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William B. Kemp.

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Vol. VII OCTOBER, 1909 No. 1

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE "STUDENTS MISCELLANY," FOUNDED IN 1849

Published Monthly by the Wisconsin Literary Magazine Association (*Inc.*)

VOLUME VII. OCTOBER, 1909 NUMBER 1

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Chocolates and Bon Bons

Rajah Bitter Sweets

Delicia Cream Chocolates

Sold by All the Leading Stores in Town

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George Ziegler Co.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume VII OCTOBER, 1909 *Number* I

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The Student Conference Committee

By PRESIDENT CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE

Before the student conference committee existed there was no channel through which the views of the students could reach the faculty, or the views of the faculty reach the students. Each body was largely in the dark as to the ideas of the other. This situation was a very serious handicap to harmony in the university.

From the time I assumed the office of president it has been my belief that so far as possible the student body should be self-governing.

It was these two ideas—the lack of a regular channel of communication between the students and faculty, and my desire to develop self-government—which after long reflection led to the establishment of the conference committee.

Since the committee was to be a source of information and influence rather than legislation, it was founded upon the senatorial principle—that is, each important organization in the university, at the time the conference committee was established, 1904, was given the right to elect one representative. Since the first meeting of the conference committee all modifications of regulations as to admission and all additions to the committee have been made by the committee itself. The most important change that has been made was that giving to the higher classes more than one representative. At the present time

the senior class has seven representatives, the junior class five, the sophomore class two, and the freshman class one.

It seems to me a source of great strength to the conference committee that its power has been largely that of recommendation. One result of this has been that the committee has realized its recommendations would be without avail unless they were in accordance with the best student sentiment. Since every important organization in the university is represented on the committee and thus a knowledge of the feeling of the student in all quarters is contained in it, the committee has been able to reflect faithfully the student sentiment, and therefore whenever the committee has reached a consensus of opinion it has had the support of the student body.

Wisely very few questions have been decided by a bare majority. Nearly every decision reached by the committee, and nearly every recommendation made by it have been substantially unanimous, and so far as I know, without exception the recommendations of the conference committee have been accepted by the students concerned.

Among the important subjects upon which the student conference committee have made recommendations are the following:

1. Regulations were recommended to control the class rush. This was in 1904 and since that time the regulations suggested by the committee have been accepted by the various classes.

2. Regulations were recommended controlling hazing. These recommendations were adopted by the classes, and since that time there has been comparatively little trouble from hazing within the university.

3. The reform method of class elections was worked out by the conference committee, recommended to the classes, and adopted by them.

4. The conference committee has been a medium through which the student views in reference to athletics and social affairs have regularly reached the faculty.

It cannot be gainsaid that at the outset some of the students were suspicious that the conference committee was devised to impose upon the students the views of the president or the faculty. At the present time I think this feeling has largely passed away. Certainly it has never been justified. As the feeling has grown among the student body that the conference committee is an organization instituted primarily in the interest of the students, the influence and usefulness of the committee have steadily increased.

During the last two years the conference committee has shown initiative in bringing up many matters in which the students desired improvements. Of these, the expressed opinions of the student conference committee in reference to the class caps and as to the disposal of funds from class plays had such weight that they have been instantly accepted by those to whom the recommendations were addressed. Also their requests to the regents in reference to several subjects requiring expenditures have been granted.

It seems to me that the committee during the last two years has for the first time come to its own,—has realized the opportunity that it affords the students to express themselves and regulate their own affairs.

I look forward to the conference committee having increasing influence with the student body, and I hope it may finally largely render unnecessary faculty government. The ideal state in the university is that in which the students wisely control their own affairs.

In the North

GLENN W. DRESBACH

White mists lift from river rushes;
Wild winds sigh and moan;
Gone the roses, gone the thrushes,
Lark and wren have flown.

Owls at night are all aquiver
In the blasted pine;
The red moon stains the rambling river;
Frost-white meadows shine.

Here a moon-mad rabbit rushes
Through the rattling vine,
Spreading sweetness where he crushes
Grapes brimful of wine.

Swallow, swallow southward flying
From the homing caves,
In the South no winds are sighing
Through such golden leaves.

Swallow, fickle, flitting swallow,
Old is the hoyden year—
This I know, nor care to follow
South, while love is here.

My love's cheeks are soft blush roses;
Sweet her lips' red wine;
Softer light than South discloses
In her dear eyes shine.

Winds may moan in river rushes;
Frost elves venture forth;
For sweeter than the songs of thrushes
Is my love's song in the North.

The Sabine

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

"Now, Roger Baker, don't pretend you're not moved. I know perfectly well that it isn't every day you have a good-looking young woman imploring you to marry her."

Anne put her head on one side and looked up into his face, her mouth very much askew and her eyes shining under puckered eyebrows. In spite of himself Roger smiled. That was just what Anne wanted; she immediately sat down beside him on the settee, slipped a cushion behind her back, and folded her hands in her lap.

"Now let's talk it over calmly and cosily," she proposed.

"It doesn't seem to me that we've done anything during my visit but talk it over," he objected. "We've said all we had to say and more, too. Don't spoil our last hours together by a lot of purposeless disputing. I can't justify to myself by any possible argument taking you off to that hole. A man can't go against his conscience, Anne."

"That's just what I'm complaining of," retorted Anne. "A man seems to be indulging his silly old conscience at my expense. Now, Roger, if you want me to, I can go back of the story of my own life and prove to you on the best authority of heredity that you're all wrong. I come of real pioneer stock; my people came to this country when it was brand new—yours were sticking pretty close to little, old, over-crowded Europe about that time. My great-grandmother—that woman in the abominable little drawing just above your head—came out to this section when there was nobody here but Indians. She and her husband——"

"Times have changed since your great-grandmother's day," interrupted Roger. "A woman like you," he turned and ran his eyes over her as if he were appraising her individuality, "a woman like you, gently reared, college-bred, traveled——"

"Ought to have some resources of her own," Anne interrupted in her turn. "The bringing up and the college and the travel were all well enough in their way, but they were only a rather elaborate preparation for life. And, like the heroine of a certain school of contemporary novels, I want to live."

She turned her face, softly lighted by the mellow glow of the open fire, around directly to him, with a look that was considerably more eloquent than her arguments. Roger rose and walked to the other end of the hearth-rug. "No," he declared, facing about. "It was effrontery enough in me to ask you to marry me at all, with nothing but a technical education and the hope of a decent job sometime to back me up. But to allow you to try to 'really live' in a camp where the total male population is seven, and where you'd be the only woman besides the cook——" He let his speech trail off into silence.

"You've told me all that before," Anne objected serenely. "And I've told you that I'd not be the woman to object to having seven men all to myself—I don't consider the cook a rival. That would be a degree of luxuriousness that I've never enjoyed in the effete East, Roger. Well, I suppose I might appeal to your baser passions—think how much more comfortable I could make you out there than you are now. But I suppose we've talked that over times enough. And I could appeal to your sympathy by telling you how slight a tie there is between me and my uncle's widow and her second husband; I'd really rather live with you, even if you are grouchy

SHE FELL INTO HER LONG STRIDE SO EASY FOR HIM TO KEEP STEP WITH

sometimes—Oh, I know we can't all be gay and sparkling, like me. And I am fond of you, Roger; if all you want is to entrap me into an unmaidenly confession of how much I care for you, unconsiderate as you are of everything but your plaguey conscience——"

Her quizical mood jarred on him. "Oh, for God's sake, don't!" he cried, walking off across the room.

She followed him and seated herself at the piano. "Perhaps I'd better sing to you," she suggested.

He leaned on the end of the instrument as she struck the opening chords and launched into "The Road to Mandalay." The song was an old favorite of his, and she sang it expressively, with a somewhat droll unction that he loved. But it found him unresponsive today, and so did half a dozen others, though they were all selected with a view of pleasing him and prefaced with some little remark that was a distinct bid for his favor: "Here is one you used to be fond of, Roger"; "Do you remember the first time you ever heard this, Roger?" "You haven't lost your fondness for good old Danny Deveer, have you? You were as tickled as a kid when you found out that it had been set to music." Roger, however, was not thinking of her music as he stood and watched her. He was reflecting on how he should love to have her winsome presence in his camp; he was filled with the foreboding of how he would yearn for her when he was out there without her. He could not help noticing how deep of chest and strong of limb she was, how admirably fitted for the rough life that his accursed scruples would not let her undertake. He was not of "pioneer stock" himself, and the more he chafed at his scruples the closer they bound him.

Suddenly, in the middle of a verse, he straightened up and moved toward the door. "I'm afraid I shall have to go now," he said. "I've some things still to see to—a little packing left to do, and——"

"It's only four o'clock," she demurred, letting her hands fall into her lap. "You really must? Oh, very well. You will be back this evening? What time does your train leave?"

"My train leaves at nine-ten," he said. "Yes, of course, I'll be back—to say good-bye."

"Poor old Roger!" she said, patting his shoulder with ready sympathy. He stood looking at her dumbly, his overcoat on his arm and his hat in hand. He stooped to kiss her, then turned suddenly and bolted out of the door.

His preparations for departure seemed to him to drag dreadfully, to perversely balk his desire to get back to her. Yet when they were well out of the way and his dinner eaten, his feet lagged strangely on his way to her. He walked uptown from his hotel, and the clocks were striking eight as he rang her door-bell.

Anne answered the bell herself, in hat and coat. "I thought I'd walk down to the station with you," she said, "and you are so late that I got all ready."

"We don't have to start yet," he objected.

"We needn't go straight there; we can walk about a bit first," she answered, picking up her furs and giving a last look in the mirror. "It always irks you to even think of being ahead of time, doesn't it?"

He ignored her taunt and went about shutting the door; she had descended the front steps and was waiting for him on the sidewalk, looking up at him in the bar of light that the open door threw into the surrounding darkness; again her eminent desirability came over him, and the blood sang in his ears as he joined her.

She fell into her strong stride, so easy for him to keep step with. The cool November air was filled with starshine, and the walk crackled crisply under their feet. They swung along in silence for a few minutes, but not in the speechless communion that they sometimes enjoyed; Roger was wrapped in his own misery, and Anne did not try to enliven him.

Presently she stopped before a house in a side street. "I have a message to leave here," she said. "You don't mind stopping for a minute, do you?"

Roger rang the bell, and they were almost immediately admitted. He followed Anne through the hall into a well-lighted living-room where three or four people were seated. They all got up and came forward. Roger, his eyes wandering vaguely about the room, heard his own name pronounced and suddenly came back to reality, to find that Anne had dropped back to his side and they were both facing a middle-aged man in black, who held a book in one hand. Then, upon his horror-struck ears fell words that he had always thought to hear with very different sensations.

He stole a look at Anne. She was standing with eyes meekly downcast, her hands, miraculously ungloved, hanging loosely at her sides. He jerked his attention back to the man in black, who was asking them if they knew any impediment why they might not be lawfully joined together in matrimony. Roger knew just cause enough, he was sure, but he could not very well tell it then. His face flushed slowly, and his sense of bewilderment and unreality grew. The only thing he remembered plainly afterward was how at one point in the service Anne's warm fingers grasped his, and to his befogged brain penetrated her even voice: "I, Anne Frances, take thee, Roger, to be my wedded husband—to love, cherish, and obey——"

Then they were out in the fresh air again, Roger stalking grimly by the side of the sedate Anne. He broke the silence presently to say, "I'll still have time to take you home before my train leaves."

"I leave with you on your train," said Anne, sweetly. "I have my ticket, and my baggage is checked. If you won't take me now, I'll follow you tomorrow."

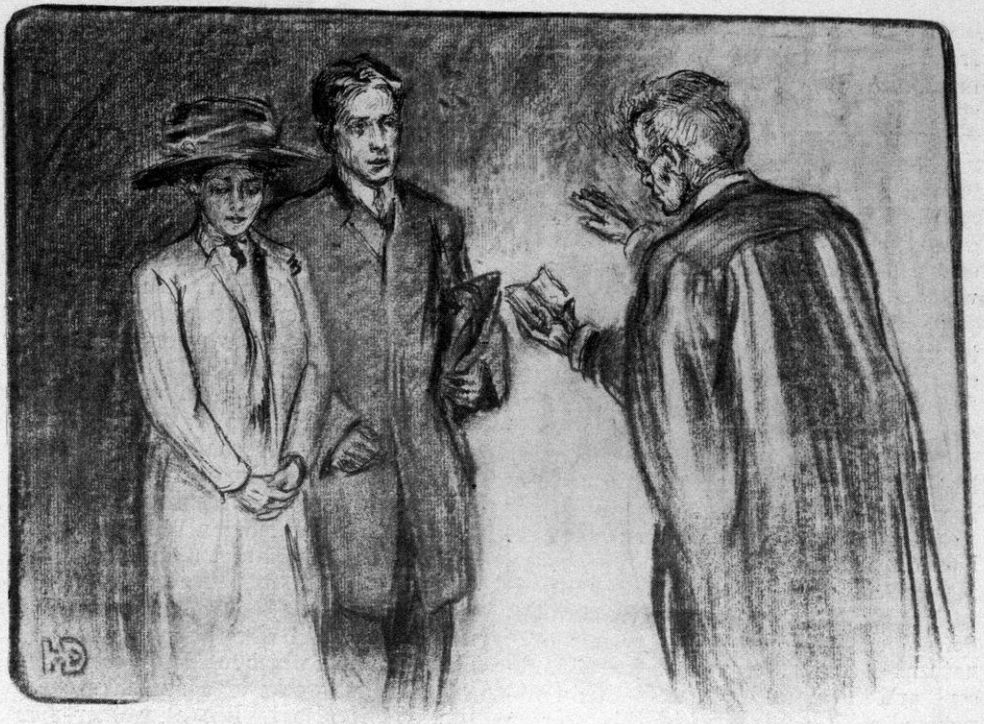
"I suppose you will," said Roger, ungraciously.

A block farther on Anne remarked, "It's fortunate that one can be married in this state without a license."

"Yes," he replied, and the conversation languished.

Bewilderment was rapidly giving place to anger in Roger's breast. "To be kidnaped like a baby——" he burst out at last, "to be cornered and made to do what my better self told me I ought not to——"

Anne stopped and faced him. In the glare of a street light he could see that her cheeks were flushed and her lips quiver-



SHE WAS STANDING WITH EYES MEEKLY DOWNCAST

ing. "Roger, dear," she almost whispered, "do you dream that it was easy?"

He made the only rejoinder manly and proper under the circumstances, greatly to the horror of a sedate policeman across the street. And suddenly the November air seemed sweet as May, and the stars hung low and friendly.

Sorority Rushing

MRS. HELEN OLIN

New members may be introduced to a fraternity by a natural or by an artificial method. The former depends upon propinquity, the interests arising from association or friendships long established, and the circumstances created by these causes. The latter method is necessarily employed where none of the elements enumerated exist, it is adopted when it is desired to overcome the influence of these elements, or it may be enforced by regulations which prevent their free operation.

The visible, audible, even tangible manifestation of the artificial method is known as rushing. This ungentle art has no legitimate place in well established fra-

ternity life. The older and stronger the fraternity system, the more all the elements favoring natural introduction are strengthened, and the less excuse appears for interference. Where fraternities have not been long established the various threads of social influence have no attachment. Like the arms of an octupus they grasp what is in reach and attach themselves to what must often be secured with violence.

The history of the development of fraternities at Wisconsin illustrates this statement. For somewhat more than the first decade of fraternity history, the few existing chapters were of no social consequence and there was little or no rivalry between them. The next fifteen years greatly increased their number and their local importance. The system was not, however, during this period, old enough to have any established social relations with students who might appear as candidates for admission. The elements of a natural introduction were generally absent, and these candidates were sought and pursued with a vigor which bid fair to become a public nuisance as well as a menace to the fraternities themselves.

By a perfectly natural process the abuse of rushing has, within the past ten years, greatly decreased. The fraternities have passed the stage when the artificial method is necessary. They are old enough and strong enough and sufficiently well known through their graduates to have established a reputation and an association which predisposes individual students to favor one or another of the various chapters. On the other hand these chapters are likely to be favorably disposed to the consideration of certain candidates. While there should be no controlling predestination in such affairs, neither should there be an active interference with their natural adjustment. If the disposition referred to is readily reciprocated the matter is settled with no obnoxious intrusion.

The result is the abolition of rushing altogether, or its reduction to exceptional cases where there may already be a conflict of interests. Even the younger and weaker chapters are benefited by the rapid filling of the ranks of their predecessors; and the general result is certainly more satisfactory than can be expected from a forced survey of the whole field of possible candidates among new matriculates.

To this natural method of selection may be attributed the correction of the worst abuses that have been associated with rushing in Wisconsin. The most intimately acquainted with the fraternity life of the young women felt that a haven of rest had been reached after a stormy and dangerous passage. But from institutions where the fraternity system is in that stage of development which we have passed, a demand for reform has arisen which threatens to involve us again in the ills we have outgrown in order that we may be reformed.

The intersorority conference rules now require that in all institutions matriculation must precede all rushing or pledging. To impose this rule upon Wisconsin is like flooding a temperate community with intoxicants before inaugurating a prohibition campaign. Such a regulation is to risk the gradual restoration of the social pandemonium which used to prevail during the first weeks of a student's college life. It is also to lose altogether many desirable members whose interest in the university is perhaps first awakened by fraternity associations. Although this class is very generally scornfully referred to by reformers, every member of a fraternity knows that it includes a fair proportion of a chapter's best members. Every end desired by those proposing a rule requiring matriculation before pledging could be secured by a regulation applying to resident candidates who are never safe from interference, and by a time limit on the period between pledging and initiation. By every other application of such a rule more would be lost than gained.

But those who seek reform are not satisfied with a rule requiring matriculation. They announce the ideal of a sophomore pledge or a pledge day late in the freshman year.

To such a rule they propose two exceptions that in Wisconsin would include about forty per cent. of the membership of the societies and would consequently nullify their efforts. These exceptions are those whose family relations would seem to make a certain choice inevitable, as well as those who enter the university with an

advanced standing. Both classes are large in Wisconsin, the former through the age and influence of many fraternities and the latter through the standing and influence of the institution. Both classes are rapidly increasing their relative numbers in the university; and under any rule for a late pledge day to which they were exceptions both classes would too rapidly increase in the fraternities. This would operate to exclude many worthy candidates entering as freshmen.

In so far as this exclusion did not occur, the rule for a late pledge day would abolish the natural method of introduction, and substitute for it the artificial method in its most obnoxious form. Such a rule involves elaborate treaties of definition and disposition so fertile in evasion as to be impossible of enforcement. The period of termination of such treaties has, in other institutions, provoked most undignified demonstrations from men students who had made wagers on the development of "pledge day" among the women.

The imagination of any one acquainted with the fraternity life of the women students can readily portray the aggravation of all the evils of rushing involved in a late pledge day. The suspense under treaty, the final tournament, the hysterical accompaniments of the awarding of each prize are not wholly beyond the actual experience of our older fraternity women. With a saner method in successful operation, all who have this recollection earnestly hope that a late pledge day will not bring these evils upon us in a more aggravated form than has ever been known in Wisconsin.

The Wind Goddess

HARRIET MAXON

In a shroud of grays that shadows black
  Wrapped in limp silver wings,
She stands near the brink of the watery track
  That the evening sunlight flings.

Sombre and mute, her dark head bent
  In a listless droop she waits;
While her wings change tint 'neath the colors lent
  From the glow at the western gates.

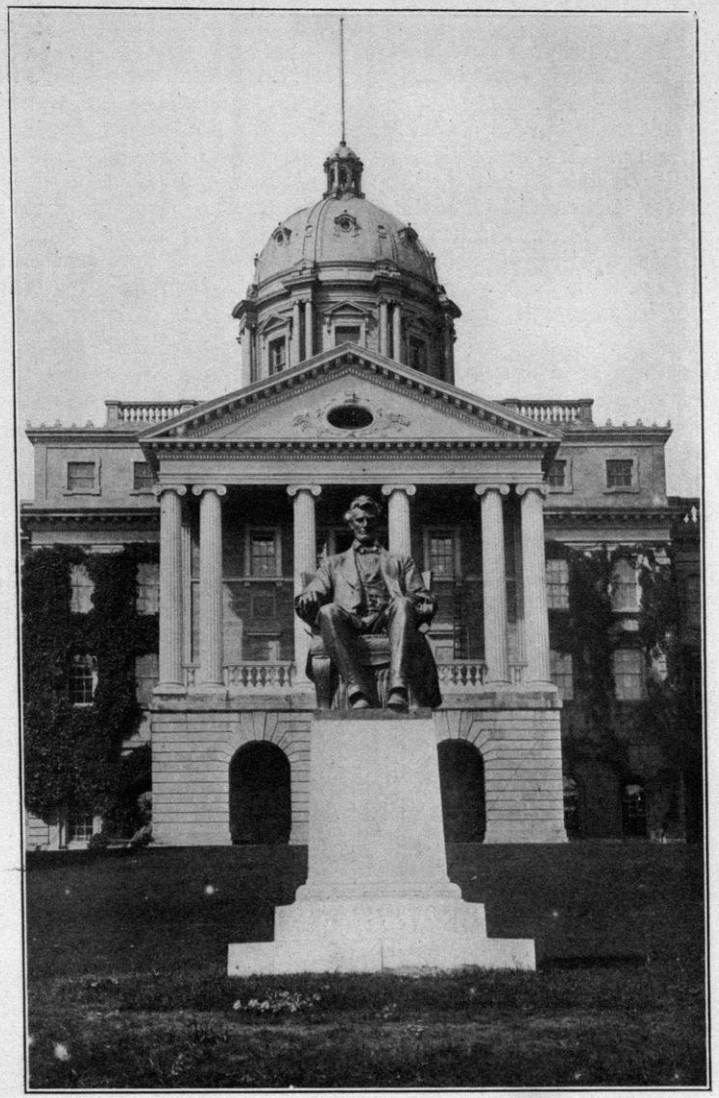
Quivering, the mirrored lights shade dim,
  'Til the evening skies have paled;
Then—a ripple ruffles the lake's smooth brim
  Where her garment's veil has trailed.

A moaning sound in the forest pines,
  That blends with the waves' dull ring;
A flying cloud in whose swift track shines
  The glint of a silver wing.

Ode

FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE REPLICA OF WEINMAN'S STATUE OF LINCOLN, UNIVERSITY HILL, MADISON, WISCONSIN
JUNE 22D, 1909

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD



I.

THERE runs a simple argument
That with the power to give a great man birth,
The insight and the exaltation
To judge him at his splendid worth
Best proves the vigor of a continent,
The blood that pulses in a nation.

We call ourselves the militant and wise
Heirs of dominion, lords of enterprise;
And 'tis no craven faith whose works we name:
The prairie sown, the factories aflame,
The mountain mines, the battle-fleets that came
Victorious home from islands of sunrise,
The cities towering to the windy skies—
A new-world faith that is a world's new fame!

Yet we are wiser than we think we are,
Nor walk we by that iron faith alone:
God and the west wind and the morning star
And manhood still are more than steel or stone!—
And among the proofs of what we do inherit
In the dominion of the spirit,
Through that material uproar, toil, and strife
Of our vast people's life,
There is a story, eloquent and low,
Waiting the consecrated scroll and pen,
More lovely, more momentous than we dream:
How, year by year, behind the blare and show,
Lincoln has prospered in the hearts of men;
And a great love compelleth to the theme.

II.

I STOOD among the watchers by the bed,
And caught the solmen cry of Stanton, when,
A statesman gifted with a prophet's ken,
Stanton looked up to God and said,
On the first moment the gaunt form lay dead,
"Now he belongs unto the ages!"—then,
Transfigured to a little child again,
Bowed in his hands that grim, defiant head.

III.

I MARKED a people, hearing what had come,
Whisper, as if Death housed in every street,
And look in each others' faces and grow dumb;
While, with the Stars and Stripes for winding sheet,
And roses and lilies at his head and feet,
He crossed the valleys to the muffled drum.
And still the white-haired mothers tell
How knell of bell and tolling bell,
Onward and overland,
On from the ocean strand,
Over the misty ridges,
Over the towns and bridges,
Over the river ports,
Over the farms and forts,
Mingled their aery music, far and high,
With April sunset and the evening sky.

IV.

GRIEF mellowed into love at Time's eclipse,
Our loftiest love from out our loftiest grief;
From him we have named the mountains and the ships,
We have named our children from the martyred chief;
And, whilst we write his works and words of state
For the proud archives of the Country's great,
How often it seems we like to linger best
Around the little things he did or said,
The quaint and kindly shift, the homespun jest,
Dear random memories of a father dead;
His image is in the cottage and the hall,
A tattered print perhaps, a bronze relief,
One calm and holy influence over all,
A household god that guards an old Belief;
And in a mood divine,
Elder than Christian psalm or pagan rite,
We have made his birthplace now the Nation's shrine,
Fencing the cabin of that forest night,
As 'twere the mausoleum of a Line,
With granite colonnades and walls forever white.

V.

AND poets, walking in the open places,
By marsh, or meadow, or Atlantic seas,
Twined him with Nature in their harmonies—
Folk-hero of the last among the races,
As elemental as the rocks and trees;
One of the world's old legendary faces,
Moving amid Earth's unknown destinies.
To Lowell he became like Plutarch's men,
Yet worked in sweetest clay from out the breast
Of the unexhausted West;
In Whitman's nocturne at the twilight hush
He seems a spirit come to dwell again
With odor of lilac and star and hermit thrush;
And, though the goodly hills of song grow dim
Beyond the smoke and traffic of today,
The poets somehow found the ancient way
And reached the summits when they sang of him.

VI.

THE sculptors dropped their measuring rods,
Their cunning chisels from the gods,
From woman in her marble nakedness,
From what they carved of flowing veil or dress,
Perceiving something they might not contemn,
A majesty of unsolved loveliness,
Standing between the eternal sun and them.
And, in his gnarled face,
With shaggy brow and bearded base,
The corded hand, the length and reach of limb,
Their generous handicraft
Has proved how well they saw

No antic Nature's curious sport or whim
Who made him as she laughed,
But strict adjustment after subtlest law —
To finer sense a firm and ordered whole,
An output of a soul,
A frame, a visage for delight and awe,
Even were it not also witness unto Time
Of deeds sublime.
Thus, true of eye and hand,
The sculptors gave his statues to the land.

VII.

ONE stands in Boston's crowded square,
Stern to rebuke and pitiful to save,
One moment of his labors it stands there,
And from its feet is rising up the slave;
One by Chicago's noisy highway stands,
As if pronouncing on a civic fate,
Seeming to view a people's outstretched hands,
Seeming to feel the armies at the gate.

And now . . . and here . . .
In the young summer of the hundredth year,
So beautiful and still,
The scholar (he who learns to wait
For meanings than the rest more clear)
Unveileth on the everlasting hill,
With everlasting sky around its head,
Between the woodland inland waters,
Fronting a domed city spread
In yonder distance like a garden bed,
This mighty Presence for our sons and daughters,
That shows him not in what he wrought,
But in the lonely grandeur of that trust
Which made him patient, strong, and just—
Yet seated, forever out of reach of aught
Of olden battles and the dread debate,
Whatever thunder comes or tempest blows;
Watching some Planet off the shores of Thought,
Not parted from but still above the state,
In long supremacy of high repose.

Our Own Lesson Leaflets

EACH WITH ITS OWN LITTLE MORAL

I.

The Story of the Three Frosh Who Were in Wrong

G. B. HILL

There were once three light-green freshmen.

The first imagined that to lead a typical college life you had to be a game little spote—only that and nothing more. His conception of the way to become one was to act like a Blumensheim poster and suck up fluids like an old-fashioned fire engine taking water from a creek. He got these notions primarily from college stories, where the students drink in the old tavern. He was confirmed in his belief by the wistful way his high school friends told him they supposed he'd have an H of a time at the 'varsity, and the way the minister warned him to remember his family and go slow, because he had heard dire things about Madison. This whetted the kid's desire to get there and begin.

We will say for him that he was a swift learner. He took to his vocation like a duck to water. (Our use of water metaphors in this and the preceding paragraph must not blind the reader to the fact that all he used it for was to wash. When the sophs threw him in the lake he shut his mouth tight and prayed.) He turned in with unerring instinct at the right doors. On his first entry into the dog-wagon he intuitively called for "one with and a coffee without," instead of ignorantly asking Charlie to "please make him a Hamburger sandwich with onions in it and a cup of clear coffee"; and inside of his first evening he knew every drink in the barkeep's pharmacopeia by its pet name.

His daily line of march was straight down State street at 7 p. m., stopping at every given point, and returning in lines of beauty along the same path at 1 a. m. He made his eight-o'clocks looking like a trance medium, and slept through four recitations with his eyes open. Prof. Jastrow found him a fine subject for the study of the subconscious. The kid wasn't much in the daytime but after dark he shone like phosphorus.

By his third week he was the greatest living authority on the less toxic alcohols. He knew Madison's midnight history clear back through the days of Dick Remp to the glad era when all the Chi Psis were Milwaukee Germans. He used to tell upper classmen, patronizingly that Andy Shubert's Light was first chop, but his Dark tasted like One-Minute Syrup to a connoisseur. The real place for Dark, he said, in the manner of one who announces a unique discovery, was Hamacher's—though the place wasn't what it used to be before the Minnesota team took away the big steins. He knew that you went to Ben's for steak, to the Bismarck for a Bohemian atmosphere, and to Reedsburg when you wanted to be safe and insane. He had an innate capacity large enough to start a chapter of T. N. E. To look at him you'd never think he was a freshman. You'd take him for an old Delta Tau back on a visit.

He had been moving so swiftly that he

never realized what an uninteresting little cuss he really was. The men at his boarding-house made a goat of him; he would bite on anything, from April Fool candy to that Early Devonian gag about a man marrying his widow's sister. He never noticed that while the bunch were generally willing to face the breastwork with him, the cognoscenti never asked him to sit in on a congenial circle at one of the little tables. All he had was his precocious wisdom, and that was offensive.

He never had a chance to come to himself, for he lasted just till Thanksgiving. At that time the stereotyped Black Hand letter emanated from Room 2, South Hall, and he went to work for a wholesale house, selling neckties. He was regretted only by the more mercenary barkeeps.

The second freshman imagined that college was a place where you wore pumps and improved your social standing. He got the idea from his big sister, who had been a Kappa Gamma at Baltimore. She said that this was a chance to meet the best people. She told him to be careful about joining a frat and to pick out one that had a good national standing. She said she was sorry it wasn't an eastern school, for she'd heard Wisconsin was pretty crude, and he'd have to use careful discrimination.

He blew in quietly yet faultlessly dressed, and was shocked by the prevalence of yaps in soft shirts who appeared to be accepted by their fellows without hauteur. He was surprised to find that no one had on gloves. He was worse shocked at three that afternoon, when a sophomore rude-neck smashed his cady.

He spent the next week putting more arty curtains on his room, and building a cozy corner. Every time a delivery wagon drove up to the house he thought it was a frat rig, and paused, thrilled.

Nobody noticed him for two weeks, at the end of which time his sister's sisters asked him to a reception at their lodge. He was the only man in a Tuxedo. The first girl he met was an unripe little pledgling with the fidgets. The next one talked football to him. The next told him she was dead to the world from putting on sketches to jolly up the deadest bunch of rushees since the year of the big wind. The fourth had a cold in her head and was reduced to monosyllables. They all asked him how he liked Madison, and who his class advisor was. The grate smoked and they had to open the windows. He was much disillusioned. He had expected a certain indefinable *ton*. He had never seen *ton*, himself, but he expected it.

Later, he did some social scouting on his own account. It came to him gradually that the only functions where an insignificant frosh had the entree were church sociables and the pig-race. This wrung his sensitive soul.

In December, a fraternity came around and got him; he was recommended by his sister's sorority, and besides, they were having a hard time to fill the house. At their first dance the fellows provided him a little yellow-haired thing in an empire gown colored indigestible pink, who giggled and drummed with her feet in time to the music when he tried to sit out a dance on the stairs like in Richard Harding Davis. He was peevish about her, but the fellows said what more did a frosh expect? However, they told him they'd introduce him to the finest skirts they knew—not a bit uppish, they explained—but good scouts and lots of fun. That damped the frosh's enthusiasm some, and it got a cold soak when one of the girls let on she had been a grade teacher back home. That night he inauspiciously asked the fellows if there wasn't any real smart set in Madison, like in—but at that point they got irritable and put him in the tub. Later a senior told him there were some crowds that thought themselves regular *creme de pomme de terre*, but as a matter of fact they were an unconvincing imitation and didn't fly high enough to clear the fences. Our bunch, he explained, never ran in their class; then he cussed the frosh out for fifteen minutes.

The latter shed his last 'varsity *bon ton* aspirations then. He thought, though, the fine old residences at the far end of Langdon were worth working—so he tunneled in, but landed in a stratum of tea and old maids and codgers with white worsted goatees whose idea of small talk was to tell how they met Matt Carpenter.

In June he struck his father to let him go to Ha'va'd. That made the old boy

sore, and he put him to work in the shipping department.

The third frosh had no imagination at all.

His mother got him a nice room in a private family, with whom she was personally acquainted. It was quite a ways from the university, but she thought the walk would do him good.

When his shyness wore off he was surprised to find how much like going up to high school it was. It was with difficulty that he resisted an impulse to carry his books in a strap. He had been told college was a place primarily for study; the trouble with him was, he never got hep to the fact it was a place for anything else incidentally.

He spent afternoons, the first couple of weeks, mural-decorating his room. He had a lot of Colliers' supplements and some Gibson heads his sister had done, that were almost recognizable, and three pennants, and a net with photographs in it that gave a real original, rakish, college-devil look to the place. He had to put a lot of thought on it, because the landlady didn't want him to drive many nails. By the time he finished he had learned to do all his own passepartouting.

The only university function he got into was the rush. He thought it was an exciting custom. He was anxious to be helpful but didn't see just how. After running about diffidently a little he went home. It was only when he read the papers that he knew he had been in anything sanguinary.

Evenings, when he had got his lessons, he used to sit in his nice, warm room, and read the public library books and develop pictures. For excitement, he used to go to a friend's room to buck. Twice they had cider and crackers, and once when they had spring fever they just let their lessons go and got balcony seats at the Fuller. But they regretted it afterwards when they thought it over soberly.

Our hero had been here three years before he found out where the Park Alleys were; and then he didn't go in because the name sounded dissolute. He still thinks Butterfield's is a creamery.

He had been in Keeley's just once, up to his senior year; that time he went in to buy a pennant he saw marked down in the window. He didn't know what Dog-Wagon Charlie's first name was, any more than you know his last name. He didn't know that literary societies are debating societies, and he always got Yellow Helmet mixed with Red Domino.

He was less than a clam—he was a common fresh-water mussel.

Why, he didn't even make Phi Beta Kappa.

His last year he roomed in the Y. M. C. A. He wrote home that he was getting an insight into that real college life such as he had read of but had never known existed here, but that the crowd was pretty rough. In justice, I will say that he took his roomrate's sister to a party once, that year. He was just learning to play handball when he graduated.

His class was surprised when he did it. Most of them had never seen him before, and those that had, had never noticed him.

No one has noticed him yet.

There is no moral. All we wanted to point out was that the goat family has lots of sub-species.

Why the Military Department?

RALPH McCOY
Captain Fifth Infantry, U. S. A.

More than forty years ago it was decided by the powers that be that military science and tactics should be taught in the University of Wisconsin, and a course was established with that end in view. This course has passed through many vicissitudes; the policy has changed with the frequent changes of commandants, and at times there has been neither policy nor commandant. As a natural result, a feeling of indifference toward the military department has become more or less firmly fixed within the University, which is quite out of harmony with the splendid military history of Wisconsin. At the present time more is done by the national, state, and university authorities to promote the efficiency of the military department than ever before, and it is hoped and believed that with a better understanding of its reason of being, the old indifference may be changed, and the student body will do its part in making the regiment one of which it may be proud.

We of the United States are not a military people, as the term is ordinarily understood. We have never maintained a large standing army, our organized militia comprises an extremely small part of the population, and we do not, and perhaps never will countenance the idea of compulsory military service in times of peace, but the old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war," applies to us with as much force as to any nation. Writers of our school histories enlarge upon our brilliant victories and the successful issue of all our wars, but are nearly silent as to the immense loss of life and treasure due to inadequate preparation; nor do they say much about the element of luck which has always been with us.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the North was severely handicapped by the lack of men knowing the first principles of the military profession. Concentration, mobilization, and training were carried on under such difficulties that people were awakened to the fact that military training of some sort was essential to our national life; and so, in 1862, the Morrill Land Grant Act was passed, donating lands "for the establishment of colleges where the leading object shall be the practical instruction of the industrial classes in agriculture and the mechanic arts, including military tactics." All of the states have taken advantage of this and subsequent acts, and have established colleges or universities where courses in military science and tactics are maintained.

These courses are governed in each state by local regulations, but such regulations must provide for the minimum course prescribed by the United States. At the present time this minimum course calls for eighty-four hour periods per year for two years, not less than two-thirds of the time to be devoted to practical drill covering, (a) Infantry Drill Regulations; (b) Small Arms Firing Regulations; (c) Field Service Regulations; (d) Manual of Guard Duty. At Wisconsin we are working under the minimum schedule required. It seems impracticable to allot more time to the military work here, but we can, with proper effort, accomplish better results than heretofore in the time allotted.

The object of the United States in maintaining military courses in the state universities is to create a body of educated men competent to act as officers of volunteer organizations when war shall make such organizations necessary. This object is being accomplished. A conserva-

tive estimate would place the number of graduates of all universities having a military course at not less than four thousand annually. These graduates can by no means be considered military experts, but the knowledge which they have of company, battalion and regimental organization and drill would in time of war be invaluable.

The question may reasonably be asked, "Of what value is the military course to the individual?" To the man who looks upon it as a grind, a thing to get through with as little trouble as possible, it is practically without value, but it is believed that such men are rare in Wisconsin. To most men it is a duty, and a not unpleasant one. Entering upon it in this spirit, one acquires self-control, a wholesome respect for authority, a correct bearing, and an experience in the organization and control of men which will stand him in good stead no matter what may be his subsequent career. Best of all, he feels that when his country becomes involved in war, he will be fitted to take an important and honorable place in her service.

Modern history teaches us that when war comes, it comes suddenly. Nations are called upon to put immense armies in the field, and a great advantage rests with that nation which is first in readiness. Large armies of untrained and undisciplined troops cannot win battles when opposed to others better trained and better disciplined. The military resources of the United States are unsurpassed by those of any nation, but they are for the most part latent. In the battle of Mukden, Russia and Japan had each an army in the field of more than 300,000 men, the line of battle extending over ninety miles. The combined regular army and organized militia of the United States numbers less than 200,000 men. Should we be so unfortunate as to be called upon to fight a battle as great as that at Mukden, over half our strength would nesessarily be made up of organizations which now exist only in the minds of the officers of our general staff in Washington. These new organizations would be officered by men from civil life—men who have received the rudiments of a military education at the state universites and military schools.

Since the birth of our nation we have been called upon to go to war on an average of once in thirty years. We deplore war, and sincerely hope that the United States may always be able honorably to avoid it, but when our national honor, or even our national existence is threatened who would not prefer it to national disgrace?

These, then, are the reasons for maintaining a military course in the University of Wisconsin. If the course is unpopular with the majority of students, the ends desired by the state and the nation will not be attained. If, on the other hand, the student body is interested in the work, the University will be doing a large share toward strengthening the national defense. The commandant alone cannot make it a success, but if the student body is with him, the good accomplished will be so evident that the question will never be asked, "Why the Military Department?"

What's Wrong With the Crew?

VICTOR FARRAR

What's wrong with the crew? Ten successive times have we shipped our shells to Poughkeepsie, and no victories. It seems about time for an answer. As a business man remarked the other day, "I cannot understand this crew business. You can't tell me that our fellows are not as good as those of the East. I am beginning to lose faith in Ten Eyck. We have football victories, track victories, baseball victories and basketball victories, but no crew victories. It's about time for a showdown."

But a glance at the situation will show that a crew victory and a football, baseball, track or basketball victory are different propositions. A victory with the latter sports means a western victory, but a crew victory means one over the whole East, which at present is the same as a national one. Take, for instance, our football team, our most typical sport and the one which represented us last year. We considered it a good team and were only beaten by Chicago, who was tied by Cornell, who was beaten by Princeton, who was beaten by Yale, and Yale was beaten by Harvard. Where does that leave us? Certainly not in first place, nor probably not in as high as fourth place. Moreover, none of our men were on the "All-American." To continue, our baseball team could not have beaten the Junior Engineers very badly, and as for our track team, records show it would not have scored a point at the Eastern Intercollegiate.

So, after all, those who are inclined to underrate the crew should take second thought and consider that our crew is not running up against fourth and fifth rate institutions like Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska.

There is nothing wrong with the crew but there is something wrong with our athletic condition in general, biting as this fact is to the true Wisconsin student.

We may cry "Wisconsin second to none," but aside from sentiment there is little in it. The fact that we are in a low state athletically is admitted outside and must be admitted within. Those who admit it, lay it to the coaches; others blame the faculty; McCarthy says we lack spirit. Now, if our crew does lack perfection, our other branches of sport lack it in a greater degree.

It seems that our greatest lack is individual competition, and in this we are far behind the East. Athletic honors do not seem to be sought after as they are in the East. At Cornell it is no uncommon thing for two or three hundred men to report for cross-country. At Wisconsin the candidates could be counted by fifty. When Yale calls for football aspirants they turn out by the dozens, forming third and fourth teams, and to make one of these is considered high honor. Competition does not stop here but makes it necessary to form other branches of sport, as wrestling, hand-ball, polo, golf, lacrosse, fencing, and boxing, sports which are unknown as competitive at Wisconsin. Those who do not make one team try for another.

The West has always been inferior to the East in athletics, although the scholarship of the West is probably superior. This is only natural when we compare the two systems of education which prevail.

In the East a sort of Greek-Latin-Society-Culture polishing education has been in vogue, and bodily accomplishments are held in high esteem. The students coming from richer families desire a polish rather than anything practical and do not think much about what they are to do when out of college. The students of the West are, on the other hand, sons of

parents of less wealth. They have had a hard pioneer struggle, and with them culture and bodily accomplishmments count for little. College to them means more of a place to prepare for a life work. Greek and Latin are in no demand, but agriculture and engineering being practical, are greatly sought. The eastern boy considers college as the four best years of his life. The western boy, looking ahead to the job which is before him, is apt to make the four years a grind, thinking that time spent at athletics is time lost. The faculty, too, take advantage of this feeling and make a heavy and close scrutiny of athletics, perhaps heavier than would be allowed in the East.

Whatever we do we must endeavor to get the men out, to stimulate competition, to make the places keenly sought for. It stands to reason that a better team can be picked from three hundred men than from fifty men. Competition is the life of sport and unless we can get the men out we can expect nothing but mediocre athletics. The coaches cannot make teams out of a few men, however faithful they may be.

There is nothing wrong with the crew. A little more competition for places will give them the added impetus which will put us into first place continually.

Photo by NADEAU

RICHARDS OF WISCONSIN WINNING 100 YARD DASH IN CHICAGO-WISCONSIN DUAL MEET, 1909

Among the Unnumbered

RIZPAH

When we reached the station Sam went to buy my ticket and check my trunk. Hugh and I, after one glance at the unsavory waiting-room, stuffy even beyond its wont on account of the oxygen-consuming properties of a red-hot sheet-iron stove, took up our stand on the platform.

It was dark out there, and very lonely; we could see nothing either way along the track except one red light at a switch. We were sheltered from the wind, but even where we stood it was very cold. The contrast to my surroundings of an hour before—the lamp-lit parlor with Hugh and me before the open fire, and the cheerful voices of the children across the hall, interrupted now and then by father's deep-voiced sententiousness or mother's comfortable laugh—the contrast, I say, came over me, and combined with memory and ill-defined dread to make me feel awesomely lost and lonesome. I looked up at Hugh, half determined to take back what I had told him that afternoon. He was looking beyond me, his eyes narrowed and his lips shut as if he never intended to open them again; the sternness that had always made people call him old beyond his years was visible now. My half-determination oozed out of me; I felt relieved when Sam came back to deliver my ticket and check. We heard the train whistle at almost the same moment, and people began to come out of the waiting-room. Sam plumped a kiss on my mouth with brotherly directness, and then made off to stand by his horses' heads. Suddenly Hugh turned and spoke to me, his face wonderfully kind and warm, as I could see even in the dim light. "Remember," he said, "if you ever change your mind I shall be waiting for you. Get your colleging and have your fling, but don't forget that if it's only a question of waiting I'll wait—just as long as you make me."

If the train had been two minutes later I might not have taken it at all; but, strangely enough for a train that is carrying students back from vacation, it was on time. Almost before I knew it I was seated and speeding—relatively "speeding"—back to the life that I had dreamed of for years, and that I now returned to after three months' experience with feelings vastly different from all those young anticipations.

There was no one in the coach that I knew, and the light was too dim to read by; so I leaned my head against the back of my seat and thought. If I had been any properly romantic young lady I suppose I should have thought of Hugh, and his parting look and speech and handclasp. Instead I thought of what lay ahead of me, my little bed-room with its ugly paper, cold to go to bed in at night, and nothing less than ghastly when viewed by a getting-up artificial light. The train jerked and rumbled along; the noise of its passage over the rails sang itself into my head in a monotonous refrain, "Back—back—back again." I suppose I must finally have gone to sleep, for the next thing that I knew Judith Anderson was leaning over me and speaking.

I was tremendously glad to see Judith, who was a house-mate of mine at Mrs. Gillan's. I admired her with the wholehearted enthusiasm that nineteen lavishes on its idols. She was a small girl, with delightful dimples and wavy light hair; she "went in for" all sorts of student activities, "the purpose of life here at Wisconsin being to get as long a Badger summary as possible," as she airily explained. Behind her in the aisle on this particular night stood Abigail Park, her room-mate,

fellow-senior, and intimate friend. Abigail was much the same sort of cheerful, self-reliant girl as Judith; indeed, they were chiefly differentiated to the casual onlooker by Abigail's more conspicuous clothes and greater popularity with men. There was one of them with her now, a big, good-looking chap, with a manner that was a bad attempt at extreme sophistication.

Judith smiled at me in her easy way. "We're almost there, Edith," she said. "Come with us; you're enough to complete a cabful. Oh, this is Mr. Blake, Miss Fuller. Let me help you with your suit-case, Edith; Mr. Blake has taken mine."

Judith talked to me during our ride up-town in a musty conveyance. Abigail and Mr. Blake, seated opposite us, kept up a low conversation of their own, occasional street lights revealed them to us, Abby looking down at her muff, and he sidewise at her.

Meeting them tided me over my late and dismal arrival. But there was no such special providence vouchsafed to me the next morning, when to make an early class I had to get up after six hours' sleep and eat my breakfast almost on the run; though, to be sure, it was no particular hardship to have to slight the kind of meals that I got at Mrs. Garraty's, where "they only take girls," Judith had warned me, "because the table is so bad the fellows won't stand for it." I had been too late in applying to get a place where Judith and Abigail took their meals, and I disliked the noise and confusion of a big dormitory dining-room; so I slighted my breakfast as a part of the day's work and made off up the Hill. There I had two of the usual more or less grinding Freshman classes, French and Latin Prose, I think they were, that served both as prelude and contrast to a class of which I enjoyed every minute, and that though it was Freshman English. As Judith put it, "There's one prof on the Hill that you may as well put your money on first as last, though I don't suppose he'd approve of my putting it that way. That one best bet is Woody; I'd almost take the trouble to write my themes legibly for that man."

I should have expressed my admiration in another form, but I felt it none the less sincerely; to this day I doubt if there has ever existed a finer combination of the manly virtues and the little agreeablenesses than were possessed by the man who set me an example of right and wise living that was quite as necessary and much more inspiring than his conscientious attempt to teach my young idea how to shoot in accordance with the best principles of unity, coherence, and emphasis.

I felt better when I came out of his class, and in order to prolong the pleasurable sensation as long as possible I went to the Library after lunch and worked for his course. I was happy enough then, but try as I would I could not make my work hold out after four o'clock. At that hour I went back to my room and wrote a letter home and one to Hugh, trying desperately hard to make them cheerful.

After dinner Judith put her head into my room to know whether I wished to go to the Library with her and Abigail. "Dragging Abby by the hair of her reluctant head," she assured me. "It's high time she got to work; exams are less than six weeks away, and I don't want to have anything happen to her like what happened last year. I can't say I'm exactly mad about getting down to muttons quite so soon after vacation myself, but if they will start off again upon a Thursday—Not going, girl? Haven't exams any terrors for you, Fresher?"

They had, but no such terrors as the brightly lighted reading-room full of more or less gossiping and laughing people; I had tried the Library as an evening diversion in lieu of others that I could not compass, and had found it sadly wanting. I made physical weariness my excuse for creeping into bed at eight o'clock.

But I was not dog-tired every night by any means. After dinner Friday I went in search of company and diversion to Judith's and Abigail's room. Judith was putting on a fresh shirtwaist, and Abigail, stretched out on the bed in a dressing-gown, was eating an apple. "Have one, Fresher," she invited, offering me the bag.

"Yes, have one, Fresher," mocked Judith. "Eat before dinner and after dinner, and don't forget the dinner. Then maybe when you're as fat as Abigail you'll be the same kind of popular lady. Sure it's the devil with the men that our Abby is."

"Our Judith isn't so bad herself," retorted Abigail. "What's she putting on that particularly becoming tie for, I'd like to know?"

"Primarily to cover up the place where my stock joins my waist," said Judith sweetly, viewing herself over her shoulder in the mirror. "Secondarily, for the delectation of a prof. He's rather a nuisance, but he brings me awfully good candy, and after all an unmarried man has to do something with his time. You wouldn't like me to leave him to the mercies of the sociology fellows, would you? But as for you, with your Harry," Abigail made a feint of throwing her apple core, "and your Bob and your Jim—It's the kind of thing you read about in college stories, Edith."

I sat in their room till they were both summoned to the parlor; then I went slowly upstairs. My quest for company would not have been fruitful if carried on on the second floor, where, besides Judith and Abigail and the landlady and her daughter, the total population consisted of a red-haired Freshman who was always in tears over her work and her loneliness, and never got off the subject of her all-important self, not even when I wanted to talk about myself; and a Senior of doubtful age and undoubted previous pursuit, who regarded college as an institution ordained by Providence for raising the salaries of high school teachers from fifty dollars a month to seventy-five.

On the third floor, where my room was, the selection was not much better. The two girls who roomed together there were Freshmen who had "made" a sorority, and their talk was one steady stream of allusion to men that I did not know, varied by references to "the house," which would seem to have been for them the locale of all earthly bliss. I did not even try to see if they were in, though I did not stand the least in awe of them; I knew that if I happened to be from Fasula instead of Martin City I should have been a "sister" of theirs. Possibly I was a bit jealous of them, though; it is hard sometimes not to be jealous, when one is only nineteen and has a trunk full of pretty clothes and nowhere to wear them.

I read myself to sleep that night; reading in bed was my form of week-end dissipation. Saturday morning I put in as usual at hard work—not that I am or ever was much of a student, but I was determined to get good marks out of my college year if I got nothing else. But the afternoon was so sunny and the air so crisp that I wanted to be up and out. The two girls on my floor were at a reception at "the house"; the persevering Senior had dragged the red-haired Freshman to the Library; Judith had gone to one of her meetings in the interest of "student activities," and Abigail had disappeared. I put on my best hat and new furs, and walked out alone.

It was a wonderful winter day, and I put my chin up and walked vigorously, but I think I was the loneliest person that ever walked those streets. I was facing the fact that my college career was not shaping itself into any sort of success. The Freshmen with "the house," the Senior to whom her degree was an end in itself, or, rather, in what it would be worth to her in cold cash; Judith with her student activities, and Abigail with her men, each stood for success. The red-haired Freshman was a failure, but she would have been the same at anything else; she was one of those people who are stamped "Failure" before they begin to creep. And somewhere between the two I put myself. What was really hurting me worst that afternoon, though, was the fact that I had no friends. Judith and Abigail were good to me, but just as they were to the landlady and the postman, because they were too good-natured and decently brought up to be anything else. The very idea of treating me as they treated each other would have struck them as incongruous—and for the life of me I could not see why.

Toward the middle of the afternoon I met Abigail walking along the street, engaged in easy give-and-take talk with my adored Professor Wood, to whom I hardly dared to address a question after class. A moment later Judith slipped her hand through my arm and fell into step with me. She had had a very successful meeting; they were planning to do great things. "Harry Blake was there," she confided to me. "He's really not at all bad when you get him separated from Abigail. When she's around he honestly doesn't know what he's doing. Did you see her getting

in her fine work on Woody just now? It's a joke when a prof takes a liking to me, but a man is a man to our Abigail, and they're her specialty."

She chattered amiably on, interrupting herself to speak to almost everyone we met. They all returned her greeting as warmly as their natures allowed them to. Oh, Judith was a success, there was no doubt about that; her lack of self-consciousness only emphasized the fact.

At the house I found a letter from Hugh awaiting me, just the sort of tender but reserved letter that he always wrote. In a sudden burst of feeling I sat down and answered it, not with the studied friendliness that I usually showed in my dealings with him, but in words that I knew he was waiting for, and hardly hoped to read.

I have lying before me now a note that I received from Judith the next fall. I copy part of it for its fine unconscious irony:

"Of course I wish you all kinds of happiness, and I'm sure you're in a fair way to attain it, for you must love him a good deal to be willing to leave college at the end of your Freshman year and marry him. I suppose it's proof of my never having been in love when I say that I've never seen the man I'd do it for. You can judge of the sincerity of my statement by the fact that after decently getting through I am crawling back into the fold this fall as a graduate student, plague on't."

I can judge that and many other things from divers circumstances.

Photo by NALEAU

FINISH OF 440 YARD RUN, DUAL MEET, CHICAGO vs WISCONSIN, 1909
BLEYER OF WISCONSIN TIED LINGLE OF CHICAGO FOR FIRST

A Night in Camp

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

The long day had been full of joyous toil
With paddle on swift streams and inland seas,
And I at last had lain me down to rest,
Safe housed beneath the quiet forest trees.

How wond'rously the woodland sounds grew large,
Blent in the hollow bigness of first drowse—
My thoughts were drifting, half 'twixt dream and dream—
Near conscious, yet unwilling to arouse.

A twig snapped, and at once I was awake,
Not with the straining nervousness of town,
But with that poppy-pleasantness of thought
That makes the hemlock boughs a bed of down.

Impressions, vague as shadows in a mist,
Slipped into consciousness and out again—
Sometimes stark naked to be looked upon,
Anon elusive, fleeting, grasped in vain.

Hearing and sight and sense of smell were keen,
As they were never in the daylight hours.
And yet the velvet fingers of the night
Caressed as gently as sweet falling flowers.

Distinct beneath the rapids' rush and roar,
Beneath the lesser gurgling, tinkling notes,
I heard the chiming chapel bells of home;
Yet . . . listening . . . they were gone like sunbeam motes.

A whippoorwill swung up and down his song;
An owl cried strangely, wierdly to the night;
Some prowler snuffed close by me on the ground,
And I was broad awake and sat upright.

Seeing the faint, blurred image of the moon,
Sprayed softly through the tent above my head,
And hearing, on the web of larger sounds,
The 'broidery of the unexpected spread.

A distant crash of branches—then a pause;
A fain "sniff! sniff!" near where I ate at dusk;
The little owl's clear, sudden "Ko-ko-oh-h!"
And Reynard's passing, with a scent of musk.

A wood mouse scurried through the fallen leaves;
The birds of passage called, high on the wing.
At last—ah, perfect, silver purity!—
The white-throat sparrow's song rose shimmering.

As though a moonbeam throbbed in radiant sound.
Was ever such an ecstacy of note,
This nightingale of northern solitudes
Poured joyous from his little, pulsing throat.

It seemed to thrill away from star to star—
I listened 'til the last sweet phrase was gone,
And then the night wind lulled me for a space,
Until there grew the slow, gray light of dawn.

The Gridiron This Fall at the University of Wisconsin

COACH C. P. HUTCHINSON

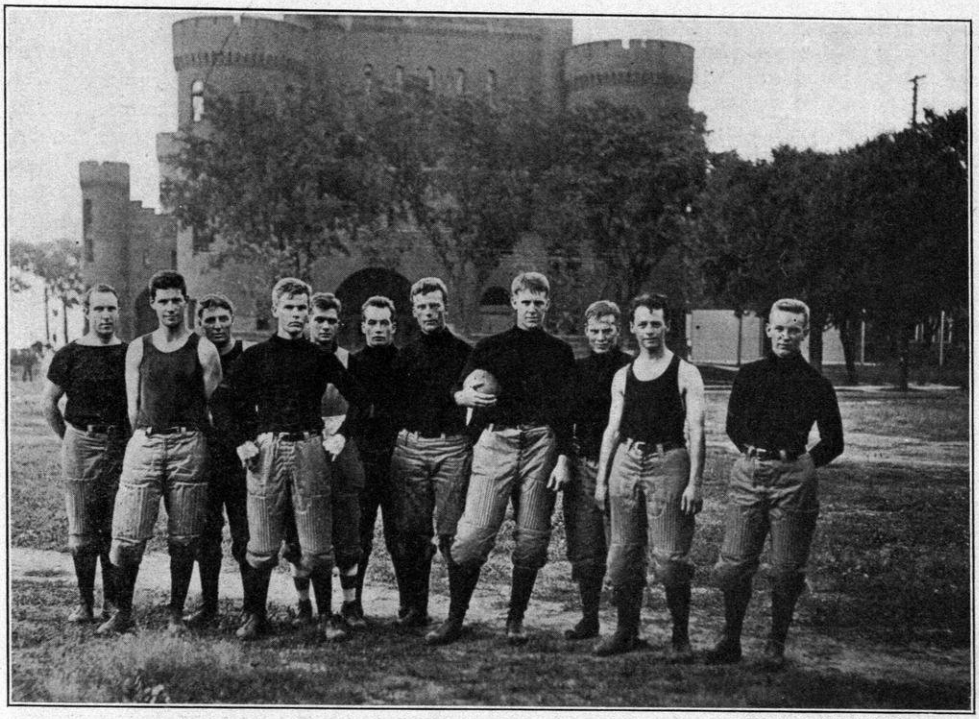


Photo by NADEAU

FOOT BALL SQUAD ON FIRST DAY OF PRACTICE, SEPT. 20, 1909

The football season opens at the University of Wisconsin this fall with several of last year's stars, and others of the team back in the line-up, and a deal of good material from last year's freshman team to count on.

John W. Wilce, Milwaukee, a senior in the commerce course of the college of letters and science, who was elected captain of the football team last spring, will be back at fullback again. He has played in the back field for the past two years, and this is his last year on the team.

Frank E. Boyle and O. P. Osthoff are also playing their third and last year on the 'Varsity eleven this fall. "Butch" Boyle, a senior in the law school, from Eau Claire, Wis., has played left tackle right through his two years, and will fill the same position this fall. Osthoff, a senior in the civil engineering course, from Milwaukee, started two years ago as

halfback, and injured his shoulder so that he was out of most of the work of the year. He played right tackle regularly right through the season last year.

John E. Moll, who played his first season at quarter on the 'Varsity, had done some brilliant work at punting and drop-kicking, but on account of rheumatism, he had to be removed from two or three of the games in the last half. He is counted upon for the kicking this fall.

J. P. Dean, a junior in the college of letters and science, who played right end last year, and Harry Culver, who played halfback, are both old men who will return this fall.

The men of last year's team who do not come back are Stiehm at center, Dreutzer and Messmer, guards, Captain Rogers at left end, and Cunningham and Muckelstone in the back field.

Robert A. Fucik, a senior electrical engineer from Williams Bay, who was ineligible last year for the team, but who played quarter and half for two years previously on the team, will be back this year on the gridiron.

A great fight is expected for the position of center, since C. Lawrence Hill of Indianapolis, Ind., a junior in the college of letters and science, a star on the freshman team two years ago, will be on the field this fall again. Last year an injury which took him to the hospital kept him out of the game the whole year. His rival for the position on the 'Varsity team is H. A. Arpin of Grand Rapids, Wis., a junior in the commerce course, who was substitute center on the team last year. E. F. Bunker, a junior from Chicago, who played substitute half last year, and Johnson, substitute quarter, are also to be on the field.

There are many promising men in last year's freshman team. Among the linemen who will be back are the following prominent men: Buser, Mackmiller, Branstad, Borecky and Zander. The back field men and ends include Peterson, Cooper, Anderson, Schneider, Chritzman, Birch and Stanley.

Richards, one of Wisconsin's speedy runners on the track team, who did not go into football last year on account of a dislocated shoulder, is to be on the field this fall, and will probably play for a position at end.

Photo by NADEAU

FIRST DAY OF PRACTICE, SEPT. 20, 1909

The Anger of Eladzo

L. M. P.

Torn hand and foot, exhausted by days of hardship, we scrambled up the rocky ledge. We stood at last on the sheer brink of the "Taza de la Abundancia," and gazed down into its awful desolation. For the first time I hesitated.

"Shout," urged my grim guide.

Loudly I shouted, "Speak."

Long, long silence. Then, far away from the forbidding grayness of the opposite slope, like a voice from the tomb of the past, came the answer. "Laradzo," that is, "Ungrateful."

Again I shouted, "Who are you?"

Coldly, distinctly, came the answer: "Laradzo."

"I will go down with you," said my guide, "I dare not remain alone."

"I dare not go farther," I replied, and my brave guide wept for relief.

What though the voice of the mountain itself bears testimony thereto, I cannot believe that foolish tale, that before the eruption of the "Caza" these now desolate mountain slopes were covered with grain and vine and orchard, and in the basin dwelt, centuries long, a people who knew all of earth's happiness, and no earthly sorrow but death. Now that I have seen this forbidding valley I cannot believe it; yet that echo haunts me still.

As to the origin of this much blest people, the accounts are strangely in accord. A band of adventurers had been searching for gold in the barren passes of the Sierras. They came to a great mountain and followed a rocky ledge that wound its way upward. Hungry and thirsty and torn they clambered to the summit. Suddenly a scene of loveliness lay beneath them; a vast bowl-shaped oasis, green as the sky above was blue, and the world without was gray. They fell upon their knees and gave thanks for this "Taza de la Abundancia" ere they descended.

On their way downward into the valley they ate freely of the fruit of the orchard trees. The natives of the valley did not resent their approach, but came up from the village to meet them, bringing water and wine and warm food. Having feasted, plunder and massacre would naturally have been their next thought. These natives, being, strangely enough, all women and children—would have fallen an easy prey. It must have been the winning hospitality of the people and the atmosphere that softened the hearts of our heroes, for they remained as harmless guests.

The language of the natives they did not understand, but the women watched constantly the mountain pass, and grew sadder day by day. They gathered outside the temple and lamented, for within the temple it was not permitted to weep. Thus the adventurers learned that the men of the tribe had gone forth to see if there lay a more beautiful world beyond, and the women and children were waiting in vain for their return.

Day after day passed over our adventurers almost unnoticed. They thought with distaste upon the mountain severities without. They lost their craving for gold and adventure. They loved the valley, where all earth's bounties were free. From week to week they postponed their departure. One by one they gave up all thought of return to their home, and in time the two races were one.

The children learned the language of the mothers, because it was more beautiful and because it was the language of the mothers. The children grew to manhood, married, lived happily, and so did their

children and their children's children; and centuries passed like long summer days. No historical events have come down to us. They were a happy people who knew neither warfare, revolution nor pestilence. A few hints only of their manner of life have been passed down, and then that strange, persistent legend of their destruction.

Lands were held in common. The labor in the fields and pastures was divided among the men. The product belonged to all without distinction. Each gathered what he needed wherever he chose. In weaving and spinning the women attained great skill. These industries were encouraged by the privilege of possessing the product of the labor. The woven goods were used not only for clothing but also for domestic architecture. The walls of the houses needed to be but light, for the mountain sheltered them from the cold wind and there was no wrongdoing to conceal. The government was patriarchial. The elder men were the rulers. There were no courts of law, but if two quarreled they might bring their cause before an elder, who reproved one or perhaps both of them.

Their religion, too, was simple. It was the religion of the mothers again that prevailed, because it was more beautiful and because it was the religion of the mothers. Their god was "Eladzo," that is, "The Giver." It was thought that he dwelt in the great mountain "Imaho," at the southern end of the valley, which is even today known as the "Casa de Dios." This mountain, they thought, was his home, for from its side there issued a soft, rich soil that spread down the hill-slopes and kept them constantly fertile. From thence came also the water that watered the fields and the cold water that gushed forth at the very center of their basin. They believed that Eladzo sent also the hot spring that rushed forth for a moment at the northern end of the valley, and plunged, then, beneath the mountain wall, that they might cast uncleanliness therein and keep their valley pure. No one had ever seen Eladzo. The path to his home led to that outer world from which travelers did not return. It was held good to be grateful to the god but not tempt his secrets.

In the middle of the village, beside the cold fountain, stood the temple. The pillars were the trunks of trees from the basin's rugged rim. Its roof was a great canopy on which the women had spun for years. Once every day, when the sun stood nearest its zenith, the people left their spinning or harvesting or games, and gathered in the shade of this canopy. They looked out upon the rich hillsides of grain and fruit that surrounded them, they thought how beautiful was their valley and their life and were silent, and this was their worship.

One day, when the skies were bluer and the hills greener and the people more silent than ever before, when even the birds at the fountain, it is said, had ceased to chirp, and all was attuned to quiet joy and reverence, it seemed as if the earth trembled ever so slightly, and as if a sound came from the mountain. The chief elder rose in sign of dismissal. Without the temple the people fell to asking one another, "Did you feel it?" "Did you hear it?" Two old men said that the voice had spoken a word and the word that it had spoken was "Ohoara," that is, "Prepare," and many agreed: "Yes, that is the word it spoke." But others said there had been no word and they had felt no trembling and heard no sound.

So the people forgot their fears and were happy. Even the oldest men said the valley had never been so beautiful before. Many days passed, until one morning the people all began to gather in the temple earlier than usual. They looked up toward the mountain Imaho, and fear was on their faces, for a black cloud was over the mountain, and the shape of the cloud, some said, was the shape of a man's hand. "Yes," they all said, "the shape is that of a man's strong hand." Thus the people sat until the hour of devotion. Then they were silent and the earth shook and the voice spoke again, and all heard the word which it spoke and the word was "Oahoara."

The elder dismissed the people, but they trembled and went not far from the temple pillars. The elders took counsel together, and they said, "Someone has committed the great sin." So they summoned the people to assemble on the morrow, and if anyone had done wrong, he should de-

clare it in the temple and before the people.

The people gathered very early in the temple and awaited the dawn. When the sun arose above the basin's rim, they looked anxiously toward Imaho and lo! the hand had stretched forth and it was an arm. It reached toward them. They all arose and were silent, which was their prayer. Then they began to give testimony concerning themselves. Many declared with tears they were conscious of no sin. One women confessed that she had been jealous because her sister had excelled her in spinning. A man had desired his cousin's coat. Thereupon the elders decreed that cloth should be made of a common pattern and drawn from a common store, that there might be no more envy, and the people laid their choicest raiment before him. But one of the elders said; "Surely it is not for this that Eladzo is angry. Someone has committed the great sin."

Then in fear and trembling one arose from their midst and said: "It is I. I have offended Eladzo. I sat in the temple and thought, 'it is hard that I must tend the sheep tomorrow,' and I was not content. It was then that the earth first trembled and the voice spoke."

And a second one arose and spoke: "It is I. I have offended Eladzo. Yesterday I looked upon the hill-slopes and murmured because the beauty of today was not different from the beauty of yesterday. I looked upon the mountain and lo! I saw a great hand. I fled to the temple and there, in the hour of silence, I was ill-content. It was then that the earth shook and the voice spoke aloud, 'Oahoara'."

Yet a third one arose with gloomy face from the assembled people and he spoke: "My brother is right. It *is* hard to watch the sheep on the hilltop, and the beauty of today is even as the beauty of yesterday, and tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow it is ever the same, until at last we die, and is not that the best after all, for it is tedious to live."

The faces of the people were pale. The elder raised his hand to forbid. "The sin, the sin!" he cried.

But it was too late—the voice of the mountain thundered "Laradzo," that is, "ungrateful." The hand reached into the depths of the mountain and drew forth a brand, and hurled it toward the valley. A blight fell upon the fields and orchards. The leaves became withered and sere, from the topmost trees even down to the temple. Darkness covered the valley. The people would have fled, but the soil burned beneath their feet. They gathered at the fountain to quench their thirst, but its waters were hot and loathsome.

I do not believe the story of the dwellers in the "Taza de la Abundancia." There is no fountain in the valley and no hot spring at its northern end. The basin is hard with lava, and no verdure is there. The god in the mountain is dead, so I know that he never lived, but I would not go down into that valley, not with many guides. Nay, I will never gaze upon it again, for it is bleak and barren and ghastly.

Mullusca and Wigglers

H.

This is an essay. We admit this before beginning it, on account of our morbid honesty. We were afraid you would think from the title that it was summer fiction, and be led to give it your intelligent attention under false pretenses. This being provided against, we will now be as edifying as we dern please.

Four Wisconsin students in five are perfectly normal. Their ideal of dear old college days is to eat, sleep, and buck, with occasional resort for mental relaxation to the Majestic or the coed population. The active stude is another and a distinct type, which will some day be dramatized by a local Moliere for junior play purposes. He will there be portrayed as a slightly frowsy person with a neglected shave, who arrives regularly one and one-half minutes late, carries a date book, and, when at rest, starts suddenly owing to the fact that his memory has given him a psychic kick and reminded him of an arduous duty off stage. The real thing is not as bad as all that, but, in truth, he probably works nights and sleeps daytimes, is a habitue of the dog-wagon, and in regard to study has lost that morbid conscientiousness that leads inexperienced studes to do their outside reading.

It is the efforts of this one-fifth minority that keep the breath of life in what we popularly call "student activities." It is owing to their hustling that Wisconsin is represented by ten athletic teams, seven periodicals, and five home-staged shows a year; by reason of them, four musical organizations make Madison mellifluous; they are grist for six literary societies, and furnish us debaters capable of wiping the platform with their intercollegiate opponents with monotonous regularity. That these things may be so requires the sacrifice of time, energy and comfort by someone; in the present state of affairs, there being always a very short-handed old guard of active students with the requisite pep to sacrifice anything, it requires a good deal from each.

The idea inevitably occurs that the large, inert, uninteresting mass of the student body are wise in their inaction. Why should a man, anyway, spend his good energy on that which is not bread, university credits or society diversion. Why, we ask, and Echo comes back sassily, "Why?"

Echo having jarred loose with no profitable information, we will now look into it ourselves.

The active stude happens into the edge of the seething maelstrom of student activities with no very exalted purpose. He is motived by a vague desire to be in things; perhaps it is simple curiosity to see the intimate inner wheels of university life go round; perhaps the fellows want him to reflect glory on the fraternity; maybe he is some poor lonely pup in a two-by-four room on West Dayton, that wants to meet someone more interesting than the two Mondovi frosh that sit next him in Dutch class. Maybe he has an immature hankering to see his name misprinted in the *Cardinal;* or likely he has read the *Badger,* and grown an ambition to have a prosperous looking summary alongside his picture instead of just:

His name His college
His home town
Title of his thesis

Inapplicable sentiment, copped from Bartlett's Familiar Quotations by the Badger Board, after they had concluded no one knew anything about him.

He starts thus with insignificant motives. Once started, he keeps going, gen-

erally, unless he gets fired, or lazy, or into high society. About junior year he is in the center of the maelstrom mentioned above, with things coming his way faster than he has any ambition for. People, having spotted him as an altruist, come to him with all the picayunish toilsome jobs, that someone has to do without honor or emolument. It takes more than the lure of a Badger summary to keep him enthusiastic at this stage of the game, particularly as the glamor of that kind of recognition fades until it assumes its proper insignificance, about junior year. It is more than the itch for glorification and a thirst for victory that makes the joint debater spend note-cards, eyes, and time in six month's preparation; it is a desire for something more than merely a salable book that makes the Badger chairman work twenty-hour shifts and fall asleep with his nose among the typewriter keys. The motive that keeps the active student going to the finish is as high as it can be—it is made up in part of the good workman's desire to do a good job, but more, it draws force from the belief that such work, when well done, is for the good of the university.

It can be laid down as an axiom that the active student, whatever his subsidiary motives may be, perseveres in the belief that he is working for the good of the university. This being so, what is there to it? Is his belief a simple-minded delusion, or not?

We hasten to remark, in the perky manner of Bessie Clifford after the sixth verse of Yama Yama: "Not!" Consider, from the mere material standpoint of the amusement of those not taking part, what an element student activities are in making university existence liveable. Conceive, if possible, the elimination of the one great student activity, athletics. Eric Smith, maybe, could visualize such a condition of things comfortably, but as for us, it warps our imgaination to realize faintly the flatness of the situation. It is not merely to the total of available entertainment that student activities contribute; they are the framework, and provide the flavor, atmosphere, or distinction, whatever you want to call it, of that peculiar state of existence known as college life, as distinguished from life in a business college.

If you are a person of utilitarian mind the advertising value of student activities should appeal to you. When Wisconsin toys with an irritated Minnesota team, or Pearce cleans up the Northern Oratorical—when the crew goes east, or the musical clubs or the Haresfoot take the road—they may not convey much of an idea of our stock of scholastic goods, but they do act as a reminder that we are still doing business at the old stand.

Student activities are for the good of the university; and that man is not a good Wisconsin man who does not have a hand in them, and contribute something more than his presence to our common life.

There is no reason against it. The door of every university activity is democratically open, with a "Come In" sign over it, and few coming. Just now there is a call out for football material, frosh or full-grown; later there will be one for basketball, baseball, track. No literary society denies membership to an applicant with reasonable intelligence visible on his face and an inkling of how to debate. The Wisconsin Magazine forbears to call attention to her own yearnings for copy producers. Nor are the burdens taken on by the activity aspirant so heavy as to crush him pancakewise. The active senior, with four years' responsibilities accumulated on him, is a hard-worked man; but that is because there are so few of him and so many of the mollusc kind; for there is still painful truth in Jo Keho's sage saying: "One could make his eternal fortune getting the contract to furnish coffins for all the dead ones at Wisconsin." Even at that, the burden of no activity is too hefty for any full-witted person with ordinary ability to plan the day's work. We are here, of course, primarily to pick crumbs of knowledge out of the curriculum. But unless you are a most grievous bonehead, you can get in all the bucking you can assimilate, mingle with good scouts and fair flizzies to a sufficient extent to maintain your mental balance, and put the time into work for the university that is due from you.

Student activities should not be looked on, altogether, as matters of dutiful sacri-

fice. They hand back too much in the way of personal advantage to you. They bring you into the best of companionships, those formed while working on a good amateur job. They give balance to the one-sidedness of the life of the bucker, working always under direction; student activities are openings for work on his own initiative. Anyone who has been through the mill, from President Van Hise down to the latest graduate of last June, will tell you what you get out of study is a long way from being all you can get out of college, and that what you get out of student activities, in the way of profitable personal development, is a large chunk of the remainder.

Athletics is the branch of activity in the highest popularity, with the best codified traditions. The man that is blessed with the right combination of speed, nerve and muscle for an athlete, and who does not use that blessing to its limit for the honor of the university, is customarily called, in the words of Wisconsin's unofficial motto, a "quitter." The man who can write, or draw, or act, or manage, or make good on the platform, and who does not do these things to the best of his ability, is, when you come to think of it, equally a quitter. Not only that, but he misses a lot.

Heart of Gold

ALICE L. WEBB

A heart of gold,
Engraved with naught
  But prayers
And tender thoughts,
  And music's sweetest airs,
Doth Agnes hold.

The story old
I'd tell to her
  Who fares
Life's road with joy
  And peace because she wears
A heart of gold.

But, heart of gold,
I would not fill
  With cares
So fair a chalice;
  Therefore are my prayers
Mere thoughts, untold.

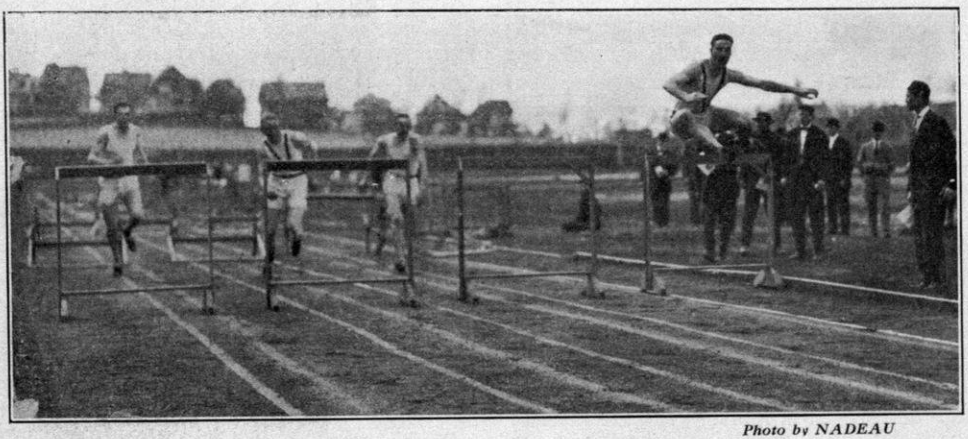


Photo by NADEAU

CRAWLEY OF CHICAGO WINNING 120 YARD HIGH HURDLES IN CHICAGO-WISCONSIN DUAL MEET, 1909. SMITH OF WISCONSIN SECOND

?

RALPH BIRCHARD

"See the corn. Is it not fine?" he asked pointing off across the narrow flood plain of the stream. We looked, Norden and I, but for our lives could see nothing but sage brush, and mud flats, and the chocolate-colored ribbon of water. Yet the old man's eyes were clear and sane enough, and his face was aglow with pride.

"All that myself I haf done," he said. "Years ago I began. By those furthest hills the dam is. The water comes down the other side by. The big ditch—Ach du Lieber Gott—that was work. Now it iss all done and the wheat—the wheat is fine this year, yes!"

Yet Norden and I had walked every foot of the stream bank through those hills and the valley below them nor seen a sign of dam, ditches, or wheat. I was surprised to hear myself agreeing that the wheat stand was excellent and even more so to learn from my own lips that I thought the oats on the farther bank perhaps the best of all. The old man fairly beamed with gratification. I heard Norden muttering "nutty" under his breath.

Then a strange thing happened. I don't know what it was but when I turned from the old man's eyes and looked again across the valley there came, as through a haze, the faint yet unmistakable golden shimmer of a vast waving field of ripe wheat. I asked Norden if he could see the wheat from where he stood. He turned laughing, but did not reply. He thought I was jollying him, when really I only wanted to know if he saw it, too.

Of course it wasn't there, yet, as I looked again, it seemed as clear and sharp and distinct as any wheat field I had ever seen. The breeze had ceased and the surface was still and smooth and even, like a great flat plate of gold. There was one peculiar thing about it. The shadows from the western hills went out across the valley with the speed of living things but no shadow dimmed the luster of the wheat. They ceased abruptly at its edge as though met and beaten back by a light unconquerable. I turned to watch the shadow climb the steep ashy hills behind us and when I looked again all was a grey blur in the gathering dusk. Then I noticed for the first time that Norden and the old man had gone nearly to the door of the dilapidated house.

The cool breeze which blew down the valley the moment that the sun had set recalled me to earth again. I closed one eye, then the other and inspected my hands with each. No. The eyes were all right as nearly as I could tell. I know then as well as I know now that not a spear of wheat grew in the valley. What was it then? A mirage! There is not a wheat field within 60 miles of the place. A trick of refraction from the alkali dust? Perhaps. But I have tried to repeat the trick times without number and never with a sign of success. Hypnotism? Well, maybe. Listen to the rest of the story.

The house had been pretentious at one time, but was now in a shocking state of disrepair. The front porch facing the road had collapsed entirely. It lay as it had fallen. Apparently the front door was never used. Not a tree grew on the place. A tumbled-down picket fence, patched in places with barb wire separated the house from the road, which although but seldom used, was an inch deep in dust—a summer's accumulation. The back yard contained an unsanitary looking well of vilely bitter alkali water. The old man drank it with a relish, but it seemed to cake in my mouth and I felt an incrustation around my lips after I had drunk of it. All that you could say was

that it looked better than the Silver Creek water which was horribly discolored and carried much fine sediment from the quicksilver mines in the mountains near its source.

The inside of the house matched its surroundings and I was sorry to learn from Norden that he had made arrangements with the old man to let us stay there through the night. The old man—Berg was his name—seemed really pleased with the prospect. He grinned amiably at me from the old iron stove where he was frying potatoes. I went outside again to be away from him and the smell of the lard he was using. Since the wheat field episode he got on my nerves and the prospect of a night under the same roof with him was anything but pleasing.

Still there was nothing out of the ordinary about the supper. Only a surveyor's appetite could have made it palatable, but our tastes had been pretty well calloused by four months in the arid mountains of Southern California. When we were through the old man sloshed the dishes around in a pail of water and set them out to dry in the most approved bachelor style. Then he built a fire in the huge grate made of boulders loosely plastered together. He had a dirty blanket for each of us spread over a coarse straw mattress on a rough wooden bunk. They were not very elegant quarters, but when you have walked twenty-five miles you are not apt to be over-critical.

As I sat on the edge of my bunk taking off my heavy boots I noticed that the old man seemed to be talking. At first I thought it was to himself, but soon, from the pauses, I judged that it must be to some one or something else. He sat in the full glare of the fire light, but everything behind him was in deep shadow. His wizened old hands were clasped in front of him and he leaned forward from time to time and peered into the darkness. The scraggling hairs on his chin moved in a way that was ludicrous and yet uncanny. But the ghastly thing about it all was that not a sound came from them. Except for the crackling of the fire and the plaintive sighing of the wind outside, the room was absolutely still. Norden, whose bunk was back of mine, had turned in at once and was sleeping like a log. From time to time I could hear his slow, regular breathing.

I don't know how long I sat there fascinated. Strain my eyes as I would, I could make out nothing in the darkness beyond the fire light. Several times I started to rise and go to see what it was the old man talked to, but something—I don't know what—held me back.

The most astonishing thing was the air of gentleness and tenderness about the old chap. He seemed to keep asking for something, and to be hurt each time it was again refused him. And as I watched him his manner grew more earnest. He seemed to be pleading—beseeching. Suddenly he stretched out his arms and his face lighted up with a smile that made it—in the faint fire light—almost beautiful.

"Gretchen!" he said. "Gretchen!"

And as I hope to be saved, there stepped forth from the shadow into the light a little girl. A quaint little girl she was, with blue eyes and soft, luxurious tresses the color of ripe wheat. She wore a blue dress tied around the waist with a brilliant scarlet sash. Her skin was white and smooth as only a child's can be. About her neck was a string of coral beads, and from the delicate lobes of her ears hung the daintiest of pearl earrings.

She sat down gravely on the old man's knee and smiled up into his face. Then in one of those flashes of intuition that come to us all sometimes, I saw that the face of the old man was but the face of the child, strained, and twisted, and deformed with the trials and troubles of a hard and bitter life. And as he sat there holding the child in his arms, the lines that pain and care had traced grew dim. They were very like each other after all.

"All yours, Gretchen," the old man whispered. "The corn and the wheat; the land and the water. All yours. It came hard, but now it is—all yours."

The little girl smiled uncomprehendingly, but with vast contentment.

How long they remained thus I cannot tell. It must have been some minutes. Suddenly the child slipped from the old man's arms and darted away from him. She started across the hearth—seemed to stumble—and fell headlong towards the fire. I jumped toward her—tripped over

something—the corner of the fire place seemed to fly at me—

* * * * * * *

The next I knew I was lying on the bunk with my head wrapped in bandages soaked with cold water. It must have been much later for the fire was nearly out and it was cold in the room. Norden still slept. I reached for my head and found it more nearly the normal size than I had anticipated, but still much distended. The old man was bending over me.

"It is all right now and by morning will much better be," he said.

"But the child—the little girl—"

"Sh!" he said, "Sleep."

But before I let him go I made him hand me my pencil and level book. I wrote my name twice on the back fly leaf to prove to myself afterward that I had been awake.

I have that fly leaf before me now.

Hypnotism? Perhaps.

Shadows

WALTHER BUCHEN

The shadows come and go, Sweetheart,
The shadows come and go.
Why should we care for them, Dearheart,
'Though lights be guttering low.

God's world is good, his garden's wide—
Wide—wide—for us to roam!
The shadows go, they may not bide;
Night's Dark is not Man's home.

The withered days are rotted leaves
That make the grass grow green,
And black and white the web Life weaves,
But red the warp between.

The roses' petals flare and fall
Down from their place of pride,
But redder roses bloom again
Or ever these have died.

The world has known the like before,
And evermore must know.
For shadows come and go, Sweetheart,
The shadows come and go.

Curfew

JEREMIAH

Sing me a song of peace,
Weary am I;
Tired, my soul's wings cease
Trying to fly.

Glory and lust for fame—
Joy in the fray—
Pride in the race and name—
Fade with the day.

Dreams—what I meant to do—
Ghostlike depart;
All that I want is you,
Heart of my heart.

Voice I have loved so long,
Cheering me on,
Sing me an even song—
Daylight is gone.

Hosts that the sum has led
Slowly disband—
Pinions of Night, outspread,
Shadow the land.

Bright eyed the evening star
Winks from God's deep—
Church bells chime faint afar—
Sing me to sleep.

EDITORIAL

HAZING AND THE RUSH

Largely on account of student sentiment the little hazing that the moon still beholds at Wisconsin is of a comparatively inocuous and drivelling variety. The better element among the students do not indulge in it except in the capacity of innocent bystanders so that hazing parties are generally arranged and led by the less desirable of our citizens. The leaders invariably lack the ingenuity to make hazing interesting and still keep within the limits of decency imposed upon them by even their own clan. Wherefore hazing is dying a natural death because it is no more an interesting diversion.

The rush was, in times past, regarded as an outlet for the injured feelings of the freshmen, but since hazing has practically committed suicide there is no need for this fancied redress and it seems to us that it would not be an altogether unwise thing to abolish a debilitated relic of the days of old and have the two under classes go to the Majestic or the dog-wagon or somewhere and fraternize in more social and interesting fashion. Besides, it saddens us to think of the wasted energy when seven hundred men—properly supervised by the stude Con and pals armed with grade 9Z billyclubs—vainly endeavor to kick up a halfways interesting row on a patch of earth hardly big enough for an eighteen carat dog fight.

THE GREEN CAP

The green cap regulation strikes us as being the best, dyed-in-the-wool, eight-ply, all-to-the-good, made-to-order-tradition that ever happened. These freshmen who are constitutionally unable to forget the glory of their recent state as seniors in high school are brightly reminded that they are not the only rib in the aeroplane, and this is good. The freshmen who are not vainly conceited are prevented from becoming thusly, and this also is good. If Sophomores live up to their high vocation of playing Little-Bright-Eyes to the freshmen and consign such of the Budding Hope as are intractable to the chilly, but wholesome, embrace of old Mother Mendota the tradition cannot fail of fulfillment. As for the reprehensible of the tribe who retain a predeliction for choosing their own headgear, shall not the chilling embrace of old Mendota convince them of their folly? Of a verity she shall take them in her arms—oh! so lovingly—but out of that embrace no freshman shall go forth without a thorough knowledge of his duty to his alma-mater-to-be.

PRIZE STORY CONTEST

The COLLEGE BOOK STORE offers a prize of fifteen dollars for the best short story, verse or article submitted to this magazine by a Freshman, and a prize of ten dollars for the best contribution from a member of the other classes, submitted before April 10, 1910.

All manuscript submitted in this contest must contain less than twenty-five hundred words, be written plainly on one side of the paper only, and be plainly marked on the outside "Submitted for College Book Store Prize."