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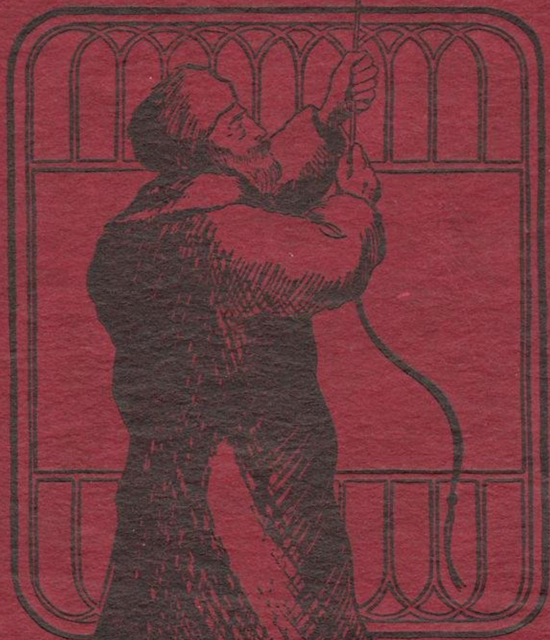
# WISCONSIN MAGAZINE




Vol. VII JANUARY, 1910 No. 4

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SUCCESSOR TO THE "STUDENTS MISCELLANY," FOUNDED IN 1849

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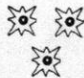

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# The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume VII. . JANUARY, 1910 Number 4

WALTHER BUCHEN, *Editor-in-Chief*
PAUL MORRIS, *Athletic*
ELIZABETH F. CORBETT, *Ass't Editor*
OSCAR NADEAU, *Illustrating Editor*

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385 Broadway, Milwaukee
GEORGE D. BAILEY, *Assistant Business Manager*
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# Soccer Football

## J. F. SUGDEN, SOCCER COACH

During the past few seasons there has been an increasing sentiment among lovers of collegiate football for reform. Therefore, it seems an opportune time to bring to the attention of our sport-loving readers, the rudiments of the Association or Soccer game, especially so as the students have just recently manifested considerable interest in it. For the past several days many students have appeared on the lower campus and have been initiated into the mysteries of the game. Furthermore, they have shown themselves apt pupils. A brief history of the Soccer game may not be out of place.

In the late 70's the Association, or Soccer game of football was played almost exclusively in Scotland. At that time—I am speaking now of Great Britain, the Rugby game predominated. About 1875, however, the Association game began to get a foothold in England, gradually spreading to Ireland and Wales. Exponents of the game were imported from Scotland and, as a result, the game grew in public favor. Today it is a common occurrence to see forty or fifty thousand people in attendance to witness an inter-city or league match. The record attendance at an Association or Soccer football match was the final for the English Cup, played at Crystal Palace, London, some five years ago. If my memory serves me right, there was over one hundred and eighteen thousand paid admissions on that eventful day. And when I tell you

that many thousands had traveled all night by special trains to reach the seat of battle, you can form some idea of the interest shown in the game.

At this writing the Association or Soccer game is making splendid headway. It is now played, not only in Great Britain, where it has superseded Rugby to a very great extent, but it is also played amongst other places, in Germany, France, Denmark, West Indies and Canada. Of course in certain sections of the States the Soccer game is firmly established—especially so in the east. The middle west is also taking to the game—Chicago and St. Louis each having a number of organized clubs in their midst. Granite City and Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, have good teams, especially the former place.

During the past few years the visits of the two premier English amateur clubs to this country, the Corinthians and the Pilgrims, has done a great deal toward gaining a place for Soccer in the hearts of the sport-loving people in America. There is no pen that can do full justice to the Soccer game, but for the benefit of the uninitiated, I will say that as a manly pastime, it cannot be excelled.

To become a successful player, the chief requirements are, first, robust health—you don't necesarily have to be a big strong, fellow, for I have known many brilliant players to be of slight physique—but I mean that a man should have a good constitution. Second, you must be a man of nerve. Third, you must be speedy.

The Soccer game is played with eleven men on a side and differs in many respects from the Collegiate or American Rugby. In Soccer the goal keeper is the only player privileged to handle the ball. He can either kick, fist out, or pick up the ball, and drop-kick, or punt, whenever the goal is in danger. To score a goal the ball must pass between the goal posts and under the cross bar. As a defense to aid the goal keeper there are two full-backs, a right and left wing, respectively. These two players should be sure kicks with either foot. They should also be good, fearless tacklers and know how to head the ball. There is no more inspiring sight than to see a well directed shot for goal being sent away from the danger zone by judicious heading of the ball by the backs. A good full-back will never dally with the ball when in his possession, but will at once send it down the field to his team mates who are working on the offense—the forwards.

We have discussed the goal keeper and full-backs, now we come to the half-backs, of whom there are three, who fill positions of left half, center half, and right half-back respectively. The play of the half-backs is to break up the attack of the opposition and check the opposing forwards' rush. The half-back position is one of offense and defense at the same time. The center half usually drops back a little of his colleagues so that if either of his wings are tricked he can back them up. I have seen many half backs score unexpected goals by putting in a long shot at goal when the goal keeper was not looking for anything of the kind. The half-backs are supposed to kick with sufficient force to feed their forward or rush line.

There are five forwards, two on each wing, and a center. The latter position is one of the most exacting on the team. He must be a man of excellent judgment, cool and at the same time daring. Must be absolutely unselfish, and this applies to all the forwards, for it is by judicious passing or placing the ball that you can fool your opponents and so get within reasonable distance of the goal so as to try and effect its downfall by a stinging shot. It is also essential that the forward line learn to dribble, for they must have good command of the ball and be able to place it almost on the spot they want. Dribbling is an art that can be acquired by constant practice. You would, I doubt not, be surprised if you could see some of the experts across the seas, who make a dash of a hundred yards or so down the field and note that they have such control of the ball that it does not get two feet away from them.

Another feature of the game is to see the forwards carry the ball on their heads, passing from one to the other the length of the field. The Soccer game is fast to look upon. The ball travels rapidly from one end of the field to the other and every play, both good and bad, can be seen by the spectators. There are no mass plays. No headgear is needed by the players. A

young man weighing 135 pounds is apt to prove a better man than one weighing 200 pounds. Speed, stamina and pluck, with a knowledge of the game is all that is required.

During the past few days the athletic authorities have introduced the Soccer game to the students on the lower campus, and, to use a slang expression, it has "caught on." The boys are proving apt scholars, and if they continue with the practices they should be able to put up a very creditable game in the early spring.

There is some talk of giving an exhibition game of Soccer in the near future—same to be played in either the gymnasium or the agricultural building, but nothing definite has been decided on as yet.

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# Blue Roses

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

"I envy you," wrote Ellsworth Dunning to me, "the privilege of a visit with Frances Kent. She is not only an artist in prose—I, as you know, consider her unapproachable in her own line—but unless I am very much mistaken she is an artist in life as well. I met her in Paris a year ago, and it is speaking mildly to say that I was impressed with her personality."

I repeated those words of Ellsworth's to myself on the train to bolster up my hopes. I expected so much of my visit to Frances Kent that I was fearful of disappointment, particularly as I had not seen her since we were at college together, and it is woefully hard for practical thirty-four, as a rule, to live up to the dreams of enthusiastic twenty-two or the memories they leave.

I need not have feared for Frances, however. If she was wonderful at nineteen, in the glow of her young talent, and sweet at twenty-two in ardent young friendship, she was glorious in the maturity of her powers and the ripened warmth of her relationship with those about her.

Frances lived by choice for the greater part of the year in a country house in a rather remote part of the northwest. It was a quaint house, full of mellow light, the repository of her books and the fruits of her miscellaneous wanderings over the surface of the earth. There, sometimes with a chosen friend, sometimes alone, she did her work and managed to lead a life of characteristic elegance in spite of her remoteness from civilization.

The charm of her personality swallowed me up; the charm of her life grew upon me. It was with the desire to express some part of what I felt upon this subject that one night as we were dawdling before my bedroom fire I suddenly said, "Frances, do you know that I think you are the happiest woman I ever saw?"

She looked down at me from her station before the mantel-shelf with a curious contraction of brow. "Why shouldn't I be happy?" she asked slowly. "I have my work and my friends; my health is good, and my income sufficient. Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"It doesn't always follow," I explained, "that because one has the raw materials one knows what to do with them."

"An unflawed life isn't always a full one," said Frances gravely. "Some of us demand more of life than we get."

"Such as?"

"Such as Jim Duncan," said Frances.

My face must have showed my surprise, for I made no answer. Suddenly Frances went down on her knees and put her arms about me. "Oh, I've always been successful enough," she burst out, "and happy, too, so far as that goes. But to have loved a man as you did, and married him—and even to have lost him—I almost think I envy you your widowhood more than anything else, Bella. There isn't a single

human being whose death would cause me an hour's honest sorrow. Don't you call that being really a failure in life?"

"Frances," I asked, "do you mean to tell me that of all the men who have been in love with you you haven't ever cared for one?"

She shook herself free and rose to her feet. "That sort of thing is vastly more fun in novels, mine included, than in real life," she said shortly.

If it had not been for that conversation I should not have thought anything about what I found next day on her table. As it was I watched her face out of the corner of my eye all the time that I was supposed to be examining the object, a small framed photograph. It represented a canoe, hung between cloudless sky and calm lake, and beautifully reflected in the water; facing each other in it, in the intimacy that nothing but a canoe gives, were a man and a girl. Something in their earnest young profiles struck me as very familiar. I scrutinized it more closely, and was rewarded by Frances' amused chuckle. "Don't you recognize your old pals?" she asked.

"Why, Frances!" I cried. "This is you and Bob Clavering!"

"Why so it is," she answered ironically. "Frances and Bob, in the bold days when I was twenty-two and Bobbie was rather more." She shook her head in mock regret.

"What's become of him?" I asked. "I mean, where is he?"

"In California, I believe," she answered indifferently; then she looked at me with a curious expression and bit her lip. The same thought had struck us both at once; that it was a little odd for her to keep on her writing table the picture of a man as to whose whereabouts she only "believed."

Frances recovered her self-possession almost immediately, and went on: "I hear from him sometimes; but he is a rolling stone in more senses than one, and can't be tied down to any very regular correspondence." Her tone was perfectly commonplace, and I answered with vague relief, "I've seen his work now and then. Didn't he have a poem in last month's Pacific?"

"Oh, he can't write poetry," said Frances, cheerfully. "I don't like to see him try. Not that he does it any worse than the average literary man with a taste for scribbling; but it isn't his line. Now, when it comes to the kind of criticism that counts——"

She was on safe and friendly ground then, and might have remained there if it had not been for the arrival of a man with an express package. Frances opened it calmly, then with a little suppressed cry, buried her face in it. It contained a mass of long-stemmed purple violets, sweet still, though no longer fresh. Frances got up presently and left the room. Rather late that night, when I went into her room after some matches she was already asleep with her cheek pillowed on the flowers.

I scented romance in all this—man pursuing, woman fleeing, and I pictured to myself a final surrender, and strange new happiness for Frances. She was still young; she was so wonderful that I was sure no man could resist her; and she cared—that was both the strange and the certain part of the situation—she cared.

Just how much she cared I had occasion to judge a week later. Frances got a thick letter with a California postmark, and read it through at luncheon. Then she re-read it, her face slowly crimsoning. Leaving her meal untasted, she left the table, and five minutes later flashed down the hall, dressed for riding. I heard her gallop down the driveway.

She came in at 5 o'clock, wet from the driving mist, and so tired that her very lips were white, but quite serene. "I had a lovely long ride," she proclaimed. "The horse is a bit used up, though."

I went into her room after dinner to read aloud to her. We were engaged in going through De Musset, who had been an early favorite of Frances', but whom she had not looked at for years. This particular evening I was reading "One ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," and Frances was listening without any great appearance of attention. Suddenly she asked me to repeat a passage. I did so, and then she translated slowly, "I have suffered often, I have been deceived sometimes, but I have loved. It is I who have lived, and not an unreal being created by my pride and my ennui."

She looked at me oddly. "That's not necessarily true," I assured her.

"It's only too true," she said softly. Then she exclaimed impulsively, "If it won't bore you too much to listen, Bella, I'll make a clean breast of things, after the manner advocated in last year's distinguished—I wish I could say popular—novel, 'The Deceivers.' So you may have the rare treat of seeing a modern censor of morals and conduct live up to her own requirements."

She rose from her chair, came over to the table near me, and opened the drawer, from which she extracted the picture of the canoe. "Love's young dream," she said ironically. "Mark this exhibit A."

"You did care in those days, then," I said.

"Care? Well, rather. He was the first man I ever had cared for, and—he was unusually fascinating, you must admit, Bella."

"We all used to think that you and he were quite a pair," I suggested.

"So did I," she flashed back. "And I ought to have known; I saw a good deal of him that last year in college. That was a very happy year, the happiest, altogether, that I ever spent; but I hate even now to think of what happened at the end of it. I had been so sure that Bob thought as much of me as I did of him; when he left without saying a word to me about it, it almost killed me. Even at this distance of time it makes me a little sick to think of the weeks that followed. But even blighted affections and wounded pride eventually heal, and after a summer in the mountains, a winter abroad, and a fine taste of earning my own living, my broken heart was well on its way toward repair, as I supposed."

She dropped down on the floor beside me and resumed, half jestingly, "Well, everybody is entitled to one unhappy love affair, and I notice that it usually becomes a sentimental possession that one wouldn't part with for worlds. I can't flatter myself that I am vastly different from the rest of humanity, yet this has never become a relic, to be taken out and fondled on holidays and anniversaries."

"When did you see him again?" I ventured to ask as she stopped.

"Three years after I left college, in England. We met quite accidentally, at Oxford, and saw lots of each other that summer. I had my old feeling for him pretty well under control, and stood ready to meet him on any terms that he saw fit. I don't think, though, that I was quite prepared for what I learned. What my instinct told me three years before my judgment confirmed." She wheeled around on the rug and began to emphasize her points with one hand upon my knee. "Bob Clavering loved me the night that he went away and left me; he loved me when we met in England; he loves me now. This is the surprise of the story. This is the point I should work for pages to credibilize in a novel. As this is only unvarnished oral narrative, and moreover fatally true, so that I can't give you his side of it, you'll have to take my word for it.

"In one of my earlier books, before I had quite got past the autobiographical stage, there is a pasage that runs something like this: 'In affairs of the heart, when the persons concerned are of similar temperament and like strength of will, one or other always gets the whip-hand, and that one loses interest.' That passage was written more or less for Bob; even now I can't help writing to him in my books sometimes. But I never should have the courage to treat in a book a sentimental complication worked out as ours has been. We are very much alike, Bob and I, proud, perverse, terribly given to the modern vice of analyzing and regulating our own feelings. If one of us gives way the least bit to his natural feeling he has to get back some way, for the sake of his own self-esteem."

She turned her head to smile up at me. "That was an awful letter that I had from Bob this morning; he felt that he had yielded a good deal in sending me those violets, so he wrote me a letter exclusively designed to make me jealous of a woman out there. Tomorrow I shall send a splendid new photograph of myself to Leonard Austin—Bob's chum in Redlands, if Bob can be said to possess such an article. So we go on, when life is so short and we are no longer very young, gratifying our pride and pique—when if we had seen our way clear to do things a little differently we might be an old mar-

ried couple by now, with something real to disagree about, at least."

"Oh, Frances," I said, "can't you humble yourself a little bit, when so much is at stake?"

"It would take more than my humility," she said, gravely. "His. And, anyway, Bella, I must take things on my own terms, and terms that many women would find bearable enough I never should be able to endure."

She sat silently staring into the fire for a few minutes. Then she looked up at me with a little weary smile. "I suppose you think I'm very egotistical and very silly and very wrong-headed," she said softly.

"No, I'm only immeasurably sorry for you," I blurted out.

She made a wry face, laughed, and got to her feet. "Please forget it, if you can," she said. "But it has relieved me to tell you. I'm sorry if I've given you a dull evening."

The subject dropped then; indeed, we never specifically renewed it. For a few days our life went on as usual; then, quite unexpectedly, the hero entered.

Frances and I had been having our tea in the front hall, a fine, spacious room with a splendid open fire, when he put in his apearance, quite as if Redlands was just next door. I had not seen him since Frances and I were in college together, and in view of what I had heard about him I looked at him with considerable interest. His hair had thick grey streaks in it, and the distinction of manner that I remembered in him as a young man had increased. Aside from that he was the same Bob Clavering I had known twelve years before.

After the ordinary commonplaces had been interchanged I was allowed to be largely a listener, and their talk was well worth listening to. It was good talk in itself, the sort of verbal sparring that I should have expected to hear from them if they had been merely casual acquaintances. But in view of all the circumstances that I knew, their conversation was a curious study. Frances sat there in her arm-chair, her fine head bent slightly forward, her finger-tips pressed delicately together, her mouth every now and then twisting into a smile that was half conversational and half quizzical; I wondered how in the name of all that was probable she could present such a front when her feeling toward this man was what it was. Clavering was scarcely less skilled than Frances; neither of them seemed to have any interest in the other except for the sharp flash of wit against wit. Chance words escaping them. little elisions in the sense, it is true, betrayed that they were old and intimate friends; but these betrayals were mute enough, for the most part; these two, who should have been in each other's arms, argued distinguished, parried, epigrammaticized, like a pair of reputed wits at a dinner party. If their eyes ever met it was not as the boy's and the girl's had met in the canoe, but cloudily through the mist of their own phrase-making.

When he rose to go Frances asked almost the first personal question of the afternoon: "Shall you stay over for the Hunt Club ball? They open the house for it next Thursday."

Possibly her manner conveyed a faint shade of challenge; at any rate he said shortly, "I expect to be there," and took his leave at once.

We did not see him again before the Hunt Club ball. That evening there was electricity in the air. Frances, who had not been able to settle down to work all day, began to dress immediately after dinner, and, though she took great pains with her toilet, was ready impossibly early. I had never seen her so ill at ease as she was while we waited for the carriage. She wandered from one room to another, she sat down at the piano and got up again before she had struck a dozen chords, she opened books and closed them without having read a word. Several times I saw her raise her clenched hand and beat softly against her lips, as if she were trying to still the quivering nerves.

The Hunt Club ball had come to be an event in which its members took pardonable pride. I was able to throw off my years, which had of late begun to weigh a little on me, that particular evening; the result was that I forgot Frances for the first few dances. My attention was drawn to her finally by the entrance of Clavering, evidently just arrived, who made his way straight across the floor to

where she was sitting. Frances greeted him with a little cool nod and slight lift of the eyebrows, listened to what he had to say, and shook her head. He sat down beside her and seemed disposed to argue out their difference. Presently she nodded indifferently. He rose, found some young man in the crowd, and talked to him for a minute; then he went back to Frances, and had the next dance with her.

I think that more than one person turned to look at them. They were both wonderfully good dancers, and long practice had suited their steps to each other. They were, besides, what is called a fine couple, both tall and distinguished, Clavering dark and Frances fair.

They danced without saying a word to each other, and when the music stopped Clavering seated Frances and left her. I thought as he passed me that he looked slightly dazed, but he evidently worked to good purpose the next few minutes clearing other names off Frances' program. What sort of hypnotism he used I do not know; but he claimed Frances for the next dance, and the next, and fully half of those that followed.

I had often wondered at the convention that allows a man under the influence of lights and music and rhythm to hold in his arms a woman whose hand he would not be permitted to retain under ordinary circumstances, and then calmly ignores the probable consequences. I wondered at it afresh that night, as Bob and Frances danced past me time after time. I do not know what Frances was thinking; she was white and sweet, and her wide-open eyes were rather blank. Bob, on the other hand, was feverishly alive; there were bright spots of color in his cheeks, and he seemed to be suffering from a condition of almost intolerable strain. Occasionally he would glance down sidewise at Frances; she seemed to be quite unconscious of his looks; to the very end of the evening she was merely white and sweet.

Once at home, though, her eyes shone and she hummed to herself as she undressed. Let the morrow bring what it might, her end of the see-saw was uppermost that evening, and she was exultant.

What the morrow did bring was word that Bob Clavering had returned to California. "Called away," his note said. "Running away," Frances interpreted it, and her satisfaction did not diminish.

Much as I disapproved of the whole business, I like to think of Frances as she was in those next few days of starry-eyed serenity. She had at least a pleasant conviction of being the regnant goddess of her own destiny. Even that satisfaction was not to last her long.

We were having our coffee in the library after dinner one evening when a servant appeared with a special delivery letter. Frances' back was toward me as she read it; I saw her shoulders suddenly stiffen; then she handed it to me, said in an odd, dry voice, "He might have telegraphed," and left the room.

The letter was dated Denver, and signed Leonard Austin. It stated that he had been summoned to the bedside of Bob Clavering, who had been hurt in an automobile accident. He was writing without Bob's knowledge, to tell her the doctors' verdict, of which the patient as yet knew only part. The rest of the letter I took in only as a hazy impression—"Paralysis—recovery worse than doubtful——" I dropped the letter and fled upstairs to Frances.

I found her already in her street clothes, with a partly-packed suit-case on the bed. "You are going?" I whispered.

"The carriage will be at the door in half an hour. I can get the 10 o'clock train, and leave Chicago in the morning," she answered.

When the carriage arrived I presented myself, dressed for traveling. Frances seemed to take my presence as a matter of course; she gave me a look of gratitude when I saw to our tickets, then lapsed into a sort of coma.

I remember that night as one of extreme discomfort, both mental and physical. There was no sleeper on the train; I napped after a fashion in the day coach. Whenever I awakened and sat up stiffly, Frances was sitting perfectly still, just as I had seen her last, staring straight before her.

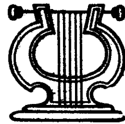
When we were once on our way westward her stoniness relaxed, and a change came over her that it puzzled me at first to account for. Then it came to me in a flash that she was reasoning that Bob's disability removed the barrier from be-

tween them. She still had his image before her as a broken thing; but she was fearlessly going to him across a continent in a burst of defiant joy. I think that the very jolting of the train over the roadbed sang to her: "My beloved is mine and I am his." And her half-frightened spirit repeated back, "My beloved is mine and I am his."

Once in Denver Frances went to him as straight as she could be carried. It was after visiting hours at the hospital where Bob was, but a purpose like Frances' bore down all rules, and after a little delay they let us see him.

Frances preceded me into his room, and swept forward. I thought for a moment that she meant to kneel beside him.

A ray of late wintry sunshine touched the bed. Clavering lay there, with his old ironical smile frozen upon his face. Neither of them said a word; both, I think, went far into the dim places of their consciousnesses in those few seconds. Then Frances turned and ran from the room.



# Sword Song

JOHNSON JOHNSTONE

*Tear the life from beneath his ribs,*
*Swing wide the gates of the crimson flood!*
*Gods! How it runs from the heart of him!*
*Who would have thought he had so much blood!*
*Spatter his brains with a crashing blow—*
*Out! Send his life out over the snow!*

*Slay! Slay! Smite slashing*
*Smite sweeping, straight, strong strokes,*
*Slay! Blood was made for splashing—*
*Ho! How it smells and smokes!*
*My sword, my sword, my sword!*
*Slay! Slay them swift, my sword.*

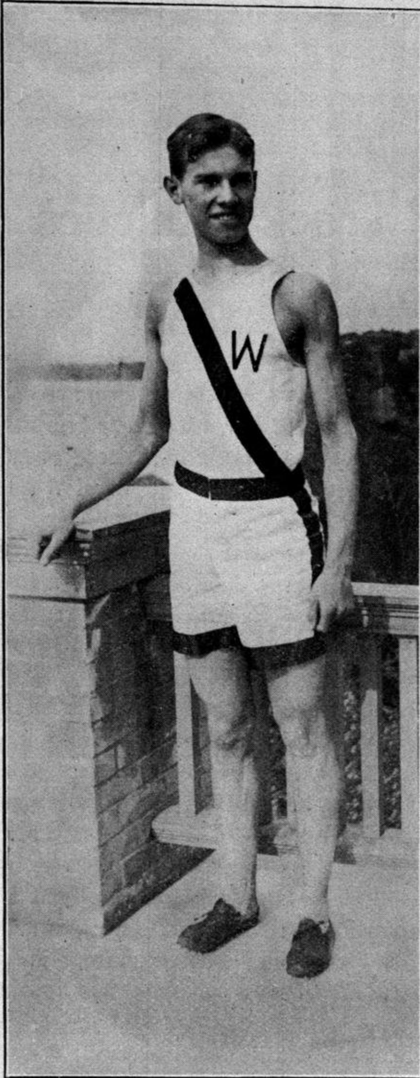
# Wisconsin's Needs in Track Athletics

JOHN C. BLANKENAGEL, '08

Every now and then we hear the hue and cry of some group of cardinal supporters that our athletic regime is execrable and that above all things the coaching system is defective. Of course there are imperfections and these are none the less apparent in the coaching of track athletics than in other sports. The idea that one man shall coach adequately a dozen different events is ridiculous. At Chicago Stagg does not coach the whole track team, but only last year had men like Friend and Schommer assisting him. That the athletic director, besides attending to numerous duties as physical director and athletic manager, shall coach men in all the events on the track program is a physical impossibility. How can a star weight-man coach a sprinter or a world's record distance runner be expected to teach the fine points of pole vaulting? Then how much less can we at Wisconsin expect one man to take entire charge of track coaching when encumbered with many other duties?

Wisconsin needs a track coach not merely for the reason assigned above but for others as well. A careful observer will have noted that our university draws fewer preparatory school track stars than do Chicago and Illinois, our most formidable rivals. This is due mainly to the fact that few high schools in this state have as good facilities for training track athletes as have many large secondary schools of Illinois from which our rival institutions draw their recruits. Consequently we have greater need of expert coaching in order to develop our greener material.

The most essential point of the whole situation, however, has not been touched upon as yet. Experience in running, which cannot come with the few meets we have, is a great factor in the success of the track athlete. Train a runner, coach him, develop his powers of endurance, perfect his stride and carriage, then send him into a race against an experienced athlete and unless he has an intuitive racing instinct, the chances are he will be beaten by a man who is not his equal in endurance, speed and grit, but who has competed in enough races to have a good racing head. Unless he knows how to run his race, start properly, set and judge his pace, take advantage of the wind, worry his opponents, keep from getting "boxed," unless he can discern when to save himself and when to begin his final sprint, how to pass a man when tired, how to overcome the sense of fatigue which gains on him, to lengthen and change his stride at a critical point in the race, goad himself on to breast the tape an inch ahead of a field of opponents, unless he knows these and many other things he will not win from an opponent anywhere near his equal. All these fine and salient points can be mastered only by experience in




JOHN C. BLANKENAGEL
Wisconsin Record Miler

actual, hard competition, by repeated attempts in many meets. Some faint-hearted, lily-livered reformer will possibly advocate more inter-class meets to give the necessary experience. Such meets have their place and value, but do not furnish the necessary interest, the closeness and keenness of competition which puts a strong man on his mettle and makes him exert all his powers to the utmost to win. This competition can be found only in our dual and intercollegiate meets, of which we have too few to develop the amount of raw material which presents itself.

At present Wisconsin usually has two outdoor dual meets to prepare the team for the conference races. So small a number of meets has about the same degree of efficiency in preparing for the intercollegiate as a safety razor would possess for social purposes at a darky wedding. Illinois and Chicago annually have one or two more outdoor dual meets than our own university. In addition they have an indoor season which stimulates interest, gives men training, coaching and experience. Is it surprising under these circumstances that both of these institutions defeated us in both dual and conference meets last year? The objection will be forthcoming that track men cannot stand so much training. In answer I merely point to the track schedules of a few of the amateur athletic clubs of this country, which include meets at all months of the year, whereas all college meets at best extend from February to June.

If there are any valid objections to a longer schedule, including a few indoor dual meets and at least one more outdoor dual meet, they have yet to be made. Improve the system of track coaching, by all means arrange a longer schedule, a sensible schedule, and the wearers of the cardinal on the cinder path will no longer be humbled in bitter defeat.

# Co-Education

JESSE LEAN

Scene—Room of two men in a fraternity house.

Characters—Walter, age about 21 years, slight, nervous, indecisive, pale blue eyes. Chet. Tall, an older cousin of Walter.

Walt—And it isn't only that that makes me sore, Chet. You haven't heard—I haven't told you——

Chet—(Lounging in a chair with pipe and book) Oh yes you have—a hundred times. I know it better than you. When you met her your first impression—you are always having first impression, Walt—was that she was a jolly good fellow. You liked her better later and she seemed as good a mark as any to throw Dad's superfluous sheckels at—but as for anything more——

Walt—I say, Chet.——

Chet—Don't interrupt. I am coming to the point. Mary grew on you—You got used to having her around. She said "such deucedly clevah things" and what was more made a "fellah feel so deucedly clevah himself—don't you know?" Yes, Walt, I *do* know. I don't know why we consistently make fools of ourselves over things like her—but we do. Well—companionship deepens into love—love becomes bondage——

Walt—You mean——

Chet—(Ignoring the interruption) And there is Dad's ready cash to live on. Could any girl refuse? For a while, however, you merely indulge the fortunate and receptive lady with flowers and keep her sorority in candy—— A presentation of a High School pin is followed by a generous offer of your frat pin. Accepted—merely as a token of friendship—*of course.* Eventually the awful thought occurs to you. Mary has other suitors—suppose—but it is too horrible to suppose. Pshaw! Has anyone ever refused you anything? You must hurry, though.—The next summer she comes to visit your sister but propinquity fails to prosper your hopes. My lady is still a good fellow.—You become jealous.

Walt—(Peevishly) Jealous?

Chet—She offers to return the pins—

Walt—Not at all. I——

Chet—See, here, old man, I know this history. You beg her to keep them. She finally consents to do so.—Decides you are good for a little more grafting, though of course you don't know that.—You hint that Dad's millions may be laid at her feet. It does not stagger her but you know she is only holding off. Can't be——

Walt—(Who has been fuming) Cut that out, Chet!

Chet—Yes, the psychology was all in the original edition.—Mary goes some. Walter follows. Other fellows are in evidence. Plot thickens. You try to get a date. It is only your due.

Walt—You know it was only polite, Chet.

Chet—Only polite—Her time is almost filled. You can have from nine to ten Sunday morning—You take it with gratitude—You do not even dare to lose your temper—And here you are back again without even——

Walt—Perhaps if you would let me——

Chet—Yes, I know. She's engaged. It's over.

Walt (exploding)—Engaged. What rot! And what's more I don't care if——

Chet—Of course not—you went to her and——

Walt—I never went near her.

Chet (Sits up straight in his chair and looks at Walt with mild surprise)—You—broke—your—date?

Walt—Well, you see I—you see it was such a measly little date, anyhow.

Chet—It was the Sunday after the game, wasn't it?

Walt—Yes.

Chet—I see.

Walt—No you don't.

Chet—You mean you meant to break it?

Walt—Yes. I don't care, anyhow. I wouldn't have gone anyhow. She'll know ——

Chet (laughing)—Know. I guess she does know—has known for some time. You're the one that ought to get wise.

Walt—Oh, shut up. You think you're so damn clever. You think you know me but——

Chet—But I have not nearly explored the depths of your character. Lord, no!

Walt (Impressively, taking a letter from his pocket)—Read that.

Chet (smiles, takes letter, and reads aloud)—Dear Mary: I want to ask you to please return my ——— and ——— pins. Tom Weatherby is coming down here and you could send them by him or by registered mail—if you please. Truly, Walter.

(He whistles long and low.)

Walt—I say, Chet, tell me on the square now, what you think of that?

Chet—Why, Walt, I suppose—— (He smiles.)

Walt—Don't grin like a fool. Is it O. K.?

Chet—Is that the postman? I'm expecting——

Walt—Yes, yes. I know. You're always expecting. You can wait this once. Do you think it's all right?

Chet—Whats' all right? No, it's all wrong. Let me go or I'll——

Walt—Is the letter?——

Chet—Sufficiently stingy? Thunder, yes. You idiot. It just gives her the chance she's been waiting for. She won't look at you now.

Walt—But don't you see?

Chet—Yes, I see. Let go of me.

Walt—You don't understand that I don't care—that my only hope——

Chet—Is?

Walt—Is to sting her first and be——

Chet—And be a silly baby. Let go!

Walt—You don't think so, Chet? I—the letter is gone now. I mailed it this afternoon. This is only a copy——

(Chet has broken away and is downstairs in bounds. He returns in a few minutes to find Walter standing where he had left him—an undecided, miserable expression on his face. Chet eagerly tears open a blue envelope—it is the first time his face has worn more than a laconic expression. He reads—looks suddenly up to find Walter still standing in the same position with the same expression on his face. Chet smiles—then his expression changes to one of thoughtfulness.)

Chet (kindly)—I forgot, Walt.

Walt (starting slightly)—What?

Chet—Your package. Here it is. (He tosses a little box to him.)

Walt—What? (A peculiar tone is in his voice. It is the first time he has shown any real, honest disappointment.)

Chet (looking up presently with a cynical smile on his lips)—Well, Walt?

(Two pins fall from the box to the floor. Chet watches Walter's face closely. Once his expression seems almost to be one of pity, but it quickly changes to contempt. He sinks back in his chair, and as he finishes the letter his lips form the word, "Yours, Mary.")

Walt (in helpless misery)—Oh!

# Jim Conan, Yeg

(Being the Hard Story, More or Less True, of a Hard Man Who Did Hard Things)

CHALMER B. TRAVER

Whir-r-r went the drill rachet, and buz-z-z went the chilled steel drill-head as it gnawed into the safe door near the combination. A circle of light thrown from a powerful electric pocket flash wavered timidly over that part of the smooth enameled steel surface into which the buzzing thing was vindictively snarling its way and disclosed six other completed holes, arranged in a semi-circle about the nickel disk of the combination. Out of these and out of the hole under the drill trickled a reddish brick dust—heat resisting compound, mixed with fine steel particles. The drill screamed and then went forward without resistance. The operator withdrew it and paused, a look of happy satisfaction on his face. Those holes had cost him three hours hard labor—half an hour per hole. Now his work was almost done. He laid down the drill and fumbled in a black bag at his side, as a child fumbles in a bag of marbles for one that pleases him.

The man who squatted alone on the floor in front of the safe was not a large man, possibly standing five feet and a half when erect. His face, thrown into sharp relief by the pocket flash as he searched here and there for a mislaid tool, was sharp featured and sensitively intelectual, under a damp fringe of curly brown locks. He had removed his hat as he worked. The man was Jim Conan, yeg. That is, he had been a yeg, tapping tills and cash registers, raiding jewelry store windows. But in the safe before him lay twenty-five hundred dollars — twenty-five hundred dollars, just beyond that iron slab and the seven holes into which he was now nervously stuffing explosives. After the smoke of the explosion drifted away he would have graduated from the yeg class into the aristocracy of the "purely legitimate." It was this transformation that appealed to him almost as much as the twenty-five hundred dollars as he nervously crammed in the last of the explosive and rose, with a weary yawn, to his full height, preparatory to touching off the fuse. The electrical apparatus for this consummation of his work stood ready connected—a dry battery from which sinuous wires ran to a shiny contrivance in each hole and another pair of wires of greater length, ending in a push-button which he held in his hand. A pressure of his thumb, a dull muffled roar, hardly audible in the next room, and the treasure would lie open to his touch and will. This was the program on which he had planned and which, under all rules of logic, should have taken place. But there was an unlooked for interruption. As Conan hesitated a moment, button in hand, revolving the final points of the evening's program in his mind, a low whistle came up from the street. Now the program as arranged did not call for a whistle from the wings in this way at this particular juncture. The thumb still hesitated to loose the terrific energy under it on that steel panel. Several seconds passed and another louder whistle answered from below. This time there was no hesitation. The second whistle was astonishingly familiar to the man before the safe door. It was unmistakably a policeman's whistle, and Conan knew by intuition what alterations to make in his plans. They were simple. Leaving the complete outfit as it lay, with the exception of the pocket lamp, which he carried with him, he plunged to the office door and up a littered flight of stairs to the floor above, closing the stair door behind him. Flashing the lamp from wall to wall and from

floor to ceiling he picked his way, with cat-like certainty and speed, between bales and boxes, over empties and piles of excelsior, to a window in the rear of the building, pocketing the lantern, now a questionable friend and likely of betrayal, as he approached it. The sash stood open for his exit, a circumstance which did not alarm him, since he had himself left it open. Swinging out from the sill, he dropped, but not far, landing lightly and on his feet, like a cat, upon the gravel roof of a neighboring building. A race across this and a swift descent via a ladder and a rickety flight of outside stairs brought him to the ground. Then he ran down a narrow board alley to the street gate and listened for footsteps. On this side all was still, although he could hear calls and running back and forth around the building he had just left. As he stood panting behind the high board gate it swung slowly in upon him and a head was thrust around. That head angered the yeg and he launched one of his knotted fists full at it. Head and man fell back and Conan leaped over the prostrate body to the street and slunk along in its shadows to the corner. Here he turned and, waiting an instant for a patrol wagon full of officers to rattle past on its way to the scene of the attempted safe-blowing—his attempted safe-blowing, he thought almost with pride. He passed on, turned another corner and another, and by devious turnings and twistings finally reached his room and safety, or at least the best safety known to him. For he had lived here for over a month, successfully avoiding detection while the ferrets of the law ran down blind clues and false scents in a fruitless effort to round up this human quarry. For Conan was a man with a price on his head, a criminal in the eyes of the law and an outcast from among his fellow men. But Conan's sleep that night was not disturbed by these things. He had failed again in his aim at the goal of his ambitions. This was what worried him. But he finally slept.

The Jim Conan that arose at ten the next morning was a different Jim Conan than the one that had slunk into the room the night before, disappointed and once more foiled and beaten. He shaved, dressed leisurely in the height of fashion, and left the house to eat breakfast at a downtown cafe. On the way he stopped to buy a paper and between his oranges and coffee, read of the daring attempt upon the safe of the wholesale grocery firm of Block & Brown the night before. The officer of the beat, it seems, had discovered the presence of the safeblower just in the nick of time, through the reflection of the latter's dark lantern on the ceiling, the instantaneous flash of which the officer had detected through the window as he passed. Conan read all this with interest. He looked up to meet the eyes of the man across the table gazing steadily at him. The man had also been reading the account, which lay spread out on the table before him.

"That safeblower's at it again, I see," remarked Conan as he raised his coffee cup, "and the police doing nothing."

"No?" The man's question would seem to forswear all interest in the affair, but Conan pressed him farther.

"I wonder how much there was in the safe. It doesn't say here."

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," answered the man, unhesitating.

"That so," said Conan, "what paper did you see it in?"

"No paper. That's one thing the papers didn't get."

"Well, how did you find it out?"

"I put it there. I'm Block, of Block and Brown." Whereupon the gentleman across the table rose and walked out.

The answer was surprising to Conan, especially so since he knew that the man was *not* Block, of Block and Brown. To a man engaged in Conan's precarious pursuits those little incidents are things to be pondered on. All things considered Conan was glad the man had left. A few moments later he followed, almost forgetting to pay the waiter in his pre-occupation. Outside the door another strange incident happened. An A. D. T. messenger ran up to him with a blank envelope which he almost thrust into Conan's hand, asking at the same time, "Is this Mr. Conan, Jim Conan. The trick was an old one and Conan did not "fall." Not having gone under his real name for over two years, it was almost second nature to him to recognize the ruse at once. He handed back the envelope.

"You've got the wrong party I guess," he told the messenger and walked on composedly. But out of the corner of his eye he saw the man with the short black mustache, his breakfast partner, and the bogus "Mr. Block," detach himself from a doorway across the street and start across.

"We'll watch Mr. Block," was the mental note made by Conan at this turn of affairs. The love of combat tingled in his veins and he bent to the new development in the desperate game which had become his life with the intensity of purpose of a chemist on the train of a new discovery. But first he must think. By another series of devious turnings he regained his room, pretty certain that he had thrown his "shadow" off the track, and very tired. He took a work on logic, written by a German scientist, from a shelf and soon became deeply absorbed. It is an uncommon thing for thieves to read works on logic. But Conan was not a common thief. Neither was he a "gentleman cracksman." Left an orphan with no knowledge of his father or mother, with not even a name, he had graduated at an early age from an orphan asylum into the ranks of crime. It was partly the love of excitement and partly love of ease that made the course seem a natural one to him. An aristocratic drop of blood in his veins inherited from far back among his unknown ancestry perhaps had provided him with an instinctive love of comfort and ease and money which made these things possible. Added to this was disdain of the humdrum and ordinary ways of accumulating money. At first he tried being a reporter. This satisfied in a way his love of excitement but it proved to be excitement to be enjoyed for its own sake. There was little remuneration or little ease. He was apt at criminal assignments and soon took over all the big police stories. "He can get stuff out of a man behind the bars after everyone else has fallen down," said the city editor to the disgruntled "regular policeman" when a recaptured convict had been turned over to Conan to take care of in the police column. Conan might have understood criminals but at the same time he despised the clumsiness and lack of method that characterized most of them. "If I could only ——" he thought one time but immediately put the thought from him. The step, when finally coolly decided upon, however, was an easy one to take. A cash register in a saloon yielded fifty dollars to him one night and not in the way that it would have yielded the same sum to the barkeeper. Elated at his success and at the same time terrified at the possible results of his maiden effort, he had left that city immediately and come west, operating in a humble way at every town he stopped at. Success was his from the start and more money than he had ever possessed at one time in his life. He did not consort with others of his trade. They were repugnant to him without exception, abandoned creatures who had taken up this mode of gaining a living from the world because they were not smart enough to do anything else with success, men of nauseating customs and unscientific habits, of no congeniality and little honor. The problem of how such men as these could succeed in a profession demanding more than the average of wit and intellect puzzled Conan for a long time, and he finally found the answer in the fact that most of them did not succeed. He had been fortunate in never having fallen into the clutches of the law. He had money in abundance, ease, and the company of men he liked, chance acquaintances, it is true, but none the less congenial, and he was happy. His moral viewpoints, having been nearly all formed by himself were his to command, not his to be commanded by, and troubled him little. And above all he educated himself in other lines than those influencing his calling, a thing which a great majority of the business men with whom he came in contact failed to do. Whereby, he reasoned, he had the advantage over them. But success in small things failed to satisfy and he came to yearn for larger fields to conquer. Larger fields meant larger risks as well as larger returns, but risk was the stuff upon which Conan's happiness was built so he determined calmly to take the step. Satisfaction in small things denoted lack of will power, he argued, in him as well as in the office clerk who feared to ask a raise.

A series of attempted safe robberies was the result. But two things hampered

Conan in his endeavors to graduate from the "cheap" yeg class. The first was the fact that safes are constructed differently than cash registers and country store strong boxes, the second that he could not command the repose necessary to success in his new work which had come so natural in his old. The sight of a shiny safe door gave him stage fright at first and imaginary noises made his work a series of halts which made a necessarily long job prohibitively longer, for the office hours of a safe breaker, like those of other men, are limited, and even to a greater extent in comparison to the amount of work to be done. In a moment of repose in the safety of his room though, he reasoned that the effect on his nerves was purely phsychological, that the greater the stake the greater his fear became, and that the risk incurred was not necessarily larger. Working on this supposition things went more smoothly. But his knowledge of the construction and vulnerability of safes, worked out by himself and without the tutellage of a man older in the art, was still imperfect and many experiments were still necessary. He proceeded to experiment, to the dismay of the police of five cities, who failed to appreciate the practicability of laboratory methods with each evidence of it that came to their attention.

The attack on the Block and Brown stronghold was a culmination of this series of experiments and a disappointing culmination at that for the stake had been larger than other stakes and the success more imminent, very much so. However, one must live and learn.

That night Conan donned evening clothes and went to a musical comedy. Musical comedy appealed to him. He had gained a liking for it in his reportorial days when the idealism and optimistic impractibility of it all had proved a pleasing sedative after a hard day's work among the cruel realities and tragedies of the real world.

Was it chance that before him, only two rows ahead, sat the man with the short black mustache and the alias of Mr. Block. He saw the man first and left the theater before the end of the first act. Conan had never before been conscious of pursuit during his "dress up" hours of leisure and the sight of the man, although the latter seemed unconscious of his presence, gave him a feeling of wanderlust, which made itself felt as if by premonition whenever the police got "warm." He decided forthwith to "blow the town" at the first opportunity. But funds were rather low and he had lost his entire "outfit" in the Block and Brown fiasco. So the next night he fared forth in one of many guises to the far uptown district. Several feet down a dark alley he removed a large piece of glass from a jeweler's show window and withdrew several of the more expensive and not too bulky articles therein that, disposed of to a "fence" in Chicago, would more than pay for a new outfit with passage to the next metropolis thrown in. The articles went into a neat suitcase lying beside him on the ground and he looked both ways down the deserted street for possible intruders on his game.

Seeing the coast clear he ventured forth, arriving home at an early hour in the morning. The customary inspection of the vicinity which he always made before entering the house revealed nothing. He fumbled along up the dark stairs, into his room and groped for the electric light switch. Another hand anticipated his, though, and as the light flashed on he blinkingly beheld three men before him, one with hand on the switch, a second holding something shiny in his left hand and a third covering him with an unwavering revolver muzzle. Conan had felt the presence of the third all the time although he turned his eyes upon him last. The third man and the third man's equipment was quite to be expected, Conan thought. It was always this way—in the end. He had seen it happen many times and he had as many times grown impatient at the clumsiness of the man to whom it happened. One thing puzzled him, however—the conspicuous absence of the man with the short black mustache. He should by natural right have been invited to the party.

The third man was the first to speak. "Introduce the gent to the darbies Mr. Monohan." Mr. Monohan complied, Mr. Conan offering no resistance. He had seen men who had resisted and he had pitied them for their lack of sense as well as

their clumsiness. "Now come along and bring the goods," commanded the third man again. The procession moved downstairs silently, the last man carrying Conan's suit case and also a large package done up in brown paper. They marched directly, with none of the twistings and turnings which characterized Conan's pilgrimages, to a three-story brick building with bars on the windows and a man in uniform sitting behind a railing inside the door. But they did not stop here. They mounted a narrow flight of stairs and then a broad one to the third floor and into a room where sat a small white haired man behind a big desk. The white haired man questioned Conan and Conan answered. There was nothing else to do. The suit case and brown package were opened, the latter disclosing many articles which Conan had had in the bottom of his laundry bag, awaiting his next trip to Chicago and the friendly "fence" who served him there. The detectives had done their work well and before the evening was over or rather before the morning had come Conan found himself undoubtedly implicated in five separate breaches of the peace, not counting the Block and Brown mystery and three other "jobs" of his concerning which the police had their suspicions but no proof. Many reporters came and talked to him at his cell door and among them one whom he was surprised if not glad to see. It was Dalman, "Dolly" Dalman, who had done police on a rival paper when Conan had worked in a similar capacity on the New York Sun. "Dolly" waited until the rest had gone. The situation would have been embrassing to others but not to "Dolly."

"Why didn't you read my note?" he asked Conan in a low voice.

"What note?" asked Conan in surprise.

"The one I sent yesterday morning when you were leaving the 'Belmont.'" Dalman stepped closer and hurried on. "They've been wise to you here at headquarters for a week and were just waiting for proofs. I got it straight from the inspector and for once came near betraying my newspaper trust when I found out who you were. I tried to put you wise in a note and was foolish enough to address it, not being quite certain whether you were old Jim Conan or not. Of course you would get leary of a thing like that. But I was afraid to brace you openly because I knew you were watched all the time. Pardon me for my clumsiness, old man, and—good-bye. "Dalman held out his hand.

"Wait. Is there a man on the force, who sports a small black mustache, the one that came out of Belmont's ahead of me yesterday morning, I mean?"

"Didn't notice the man and anyway there's no one on the force with a John Drew like that. Why?"

"Nothing," said Conan, "Good-bye—and—treat me easy in the sheet for old times sake." "You remember how I used to write this kind of dope. And now I'm ——" For the first time Conan broke down under the realization of what it all meant. "Dolly" Dalman slipped away with suspicious moisture in his own eyes. He felt himself to blame in a way.

"Eight years at hard labor," was the decision of the court in the case of State versus James Conan, alias Murphy, alias Conohan, etc. To the judge the curly haired Irishman who took the sentence without a change of countenance might have seemed a little brighter, a little above the average man whom he had "sent along the road" but the judge saw many of this kind and little difference became uniform in the grinding wheels of justice. To the spectators who crowded the court room and who had read in the newspapers of the "gentleman burglar" and Conan's "double life" the man who walked out between two deputy sheriffs was a curiosity of the moment. But they soon forgot.

"Dolly" Dalman was the only one who really understood—and he didn't know just how to go at the "story." So the real story of Jim Conan was never written, and after all, thought "Dolly" Dalman, perhaps this was what Jim Conan most wished.

# Basketball at Wisconsin, Past and Present

RAYMOND ZILLMER

Basketball has had a growth in importance and popularity greater and quicker than any other collegiate activity. This is shown in the most pronounced degree at Wisconsin. Where less than ten years ago basketball was on a par with socker football as now played here, namely, mostly in fancy it has passed most other sports and is second only to football in popularity. Two years ago Scribner and Walvoord were declared ineligible because of the three-year rule, said to apply only to primary athletic contests, by this decision putting basketball in the front rank of intercollegiate events, although to convenience a very influential and possibly less exacting university, and incidentally to allow the greatest basketball player the country has ever seen to play another year and bring to that school the western championship, basketball was the following year again declared to be a minor sport. However, it is not very likely the rule would again be reversed should the eligibility of a Wisconsin star be called in question. The rapid progress in popularity can best be shown by glancing at the volumes of the Badgers for the last twelve years, which is the age of the game here.

A spectator at a basketball game would hardly suspect that the game was introduced into Wisconsin as a ladies' game in 1898. Today, size, weight, strength and endurance count and it is anything but the "cross your finger and I won't tag you" kind of a game. Two games which tell a big story were played by the "other half" that year, one in which the varsity lost to the freshmen 8 to 10, and the second in which they lost to the sophomores 2 to 10. Whether the scores reflect on the coach's ability to pick a varsity team, or whether it is possible that the ancient coeds of those days, I mean the coeds of those ancient days, had on the class teams the stars of the "con squad," is for the reader to decide. If the latter is true the coeds cannot blame the male students for the bad example they have set. Possibly both these suspicions are wrong, though the least that can be said is that the result of those games is very interesting and peculiar.

The next year the male students followed the for once good example of our athletic coeds and there was established what was called a Varsity Basketball Team, though it probably never played any games. The next two years the game was still too unimportant to warrant more than naming the players in the Badger. Till 1902 the game was "the rage" only with coeds who had exciting and shrieking class contests throwing the ball occasionally near and on rare occasions into the basket, the scores always being very low. Look into your Badger of 1902 or earlier (and still it is unfair to suspect that it took any of the readers so long to graduate), well then, look in a Badger of that time and you will find after football, track, crew, baseball, tennis, cycling, handball and ye Gods, even after curling, after all these, you will find about one inch devoted to Varsity Basketball and the rest of the page to coed basketball. And after Varsity Basketball is a blank page indicating the flattering opinion the Badger artists had of the game. Not even important enough to get their pictures in, and that is saying a great deal when we recollect on what pretexts some pictures got in.

In 1902, the game took a jump, for nine games were played, all of them except two, within the state; these two were with Yale and Minnesota and both were lost. From that time the Badger devotes at least one page to basketball. The next year Christ Steinmetz, who two years later developed into what critics thought the best forward in the country, played his first game for Wisconsin.

However, even at this time most of the games were with teams within the state, as Y. M. C. A., Normal and National guard teams, occasionally relishing the luxury of a defeat by Minnesota, as in 1903 when we lost 33 to 11, such results seeming to discourage any further excursions beyond state lines.

1905 marks another epoch, for then the game was considered of sufficient importance to require a coach, and as a result Mr. E. D. Angell took charge of basketball; and to him probably more than anyone else is due the prominence which the sport has at present. After playing seven teams in the state and winning the state title by defeating Beloit (it is hardly conceivable now in our 50 to 5 games why it should be a source of congratulation to defeat teams of that calibre), the team went east and played the best teams there, losing the championship of the United States to the eastern champion Columbia by the score of 21 to 15, the result being in doubt till the last minute of play. It was in this tour that Christ Steinmetz won his spurs and at the same time put Wisconsin in the foreground of college basketball teams. Returning from the east, the team tasted of the delicacy of defeating Chicago on their own floor, thereby winning the western championship, for Chicago had defeated all the other universities. This was the only time Wisconsin won the western championship.

As a fitting climax to the championship team of the year before, the game was put where it is today by the organization of the Western Intercollegiate Basketball Association, of which Minnesota, Chicago, Purdue, Illinois and Wisconsin were members. To these Indiana and Northwestern have since been added. Beginning this year, games within the state were few in number, being played only as practice games. On the last game played at Minneapolis depended the championship, and Wisconsin had to rest satisfied with second place. Ever since Wisconsin has been in the habit of tying for first place or getting second, in no case getting better or worse. In 1907, after losing the first two games and with gloomy prospects, they nevertheless tied for first place with Minnesota by a whirlwind finish, winning the last five games. The next year Wisconsin was again tied for first place by losing to Chicago, Wisconsin being very unfortunate as it had to play two sick guards, Lindeman and Harper. A coin was tossed and the tie was played off at Madison. No two teams were better matched and probably no better teams ever faced each other. In one of the closest and most exciting games ever seen at Madison, Chicago won 18 to 16. Either the Winconsin or the Chicago team was the best in the country, which was shown by Chicago later winning the United States championship by defeating Pennsylvania in two successive games. And last year, while the title was not as clear, Wisconsin was entitled to second place. Not only as an intercollegiate activity but as a collegiate activity is basketball important, for no other sport is participated in by so many students either trying for the Varsity, for class teams or merely for the pleasure and exercise.

Among the honorary list of past Wisconsin players might be named Steinmetz, Rogers, Scribner, Walvoord, Swenholt and Stiehm, all of whom played the limit of three years and all except the last playing at forward. Curtin, Frank, Lindeman and Noe may be mentioned as exceptional guards and Bush at center or guard. Without going into details for the selection of each player an All-University team made up as follows, is submitted:

Center—Irving Bush.

Forwards—Christ Steinmetz, Harlan Rogers.

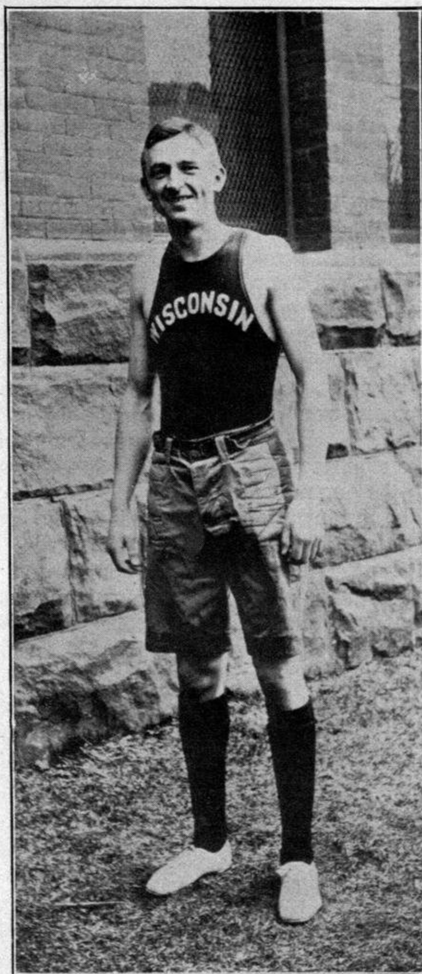
Guards—Paul Noe, Walter Lindeman.

The forwards named played great "floor" games and were so accurate as to be always dangerous when within range of the basket. Neither of the guards named was a spectacular player, in fact, quite the reverse. Both played their forwards very close and during the season made more baskets than their forwards, which is an enviable record.

Results of the five teams organized in the Western Association are as follows for the four years of its existence. This record leaves out of consideration such universities as may have played the teams named below but which were not members of the association:

| | Chicago | | Wisconsin | | Minnesota | | Illinois | | Purdue | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | W | L | W | L | W | L | W | L | W | L |
| 1906 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 2 | 7 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 6 |
| 1907 | 6 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 8 |
| 1908 | 7 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 8 |
| 1909 | 8 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 6 | 4 | 4 |
| Total | 24 | 8 | 23 | 9 | 17 | 15 | 10 | 22 | 8 | 26 |
| | 1 | | 2 | | 3 | | 4 | | 5 | |

Prospects for this season were particularly brilliant at the end of last year, when Witt, Birch, Noe and Harper were left as a nucleus for a team. Since then came the news that Paul Noe would be unable to play because of poor health, resulting from an attack of typhoid fever he had last year. Bickelhaupt is playing a good game at guard. The fight for forward between Scoville, Schwalbe and Stangel ought to produce a very good player, as all are experienced and exceptionally good men. At center the fight between Fenn and Slidell promises to remain unsettled for some time. While we may not have a championship team, we are sure of a team that will make the best in the west play their hardest to win, which Wisconsin always does in basketball as in every other collegiate activity.




"BILL" WITT
Captain

1909-10 VARSITY
BASKETBALL
TEAM

# The Son-of-a-Gun

VIDADE NECIO

*When all the world lay weary with gray pain,*
*The light of heaven veiled in gray-massed cloud,*
*He gaily sang--defiantly and loud—*
*In mockery of those who surely reign,*
*The little, little world we strut, so proud,*
*Beneath the scornful stars by paths of pain.*

*His feet had followed the winding paths*
*And never a trail but a shadowy one;*
*It knows of the light but more of the night,*
*Does the devious mind of the son-of-a-gun.*

*When icy fear would fain have gripped his heart*
*And squeezed the red blood out to make it white,*
*He bit fear's finger with an imp's delight*
*And grinned to see him slinkingly depart.*
*He loved to cheat the wise ones in their sight*
*And smile a seraph smile with sunny heart.*

*Who knows the jests and the dreams that seethe*
*In the merry soul of the cheery one,*
*The gloom to shun, and the thoughts that run,*
*In the devious mind of the son-of-a-gun.*

*He ever loved the world; her light and joy*
*Were meat and drink to him. Her snares he knew,*
*And smeared with earthly wisdom he slid through*
*Snares that had caught earth's great and held them tight.*
*He knew that life was gray, not red or blue,*
*Unsilvered and ungilded by clear light.*

*He had lived in the mirk, knew the snares that lurk,*
*And smiled at the guile of the pious one.*
*He knew of the lure—and he knew of the cure—*
*And he writhed to the clear, did the son-of-a-gun.*

# The Man of the House

B. I. KINNA

"I'll leave 'em now," she said to herself, "'e likes 'em brown."

She poured a little water in a small brown teapot standing near the front of the stove, then put it on the back of the stove.

"Pretty strong," she said, "got to 'ave 'is'n weak."

Then she opened the oven door, stooping slowly and with difficulty. She drew to the edge of the oven a dish of savory brown beans, and the odor immediately filled the kitchen. She pressed the beans once or twice with a fork she held in her hand, pushed the dish back into the oven and closed the door with an easy clang.

"Wish 'e'd come, them beans is past done." She turned to the window as she spoke and looked intently toward the hill. Daylight had almost gone, the glorious reds and yellows of the sunset were fast blending into gray. She had to lean near the window and shade her eyes with her hands.

Finally she started into the next room, walking with a slow, thumping step. She did not limp, she was too heavy to limp, she hobbled. With every step her whole body was jolted and she leaned on the chairs and table as she passed.

She went to a cupboard at the other side of the room and began bringing out various things for the meal. First she brought a glass of rich red jelly and a saucer of cheese. She carried them, one in each hand, thumping laboriously across the room to the dining table on which two places were set. As she hobbled back to the cupboard she stopped at the window and peered anxiously out into the soft, thick gray of early evening. She passed on into the cupboard and came out in a moment carrying a plate of crackers and a dish of butter. Step by step, in the same tortuous way, she carried them from the cupboard to the table. Again she thumped her way back to the cupboard and this time brought a loaf of bread and a plate of golden yellow cake, step by step to the table. Then she went back to the window, and putting her face close to the glass, peered long and earnestly over the field to the hill-top.

She returned to the table, slowly cut several slices of bread, buttered them, and laid them on one of the plates. She put two pieces of the cheese, two crackers, and a piece of the cake on a saucer and put it at the left side of the plate. At the right she put a large cup and saucer which she had brought from the cupboard. She put a spoon in the glass of jelly and moved it across the table so that it stood directly in front of the plate. Again she hobbled to the cupboard, not forgetting to stop and look out the window. This time she brought out a large tumbler, an egg, and a bottle of milk. She broke the egg into the glass. She poured in milk until the glass was full. She put in a spoonful of sugar and then stirred the concoction until it foamed. As she pushed the glass over in front of the plate she said:

"These is makin' 'un too fat, I wisht 'e'd quit 'em, but theres no use sayin' nothink, 'e won't."

She started toward the window, but before she reached it she looked sharply toward the hill. Apparently she saw what she had been looking for. She turned quickly, lumbered over to the opposite wall and knocked on it three times. In but a moment there was an answering faint knock. She walked toward the kitchen. Before she got to the door sepa-

rating the kitchen and dining room, the outside door was thrown violently open and a hatless, towsled boy entered the kitchen. He slammed the door after him with a resounding bang.

"Didja want me Mrs. Riley?" he asked.

"Yes, son," said the woman in a low shaking voice, "will youse go over the 'ill and meet 'im, 'es crazy gone this time and that stumbly as makes me 'eart sick to look at 'im."

"Sure," answered the boy, and disappeared through the door, slamming it as loudly as before.

The woman turned and went to the window. She saw the boy run across the field and up the hill. He ran up to a staggering, stumbling man who was wandering across the street from side to side. The boy took the man's arm. Immediately the man began to talk to him as though the boy had been with him all the time. As soon as the woman saw the man safely guided she left the window and hobbled to the front door. She opened the door and stood at one side.

Finally the man and boy appeared at the foot of the porch steps.

"Heres the step, Mr. Riley," said the boy.

"Where is she," growled the man, stumbling dazedly up the steps as though he could not quite comprehend so many lumps in the pavement.

"Here I am, Riley," said the woman in a nervous, embarrassed voice. She motioned to the boy to hurry.

"Well, so you're *here* are you? Fine wife you are, too, to leave a crippled, half blinded husband find his way over rocks and ditches and fight mad dogs. Whatcha doing standing here? Why wasn't you over the hill meeting me and seeing that I was safe taken care of?"

"Now, Riley, you know I could never get over that 'ill with me hankles the way they are ——"

"—— your ankles, ain't nothing matter with 'em, imagination, imagination. If I didn't have no more matter with me 'n you've got, I'd quit talking, Eh Jack?" turning to the boy.

The boy, by this time, had steered the man up the steps and they were standing on the porch. The man refused to move further and braced himself against the boy as though he intended to stay for an indefinite period.

"Come on in, Riley," the woman said, "I've your supper all ready and waitin' this two hours back."

"Goin' to growl, eh! goin' to nag a man to death for bein' a little late for his supper when he's kept by his business?"

"Now, Riley, I ain't said a word, I only said ——"

"There you go, never give a man a minute's rest, and after me just fighting three dogs over the hill and falling over them stones, ain't got no pity at all; beaut of a wife you are, beaut!"

He spoke in a loud, rasping voice that annoyed and embarrassed the woman. She timidly pulled him by the arm, trying to get him into the house.

"Don't pull me," he yelled, "I ain't goin' to be pulled after this hard day's work and particular when you ain't had sense enough to meet me and see as I'm safe home. What you for anyway, I'll tend to you when we get in, I'll tend to you! Come on, I'm ready, come on in."

"Look here, Mr. Riley," said the boy in a strangely determined voice, "don't you dare touch Mrs. Riley, mind what I say, if I hear a sound after you go in I'm coming in and lick you within an inch of your life."

"Gwan! gwan!" said the man in a leering tone, "mindjur own affairs; don'tcha suppose I know how to manage her, ain't I been tortured with her for thirty-seven years? She needs a beating and I'm the man to do it."

The woman reassured the boy with a calm, unfrightened look. The man started into the house with the woman helping him keep on his feet. She closed the door, nodding a grateful thank-you through the glass to the boy.

The boy jumped over the railing separating the porches, opened his own door and went in. As he passed along the hall he heard low, heavy grumblings, a sharp scraping noise and then a heavy thud. Then all was quiet.

# Our Own Little Lesson Leaflets—II

(The Story of the Finished Fussee Whose Acquired Characteristics Struck In)

GEORGE B. HILL

Once upon a registration day a cute she-freshman came to Madison out of the depths of the commonwealth, to study. Hardly had her No. 4 tootsies fluttered down like rose-petals upon the unworthy platform of the N. W. station when she was spiked by a bunch of gazelles that answered to a melodious combination of Greek letters.

They were presently pained to note that some of her methods were distinctly jay. For instance, she carelessly let all her best dates for weeks ahead get monopolized by one man—an engineer named Oodlethwaites, whose social standing was *X*—all because he came from her home town. She accepted with childish glee the most piffling little invitation to buggy-ride—not knowing how bucolic it was to just plain buggy-ride without some conventional objective, such as Middleton's justly celebrated two-bit-lunch-for-a-dollar. She acted just as grateful when someone toted her books up the Hill as if he'd bought her four dozen American Beauts.

It is a pitiful thing to see a young girl thus loose in a strange city with no mother to guide her; but when she has twenty-two sisters and a chaperon on the guiding job she isn't so worse off. Tactfully, yet speedily, they made plain to her feet the path that every fussee should tread.

Scatter your dates (they told her); why, girlie, you've only got five party bids and two hundred and eighty possible dates to play per annum, and the demand is unlimited; and besides, competition is the life of fussing—keep them guessing; they prefer it. Let your interest in man be generic, not personal (they said). Don't give anyone a preference, but be nice to everybody—of course, grade your niceness and save your real girlish enthusiasm for special occasions. All this was necessary (they said) if you were really going to make the most of your changes and enjoy life to its uttermost thrill, and keep the chapter colors fluttering sassily o'er the seething maelstrom of college existence.

Though they didn't put it as crudely as all that, their crass creed sent quivering shock through the little pink soul of our

She had the most blossomy seniors taking her dust.

heroine. The trouble with her was she had come here, after study of the delusive magazine dope—Corbin corruscations and Ruhl rhapsodies—that make out Madison to be a cross between Eden and Arcady, with a background of rippling lakes, a foreground of lowing cows, and the interstices filled with cooing co-eds strolling sister-wise with always-stalwart young men. The presence of the lamentable truth of the case failed to dispel the rose-colored mist that crabbed the clarity of her vision, until, strangely enough, her Prom bid slipped in the final short-arm

jolt that sent her idyllic illusion to the mat for the count.

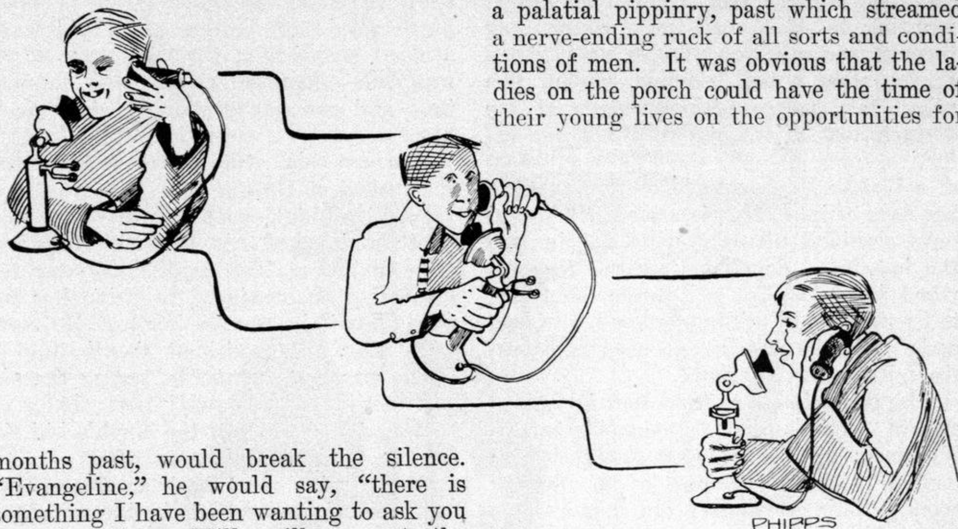
She had dreamed of a dim conservatory setting for the proposition. (She supposed there must be a conservatory somewhere in Madison.) There would be low music at a little distance, and the air would be heavy with the scent of flowers. The stalwart young man beside her, who had been flattering her with his attentions now two months past, would break the silence. "Evangeline," he would say, "there is something I have been wanting to ask you for a long time. Will—will you go to the Prom with me?" She would be silent a heart-beat or two—then "Yes, Haskell," she would say simply.

Hold picture while you count ten. Spotlight.

Instead of which — her room-mate lounged in one evening and said: "Say, kid, there's a Ski Yam senior downstairs with one of their freshmen he wants to get a girl for, for Prom. I'll give you first chance if you'll hurry down." The roomy introduced her to the frosh; he walked her down to the Pal and opened up the Prom proposition on the way back, after twenty-eight minutes' uninspiring acquaintance.

That bleak experience rent the rose-colored veil asunder like a bull-pup going through a lace curtain; which being accomplished, her womanly intuition carried her in one mental swoop to the root of the matter. Madison, she saw, was no place to put on an Arcadian idyll, on account of the shortage of shepherdesses. Two thousand strong, all the normally constituted male studes scouted forth, more or less, in their leisure moments, seeking whom they might fuss; whereas, to bear the brunt of this there was such a limited phalanx of really eligible fussees that you could figure them up in four minutes without an adding machine.

Our heroine visualized the situation thus beautifully: She saw herself one of a sparse cluster of queens on the porch of a palatial pippinry, past which streamed a nerve-ending ruck of all sorts and conditions of men. It was obvious that the ladies on the porch could have the time of their young lives on the opportunities for




entertainment waggled bribingly by the units of the stream; but to exhaust its possibilities to the full they had to use system—discriminating, unemotional system.

Of course our heroine didn't know she was making an adaptation to a peculiar environment in real biological style. She wasn't much on theory, but when it came to applied science she was there with her hair in a braid.

She took notice of what her sisters had so kindly been trying to convey, about the management of the fusser crop. She was no slow apprentice, take note; and in one short year she had the most blossomy seniors taking her dust. The methods she used are to subtle for crude type; but we at least may chronicle that they got the goods. She kept the whole house in candy for three years, and the waiting list to her date book looked like the galley proof of the student directory.

There were no more corners of *her* dates. Everyone might have been the one best for all the outward signals she gave. The delightful uncertainty game was her standby; you never knew when you called her up whether she would be so busy, so sorry, or so glad.

She had speed curves and almost perfect control. If you got paired with her casually in the social swirl she could talk to you earnestly on any old subject in a way you would never forget, and next morning in Main hall she could look through you as if you were so much ghost. If you were a real eligible gosoon she might take notice with a waggle of her 42-inch hat brim, imperceptible yet effective, quite like the warping-wing effect of a Wright Bros. aeroplane. Whereas, in her days of ingenuous ignorance she would have signified pleasure with a grin like the lady in a dentifrice ad, she now favored with a wraith of a smile calculated to its purpose in millimeters and split seconds. Oh, she was the Keenissima Queen from Keenville, all right.

The estimable Mr. Ruhl had it figured out, in *Collier's*, that the common garden Wisconsin girl is ready on graduation to hop in and take charge of a drawing room. This particular one could have run a salon.

The trouble was, she didn't graduate into a salon; she went instead to Omro high school to teach English, botany and medieval history.

As we previously remarked, she was not much on philisophical thought. If she had been, she would have seen that her Madison methods were protective adaptations admirably suited to a peculiar environment—adaptations like a chameleon's, who, as everybody knows, turns green when on green grass and polka-dotted when on a polka-dot shirt. She would have known it to be up to her to do some heavy readapting to suit Omro. If she had done it she would have lived happily ever after and given us no excuse for foisting this moral lesson on a trustful public.

She did not find it entertaining in Omro.

The trouble with her was, her standard of living had been hiked up to a dizzy height. After the University of Wisconsin, plain Wisconsin looked pitifully jay to her; and she was conscious in her meditative moments of an undefined yet carking soul-hunger. (See works of the late Theodore Stempfel for details.)

She mingled in the sports of the merry villagers—but it was with an inward feeling that she was slumming among quaint types. Those of her local clintele who were persons of discernment got subconsciously help to this after a little and withdrew in what the older novelists would have called high dudgeon. The weaker-minded members of the bunch thought she was cold—therefore cryptic and interesting—and got embarrassingly crazy about her.

She *was* cold. She shivered every time she looked at Omro.

She had high hopes of the grad who wrote and asked her back to Prom; in fact, in her maiden meditations she felt she would be overjoyed to twine her life with his'n if he wanted her to. He, however, went away without mentioning it, which was not remakable, seeing that he was then drawing seventy per. Later on he forgot and married the Supt.'s kid sister and lived happily ever after.

Our heroine went back to Omro, and was presently proposed to by the principal, a rising young man with rubber heels, who cherished a secret admiration for the works of George Barr McCutcheon. She strangled his aspirations as gently as possible, for his taste in neck-ties revolted her. Afterwards, though, she thought she had acted hastily.

He spoke at some length of his blighted life; but later on he forgot and married a milliner and lived happily ever after.

After two semesters of merry Omro she went home for a couple of years. We have not mentioned her home town before. It is eminently unworthy of mention. It has one more picture show than Omro, and a well meaning attempt at a street car system.

Her standard of living was down some pegs by this time. She made an honest attempt to mingle in what answered to the social swirl, but it came hard. Her contemporaries had been decimated owing to the fact that all the live ones left that town as soon as they conveniently could, and the younger set, who were the only

ones she could see at all, thought she was awfully wooden.

You see, she had lost the gay insouciance of nouveau jeunesse, as it were; she couldn't get over her dear old Madison ways, when there was a vast fan shaped spread of fussers ever before the doorstep ready and anxious to make every day Christmas for you if you treated them right and gave up the union rate of company talk and played no favorites.

She went back to Omro H. S. She did her own sewing, attempted literature, and was good to the poor. That last rose of summer feeling was growing on her apace, when, in the nick of time, a common, ordinary probate lawyer in $28 ready-mades intervened with the long-delayed hypothetical question in domestic relations; and, as Robert W. Chambers would put it, with a glad, low cry she flung herself at his head.

One day thereafter she came across her W memory book, and looked at the flip

At times she brings the common, ordinary Probate Lawyer.

comments her escorts had written in the margins of the dance programs, and wondered if she had been happy or crazy in those days. She put the book away carefully with some tears— but some years later she came across it in the bureau when pawing around after extra tape, and gave it to her eldest to paint the pictures in it, in order to develop his notions of art and keep him from dabbing his little sister with the water colors.

She goes back to Madison sometimes and eats at her sorority. At times she brings the common ordinary probate lawyer. After supper the seniors, in private, think he must be a great trial to her; and the freshmen taking down their hair preparatory to hitting the downy, wonder why the chapter alumnae are all homely.

Maybe you think this tale hasn't stuck to reality with postage-stamp fidelity. Maybe you think Keenissima Queens all graduate with solitaires on. Pooh! That happens about one chance in ten. We could have brutally quit this story and left the heroine an old maid, without straining verisimiltude a little bit. Look about you, Bo. Where are the Queens of yesteryear?

The moral—but shucks, why amplify?

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# The Root of All Evil

STUB STEBBINS

*In a little log shack,*
*On the edge of the plain,*
*By a creek bed surpassingly dry,*
*Lived a miner whose stack,*
*Of what men fight to gain,*
*Was regarded indecently high.*

*Now it gave the boys pain,*
*That the miner could buy*
*Whatever he happened to lack,*
*And Bill Joy's fertile brain*
*Found a method whereby*
*He could separate some from his stack.*

*By a neat little lie*
*And a well-prepared pack,*
*And a skip on an East-going train,*
*Bill can now play 'em high,*
*But as soon as he's back,*
*We'll be burying some one again.*

# Our Athletic Government

M. B. MITCHELL

It is trite to knock Wisconsin athletics. In fact, it is so common that it has ceased even to be novel. If there's something in connection with the athletic department that doesn't just strike your fancy, get out your little hammer and take a fling at the faculty, the athletic council, the athletic board, the coaches, the athletic instructor or athletics in general. It doesn't make much difference whether you know what you're talking about or not. Knock anyway. The object of the game is to give the outside public the impression that Wisconsin athletics are rotten, so it's immaterial whether your objections are based on fact or rumor.

It is not the object of this article to defend the existing athletic situation at Wisconsin. There is no denying the fact that there are lots of things in connection with our athletics that could be vastly improved, and anyhow it would take volumes to consider each accusation that has been made against them. What we shall attempt to do, however, is to outline the history and present structure of our athletic system and the duties of each branch so that it will be easier for anybody with a grouch against the athletic department to direct his kicks at the right sources and perhaps accomplish a little more by so doing.

Our present system of athletics had its start when the faculty began to clean house way back in 1906. The control of athletics at this time was vested entirely in the faculty athletic council which was appointed by the president. The student body was allowed to have two representatives present at all athletic council meetings, but these members had no vote on questions of eligibility or finance, the questions in which they were most vitally interested. After this system had been in force for a year, the regents ruled that the faculty council should be elected by the faculty instead of appointed by the president. This was a trifle more satisfactory than the other system, but even with this change the system seemed to be unsatisfactory to all concerned, so the next year it was agreed upon between the athletic council and the athletic board that the student members should be omitted from the council. It was distinctly understood, however, that if the two student representatives were withdrawn from the council, the proposals of the athletic board to the council should meet with their serious consideration and deliberation. This system has been in force for the past two years.

And now taking up the duties of the various branches of our athletic system, we will first consider the athletic council. This body has charge only of intercollegiate athletics. The conference rules provide that the faculty shall have absolute control of athletics at all conference institutions and the council is the faculty committee which enables Wisconsin to conform to this regulation. They have charge of all questions of eligibility, finances and other matters in connection with intercollegiate athletics. The conference rules provide that all surplus from intercollegiate athletics shall be used for permanent improvements on the university grounds, such as athletic fields or grandstands, so the council is not allowed much leeway in their choice of expenditures. The council is supposed and has

agreed to consider seriously any propositions coming to them from the athletic board.

The athletic board has charge of all home and class athletics and of intercollegiate athletics, in so far as the conference rules permit. Included in this latter duty is the election of all the student managers for the various teams. This system of electing the student managers, however, appears to have worked very poorly in the past. In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the election of managers seem in most cases to have been made more on a political basis than on one of merit. Time and again the man recommended by the physical department and those in a position to judge of the various candidates' work, has been turned down by the athletic board on account of some personal dislike and a much less deserving man elected to the position.

The financial control of interclass athletics is also vested in the athletic board, but any expenditures must first be approved by Dr. Hutchins. They also have charge of interclass baseball, basketball, track work, swimming, the freshman-sophomore football game, the granting of "W's," "W. A. A.'s" and class numerals, and practically all athletics not intercollegiate. The fund with which they provide medals or trophies for class athletes or meet any incidental expenditures is known as the interclass fund and was first established with the money turned back from the sale of freshman caps. This was later added to by the proceeds from the university circus.

The head of the physical training department and chairman of the athletic council, has two separate and distinct duties which are often confused. The duties of the head of the physical training department are rather hard to tabulate as they are numerous and more or less indistinct. Foremost among these duties is that of seeing that all athletic teams have proper coaching and care and that they are furnished with all the necessary equipment. The student managers, who are elected by the athletic board, virtually occupy the position of assistants to the athletic director, as he has general charge of making all arrangements for trips and games and he only details the minor work, such as keeping track of clothes and accessories, to the managers. As chairman of the athletic board and representative to the conference, Dr. Hutchins has charge of making out the schedules of games, the managers have practically nothing to do with this either.

The coaches of the various teams are employed as regular members of the faculty and their duties are mainly that of seeing that all men interested in their branch of sports are given instruction. As viewed by the faculty, their duties in turning out winning teams are merely incidental.

This seems to be the skeleton of our athletic system. There are many little details which might be indexed in the duties of one body or another, but we believe that most of the faults to be found with athletics may be laid directly at the door of one of the branches enumerated. No one can maintain that our athletic system is perfect. Neither can anyone be blamed at times for kicking in the traces at the way things are run. But, on taking everything into consideration, it seems that more good can be accomplished by knocking the body directly responsible for a fault than by kicking generally at the system.

# As Men Do!

ADEL EHRENBURG

*Laughter, sweet laughter, from the devious dark*
*Came softly to him as he sat and dreamed,*
*Saw long past visions that he long had deemed*
*Cold ashes, quenched their last dim fire spark.*
*"My fire of Fires, it rages in the dark—*
*Old hates they die—they die and pass—they pass—*
*But love, old love, endures—endures like brass.*
*I cannot bid it vanish in the dark."*

*"Red roses, Love's red roses, always come!*
*Their odors thorn my flesh, they rack my soul—*
*They make my heart—poor heart—a hell-white coal*
*That beats within me like a fierce war drum*
*To summon Passion's tribes that trooping come*
*To jeer and mock the peace I tried to learn.*
*Why must I always ache and long and yearn*
*For what has passed—is past—and may not come!"*

*"What's done is done and she is dead beside!*
*So says that wise old bishop—but he lies!*
*She may be dead but what I did ne'er dies—*
*The world is small although we boast it wide,*
*It cannot hide one sin—or aught beside!*
*The world is not so bad though, it gives gold,*
*Honor and power—if a man but hold*
*These things more holy than aught else beside!"*

*"Honor, dear Honor, how I held you dear!*
*I loved to hear the bellow of the crowd,*
*Their Wild-beast clamor always made me proud,*
*And even fool's applause I loved to hear.*
*The price I paid for all was dear—was dear!*
*The torture of these thoughts is of the price—*
*Oh waiter! Bring me whisky and cracked ice—*
*I'll want to drink tonight! Here's to you, Dear!"*

# Journey's End

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

Suddenly, when they were almost at the edge of the town, Rhoda laughed. Ward, startled at the unusual occurrence, broke off in what he was saying, stopped in his path and turned to look at her. Rhoda stopped, too, and returned his look steadily, the smile dying out of her grey eyes.

"I'll have to decline that, Ward," she said gently. "The role of the girl he left behind him is one that I don't think I can fill very acceptably."

"But I shall always like to think of you here," he said, shifting his vein. "I shall think of you as you are here and now, with the tamarack swamp at your feet and the red November sunset behind you."

"A fittingly sombre background," she interjected.

"And you will think of me?"

"I shall always think of you, Ward," she said quite gravely.

"As against what background?" he asked, with his usual desire for any sort of profitless discussion.

"The background doesn't matter," she assured him. "In your case the character is sufficient." She laid her hand on his arm impulsively. "You have a far road to travel, boy," she said softly.

"Meaning?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, Rhoda made it; let it pass for an enigma," she answered, her hand dropping.

"But I shall come back," he urged.

"Oh, I suppose so," she said, staring straight across the tamaracks.

"And I hope to find——"

"You will find me just as I am, Rhoda Cairn, static character," she assured him.

"You're the only thing in this God-forsaken town that I regret leaving," he declared.

"And me you can always come back to," she answered, not without faint irony.

"I shall," he said, hearing her words but neglecting her tone.

They turned presently and walked back to her house. She asked him in, and they stood together in the little parlor while he made his farewell. Now that the final moment was come his torrent of talk ceased, and it was Rhoda who finally found the proper words of good-bye. She gave him her hand at parting, and he held it a moment in his. When he had dropped it and gone his way she stood there for a breathing space, her fingers interlaced, and then set about the preparation of tea. There was a dead weight on her heart as she did so, but it was characteristic of her that she set the table with the same pains as usual, and handled the old blue tea-set with the same fastidious care.

Fate had been unkind enough to place Rhoda Cairn in a very circumscribed sphere. She lived in a town too small to be on any but a county map, caring for an invalid mother on a limited income. Nature, who had built her on rather a big scale, revenged herself by making Rhoda fall in love with a man who did not care a straw about her. Now he was leaving her, and life seemed to be settling down leadenly upon her shoulders.

Her feeling toward Ward was a complex one, and partook, to a certain extent, of the maternal. She saw his faults clearly enough, and now that he was going out to "seek his fortune," as he said, she was almost horribly afraid for him. He was so eager for experience, so intense in his way of entering into things, that she saw sometimes with fatal clearness of vision

what he would be when he had had all that he craved of life—and what she saw reminded her only of a burned-out, guttering candle. She was the one person on earth, she firmly believed, who could have prevented the logical end of things, and she was forced to stand by silently and let them go on.

At first she missed Ward's personal presence keenly; he had been used to spend a great deal of his time with her, assuring her that she was the only person in Shandon who had any idea of intelligent conversation. Later she ceased to watch for him and listen involuntarily for his footsteps. Her loneliness and heart-hunger remained, and her desire for his complete welfare, joined to the bitter feeling that he was not doing as she would have had him do, grew ever stronger.

She was not a religious woman; indeed, Shandon had often commented on her lack of love for church-going. But sometimes out there on the edge of the tamarack swamp her thoughts were almost prayerful; and the burden of them was always not "Help me," but "Help him."

Her life was monotonous enough, but it is likely that she did not find it dull; sombreness really was not a bad background for her. She read a great deal—Shandon considered her phenomenally learned; she played her piano, worked in her little garden in summer and took long walks in winter; for the rest, she had the care of her house and her mother—and between whiles she had enough to think about.

She wrote to Ward every week, abstaining rigorously from anything that savored of preaching, even trying at times to make him laugh, she who never laughed herself. He answered with greater or less regularity; his letters were always clever, but rarely satisfying. She knew that there were many things he did not tell her, and from her knowledge of him her imagination supplied them all too readily.

As time went on he wrote less and less frequently. Then he would suffer sometimes from fits of remorse; at these intervals he always sent her things, books usually, sometimes music, once an exquisite old cameo pin. She always thanked him sweetly for the gifts; her letters never mentioned the neglect.

She grew more aloof from Shandon in those years, but even the village gossips admitted that she was good to children and old people; and when there was sickness anywhere in town, there Rhoda Cairn was to be discovered, helping quietly, rather distantly, always efficiently.

There came a time when Shandon had a chance to return her kindness, for her mother grew steadily worse all one fall, and died in January. One day, a few weeks after her death, Rhoda, walking as usual by the edge of the swamp, suddenly realized that the last tie that held her to Shandon was snapped, and that she had, if she chose, the world before her.

She drew Ward's last letter, written when the news of her mother's death had reached him, from her pocket and re-read it. Then she tore it up and scattered the pieces on the frozen surface of the marsh. To still farther signalize her decision, she stopped on her way home to send Ward a telegram. "Direct no letters to Shandon," it read. "Am leaving." It looked slightly pointless when she got it down, but she sent it. That evening, to her surprise, an answer came: "Wait. Am coming tomorrow to see you. Ward."

Ward, as good as his word, got into Shandon the next evening. He left his suit-case at the station, and without waiting for anything took his way up the snowy street. There was a light in Rhoda's parlor window, and, obeying a sudden impulse, he opened the door and stepped in.

The room struck him with a strange sense of wontedness. It was eleven years since he had bidden Rhoda Cairn goodbye there, but it might have been only a week. The bay-window was still full of plants; the two big book cases still faced each other across the room, with the table holding the lamp between them; and beside it in her rocking-chair, sat Rhoda Cairn, bending over to read a great book that rested on her knees. He noted with a catch in his throat the familiar simplicity of her black dress and broad white collar, the well-known smoothness of her parted black hair, the remembered way in which she seemed to make everything in the room look small. Then, feeling his eyes upon her, she looked up, and, laying

her book on the table, rose and gave him her hand quite easily and naturally.

He sat beside her on the sofa and tried to talk of old acquaintances and recent events. But his self-command seemed to have deserted him completely; and presently, when she sat silent with her deep-set grey eyes fixed on him, he came down to personalities and said what he had to say.

"You find me changed, Rhoda?" he asked rather tensely.

She nodded silently.

"Not altogether for the better?"

"Not altogether for the better," she echoed.

"I've traveled your far road," he said. "It has led me here, Rhoda."

"And you find?" she asked.

He had not meant to let things take precisely the course they were taking, but his inborn love of analysis got the better of him now. "I find one," he said, "who has kept herself all these years in the silent places of the spirit, and has there found a wisdom that the rest of us don't learn."

"Yes, Ward," she said gravely. "I think she has found wisdom."

He leaned forward eagerly. Her level gaze never left his, and presently his eyes fell.

"I am going back tonight," he said at length. "When I come again——"

"I don't think you will come again," she said.

"No," he said slowly, raising his eyes to hers once more. "No, I don't think——"

After that they talked a while on indifferent matters. When he took his departure she went to the door with the lamp and lighted him down the path. He looked back when he was some little way up the street. She was still standing there motionless, and the entry behind her was filled with black shadow.

# The Shattered Lute

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

I.

*Shattered the pipes and the lute*
*With the heart of the singer lie;*
*And the voice of song is mute;*
*There is only a tear and a sigh.*

*Tolled has the sunset bell*
*To the wild, grey skies above,*
*A dirge for the singer's spell,*
*And the shattered lute of love.*

II.

*Silenced, my lute and my heart*
*Now that your love is dead;*
*And the souls of songs depart,*
*Whither the dead dreams fled.*

*Give me no crown of bay,*
*Nor lyre golden strung,*
*I have shattered the lute today,*
*With the sweetest song unsung.*

# Toughie

C. J. WERNICKE

Pretty Miss Maitland was queer. "People" would have lowered their voices and tapped their foreheads mysteriously as they said this had she not been wealthy. But as matters stood they spoke of her "little eccentricities" with a certain patronizing pride common to "people." She had studied trained-nursing and spent most of her time in practical charity. She would not give a single cent to the missions, nor would she attend church, but she would give up night after night of sleep to nurse a sick pauper or worse.

Late one evening, as she was returning from some errand in that part of the city shunned by most "people" except in morbid "slumming parties," she heard angry cries and the noice of a scuffle in a brilliantly lighted saloon just ahead of her. she hurried a little to pass by, but suddenly the door flew open and a small form pitched out and fell in a crumpled heap on the snowy sidewalk.

For an instant Miss Maitland stood still, frightened; then, her nurse's instinct to the fore, she ran with a little cry to the body and stooped to lift the boy's head. At her first touch he stirred and, murmuring. "Aw gwan," turned to look at her. A surprised "Gee" escaped him as he caught sight of her troubled face, the light from the saloon shinging through her snow-sparkling hair, forming a misty halo, and he attempted to scramble to his feet, but fell back with a half-stifled oath. His ankle was sprained.

Dr. Walker, a decrepit, old practitioner, had his office not far away. Miss Maitland had often called on him in times past; indeed, his meagre practice rarely extended beyond cases trusted to him by her, and so with much trouble she helped the injured boy to this doctor's office.

Here, while the doctor was attending to his ankle she learned his name, Toughie Dunn. Toughie "never had no folks" that he could remember and, ever since he was fourteen he had earned an uncertain living by doing odd jobs in saloons and billiard halls. Before that he had sold papers and lived with an old Irish woman who took care of him. He said he was twenty-one, but one would have judged him scarcely more than fifteen had it not been for his wizened, old-mannish face, with its wary, worldly-wise expression, strangely belied again by his bright, young eyes.

An hour later Toughie left the office on crutches, thanking Miss Maitland and promising, more or less awkwardly, to call on her as soon as he could.

"As soon as he could" was next day, and before long he was a regular visitor. Miss Maitland got him a position at her grocer's store and in the months that followed Toughie did all in his power to please her. He would not accept further help, however, and insisted on paying her for his doctor bill. As the summer went by he even began bringing her flowers and candy.

Early that fall, on one of Toughie's visits, Miss Maitland attempted to interest him in school. He refused her offers of money, and every argument she could advance, and every appeal to his reason failed. As a last resort, and she knew it was her strongest plea, she asked him, "Won't you go for my sake, Toughie?" He remained silent a long time, and at last blurted out: "You know I'd do mos' anything for you, Miss Maitlan', but I'm too old to go to school, and—and——" here he floundered helplessly for a moment, then added a trifle defiantly, "and besides it won't do me no good, so what's the use." A few minutes later he walked down the street deep sunken in thought, murmuring half aloud what passed in his mind. At the corner he halted suddenly,

threw back his shoulders resolutely, and hurried back.

"I'll go," he said briefly, when Miss Maitland came down, "but I'll pay for it myself," and without waiting to hear what he saw come to her lips, he hastened out.

Toughie's schooling, however, was destined to be short-lived. For some time past relations with Japan had been strained and in October, 194—, the long expected happened. War was declared. The national guardsmen strutted chestily about in their uniforms, newly recruited companies were drilling in every available space, and excitement reigned generally. Only here and there a mother's sad face betrayed aught of anxiety. Sorrow had not come yet. The greatest joy of war is the preparation; after that it is—well General Sherman has already described it fully.

During the excitement Toughie did not visit Miss Maitland for more than a week. When he did he found her, to his surprise, preparing to go to the front as a nurse. "And Toughie, you have volunteered, too, haven't you?"

"Who? Me? Naw, I'm too little to fight."

"But, Toughie, your country needs you," she said earnestly.

A grim smile flickered on his face for an instant and he said dryly: "I've been needed before—several times, by my country, but they never got me." In spite of herself Miss Maitland had to laugh. In spite of her urging and apparent disappointment he refused to go, exclaiming always: "Aw, I'm too little," and so, when Miss Maitland and the volunteers left for Japan, Toughie remained behind. Miss Maitland's influence removed, he soon stopped going to school and fell back into his old habits.

A few months later Toughie paused in mopping the floor of Tom McLean's saloon to look at the war news in the paper on a table. As he caught sight of the headlines his mop dropped and he seized the paper, his face white, his lips forming tense, soundless oaths as he read.

The substance of the news was this: Miss Maitland had been murdered in cold blood by the Japs as she ministered to the wants of a wounded sentry. Her regiment had taken up the battle cry, "Remember the nurse," and in the battle, which came on the following day, had been all but wiped out.

"Say, you, finish that moppin', d'you hear?" Tom McLean loomed up behind Toughie menacingly. Toughie turned on him so suddenly that big Tom stepped back quickly.

"You go plumb to heaven," and Tougie, with a stern, set face walked out and went directly to the recruiting station.

"Put me down for Japan, you," he ordered the sergeant in charge. That individual looked up from his desk at Toughie and laughed. He knew Toughie. "You are too small to fight, Toughie, and——"

"I am, eh? You put me down," and after much parleying Toughie was enlisted, and who shall say that he stood on tip-toe, while the sergeant winked his eyes, to gain the necessary two inches to enlist. In a month (years to Toughie) he was in Japan. Here he was transferred to the shattered regiment to which his nurse (he called her "his" now) had belonged, and with many other "rookies" he was drilled and hardened to service for a long time before advancing into the enemy's territory. At last his regiment was ordered to the front, but Toughie got no fighting for many a day. There was much marching and counter-marching, with only now and then a brush between the scouts of the two armies, until late in September the army camped one night on the Yara water-shed.

Toughie's corporal shook him and whispered fiercely: "Wake up. Don't make any noise and be ready to march in ten minutes. Take only your rifle, equipments and shield." As Toughie, shivering with cold, drew on his clothes, the import of the words came to his sleepy brain. There might be a battle, and yet, how often had he done this same thing before without even seeing the enemy? Noiselessly as possible the companies were formed into their battalions, and before the stars began to fade a great, silent army was moving toward Takayama Ridge.

The sun came up and with it came the enemy's airships. No longer attempting quiet, the officers gave the command:

"Halt! Raise shields! Place brace rods! Close locks!" and a solid, bomb-proof roof protected each company from the airships above. The march was resumed at route-step. Shells exploded continually on the "turtle-back," as it was technically called. Suddenly the man in front of Toughie stumbled and fell, blaspheming horribly. Toughie, forced on by those behind him, stepped on the poor wretch and felt him writhe in the vain effort to get up. Then it came to him like a blow that, once down, a man had no chance for life in that grinding mill of hob-nailed boots.

A shell from nowhere struck the ground in front of them, ricochetted and mowed through the closely packed men, splattering Toughie with thick, warm blood, but before he had wiped the blood from his eyes the shrieks from the wounded were ground out, the gaps in the ranks filled.

A stone under his foot gave way. He screamed in terror and went down on his knee. The man behind him stepped on his leg and all but dragged him under, but with an effort born of despair and terror, he regained his feet, sobbing, whining. He heard the word "Coward," and tried vainly not to be afraid. God! Suppose he should slip again! Why did they rush him ahead so? Would they never stop?

About noon the ridge was reached and in the protecting forests the "turtle-back" was "broken." The men of General Crane's brigade were deployed as skirm ishers and advanced to the top of the divide. Here mess was brought to them in their positions. Far across the plains Toughie saw the Hokamu divide and beyond rose the blue, snow-capped Wakaatzu mountains. Somewhere over there were the little Japs, and as he surveyed the scene his courage slowly returned. Out there were the men who killed—Lord, how he did hate them! His jaws set and his grey eyes glittered dry, like a snake's. A field gun near him leaped up; coughed sharply and again sank back behind the ridge, the "silencer" giving its prolonged hiss. Toughie smiled grimly as he thought of the destruction that shell might work.

"The enemy has been located. General Crane is going to attack." The rumor traveled down the line rapidly, soon followed by the order to advance. Again the wearisome toil under the "turtle-back" was begun, but Toughie did not think of the labor. A fierce exultation in his heart bore him up. They had killed her and now he might—his jaw muscles grew tense. He chafed now because he was held back by the same force that had pushed him ahead in the morning. A shot carried away the man next to him, unnoticed. They came nearer the divide and the command "As skirmishers; march!" rang out. They advanced behind their shields toward the seemingly unassailable ridge.

The captain, behind the line, walked up and down slowly, talking constantly. "Steady now, men. Remember, keep your shields until the charge. Don't drop your rifles until nearly on the enemy. Be sure your 'safety' is off and—keep—cool." He talked calmly, drawling his words. They advanced in short rushes, firing at each halt and again rushing forward. Fear was forgotten and a wound in his arm unnoticed, but fierce hatred still gleamed from Toughie's eyes. They had killed his nurse, his—ah-h, he got one that time. In spite of the fierce fire, however, the stubborn Japs held and the real strength of their position became apparent.

In the midst of it all the general's trumpeter sounded "Retreat." There was a momentary lull in the hissing of the silencers and again "Retreat" was sounded.

Captain Walker, hatless and blood-besmeared, sprang in front of his company and shouted: "Do we retreat men? Remember the nurse!"

"No!" came the fierce answer, "No!"

"Then follow——" but the captain coughed, sputteringly, staggered and fell.

The first lieutenant sprang to the captain's place. "To the rear; march!" His voice trembled with emotion, his face was ashen. "Back men; we must retreat."

"Come on fellows! To hell with retreat!" cried Toughie shrilly, and he plunged up the steep slope. With a cheer the company swept after him. What mattered discipline now! The retreating battalions paused, swept over their officers and then charged on the hated yellow foe. Shields were thrown aside, followed by the rifles. Automatics in their hands, the cursing men struggled madly upwards.

Whole companies were annihilated, all semblance of order was lost. The automatics not fitted with silencers drummed out their messages of death, forming an uninterrupted roar like that of the battles of old.

Toughie, crawling along ahead of them all, one leg useless, was cursing and praying by turns, unconscious of what came to his lips, only dimly aware of the noise about him, possessed of the one idea—"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The disorderly mob passed over the redoubts into the trenches of the Japanese and gave no quarter. The little Japs fought with the bravery of despair, but the terrible slaughter was more than even the Orientals could endure and they broke and fled in a complete rout. Down into the valley they went and scattered far and wide into the mountains.

After all was over and the dead of both sides were being buried in great trenches, Jap with American, a little khakied form was thrown in. For a moment a white face, with a fierce smile frozen on it, shone white and then was hidden forever.

# A Magnate Dies

SAMUEL ALIEBYE

*Good Lord! I hate to die!*
*To leave the gladness, leave the mirth,*
*The light, the laughter of our earth*
*That make even hearts like mine beat high,*
*For six wet feet of wormy clay—*
*The Narrow House of Peace they say—*
*Lord! I would rather live in Hell*
*Than lie dead in such peace. What's Peace?*
*I've never found it in this vale of tears*
*That I have lorded somewhat all these years*
*And would not know it if I found it now.*
*My taste's been spoiled, I'd rather have a fight—*
*A good brave fight where right makes might—*
*Than all God's Peace. I'm not a cow*
*To lie and chew my cud in idiot peace!*
*Well, here's a fight to fight! Release*
*From pain and sorrow lies in death."*
*So whines my priest with puffing breath!*
*(If I could fatten up a herd of swine*
*One-half as fast and fat as one good priest*
*I would not have to rob that devious mine*
*Known as "The Public" to support the beast.)*
*It's good to live. I hate to die.*
*To furnish worms a feast to eat*
*And not get money for my meat,*
*That hurts! They'll cheat me when I die.*
*I've cheated others but it's hard*
*To pay a butter price for lard*
*And then be forced to eat the stuff!*
*I never made them eat the stuff I sold.*
*The Narrow House! It makes me think*
*Too much of some blessed New York flat,*
*The coffin, too, is like a folding bed!*
*And thus the Captain of an Industry*
*Dies, and I doubt not, goes to hell—*
*If there is such a thing as heaven or hell.*
*Well, if there is, I'll meet my pirate mates*
*And we will surely cook—cook! That word grates*
*Upon fine ears so all asbestosless*
*A little harshly. We'll not cook*
*But, steering strictly by the book,*
*Hatch out some scheme with fine address*
*To cheat the devil of his due*
*And make us lords of all the coal in hell.*
*And then we'll water all the stock we have*
*With nineteen billions—water, did I say?*
*Ah, yes! In that dim land beyond the grave*
*Water's a thing as scarce as honest men.*
*Here, Doctor! Give a pen.*
*I want to give ten millions to the state*
*For building fountains on dry country roads!*
*Still, ever I'll move in good society.*
*The great, the wise, the rich, the sage,*
*The kings, the popes of every age*
*Will all be waiting there to welcome me.*
*Up yonder there are only hungry dogs*
*Who led starved-driven lives on earth*
*And never knew the joy or worth*
*Of living as I've lived! All slaves*
*And underlings who never tasted power.*
*If they had had the chance their graves*
*Would be as mine will be to me!*
*Lord! Pork is sure to take an awful drop*
*On 'Change tomorrow when they hear I'm dead.*

# The Daughters of the Horse-Leech

RIZPAH

The weather had been threatening all morning, and by 1 o'clock had settled to a steady downpour. The little slavey on the fourth floor put her new hat back into its enshrouding box and thought regretfully of her missed parade up the street; the children across the way mournfully flattened their noses against the rain-streaked panes; Douglas Winter waited impatiently until the clock struck 3, then went out and took his way uptown.

Rainy Sundays were his red-letter days, for only on Sunday did he have the afternoon free to go and see Beatrice Frothingham, and only on a rainy day did he have a good chance of finding her alone. Rainy Sundays when she was in town were few enough; they were occasions to be looked forward to, and to be reviewed afterward repeatedly and in detail. So he walked uptown in a state of pleasurable excitement, the only outward manifestation of which was the deepening of his usual sharp scowl.

Beatrice received him in her own little sitting-room, where a tiny wood fire burned valiantly in the face of the gloomy day. She seated him before it and smiled upon him; and he, as he always did, unbent and began to talk. But, although he talked well, with a point and pregnancy that were the result of countless imaginary conversations with her on every subject under the sun, he was always more receptive than active during his visits. On this afternoon she was charming as ever, partly because she was Beatrice and was always charming, and partly because she really liked this dark, tactiturn wild-man and liked, too, to see him soften and expand under the influence of her presence.

But he not only felt her charm, he made some start toward analyzing it. He knew that she was not a woman of great original fascination, and that hers was an attraction made up of a myriad of small graces —the shrug of her shoulders, the faint smell of lavender flowers that clung to all her belongings, the little half-droop of her eyelids when she smiled that gave her eyes the look of having a source of light within themselves. And the knowledge was ever with him, shadowy, but extant, that hers was an expensive charm; that her long, slender figure, her full, smooth voice, her talent for surrounding herself with all the agreeableness of life, were the product of generations of money and leisure. He had so little of either himself that he naturally thought much of them.

She gave him a cup of tea, set him to talking and then rallied him a bit on his talkativeness; finally they were both silent for a minute, looking at the fire. Then she caught his eye and said, "Thank you for sparing me the pretty speeches. It's a treat these days to be allowed to escape them."

Douglas, somewhat at sea, asked quickly: "You don't ever expect me to make pretty speeches, do you?"

"No," she answered with her characteristic twinkle, "and that's one reason why I value your friendship. It isn't every man who's unusual enough to refrain from saying the regular thing to the young-woman-about-to-be-married."

The glowing heart of the fire seemed suddenly to dance before Douglas' eyes, but he said steadily enough: "You know that I don't think them any the less for not saying them." He rose to go then, and she smiled and rose, too, as she said, "I know it."

Outside, in the street, Douglas was between cursing himself for having stayed so long in a fool's paradise and feeling thankful that the blow had finally come. Jealous he was not, then or afterward—how could he be jealous of the splendid, successful man whom Beatrice had consented to marry? But his wild-man ways grew on him after that, and he did not go back to see her.

It was a question with him whether he should go to her wedding or not, and he was glad when a sudden business call took him out of town and saved him the trouble of deciding. He sent her a wedding present, which a well-meaning elderly lady helped him pick out, and thereafter retired into himself more completely than ever.

He saw her once, a few months after her marriage, at a play. She nodded to him across the theater; and in the crowd at the door, where he was carried nearer to her than he expected to be, she shook hands with him, introduced her husband, and asked him to come and see them.

Douglas did not go, but a few evenings later he walked past their house. The front door was open for air, and in the softly lighted hall Beatrice stood waiting for her husband to come down the stairs. Douglas paused involuntarily to admire the picture she made in her supple white broadcloth coat, with her golden hair thrown out against the dark panelling. Then her husband came down, and at sight of her upturned face, when she saw him, Douglas strode on. She cared about the man she had married—there was no doubt about that.

Douglas walked by again a week later. They were spending that evening at home, one on each side of the mahogany library table, reading. Douglas did not pause, but he was guilty of turning his head to prolong his look. As he did so Beatrice read a passage from her book aloud, with an amused little smile, and her husband returned it companionably.

Douglas went past the next night, and the next. On the fourth they were again at home. Douglas went up the steps and paused with his hand at the bell. "Go back?" he said half aloud. "Go back now, and be her spaniel from now on?"

He went half way down the steps, then re-ascended and rang. A moment later Beatrice, still enveloped by the faint odor of lavender flowers, was giving him her hand in the library, and the days of his thralldom had commenced.

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# Greeting

MICAH

*This to the girl that I used to know,*
*And know no more—for the dream is done:*
*(Sorry am I that the dream is done.)*
*May her years be white as the winter snow,*
*May peace be with her wherever she go.*
*May she never be sorry to see the sun—*
*Dreams seem fair in youth's red glow.*
*(Sorry am I that the dream is done.)*

# Editorial

Christmas, as it exists today, is a noble heathen perversion of Christmas as it used to be in the good old days when Christians were regarded as being merely unique candles. Merry Christmas is a good little girl and we like to see her come around —she is so refreshingly green and so beautifully white. Of course, there is always the disagreeable aftermath of paying the fiddler and wondering what the fuss was about; but then, Merry Christmas is nice while she stays, and while she is here we never doubt that everything is worth while and that it is a good old world after all. Many of us have a sneaking idea that if we had had half a chance we could have improved this little world an awful lot in the making, but we forget all about that at Christmas time. We are perfectly willing to concede that the Scheme of Things as They Are is a pretty good scheme, and the powerful yearning "to shatter it to bits and then remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire" sinks into inocuous desuetude and several other places whose names we can't spell. Merry Christmas! Bless the red heart of her, and when she comes to us again may our hearts be no wearier, our souls no more soiled, the marks of the years no deeper than they are now.

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The eager-eyed reformer can find a number of things in these parts on which to exercise his ancient function. We hate to say who the first reformer was—it might sound irreverent—but anyway, the profession is more ancient than reliable history. We honor the reformer and do not believe in the pallid and thin rejoinder that forms the stock in trade of the cold-footed, to-wit., "Quit it; you're knocking." If anything needs the so-called knocking we are among the earnest-eyed bystanders who like to see something doing, even if it is only a dog fight. Still, to all those who are hankering to get out their little hammers and start to tear down and build up, we would quote the ancient wisdom of the great and unknown Egyptian poet, Rameses Abouthis, who wrote the tender little line which reads: "Before you knock be sure you won't get knocked silly."

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Student activities! It's a fine phrase, is Student Activities! It's a Solomon of a phrase. The Magazine remembers having made many an earnest plea for everybody to get busy and do something. She remembers having spread all her fingers over her typewriter and tearing off great chunks of impassioned near-English words bidding the slothful student to arise and get busy. She would like to do it again but she is very tired at the end of the year, and out of the weariness comes the hope of the idle that it will all come out as ordained in the end. Of course, everyone should get out and do something for himself by doing something for the university—if he can! Of course, everyone should be ashamed of being idle when other men are working hard for something that is no immediate concern of theirs, working on something that will, in the end, bring them little personal credit except that dubious credit that lies in being criticized by the reactionaries and the undesirable citizens. Student Activities are, in themselves, an education and they are also a tribulation. Whether the education outbalances the tribulation is a moot question. One of our New Year dreams is about a time when everyone will be so patriotic that "None shall work for the money and none shall work for the fame."

Happy New Year! We have heard these words ever since we can remember and they have always sounded merrily to our ears. Of course, we have never run across a really happy New Year, but that does not in the least detract from the good will of the words. They are nice words and we like to hear them and say them. A wise man has said that a pessimist is one who has to live with an optimist, and because of that definition we are not afraid to give voice to the pessimism of the preceding sentences. We like to be pessimistic because it makes us feel youthful—your dyed-in-the wool pessimist is seldom older than twenty-one.

Anyway, we say Happy New Year, and mean it. A New Year is a good thing because it is such a beautiful excuse to pretend to ourselves that we will wipe clean the marked up slate of our lives and be good and grand and noble for the succeeding twelve moons. Of course, we never are; but still the intention goes for something, and we are sure that some year in the far distant future it will be a happy New Year. Some year envy, jealousy, spite, meanness, avarice, all that makes the world gray at times, will die and life will be a beautiful dream of peace and good will. The greatest of these is peace. We revert to the salutation current two thousand years ago and close with, "Peace be with you!"

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# Mara

JEREMIAH

*Dying, the old year slips*
*Down in Time's grays;*
*Slowly, like white-sailed ships,*
*Vanish his days.*

*Joy have I had in him,*
*Sorrow—despair;*
*That which is past grows dim—*
*What should I care?*

*Life is a little thing,*
*Shadows the years,*
*Dirges the songs they sing,*
*Empty their fears.*

*New years no hope should bring,*
*Old years, no pain.*
*Death is a little thing,*
*Strong sins no stain.*

*On to the journey's end*
*Stumbles my soul,*
*Come what the gods may send—*
*Happiness, dole.*

*That which is done is done—*
*Why wail and weep?*
*Doom that will come will come—*
*Sing me to sleep.*