Mountains, mountains, we are kin!

DUCK HUNTING ON THE ST. CROIX

By Eric William Passmore, '14

THE STARS were still shining brightly in the blue night sky and the curtains of the shack were undulating in the breeze, when the shrill buzz of the alarm clock awoke us. My roommate grunted sleepily, but to no avail, as I hauled him from his warm cot. Half asleep we dressed and pulled on our heavy hunting boots, strapped on our belts, and picking up our guns, stole softly out of the dark hut. The night breeze struck coolly on our drowsy faces and set the shadowy tree-tops nodding, as we strode through the quiet woods to the river, our boots now crunching on the gravel, now shuffling through the sodden autumn leaves. Once on silent ghostly wings the great horned owl, the banshee of the Northern Woods, flapped above us high in the cedars, but otherwise the night prowlers of the wild kept unobserved.

Long before the stars had paled, we had launched the canoe and were paddling swiftly and noiselessly over the leaden surface of the river; the only sound the drip-drip of the paddles and the ripple of the quiet waters under our bow. The dew was heavy on the swaying rushes and the night mist was hanging over the blurred mass of the great marsh.

Now Orion and the Great Dipper were swinging low in the moonless sky, as we reached the upper stretches of the river, and the blackbirds were chattering sleepily in the reeds, while occasionally we could hear the muffled splashes of rice hen or coot. At last, where the narrow creek broadened out into a small pond, we drove the canoe into a blind of rushes, and waited for the sunrise which would bring the ducks across from the wild rice fields to the north. In the east the lower horizon still blended sky and land together, but higher in the sky a faint glow of pink was spreading through the gray, and, even as

we looked, grew brighter and brighter. As we lighted our pipes, this glow deepened to a dull red, then to a crimson, with a band of lavender above it fading into the gray blue waning night. Then, still distant, we heard the faint honking of the ducks rising from the feeding grounds. Opening the breeches of our guns to assure ourselves of their readiness, we crouched in the canoe, every nerve quivering with that fierce anticipation of the hunt which still thrills our civilized blood. Then, as we watched through the cover of the reeds, we saw three swiftly flying ducks, their bodies and craning necks silhouetted black against the reddening dawn of the eastern sky. Nearer and nearer they came, till we could almost hear the rhythmic beat of their wings, and see the iridescent purple of their necks. Simultaneously my mate and I swung our guns to our shoulders and the roar set the marsh alive with frightened rustlings. The leader of the ducks dropped with stricken wings in a swirl of feathers. The other two swerved with frightened quacks and mounted rapidly upwards. Again the fire leaped from our guns, and the second duck fell headlong

into the reflected pink of the water, and the brazen October sun, rising above the dark green of the ragged tamaracks, saw only one duck, a dark speck high in the heavens.

Till long after sunrise we fired from our covert with varying success. Once a flight of geese flapped high above us and sent down a derisive honking as their slow flying triangle passed to the western lakes. Sometimes we sent the shot to its target, sometimes a swift rush of wings carried the victim safely by; but always we had the crouching suspense, the leaping pulse, and then the lightning crash of our guns was true, the stern joy of the killing surged through our veins and made all else seem paltry.

And that is really the joy of real sport, the utter forgetting of cares and petty worries; the blotting out for a time at least of the monotonous routine of artificial life. One must forget his struggle for existence and wealth in the joy of his muscles, the accuracy of his eye, and the master control of every nerve and lithe sinew.

“Wisconsin’s athletic supremacy,” remarked the wise Sophomore, “is doing great things for the university. For instance, that basketball championship certainly brought a lot of students here. I know a fellow who came here on account of it.”



THE ACTIVITY MILL GRINDS

New Opportunities Continue to Emerge

FRESHMEN activities, which have been more or less at a standstill for the past three or four weeks on account of the proximity of the much dreaded mid-semester examinations, will receive a considerable impetus during the few weeks remaining before the holidays through the opening up of new lines of activities in all fields of endeavor open to freshmen.

It is a well known fact that many of the most talented men in the first year class have refrained from entering any college activity until the present time, because the frequent example of some freshman who has been dropped from the university because he has participated too freely in university activities during the first month or two of his collegiate career has been too fresh in their memory. The freshman who has been actuated by such motives is certainly to be commended, for it is always a wise plan for a freshman to get a good start in his school work before attempting anything outside of his regular curriculum. But there is such a thing as putting it off too long. By the time you have made up your mind to go out for something, some one else may have secured such a start on you that you may be put out of the running before you have even had a chance to put in your licks.

At present there are opening up to you new lines in athletics, and dramatics, and in rifle practice, and it is also a very opportune time to commence work in the debating societies, the language clubs, and

in the various fields of journalistic endeavour. If you are at all interested in any of these lines, you should make arrangements to get started at once.

Athletics

Although the basketball season is well under way, there is still plenty of time left in which to try out for the freshman team, and for those who do not consider themselves proficient enough to play on the regular freshman team, interclass and inter-college games have been arranged for. Coach Meanwell stands ready to consult with you at any time on the subject of basketball.

The first of the interclass swimming meets has already been held, but there is still plenty of chance to get into the game. All that you have to do is to consult with Coach Hyatt and enter one of the novice meets. Numerals are given to winners of first places in the interclass meets which continue throughout the winter.

It is a deplorable fact that the western conference rules do not permit freshmen to compete on the varsity track team, and it is still more lamentable to find that the university faculty prohibits the organization of any official freshman team, but to the freshman who does not wish to lose the year of training between the days of his high school competition and his first varsity experience the new track coach, Mr. Jones, will be ready to confer with immediately after he takes up the coaching reins after the holidays. Only the indoor

and outdoor interclass meets are open to freshmen, and the winners of the events are awarded their numerals.

Competition for places on the varsity gym and fencing teams is also going on at this time.

Rifle Club

For the first time in several years, the university will be represented by a rifle team in the National Intercollegiate Rifle association. Unofficial practice for places on the team has been going on since the middle of November, and several practice matches have been held, but the university rifle team has not been chosen as yet and even after a tentative team has been picked any student who makes a better showing than the men already on the team will be accorded a place in the next regular scheduled match.

Union Vodvil

The Union Vodvil committees are hard at work preparing for their annual show, and under the efficient leadership of General Manager Erdman the acts on the bill are fast being lined up. However, if you or your friends can put on a playlet, song sketch, clog dance, or any feature act, see the general manager immediately. He will also inform you as to the rules and regulations governing the vaudeville prize contests. The show is staged in the gymnasium immediately after the holidays.

Red Domino

Since the November issue of the Magazine, the Red Domino society has decided to deviate from its usual custom of giving only one play every two years and will stage a play some time during the second semester. The play committee of the club

is now at work securing a play suitable for presentation. Tryouts for the play will be held under the supervision of the club director, Miss Gertrude E. Johnson, some time after the holidays. The club is also branching out into aesthetic lines, several parties and dances being planned for the winter months.

Language Societies

The work of the Germanistische Gesellschaft and Le Cercle Francais in the university has been augmented by the formation of a Spanish Club. The work of all three clubs is of a similar nature, and they are a particularly desirable adjunct for persons majoring in languages or for persons who are contemplating settling in a region where one of these languages is spoken.

Journalistic Work

The work of the "heelers" for the university daily, bi-weekly, and monthly publications will begin in earnest from now on. Up to this time it may have been the man who knew the lay of the land before he started who has made the best showing, but the man who makes good from now till next June will be accorded the best staff position when the elections are announced. The Badger competitions for underclassmen are also beginning for freshmen and sophomores who expect to tryout for positions on future Badger boards. If you are at all inclined toward literary work, here is your best chance to get started.

Competitions for places on the business staffs of the various publications are also going on at the present time. They afford ample opportunity for the university student to secure actual business experience.

Opportunities For Women

The great acceleration of interest manifest this fall in women's activities, by sophomores especially, seems to indicate that women students are anxious to take part in the "outside" things that help to enrich college life, but that it takes them some time after they enter the university to realize just what opportunities are open to them and how to proceed to take advantage of these opportunities.

For the benefit of all women students, and of freshmen, especially, the following list of women's activities is given with the names of the persons from whom information may be obtained concerning the respective organizations.

"Young Women's Christian Association." The Young Women's Christian Association is an organization whose avowed purpose is "to unite the women students in common loyalty to Jesus Christ." The president is Marie Faulkes.

The presidents of the girls' literary societies are: "Castalia," Maude Reid; "Pythia," Velva Bradbury; "Round Table," Edna Mohr.

"Glee Club." This club is made up entirely of girls. President, Rhea Jennings.

"Athletic Association." Members are elected to this honorary association after having taken an active interest in gymnasium work—interpreted as meaning, those who have done something in sports outside the regular gymnasium work. President, Mabel Colton.

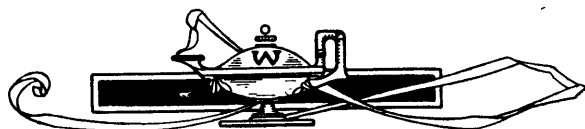
"Consumer's League." The object of this League is to educate girls in economic conditions of the day and to work for the improvement of conditions of labor for women and children. President, Agnes Dickerson.

"Equal Suffrage League." This is a chapter of a National College Equal Suffrage League which is working to secure the franchise for women. President, Lucille Deming.

Aside from the activities open only to women students, there are organizations open to both men and women, such as, "The Socialist Club," of which Glen Turner is president, and "The Menorah Society," (composed of students interested in the study of Hebraic Culture.)

"Theta Sigma Phi," the women's press club, is open to all women active in journalistic work, and detailed information may be obtained from Mabel Search, president of the club.

It is not advisable to join such a great variety of organizations that no one of them can receive adequate attention; but to take an active part in two or three of these groups, brings a woman into close relationship with other women, gives her excellent training in organizing and executive ability, helps to develop ideas and ideals, and endows her with a certain efficiency and vision and poise that should be a part of every woman's education.



TO WALT WHITMAN

By Willard Weaver Rusk

Oh rugged son of freedom, thou who held
 That song, as are the winds of heav'n, is free;
 Who, singing songs of pure democracy,
 Stopped not the generous flow of words to weld
 Them in restrained metric form, nor quelled
 Thy burning thought to fit propriety
 Of rhymed verse; though bound was poesy,
 Barbaric strains of thine unbounded swelled.
 Equality and freedom were thy themes;
 The race of equal people in the west;
 The bondless sea, the forests, rocks, and streams;
 The prairies in their verdant splendors dressed;
 Also thou voiced the freeman's great unrest,
 That leads him to fulfillment of his dreams.

YOUR ROOM-MATE

A man's room-mate is the man who owns most of the firm's clothing. He is the guy who will loan you his only clean shirt, his overcoat, shoes and suspenders, and then have the nerve to wear the necktie your best girl gave you for Christmas. A man's room-mate is a natural born crab. He will use all the hooks in the closet and then crab because you want the floor. He will keep the firm in tobacco for a week and then crab when you want him to clean the ash-trays. He will loan you money to take your girl to the Thanksgiving game and then walk right up like a little man and dun you for it the day before the Junior Prom.

A room-mate is a confidant in both love and war. When you leave school (for professional reasons) he takes care of your girl. Sometimes he takes care of her too well. When you are blue your room-mate sits up and smokes with you. When you are happy he has the blues and wants to sit up all night. Truly a room-mate is the biggest part of a college education. Your room-mate can tell you more about yourself in ten words than Commandant ever heard about Coxy's army. And he tells you, too. But as the insurance agent said, "We have nothing against the bedbug except the way he gets his living."—Ohio State Lantern.

MARSH--WIND

By Sidney Herschel Small, '14

A FRAGRANT, chilling wind swished through the gray tules of the marsh, and made the poplars on the marsh-side of the street now black, now silver. Far across, where the marsh ended, the black water of San Pablo Bay stretched over to the hilly shore of Richmond, where a few lights twinkled dimly. And high up the moon slipped slowly across the sky.

Somehow I couldn't think just what to say. She walked slowly beside me, with the tips of her fingers just touching my arm. Which made my tongue cling harder than ever to the roof of my mouth.

We had come from the small town's necessary picture-show, and had seen the French gendarme chase the deluded lover, and the faithful, but poor and low-ranked soldier exalted to honor and love. One hero, who needed a hair-cut, made love beautifully—if only I had his nerve. That however, probably went with the hair.

The moon watched me cynically. Even he doubted my love-making ability. The romance that she generally instilled in me was gone now.

We rounded the corner—her house was only a block further. She had an auto veil on, and from under it little yellow-brown wisps of hair peered forth. As I helped her across the high curb, a strand of hair swished across my face, and my hand tightened on her arm, involuntarily. She turned toward me and smiled.

"It's pretty cool," I volunteered. My

teeth were pressed together to keep them from doing a drum-roll.

"Oh, I'm warm."

Then we were at her gate. I had to start in on a new tack.

"Marie——"

A confounded fat black spaniel wheezed down the steps to get caressed.

"Isn't he sweet?"

"I don't know," I grunted. "Even I would make a good dog." To which she vouchsafed no answer.

Now we were at the steps. It must be did. "Won't you sit down a minute?" I asked.

"Oh, no, this is all right."

"Er—you'd be more comfortable."

"I'm not—particular."

This wouldn't do at all. I was growing bold—mentally. But physically things weren't working in harmony.

She put her hand up to fasten a few wayward threads of hair—and I took it—the hand, I mean.

Then the words slipped away and left me all alone again. It had to be done. I wouldn't get another chance.

"Marie, you know what I want to say."

She smiled, "maybe."

"You do!" I insisted. It was the only successful jimmy that I had been able to find.

"Maybe."

"I—don't—know—just what—to—say."

"Oh, say what you tell all the others."

"Encouraging, eh?"

"But—you know—you are the—only—"

She laughed.

That laugh did it. If I was going to be laughed at for what I didn't say.

"Honey—you know what I want to say—I love you. You know it—it hurts when I even try to tell you—I want you, dear." I kept going fast now. If I stopped it would be all off.

"Monday I'm going back to college—and then, in four years, I'm coming back to—ask you something, dear."

She smiled—but only a little. "In four years there will have been a dozen others." That damned voice was slipping again. "Can—you ever care?"

"You can't ever tell," she smiled.

"Tell me."

"I like you as much as anyone."

"Is that all?"

She nodded.

"Well, I'll have to say good-bye. I probably won't see you again before I go."

"How about your music?" I had left some music, operettas, for her to try.

"I can get them any time. Even if you are not here."

"Or"—for a second time hope shone again—"would you—rather I came—when you were—in—" come on tongue, don't desert me now!

"I don't know."

I got the other hand.

"Would you?"

The hands trembled.

"I don't know."

"Would you?"

"Yes."

I took both hands in one of mine. I slipped my arm around her shoulders—oh, it's easy to write about it—but when I was doing it heart joined tongue in refusing to work properly and began to bang around inside of me.

"Marie, do you—care?"

"Yes."

And then—I held her close, and she raised her lips—and I saw her blue, blue eyes sparkle with something—and then I kissed her. And whispered "I love you, love you."

Then the marsh-wind swept down the street, and she shivered a little.

"The wind, dear?" I asked.

She shook her head, "Happy, that's all."

It was late, and cold.

"You must go in now," I said.

She nodded.

"Good-bye—for to-night," I whispered, and heart commenced to climb up again.

And then she slipped her arms around my neck, and I kissed her again.

And then she went inside.

I fumbled around before I could get the gate open, and then went up the street.

Behind me I could hear the swish, swish of the wind in the reeds of the marsh. Ahead of me old Tamalpais loomed gray purple against the dark sky.

Then when I had slipped into bed I lay staring out into the dark night and listened to the wind make the sweet leaves of the laurel sigh and sing.

And thought and thought and thought.

THE REGENTS-FACULTY COMMITTEE

By Harry Jefferson Koch, '15

FOR A number of years it has been very evident to the people of the state of Wisconsin that there has been altogether too much friction and too little harmony of action between the university faculty and the state board of regents. It was altogether of too common an occurrence for the good of both self-styled conservative bodies to pass a measure not in accord with the views of the other body, and then to have its members voice their dissatisfaction, both publicly and privately, in a manner not judicious for the offending, or one might almost add the rival, body. In fact, one would not err greatly in saying that the university was the goat for most of the knocks and that it much enjoyed undue and unjust publicity through the unintentional results of the rivalry which had developed in the factions represented in the two higher bodies.

To allay a large share of this unwelcome and un-needed publicity and to alleviate in a measure the friction caused by the discontented murmuring of the individual members, the state board of regents at its last meeting of the 1911-12 school year provided for the establishment of a committee which will be styled the Joint Faculty-Regents committee, whose duties it will be to take up and discuss matters in which both the regents and university faculty are concerned, to probe the student sentiment in regard to university legislative matters, and to bring about more harmonious re-

lations between these two higher educational bodies, both representatives of the great commonwealth of Wisconsin.

The personnel of the committee for this year is as follows: Regents: President James F. Trottman, D. O. Mahoney, Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff, Granville D. Jones, Charles P. Cary, and J. W. Martin; Faculty: President Charles R. Van Hise, Dean E. A. Birge, Dean J. G. D. Mack, Dean Mrs. Lois Kimball Mathews, Dean L. E. Reber, Professors C. H. Bunting, G. C. Comstock, R. C. Disque, G. R. Elliott, E. H. Farrington, E. A. Gilmore, S. H. Goodnight, A. R. Hohlfeld, D. C. Munro, and F. W. Roe.

A glance at the nature of the questions up for consideration at the initial convening of this committee on October 10th, indicates that a committee of this kind possesses almost unlimited opportunities for breeding legislation which will work for the betterment of the university. The initial four hour session of the representative committee included informal discussions on the proposed men's dormitories, the relations between the faculty and students, the present university instructional system, the concentration of the present scope of undergraduate affairs into more definite practical lines, and the ways in which the general tone of undergraduate life could be strengthened. Every committee member is at liberty to bring up subjects for discussion, and other members of the faculty and regents can, through

these men have questions brought up. In this way the general trend of opinion on matters will be pretty well known before they are actively taken up in the regents' or faculty meetings, and as the faculty and regents will know approximately how sentiment stands in regard to questions before they are brought up for discussion they will avoid much of the former unwelcome publicity and unpleasantness.

The materialization of the Joint S. G. A.—Student Conference committee, the motion for which is at the present writing up for consideration before the Student Conference, will add another link to the concentration of legislative organs of the

university. It is an obvious fact that the S. G. A.—Student Conference committee would be able to crystallize undergraduate sentiment and make suggestions in the way of legislation to the higher body. The student committee, however would in no way be officially connected with the faculty-regents committee.

Time only will tell what this Joint Faculty-Regents committee will accomplish, but suffice to say that the committee will be exactly what its members make it, for it is unhampered by any set line of traditions limiting its powers and the opportunity presents itself of fostering many items of legislation through the embryonic stages.

THE PARTING

By Murray Ketcham, '13

I watched the sunlight slowly fade,
 From out the crimsoned west;
 And saw the shadows softly creep,
 To wrap the world in rest.
 All things were still, the day was done,
 And in the fading light,
 I heard the nightwinds whisper low,
 Sweet day, good-night, good-night.

The soft moon rose above the pines,
 The stars came out on high;
 And standing there, a voice I heard,
 From field, and night, and sky:
 "Lo, as the birds, the trees, the flowers,
 Have lisped their mournful sigh,
 So we with aching heart must say,
 These parting words, good-night, good-bye.

And as the darkness softly fell,
 There came a throb of pain,
 That like the shade of evening tells,
 We may not meet again.
 But, with each year drift far apart,
 Till time shall hush the cry,
 That rises in our hearts to-night,
 "Dear heart, good-night, good-bye."

THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

HARRISON, leaving the cafe, paused irresolutely at the door. It was Christmas eve, but the evening held but little charm for him. It was but a question of how quickly to pass it away, and that question was one not easily to be solved. He thought of his club, and immediately dismissed the idea; somehow that atmosphere did not coincide with the spirit of the day. He half decided to go home, to spend the evening before the big fire in his library, but the certainty of the loneliness that would assail him there in his great deserted house arrested the impulse even in the making. He flicked the ash from his long Havana and gazed thoughtfully off across the street, then suddenly remembering his need for the well filled fold of bills which he had carelessly tossed into his desk that afternoon, he turned with sudden determination and walked swiftly through the sleet driven streets towards his office.

As he walked, his mind wandered back through the years that had brought him his success. Harrison did not consider his life altogether successful. He knew too well what the price had been—in friends, in home, in all that made life worth while. He had won the game, but he knew too well the cost. There was something about this atmosphere of Christmas that brought home to him that realization, and he sought above all things tonight diversion, which might drive that thought away.

The great structure which marked his destination was deserted, and his footsteps

sounded loudly upon the rubber covered floors, re-echoing through the dimly lighted corridors, as he walked along. Reaching his door, he quietly inserted the key and threw open the door, admitting a flood of light from the room within. As the glare of the incandescents burst upon him, he started back in surprise. He knew quite well that he had been the last to leave the office that afternoon and remembered distinctly that he had darkened the place as he left. Yet now, on his return the lights were burning again, and the pungent aroma of heavy tobacco filled the room. He paused inside the door, half moved to obey the impulse to turn back and summon assistance, but as his curiosity overcame his discretion, he crossed the room and, throwing open the door that led into his inner office, stepped inside.

At the further end of the room a man was crouching, so intent upon his work of rifling the drawers of the great mahogany desk, that he did not seem to hear the opening of the door. But as Harrison threw on the switch, flooding the room with light, the intruder leaped to his feet with a muffled exclamation and hurled himself across the room. Harrison waiting for him, grappled, and with his superior weight bore him backward across the room to the desk. There they struggled for a moment, until Harrison pinning the arms of the smaller man, forced him backward over the desk, and held him helpless. For a minute they remained so, then, suddenly Harrison straightened and hurled the other

into a chair, white and gasping. Not until this minute had Harrison recognized his assailant, but as he looked into the upturned face of the other he started in surprise.

"Curtiss," he exclaimed sternly, but his voice betrayed his surprise, "What does this mean?" The slight little man shifted uneasily in his chair. His face was deathly pale, but his voice, when he answered, was quite steady, even a trifle defiant.

"I should think you could see for yourself," he said. "It's a plain case. See, you caught me with the goods," and extending his hand he showed to Harrison, the well filled leather case, which had been the object of his return. His eyes met those of the older man unflinchingly. "Well," he said, and his tone was coldly defiant, "What are you going to do about it?"

"There's but one thing to do," replied Harrison, and his tone was cold and relentless. "You knew what you were doing, and you knew the price you would have to pay if you were caught." Suddenly he leaned forward with a curious smile, a smile that was cold and hard. "Was this your first attempt?" he said.

"Yes," replied the other, dully. "Don't my actions prove it?"

Harrison nodded. "Almost," he admitted slowly, and then with sudden curiosity, "Why did you do it, Curtiss? I had expected better things from you. Surely you knew the penalty?"

"Yes, I knew," replied Curtiss, colorlessly. "It's a common story, and I don't suppose it would interest you; merely the story of starvation wages and a promise of a raise that you never fulfilled, a family

to support—a wife and baby, then desperation that's all. I took the easiest way out." He stopped. Harrison did not reply, and the moments flew by in silence. Suddenly the little man threw out his hands. When he began to speak again, there was a note of desperation in his voice.

"Harrison," he began, "you knew me first five years ago, when I came into this office as a boy,—a boy with ambitions and ideals. You treated me fair and square, and gave me every chance in the world—at first. Then I met—well never mind about that, I married her on the strength of your promise of better pay at the first of the year."

"That was very foolish," said Harrison judicially, "You should have waited."

"I know that—now," replied Curtiss bitterly. "But that's what I did, relying on your promise which you never fulfilled. You were satisfied with my work, for you told Harmon so, but the raise never came, and we lived on starvation wages for two years. That was hard enough, but when there was another—well I had to tell her that the raise had come, that's all. Since then she's been improving, but I needn't say how much I've run behind. This month began to close on me, and I took the only way out. That's the reason, if you care to know it."

Harrison looked at him coldly. "And you consider that sufficient excuse for—what you have done?"

Curtiss did not reply for a moment. Suddenly he turned upon the other. "Excuse," he faltered. "I'm not giving excuses. I'm only telling you." He paused for a second, then began again with sudden

emphasis. "But it was an excuse. Do you know what night this is? It's Christmas eve; that ought to mean something to you. It means a great deal to us and we've always tried to observe it. This year—well I had to give her some sort of Christmas this year at any cost."

"You mean," said Harrison slowly, "You mean that you had to do this to keep up the pretence?"

"Yes," replied the other, "That's it." His eyes searched those of Harrison in vain; no relenting was there. For a long time they remained there, neither speaking. Harrison, regarding the other coldly, toyed idly with the bronze paperweight which lay on the desk. A minute passed, another came and went, yet all was still. Curtiss dropped his eyes, and began nervously to trace the intricate pattern of the velvet rug.

Suddenly from somewhere down in the sleeting night came strains of Christmas anthems, sung by child voices, and blending triumphantly with the deep tones of the pealing organ. Christmas anthems!

Harrison, still toying with the paperweight, heard them, and shifted uneasily in his chair. His mind ran back, back far into the life that was gone. Years ago he had known other Christmases—Christmases that had meant much to him. He had known the Christmas spirit then, and the singing recalled the remembrance with vivid force. Things might have been very different had he chosen and Christmas might have still meant—he glanced at the boyish figure before him with a certain envy in his heart. Christmas; when the singing had ceased, Harrison sat for a long time in silence. There were tears in his eyes. Suddenly he rose and walking over to the man before him, laid his hand gently upon Curtiss' shoulder.

"We'll forget this matter, Curtiss," he said. "You have earned it, and a great deal more I think." "Take this," he added, pressing the folder into the hand of the other, "Take it, and keep up your pretence. You shall have your Christmas tomorrow, and I think maybe you have shown me the way to mine. Go home to your wife, boy."

THE TRIUMPH

By Murray Ketcham, '13

There came a time, when Life was young,
 When Love paused by his side;
 She smiled, and Life half lingered, then,—
 Swept onward with the tide.
 The way was long, the sea was dark,
 And wild waves wept of blame,
 But far beyond, with victory's crown,
 Unto his own the Conqueror came.

In all the world a change was wrought,
 That was not at the dawn,
 Life turned with outstretched arms to clasp,—
 But love and youth were gone.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE PAPER

By William A. Freehoff, '14

The recent announcement of the Wisconsin Country Magazine that it will be published as a semi-monthly in the future, has brought the attention of the student body to at least this one phase of agriculture journalism: that which relates to the colleges of the country. Just as nearly every university has its "Lit" and its "Funny" magazine, so every agriculture institution deserving the name has its trade paper.

I believe I am safe in saying that no university papers, save perhaps the "Dailies," have reached the high stage of development achieved by the agricultural monthlies. In no college papers is a larger amount of money invested; no papers have a larger circulation, nor do any train more men on the editorial and business staffs.

Take the Iowa Agriculturist, for example. This paper is published by the students at Ames, and has practically 5,000 circulation. Its business manager remains unchanged from year to year and is paid a large salary to devote all of his time to the paper, the only requirement being that his pay must come from the profits of the journal. Illinois, Cornell, Purdue, Ohio, and the other great agricultural colleges have monthlies very similar in scope, even if differing in management. Until within recent years these were the leaders in their field.

The revolutionary change in the policy of the Country Magazine, however, has placed it in the front rank, if not at the head. J. Clyde Marquis, now editor of the

Country Gentleman, is perhaps responsible for this. While he was instructor of agricultural journalism at Wisconsin, The Student Farmer was superceded by a new paper with a new policy, The Wisconsin Country Magazine. Instead of having a publication with limited circulation among the students, it was decided to create a paper with two missions. The first was to make the Country Magazine the laboratory in which students should be trained in practical journalism, both from a business and editorial standpoint. The second was to provide a magazine which the agricultural alumni, including long and short course men, would be willing to support. To obtain their co-operation it was necessary to publish a great amount of material that had immediate value to the busy man on the farm.

John Y. Beaty, agricultural editor last year, completed the work begun by Mr. Marquis. A capable editorial and business staff was assembled and the Country Magazine was made a success financially. The arrangement to make it a semi-monthly marks a bold step in advance, and if it succeeds, Wisconsin, pioneer that she is, will once more have blazed the trail.

At present there are about fifteen men on the editorial staff, including two women. Their work is so divided that no great burden falls upon any one man, yet so that a large amount of work is performed. The College of Agriculture furthermore has agreed to give credit for work done, provided such work is supervised by the instructor in journalism. No credit will be given this semester, however.

LINES FOR MUSIC

By Howard Jones, '14

Far away there is a valley
Where a crystal river flows
Through dark woods and shining meadows,
Fields of hyacinth and rose;
And above that valley ever
Reigns the sunset gorgeously,—
Reigns the setting sun forever
O'er that valley by the sea.

Scattered on its gleaming meadows
There is many a castle old,
From their turrets many a banner
Streams in purple, streams in gold;
And their walls are touched with splendor,
Shine the towers radiantly
With the crimson hues of sunset
In that valley by the sea.

With the murmur of its waters
Mingles music soft and low,
Sobbing, sighing, sighing, sobbing,
Like the winding river slow;
And about that dreamy valley
Frown dark mountains threateningly
Like an army, watching, warding
O'er that valley by the sea.

On that happy region never
Has man entered, nor shall come;
Though we catch the fitful music
Of its waters, and though some
In the twilight see those mountains
Rising dark and threat'ningly
We shall never know the splendor
Of that valley by the sea.

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