The Wisconsin magazine. Volume X, Number 6 March 1913

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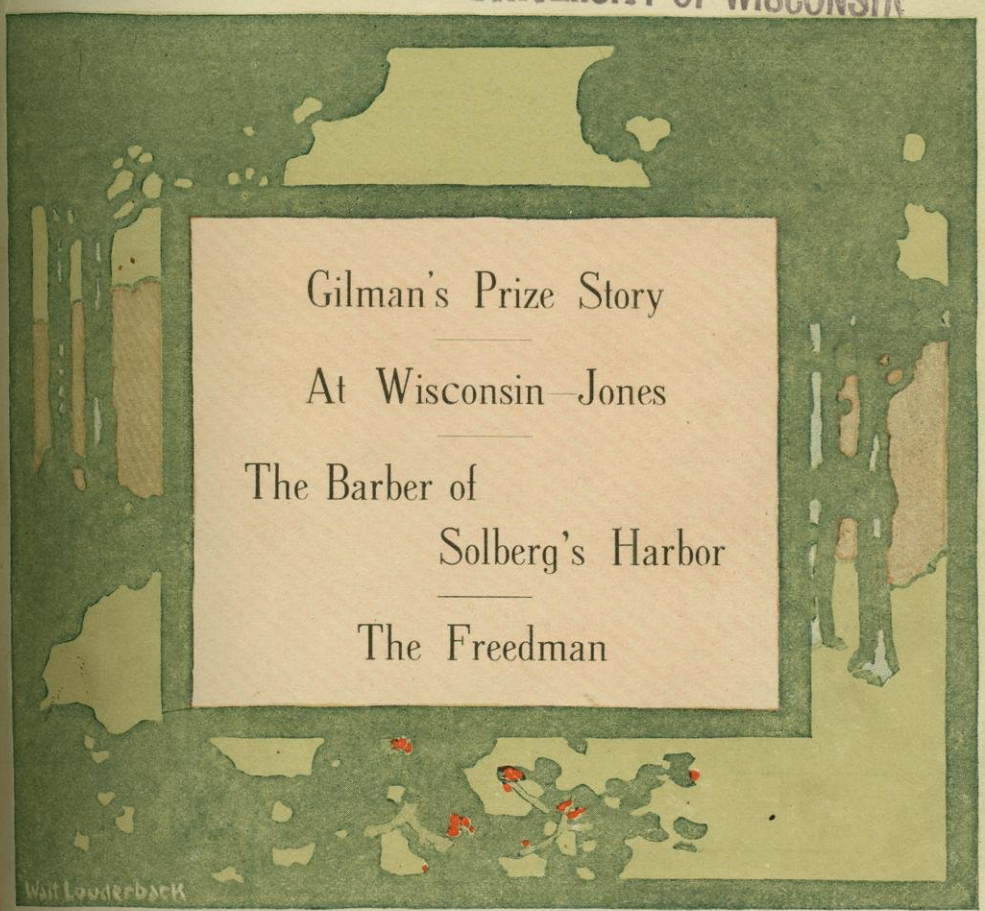
THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume X MARCH, 1913 Number 6



Gilman's Prize Story

At Wisconsin—Jones

The Barber of Solberg's Harbor

The Freedman

Burdick & Murray Co.

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·GARMENT CO·

"Women's and Misses Outfitters"

- - Spring - -
Wearing Apparel

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If one is discriminating, tasteful, individual she finds it advantageous and satisfactory to shop at Simpson's.

We are confident that you will say that our showing for spring excells all our previous efforts and we invite your inspection today without any obligation to make a purchase.

Students' Patronage Solicited

Modest Prices Prevail

The Wisconsin Magazine

Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

VOL. X. MARCH, 1913 NO. 6

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the center entrance to Main Hall, or contributions may be mailed to the editor, and subscriptions to the business manager.

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"How many pairs of 'Holeproof' are you taking, Nell?"

"Only six—that's enough—they will all keep silky, stylish and perfect, without a break or tear, until Spring."

GOING AWAY—OR STAYING at home—Autumn demands trim, neat, stylish Holeproof Hose. Hose that feel good, and are the latest fashion in snugness and color. Hose that wear.

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Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Are Your Hose Insured?

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl

Holeproof Hosiery

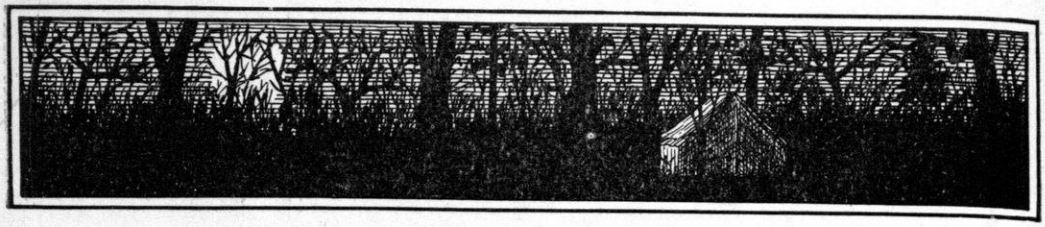
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl

The Wisconsin Magazine

Vol. X. **March, 1913** **No. 6**

IN THIS number The Wisconsin Magazine departs from its conventional form to devote its pages exclusively to material such as would be found in a purely literary college magazine. This issue is to bear close scrutiny as a literary production. The criticism will be anxiously awaited.



THE WANDERER

By Edward Connel Quick

THE chill white moon hangs in a misty sky,
That floats behind dim silhouetted trees;
I watch my camp-fire's changing embers die,
And think of distant spots the old moon sees.

Does she shine thus on that Dakota town
Where Stella sleeps, and dreams perhaps of me?
Or dances, rides, or maybe nestles down
Upon some other lucky fellow's knee?

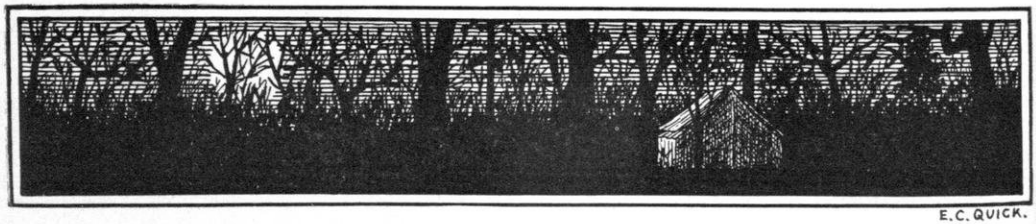
And does that pale moon's plashed reflection float
Upon the lapping lakes at Madison?
Does Mary ride in someone else's boat?
And does that someone call her all his own?

Does this same moon shine down on Lady Grove?
Does Dorothy go forth to dance or dine,
And hear some other fellow's tale of love,
And take his jewelry, and give him—mine?

O moonlit beach where breakers hiss and roar—
O white capped seas, and masts that plunge and sway—
Am I forgotten? never thought of more
By Evelyn, my girl of Mobile Bay

I'm here alone; I watch the fire's dim light
And think about the girls that I've held dear.
I seem to hear their voices in the night—
I see their faces in the moon mist here.

Dear eyes that looked so sweetly into mine—
Warm lips that I have kissed and then forgot—
They mock me from the mist where pale stars shine,
For how can they be true, when I am not?



E.C. QUICK.

MAXIMILIAN WHO TARRIED

By Will Thornton Gilman, '15

Story Awarded Second Prize in the Annual William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Short Story Contest of the Wisconsin Magazine

A HEAVY FOOTED, sweat stained, white horse toiled up a hill road and threw a cloud of hot choking dust into the emerald and sapphire patent medicine wagon in which sat its lord and owner uncomfortable and dissatisfied amid his possessions. He had wound for miles of the fine gray dust which seemed to have no other purpose than to smother the tiring way to the next town, inhospitable as the ones on which his back was turned. After a while the road dipped to the level among the corn fields, and it suddenly turned around a bluff.

"Well, I'll be goll durned, a little bunch of sheep down in a pocket of the hills," he exclaimed at his first glimpse of Eden Valley.

The street was deserted, and the peddler could have thought the village deserted too, had not a few stirring shutters betrayed the owners behind them. It pleased him slightly to be a center of interest, and when he came to the little white church he smiled indulgently at its tie rail and horse shed.

Beyond there was the general store. Although its window was in the same helpless confusion it had maintained since the time of the first man and the first woman in Eden Valley his tired, disappointed eyes hunted out a card down in the corner where it had been undisturbed until its edges were worn and its face badly blurred with dust. The irregular, hand-lettered inscription shone through the dirty glass brilliantly to his hot eyes and set a throb of new life atingle in him.

"A SALES-GENT IS WANTED," the card said.

After the wagon passed the store he leaned around the emerald and sapphire side, but the tired horse made stolidly for the pump and water tubs. A fly, buzzing at his ear, circling his head, and dancing a moment before his eyes, recalled him; and he snatched angrily at the insect. The fly, that had been to blame for his arousing, had settled on the flank of his horse. Childlishly and skillfully he cut it with the very tip of the lash.

"There, goll durn you," he commented, "you don't do that ag'in." The horse started and reached the pump in a few quick awkward steps.

The door opposite the pump had let a young woman with a pitcher pass while he had been occupied in his own way. He jumped to the ground with the horse between him and the approaching woman, and when he came around the horse's head he met her. He had not seen her, because the vexation of the moment had been a screen before his world. Suddenly, almost without knowing it, he was speaking to her in the way man has greeted maid at the well of a strange country for thousands on thousands of years.

"Can I pump for you?" he asked.

She nodded and waited until he had filled

the horse tub.

"Is there some place where I can stay to-night?"

"We don't have no specially regular places, but I guess ma'll give you supper an' a bed. Course 'twon't be no company supper but if you'll be satisfied." The smile that she gave him would have made a feast of corn-meal mush.

"I ain't looking for no company suppers," he smiled, "the plain kind is healthier."

"Well, jest you drive into the yard and put your horse in the barn. There's hay in the mow and oats just inside the door by the ladder. Then you can come up to the cistern and wash the dust and tired off."

"All right."

The modern Rachel left the stranger to follow her hospitable instructions and went to tell her mother and to glance in a mirror. When he came to the house there was a towel and basin in a chair which was hidden from the street by a great lilac bush. Then the girl came for a pail of rain water, and he carried it into the house for her.

"Mr. Olger, Maximilian Olger, this is ma, Mis' Benson. Pa's Ira Benson that has the store."

"How'd y'do, Mr. Olger? Do you come from somewheres 'bout here?"

"Delton."

"Delton. Why, Ira's got relation over that way. The Kings."

"Yes, I know 'em. There's Charlie and Johnnie and Shortie—that ain't his name but everybody calls him that."

"So you know the Kings. Now ain't that funny," she beamed and received him at once without probation. "We was over to see 'em last fall. There now, in my talk I've let the potatoes catch on. You just go and set down in the room and quick as Ira comes supper'll be ready."

"Oh, here he is now," she announced after a hurried pause and when he reached the door, "Say, Ira, there's a Mr. Olger here from over Delton way and he knows Lyle King's folks."

And Maximilian was accepted.

After the meal he wandered out and sprawled comfortably on the side steps where Ira found him.

Come down to the store after a while if you want to," he said.

"Thanks, but you see it's been pretty hot and dusty to-day; so I guess I'd better go to bed before long."

"That's all right. I know just how you feel. Jennie. Jennie."

"What," she answered coming to the door with a plate half wiped.

"You just hurry up them dishes and then come out and talk to Mister—r—r Mister —r—r Olger. He ain't feeling very chirp."

"All right, I'll be through in a minute."

After the supper dishes had clattered through two pans and found themselves back in their places, a little warm in the flurry, Jennie came to Maximilian and settled her small person at the top of the flight with her back to the door frame. Her conversation soon made him forget that he was a stranger.

"I don't like the medicine business," he said, "you have to keep on going and going."

"I should think so much change would be

monotonous."

"Before you start out they say you're going to make heaps of money, and then when you don't they say it's all your fault you don't."

"That must be discouraging."

"But mebbe it's my fault, and after a while when I've been at it longer, I'll have better luck."

"But don't you see all kinds of different folks?"

"Yes, but they're different like fence posts, and ef 'twern' for the wagon I've fixed up so handy and comfortable I'd quit the whole business. I've been feeling mighty like it to-day."

"Say, why don't you? D'y' know pa's been wanting somebody to help out in the store ever since Sim Pervis died last year. If you'd do that you could stay right here in the Valley." The inducement of staying in Eden Valley may not have been entirely for Maximilian's sake, but her enthusiasm carried her safely over the weak spot.

All the feminine impulse for the ordering of a man's life so swept him up and on that he almost agreed.

"Let's go down and tell pa now. They're never many in this early after supper," she proposed springing up to accompany him, and without more parley Eden Valley saw Jennie and the stranger go through Main street to the store.

Jennie was in command. With Maximilian for her train she swept into the store where her father was sitting at the side of a checker match. To tell him of her plan she hauled him by the shirt sleeve around the candy counter.

"Now you see, pa, it's just like this: Mr. Olger don't like travelling around anyhow, and he don't have no more luck than as if he had potato bugs to sell, and as long as you want somebody to help him out, he'll stay. I've asked him."

"Gee—hosophat! What a girl!" exclaimed her father, "I might've known right along it'd be you that'd find somebody to help out."

"I told him what you paid Sim Pervis, and he's agreeable."

In the flood of Jennie's proposals and actions Maximilian had forgotten his Remedies, but when Ira Benson accepted his services his obligations to Dr. Jason's Human Remedies came on him with a weight that crushed from him:—

"But I can't."

"Can't what?" asked Jennie sharply.

"I can't stay. The medicine——"

"What's that to hinder?"

"I've got a big stock of it," he explained.

"Oh," she said, "that won't make no difference. You can sell it as quick if you stay here in the Valley."

"Mebbe I can," he said, unable to dissent.

"Course, you can. Pa'll let you have a shelf for it. Won't you pa?"

So the woman won, and it fell out that Maximilian stayed in the valley to become a part of the general store; his remedies occupied a vacated shelf near the door; his wagon home gathered dust lonesomely in the Benson buggy shed, and he slept in the back room of the store with the coffee and sugar barrels and boarded with the Benson's because as Mis' Benson said:—

"Seems though Max was one of the fam-

ily seein' as he knows Ira's cousins."

It was not long before Eden Valley adopted him and gave him its sign by cutting his name short. The few chronic invalids of the town came and bought the new medicine which was bound to be an improvement on an old kind. So Maximilian prospered in a modest way.

Butcher Nich Jones, Come-lately, came to buy the emerald and sapphire wagon for his country delivery.

"No," said Maximilian, "you can look at it and see if it's anything like what you want, but I don't want to sell it."

Come-lately looked surprisedly at Maximilian but he looked into a face that admitted no questions.

When Maximilian was left alone he stood whistling an absent, tuneless refrain until Jennie who had been hunting eggs in the hayloft stole up in the sisterly way she had adopted toward him and shyly touched his arm.

"Max," she said in a frightened little voice, "Max, are you going away?"

"No," he said.

"Then why don't you sell the old wagon."

He studied her intently for a space before he answered, since he was not certain of her.

"As long as I have the wagon and can go when I want to I'll prob'ly be willing to stay."

"And then mebbe after all you'll go away?"

"No, that ain't it," he burst out boyishly, "you know I told you I'd never had no home, that is, like other folks."

Jennie nodded while the frightened look gave place to one of compassion.

"Well, you see when I got the wagon and it was all my own I felt different to it than I had 'bout anything else. I guess that's the way folks feel 'bout home. And don't you see, I don't want to sell my home feeling?"

"And then mebbe after all you'll go run away from us."

"No, I won't," he promised and before many days he added assurance to his promise by selling his heavy-footed faded horse.

So the weeks passed and Maximilian would have been passively happy, if Jennie had not been taken away to drive for whole Sunday afternoons.

One day he went to the Center to which the railroad penetrated. When he returned his supper must have been kept warming some time. He was mounted high on the usual wagonful of hardware, groceries, and drygoods, but tethered behind the various load came that which drew Eden Valley to its doors. A horse and a new buggy. There it was with its black body, its yellow underneath, and its bicycle wheels. The horse too bore inspection. He was long like a racer and black and shinny as Gus Simpson's hair. It was generally conceeded an equipage of credit to the valley and as such Sam Thomas mentioned it in his weekly news letter to the Center Times.

"Max must be considering," commented Johnnie Young. The buying of an equipage is to the valley as infallible a sign of "consideration" as is the turning out of the silver side of the poplar leaves a sign of rain.

The relish of many young Sunday dinners was spoiled in the hurry to sit behind the lace curtains of front windows. A long time dragged itself away before the nose of Maximilian's horse reached through the Benson gate. Eager eyes devoured every inch of him to see which direction he turned, but the flutter of Main street lace curtains announced the flouncing away of young displeasure.

Jennie was on the coveted seat.

Although hope hoped on, Maximilian and Jennie climbed up past the cemetery and did not return until late in the afternoon.

That evening they sat on the side steps. When he went to sleep on his cot in the back room of the store with the coffee and sugar barrels he almost forgot them, for he was happy in his sweet dumb fashion as he thought of the dreamlike afternoon. He had found a way without her suspecting it to have Jennie always with him even when she was driving.

For two more Sundays Maximilian was contented; then came a third when he was not.

"Which way do you want to ride this afternoon," he blushingly put his invitation, as he walked home with Jennie from the church.

She colored and hesitated.

"Why, Max," she said laying her hand on his arm in her adopted sisterly way, "you didn't say nothing 'bout taking me this afternoon and I thought mebbe you wanted to take somebody else; so when Sammie Smith ask'd me I—I said I'd go."

"Oh," said Maximilian.

They continued silently home, he went to the barn silently, and did not return until he was called. Then he ate his dinner silently.

Mis' Benson eyed his uneasily.

"I guess I won't be around to supper," he said rising.

"Ain't you feeling good?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," he said with a faint smile, "that's the reason I can lay off for a meal."

"Well, it 'pears to me that a man——"

"I won't be using the horse and rig this afternoon," he interrupted, "so you and Mr. Benson better take a ride, because he needs the exercise."

"Thanks, but as I was saying——There, he's gone and I didn't find out what ails him—Jennie, do you know what ails him?"

"Why, yes. He waited until after church to ask me to go riding with him and then I'd already promised Sammie Smith."

"So you went back on Max."

"Well, I see him every meal and I feel to him as though he was my own brother; and you don't want to go 'round with a brother all the time."

"Hump," exclaimed her mother, "a lot a girl, that never had a brother, knows how she feels to one."

"Well, I can't see as it's my fault."

"Whose is it then? But let me tell you right here if Max takes up with any other girl don't you come 'round me taking on and expect no pity—you won't get it."

Jennie went with Sammie Smith, but returned a whole hour before supper. She was sitting mournfully on the side steps when her father and mother drove in with

Maximilian's horse.

"Well, 'pears to me you got home wonderful early," her mother greeted her, "and you're the ungratefullest girl I ever seen—if that there turn-out ain't good 'nough for you you don't deserve it. It's the best I was ever in—the very best."

"Oh, ma, you talk jest as if Max wanted to marry me, and I don't think he's got no more thought of me than I've got of him."

"Well, you can just set it down that if he ever did, he's a fool if he ain't lost it all now," declared Mis' Benson as she disappeared in the house.

Jennie made little pretense at supper and afterwards took up her watch sadly on the side steps over past after-suppers. But the strain was too much, and she went to bed.

"It ain't so funny trying to set out without Max, is it?" asked Mis' Benson as she passed through the room.

"Oh, it's Max, Max, Max with you all the time. I wish'd I'd never heard of him—I wish'd he'd never come here." With that she flung up the stairs.

"That's just the way a body feels to a brother," her mother jeered.

All of the afternoon Maximilian, staring at the floor, sat on the edge of the cot in the back room of the store. He was, indeed, considering and the clearest expression in his mind was that he wanted Jennie—Jennie. But his diffidence told him that she did not want him.

Night came, but he did not sleep. In the morning twilight which comes to wake the birds long before people stir he went into the store and packed all of the remedies slowly and sadly. Then he carried the cases across Main street to the Benson barn and put then in the emerald and sapphire wagon. Before he had taken the last case he wrote a note.

It is very quiet summer mornings a little before the sun rises far up toward the north when only very wee birds are peeping, and Maximilian moved stealthily about his purpose. Just before he hitched the new horse to the old wagon he stole to the back door to slip his note under it. Then, he hurried, and soon he drove away in the emerald and sapphire wagon.

While the vehicle was going down Main street the outside portion of the note began to move under the door.

On the inside two tremulous hands tore open the note and two frightened eyes read:

"Dear folks I'm goen away 'cause I ain't feelen rite and I want to think I don't no when I will be back I have left the rig and you can use it Max."

On the long space below Jennie wrote in a queer, little hand: "Dear folks Im going cause I have thot till Im sick of thinking Jennie."

The door jumped aside to let the girl pass. She was a very white girl with two big, scared eyes; her clothes had the appearance of being in a hurry; the silken scarf that was knotted like a hood over her head did not keep in her disordered hair.

The emerald and sapphire wagon was almost to where Main street ended and the country began.

The girl hesitated only long enough to gather breath for the long run.

Maximilian was driving slowly, meditatively, out on the country hill road when the breathless girl overtook him."

"Max," she panted, "Max."

He had been sitting in a poor miserable huddle staring at the dash board, but at the voice he shot up to his full height and jerked the horse to a short stop.

"Jennie," he gasped, "what are you doing here?"

"I donno, Max, I couldn't help it," said she pressing her hands hard to her heart to control its mad gallop.

"Did you run all the way from home after me?"

"Yes," she said.

Maximilian dropped the reins and climbed deliberately out of the wagon while a little light of understanding began to dawn in his eyes.

"Why?"

"I couldn't help it."

"But why couldn't you help it?" he persisted much of him doubted the hope.

"That's what I donno. Yesterday I didn't have a good time for I'd hurt your feelings and I made Sammie bring me home early and after supper I tried to set out on the side step but I was lonesome."

She looked up and straight into his eyes, his eyes that had already begun to understand, but only begun, and she went on.

"All the time I knowed it hurt 'cause I felt to you just as if you was my own brother, and last night I couldn't sleep much and this morning I seen you bring the first box and watched you all the time. I felt bad when I see you was going away, and I knew that'd be the way I'd feel to a brother if I'd ever had one. And when you came and put the note under the door I wanted to see it so I begun to get dressed. But when you drove out of the yard it was like something being tore right out of the inside of me. And, Max," her voice dropped," and then I knew I didn't feel to you like as though you was a brother. And—and—Max, I couldn't help coming and telling you."

Maximilian stretched out his arms shyly and uncertainly, and the girl moved to him.

THE TRAIL BUILDER

By Willard Weaver Rusk, '16

The mountains does he love, the aspiring crags,
Snow clad, cliff crowned, rock girdled, tempest seamed,
And skirted by the forests, ever green.
These are his temples; climbing, mounting higher
To summits yet beyond, his constant prayer.
Here is his work; beneath the blazing heat
Of fierce midsummer noonday, or the chill
Of January days, bleak, dark, and cold,
Though thunder roll, or flurrying snow hold sway,
Still toils he on, nor stops below the height,
Building the way for who would follow him,
Intense love of work his only wage.

AT WISCONSIN

By Howard Jones, '14

I

OUR kindly mother, with resplendent brow,
The sundawn shining in her splendid hair,
Sits throned like a queen, and seemeth now

Some Daughter of the earth and sky and air,
And now a Thetis of the lakes, forsaking
For those calm hills and quiet trees, her fair

Strange palaces deep-hidden, whom, awaking
And finding not, the water-god shall seek
With unavailing rage of billows breaking

Against those changeless shores, and then, more meek
Lament with murmurings and crooning calls.
She will not come, although he plead and speak

Of wondrous gems and flowers and pearly walls,
For she hath other, more beloved halls.

II

Time was the woodnymph and the Bassarid
With bared white arms and breasts and dancing feet
Taunted the lake-god from these hills and chid

His amourousness, then, wonderful and fleet,
Fled from his clasping with delicious laughter
That made the echoing woods seem doubly sweet.

But they are vanished with the woods, and after
Our mother came, most beautiful and strong;
Yea, and a people loved her: door and rafter,

Lintel and wall and cornice as to song
Uprose; a city radiant and sooth
They shaped for her abode, where never wrong

Can shake her sway, nor poisonous words of ruth
Trouble her soul, whose one deep thought is truth.

III

Rightly, hath earth a spectacle more rare?
Dream-builded domes and shadowy citadels
Enwrought of light and unsubstantial air,

Some Camelot risen to soft, sleepy spells
Of magic Merlin, some weird elfin tower
Or strange dim city such as legend tells

Was shaped to music, knew not half the dower
These buildings have of precious wonderment.
The informing spirit and creative power

Of hungerings for truth, where else hath lent
Such inner majesty? Nor old romance
Nor wizardly nor wishful love, though blent

With fairy loveliness dares Truth enhance
With such grave pride and austere countenance.

IV

O beautiful, most beautiful! — And yet
Is life no more than building men their bridges?
Will feeding corn to swine make us forget

Our restless hungerings? Shall counting ledges
Laid down by blind, brute power in olden time,
Learning dead rules with which bought justice hedges

Power about, and winks to hide its crime,
Shall such dead ashes satisfy a soul
Athirst for beauty's wine Is it sublime,

To do more for a sick horse, on the whole,
Than you do for a man? Is life expended
Only to eat and drink? The spirit's goal

Is not that flesh be comfortably attended,
But in men's hearts Beauty and Truth be blended!

V

We have forgot in worship of our mother,
The lady Truth, diviner questionings;
We have forgot who gave us her, those other

Fragile and fragrant timid woodland things,
Dryad and faun and genius of the lake,
And spirits of the air that sound the strings

Of wailing pines till all the fairies ache
With their sweet sorrow and sheer loveliness
And so weep dewy tears. The gods forsake

Forlornly their old haunts before our eyes.
When Beauty's dead, the pagan people flee,
And we have killed her, though the spirit cries

Aloud in hunger and in misery.
It is too late—she can not hear our plea.

VI

Alas! The lake sighs and the pine trees sigh.

Yea, and "the west wind and the southwest wind"
Mourn with a vain lament eternally;

And the soft stars with searching are grown blind;
The moon is white with sorrow, and the air,
What time the elves danced and the fairy-kind

Footed it quaintly on the hilltops fair,
Lies listless as a lover; nevermore
Shall the swift maenad like a fierce bird scare

The timid woodfolk from the moonlight shore
With her wild shriek and wilder ecstasy,
Nor satyr follow her, nor Pan implore

With melting pipe the dryads at their play
To yield him love, then, laughing, steal away.

VII

It was in vain they yielded us their queen,
And from the woods and from the mourning hill
And from the grey sky and the meadows green

And each sad lake and soft, reproachful hill
And many tongued tree and the waving grass
There comes a plaintive voice, soft, sweet and still:

"We gave you up our mother and alas!
That we did so! From olden haunts are gone
The secret forms we loved! They slowly pass

With sad, reproachful eyes, and on the lawn
No shy goat-hoof is seen, nor in the rain
Is any spirit vocal, nor doth dawn

Surprise tired hiads sleeping. Beauty, in pain
Ye drove away. We, too, lament in vain!

THE BARBER OF SOLBERG'S HARBOR

By Carl Matthew Petterson, '13

Story Awarded Second Honorable Mention or Fourth Place in the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Short Story Contest of the Wisconsin Magazine

TO MRS. GULICKSON, living in a small cottage planted on the stretch of barren sand opposite the deserted sawmill that marks the southern limit of Solberg's Harbor, the sight and sound of an antiquated, rumbling automobile descending the rocky, cedar-covered hill to the south and plowing up the dust of the sandy beach-road, was a shock from which it required her fully five minutes to recover.

Not until the automobile, containing but one, lone, begoggled passenger, had rattled and spasmodically puffed over the bridge spanning Fish Creek beyond her house, did she regain control of her faculties; and then, almost reflexively, she ran over to her deaf neighbor, Mrs. Odegard, who was hanging up clothes behind her cottage, and drew her to the road just in time to give her a glimpse of the strange vehicle as it disappeared around the curve behind Anton Anderson's fish-shanty.

"An automobile," screamed Mrs. Gulickson into her neighbor's ears.

Yes—an automobile in Solberg's Harbor! Think of it! When had a previous one ploughed over the same stretch of sandy road that crawls thru the village?

"There ain't one passed thru here since two years ago last June," remarked Mr. Peter Knutson to Mr. John Larson, as they ceased reeling nets before their shanty on the beach in order to gaze at the passing machine, "And that was when the sheriff was after Torgeson for setting nets against the law."

And thus it happened that the news of its arrival reached the main section of the village almost before the auto itself; and in addition to the dust and smell of gasoline that it left in its trail, there were rows of children gaping at the lane-crossings, excited heads projecting from windows and doors, and weather-beaten fishermen staring from the fish-shanties and docks along the beach.

"Did you see it?" excitedly asked Mrs. Anton Larson from her window, of Mrs. Rulland across the way.

"Look," shouted one small boy to another as they raced down the street after the cloud of dust. "It's stopping at the barber's."

And so it was.

The lone passenger stopped the machine in the middle of the road opposite a small building displaying a large front window upon whose broad expanse of glass was written in gilt letters, "KARL AURELIUS LANGER, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER."

The automobile gave a dying gasp, the cloud of dust disappeared to make way for a crowd of children, and the man, after removing a pair of goggles that had disfigured a fat, red face and concealed a pair of twinkling eyes, walked toward the stone step of the shop.

He was not obliged to open the door. O, no—Karl Aurelius Langer was a polite young fellow. There he stood on the door step, his slim, almost girlish figure dressed in emaculate white, his yellow hair combed backward in perfect form, and his small mustache curled upward around a cherubic smile that hovered on his almost effeminately molded face.

"Beautiful day sir, isn't it?" remarked the barber in a tone of voice that further heightened the impression of effeminateness."

"Yes—dusty though—awful roads—hot," puffed the stranger, as he removed his duster and mopped his face with a huge handkerchief. "I didn't expect to find a model shop and a model barber in this part of the country. Is this your home?" he asked, seating himself in the chair before a flawless mirror with the usual array of bottles below it.

"My wife's home," hastily returned the barber, hanging up the coat. "I live far—far from here. I'm only so-journing in this secluded spot."

The stranger turned and stared a moment at the barber. "Huh—only so-journing here, is that it? You mean only temporarily located here, don't you?"

"It all depends upon the point of view," returned the barber. "Now from a barber's point of view, I should say you needed both a hair-cut and a shave."

"Correct you are," answered the new customer. "What's the name of the place that can hold a man of your peculiar stamp?"

"Solberg's Harbor."

"Why So'berg's?"

"My wife's father's name. A great man. A rare place, sir. Rather isolated I must confess, but charmingly located and——"

"Good place for business?" interrupted the man.

"My sphere of influence is very wide. My wife's relatives are very numerous and they all dwell around here."

"It's a pleasure to see you," he resumed. "Gives one a whiff of the great outside from which I have separated myself. O, the tragedy! That's what comes from making a martyr of oneself." The barber sighed heavily and gave his scissors a mournful clip.

"Have you ever been attacked with a spasm of marriagitis and an attack of idealism at the same time?" asked the barber, stuffing the edge of the apron about the man's neck.

"I have never suffered from either, answered the man. "Must be an awful sensation."

"Do you know what it means to have your career blasted by thoughtlessly and impulsively choosing a wrong path?" dramatically continued the barber.

"No, I cannot say that I do, because I have never had a career. Are you not afraid to lay bare all these family secrets before a stranger? Is it not a little dangerous?"

The barber dropped his scissors on the shelf and stretched out one hand impressively toward the stove in the rear of the office—a gesture that left the stranger wondering how long it had been practiced. "Sir, I cannot tell you what a pleasure it is to talk to someone my intellectual equal. You——"

"Hold on, my dear sir."

"You——"

"You flatter me. Go ahead."

"You are a God-send," continued the barber as tho he had never been interrupted. "To whom in this village can I talk? With whom can I discuss art? Who here understands the struggles of the soul? It is all about fish, and nets, and money, and boats, and the weather, and gossip, and neighbours. What do I care about the weather? What care I about fish? What difference does it make to me whether or not Mrs. Larson refuses to talk to Mrs. Olson because Mrs. Olsen slapped Mrs. Rasmussen's Oscar for fighting with Mrs. Odegard's Selden? What care I concerning this mad scramble for money? Upon whom, may I ask, in this village can I reveal my art of hairdressing? Not one! What does Lame-Knut's wife know about parisian frills? What does fisherman Anderson's wife know about psyche knots? Even my own Marianna refuses to dress her hair in any other way than her mother and grandmother dressed theirs. Is it not a tragedy? Just like a desert that is able to bloom with roses, but thru neglect is left barren and desolate." The barber paused and gazed out the window waiting for tears to shine in his eyes.

"That was great," answered the stranger, affecting strong admiration.

"Cheer up, however," he consoled. "For the sake of art, I regret that I do not have longer hair. But you can finish cutting it if you have no objection."

"I beg your pardon," hastily returned the barber, seizing his scissors and continuing his work.

"Why do you stay here, anyway? Why don't you go away?"

"My wife and my ideals."

"Run away from them," advised the customer. "That's easy."

"I cannot be untrue to them. I met Marianna several years ago before I attended the Barbers' College at Chicago—a noble institution. I passed through here on a sail-boat. It was love at first sight. Two years later came the wedding—the crucial moment of my life. I came here on a passing steamer. Marianna was on the dock to meet me. But the agony of that ceremony! It's a nightmare still. You should have seen the haircuts of her relatives at the wedding feast! And the minister! The straggliest head of hair you ever saw. 'Is it posible,' thought I, 'that a minister of the gospel to the heathen can hope to elevate and save, exhibiting such a living desecration of my art?' Thought I to myself in my impulsive youthfulness, 'Why make your mark in the big world? Does not this little nook need elevating influences? These people are ignorant; they must be educated. Money? Is not the struggle for this world's goods vanity?' That night I told my wife that my call was to remain in Solberg's Harbor. She fell on my neck and wept for joy. The lonesomeness of a strange place seemed dreadful to her. It was the best wedding present I could have given her.—Have I cut your hair short enough?"

"You can take a little more from the top."

"I opened this shop," continued the barber, his tongue keeping pace with his scissors. "There was another barber in the village at that time. I'd hate to call him

so, I'm too proud of my vocation. He ran a farm on the side. How—I ask—can a man learn to cut hair by cutting hay? You cannot serve two masters—art and the pocket.

"I gave the minister a season ticket as a marriage fee. The best advertisement I had. You should have seen how the people came to church. I confess I did myself —just to see him."

"It pays to stick to art. It was not long before I got the reputation of being the best barber in Solberg's Harbor, and the other fellow had to cut hay all the time, and finally left town. In competition, the best man always wins. But my career! I stifle here. I long for more fields to conquer. And the question haunts me, 'Was it worth while?' Shaved round in the back of the neck or straight down?"

"I wish now I had not been so crazy to make the pile I did."

"You've a lot of money?" asked the barber almost eagerly.

"Well, some people would not call it much—mines."

"Is that so?

Here the barber, deep in thought, lapsed into silence

The shaving was soon finished, some ointment rubbed in, and a little powder sprinkled upon the man's face.

"Shampoo, Sir?"

"No, not today."

"A singe?"

"No, I guess not."

"A massage?"

"No," said the man rising. "I know you are an expert at these things, but not today. How much is it?", he asked, pulling out a roll of bills.

The eyes of the barber almost popped from their sockets. "A dollar, if you are satisfied."

The stranger stared at him for a moment. "Excellent. I see you do not belong to the Union. If you were in Chicago, I'd make you head barber of our club rooms. We'd make money."

Karl grew almost two inches in height. "It's a pleasure to be appreciated."

"Can you change a fifty dollar bill?"

A fifty dollar bill! Karl stifled a gasp.

"If you wait a minute I'll see if I can change it at the butcher shop or Hanson's shop."

"All right," said the man and handed him the bill.

Karl Aurelius held the banknote as tho it were a hot plate and darted for the door.

"Just a minute," called the stranger as he reached for his coat, "You must have a keen sense of humor to carry you thru the trials of this life, Isn't that right?"

"It is all that makes life possible," answered the barber with his hand on the door.

"Couldn't we have a little fun?"

"Fun?" asked the puzzled barber.

"Yes, fun—an enjoyable time, a pleasant afternoon. I'll make a wager with you." The stranger pulled a stool from the wall and placed it in the middle of the floor. "Jump off and on that chair for one half hour and say nothing but, 'Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor.' My candid opinion is that you cannot do it."

"My dear Sir," answered the astonished barber, "You are joking. Think how undignified it would be."

"But, my dear Langer, the presence of dignity shows an absence of humor. Forget that you are a man. We are alone. Let us be boys again."

"Jump off and on that stool for one half hour and say nothing but 'Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor' every time I stand on the chair? Impossible.

"To add zest, I wager half of that bill against ten dollars," said the man very carelessly. "Of course, you understand, we are not doing this for money. Our ideals make that impossible."

The barber's hand containing the bill was trembling convulsively.

"That's just the point I wish to make clear," he replied. "For one half hour?"

"Yes.".

"And say 'Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor?"

"That, and nothing else."

"Twenty-five dollars against ten dollars?"

"Exactly."

Karl Aurelius stared at the bill and thought. "Good," said he and after gazing up and down the road shut the door.

"Till three thirty-five, then—Begin."

The barber jumped upon the stool, straightened himself, and said: "Karl Langer, the best Barber in Solberg's Harbor," and smilingly jumped down. And then he jumped up again, said "Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor," and hopped down as smilingly as before.

He kept it up monotonously for five minutes—thump on the floor—"Karl, Langer——" —thump on the floor—"Karl Langer——."

The stranger stood watching him silently.

Suddenly the door creaked, the shaggy beard of Mr. Nels Listbaken showed itself in the crack of the door, and then his face and then his body dressed in dirty oilskins.

The barber had just jumped down to the floor.

"Karl, Marianna wants you. The twins are crying, she cannot take care of more than one at once."

Karl opened his mouth to speak, and then bethought himself just in time. His face turned very, very red, and he jumped upon the chair and, looking at the stranger, stammered, "Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor."

Mr. Listbaken leaned against the wall in his astonishment. His stiff oil-skins were the only things that held him upright.

What? What? What is this?"

The barber jumped to the floor and then up. "Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor." He glared at the fisherman from his perch.

"Your wife wants you."

"Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor," answered Karl Aurelius.

The stranger reached for the fisherman and whispered in his ear, "I believe he must be crazy. He has been acting strangely since I came in here. I thought once while he was shaving me that he was going to cut my throat. Does he often get this way?"

The man darted out of the door as if shot from a gun, and ran—not for Marianna and the babies, but to Peter Knutson who was on the beach near the steamer dock, winding nets.

"Karl Langer is crazy! Karl is crazy! Quick! He almost cut the auto-man's

throat! He is breaking the furniture in the shop!"

Mr. Knutson was a very fat Norwegian. His net fell to the ground in a tangle, and he raced for the shop as fast as his oil-skins would allow him.

Of course, it can well be understood that when a fat, sedate man like Peter Knutson plows up the dust of Main street of Solberg's Harbor and Nels Listbaken behind him, there must be something of importance to create such an unheard of commotion.

"What's the matter?" shrieked Mrs. Ephraim Esperseth from the yard where she was hanging up clothes, "what's the matter?"

"Karl Langer's gone crazy. He killed the auto man," shouted Peter between puffs for breath.

"Who's crazy? Who's killed?" screamed Mrs. B. Oneson from the porch two houses down.

"Karl Langer," gasped Listbaken as he kicked up the dust beside Knutson.

Mrs. B. Oneson did not tarry so much as one second; after them she ran, hair and skirts flying in the air. Now, Mrs. Ephraim Esperseth was not to be outdone by Mrs. B. Oneson, and so she also raced for the shop.

"Karl Langer is killed. The auto man killed him," screamed the little boys on the street. The whole town seemed to be drawn to the shop as though by the suction of a whirlpool.

In less time than it takes to tell, the shop was surrounded and jammed with villagers.

"Give him air, give him air," commanded the stranger. "He'll get over it in a little while."

Poor Karl was sweating so that the perspiration dripped from his brow. He had thrown off his coat and was still jumping but his words had turned almost to a snarl.

Should he give up? Should he say anything other than the phrase, "Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor," and lose ten dollars and a chance of making twenty-five? The time must be almost up. It could not last much longer; and unconsciously, to make the time pass more quickly, he began to jump still more rapidly.

"We must stop him," panted Mr. Knutson.

"Yes, this must be stopped," demanded Mr. Solberg, Marianna's father. "Karl you fool, stop, I say."

Karl was very disrespectful to his father-in-law. He stared wildly at him from the chair, and yelled hoarsely, "Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor."

"I think we'd better tie him up," shouted the stranger, "he's getting worse."

"A rope," yelled someone.

But no one had a rope. And the crowd was so dense around the building that it was hardly possible to get a glimpse of it.

"I heard screams at the house the other day," said a woman in the crowd.

"Where is the policeman," shouted Mr. Olsen.

"Yes, where is the constable?"

"Get the constable."

"He is the man for the job."

"Where is Abrahamson?"

Everyone stared at each other to discover

if they could see Abrahamson, but he was absent.

His wife, hysterically wringing her hands, broke the silence. "Abrahamson took the boat and went fishing this morning on Frying-Pan Shoal."

An ominous pause ensued.

"Isn't that what I told you people?" shouted Mr. Olsen, "that he wouldn't stick by his duty when you elected him? I wash my hands of the whole business."

The people stared at each other in blank dismay. What should be done now?

The barber continued hoarsely shouting "Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor."

"The minister," suggested someone.

"Yes, the minister."

The crowd gave a huge sigh of relief.

"He can drive out the devils."

"Let me out," demanded Jacobson, "I'll get the minister." And he squeezed his way through the crowd, and started down the street to the parsonage beside the white church on the hill.

The village parson was an elderly, stout gentleman, with huge side whiskers and nearsighted eyes that stared from a mystic's face. He was in the midst of his next Sunday's sermon. After he had deciphered Jacobson's message from his gasps for breath, he calmly donned his black Prince Albert coat, his broad-brimmed, black hat, and, taking the prayer book and spectacles in his hand, walked sedately toward the shop.

"Make way for the minister," demanded Elder Hegelson.

The crowd respectfully opened up a lane thru which the Reverend passed.

The minister entered the shop, put on his glasses and, sizing up the situation, faced the barber with arm impressively raised. "Karl Langer, in the name of the Most High, I command you to stop."

"Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor," raged Karl, glaring into the minister's face as he jumped to the floor.

The crowd had become so silent the waves could be heard washing on the shore.

"Karl Langer," solemnly continued the parson in a deep ministerial voice, "may God have mercy on your soul." And then he turned to the crowd about him. "Behold, brethern, the result of an immoral life. Behold the consequences of miserliness, hypocrisy, and the worship of Mammon. Have I not warned you that the wicked and ungodly will in time be punished? Have I not told you of the results of sin? This is a warning to you. Repent of your misdeeds ere it be too late. Let us pray for the soul of this poor man. Let us raise our voices to the great White Throne and beg for mercy."

Then he opened the prayer-book and began to read the Missionary Litany: "The heathen rage—"

But he got no farther.

Karl, in descending to the floor, landed on the minister's back and dashed the book from his hands. The minister was taken unawares, but he was a brave man, especially when he found himself struggling, for what he thought was life itself.

A contest, bitter and fearful ensued. The crowd appeared as tho paralyzed. Here were God and the Devil at war with each other in flesh. Who would be victorious?

The outcome was, that the minister found himself sprawling on the floor, and Karl landed on the chair, from which he managed to gasp "Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor."

He was acting like a clock that was wound up and could not stop until it had run down.

"Get his wife," shouted the stranger. She can quiet him. Quick! This must stop!"

"Yes, his wife," screamed several people in unison.

"Marianna, Marianna——"

Ten boys ran down the street yelling "Marianna" at the tops of their voices.

The twins had been crying so hard that the mother had not heard the uproar.

By the time she got to the shop she was weeping hysterically. The crowd sympathetically made way for her.

When she saw her husband—his damp hair hanging in his eyes, his face purple and dripping with perspiration, his eyes wildly glaring, his mustache pointing mournfully downwards, and shirt almost torn from his back, she fell on her knees before him and wailed as though her heart would break.

"O Karl, my sweet Karl; Stop! Speak to your Marianna."

"Karl Langer, the best barber in Solberg's Harbor," was his only answer. Her husband was tottering from chair to floor and from floor to chair.

"Don't you know your darling? Your wife? Your little Marianna? O, my Karl! My Karl! Think of the little babies—think of the babies."

Wailing she tried to grasp him about the legs. He kicked her from him and drunkenly kept staggering from floor to chair and from chair to floor. He could hardly whisper.

The crowd was spellbound. Had such a thing ever happened in Solberg's Harbor? When would he stop?

"Three thirty-five," shouted the stranger.

Karl Aurelius fell senseless to the floor beside his wife.

"He is dead, he is dead," screamed the women about the door.

The stranger pulled the wife from her husband's bosom and felt of his pulse.

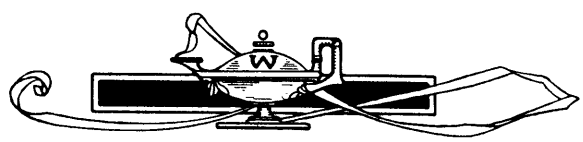
Then he pressed something into his hand.

"He isn't dead. Get some water."

And he squeezed his way through the crowd just as the minister poured a flowing pitcher of water over the prostrate barber.

"Honk! Honk!" said the auto horn.

The crowd opened, the auto gave a spasmodic puff, and amid the noise of rattling gear and the rising cloud of sand, the lone, begoggled passenger and machine disappeared down the road.



THE FREEDMAN

By Murray Ketcham, '13

A THING of God, yet his mark had been burned
Like the stain of sin on his shaded brow;
So the Masters cried, in those kingdoms old,
When he raised to their eyes his dusky hands.
His limbs were chained and his wondering look
Was bent toward the burning desert sands,
As he hewed the stones for the tombs of Kings,
And fashioned the walls now crumbled to dust.

What though the ages lit the darkened earth
With Wisdom and the shining things of Truth?
What though above the driver's cursing cry, he heard
The shadowed march of nations as they passed?
Was his the breathless hope of world's beyond—
To cross the seas and climb the Alpine snows;
And see the smiling valleys stretch away
With empires vast and cities filled with gold?
The tender light of morning suns could bring
No ray of glory to his hut of clay;
The glowing dawn of Eastern skies could hold
No song of wonder for his fainting soul.
The lurid heat that scorched the yellow earth
At noon, beat down upon his fettered frame,
And far dim stars of night moved on, and left
His tortured cries to die upon the wind.
The massive rows of tow'ring columns old,
The mighty halls now heaps of ashes gray,
He piled them slowly, neath the lash, nor knew
The wonder of the day wherein he lived,
Nor from its changing splendor claimed one Thing.

The scroll of time, unrolling o'er the past,
Held deathless deeds and minstrel songs of woe,
Bright names that seared the page across, and tales
Of lovely forms, the falling thrones of power,
The pride of youthful heros with their train
Of restless armies toward the westward bent
Where nations rose and fell, and Princes died
Before their ceaseless tread and battle-cry.
Their glittering dreams his soul had never dreamed
Nor followed where their flying footsteps led;
He counted not their sands remorseless fall—
Nor marked the hour when they and Kings were gone.

The changeless story of those ages lost,
When cried the great souls of the ancient world,
The fingers of forgotten scribes have wrote
On tablets gray and crumbling brick and stone.
Yet though the kingdoms of the earth grew old,
They wrote no words of him in all the tale,
But like the silent Sphinx upon the waste,
They left him there, with speechless lips and dumb,
To dream no dream and give no outward sign.
What science slept, what shining Genius lit
What Thought sublime lay deep within his soul
And struggled vainly toward one ray of light
With growing Hope to find the upward way
Where lie his ruined cities on the plain,
With starlit groves upon the hills, that hide
The broken shrines and temples of his gods,
The empty, dust-filled altars where he prayed
A sculptured slave, his craven image rests
Upon the vaunted tomb of sage and king;
And neath the shadow of the things he made
His sons still shape their huts of clay.

Oh mighty souls, who heard his groaning cry
Come down the far-off cycles that are gone;
Who shed your blood along the winding streams
Like summer rain in answer to his prayer,
What will you with this man who dumbly waits,
His riven chain forever broke, and holds
His priceless Freedom to your seeing eyes—
An outcast at the gateways of the world?
Oh hearts of fire, that kindled with his wrongs
Whose call to man hath set the bondsman free,
Shall you not breathe upon the light within
And, with the years, slow mould his lowering brow?
He heard your voice and, trembling, followed blind
Have written Learning, Power, Art, and Song,
And stood alone with bitter thought and sob.
Oh brother man, those strange and mystic things
That swing the portal wide, he could not know—
Unto the doorway where the great and wise
And shall you see him stand with tears of shame,
In passion's thrall, as low he waits—and waits—
An outcast at the gateway of the world,
With empty Freedom in his dusky hands.

THE HISTORY OF THE BADGER

By Stanley Hollen, '15

A Feature of the Series of Historical Articles on Various Wisconsin Institutions Which Has Been Conducted by the Wisconsin Magazine This Year

AS A history of our university, as an indication of its marvellous growth and development during the especially important past quarter of a century, there exists no more valuable record than the Badger. The increase in Wisconsin's material welfare, the sporadic growth of student organizations and activities, the rise of student politics and the self-governing system—all of them, may be easily traced down the years through the pages of our junior class annual.

From the "good old days" when the university was the size of an up-state high school, and the girls wore hoop-skirts at Prom, till now, the Badger has been a valuable institution. The evolution in the mechanical side of book-building is clearly exemplified in the long line of processes from the crude old wood-cuts in the first Badger, to the beautiful color plates of the 1913 year-book.

The "Trochus," a homely, black volume filled with names and dates and a few crude wood-cuts was the predecessor of the Badger. Only two numbers ever appeared and these were of the classes of '85 and '88. The editors must have had a pronounced taste for the classics for they hid the name of Wisconsin's animal mascot in the Greek word "Trochus." The '85 "Trochus" contained several engravings of old-time campus scenes; both volumes have an air of age and mustiness. Both were dedicated to "the ladies of the class."

From this rather inauspicious beginning, the Badger came into being. The very next year the class of '89 determined to establish a precedent. Eleven men were chosen and this first board, the class having unanimously voted to discard the name "Trochus," proceeded to the production of our first Badger. The name was not original with these '88 editors for a weekly publication containing articles on things of interest to students had been so titled back in 1882. One must therefore delve into ancient history to discover the story of the birth of our annual.

The '89 Badger was considered a decidedly noteworthy and commendable year book. In size it resembled a text-book and it was printed in violet ink. Had you been one of the 611 men and women who then were students, you would probably have invested the necessary fifty cents for a copy. It made its debut with the following as a foreword:—

To The Reader.

"The Annual comes before you as gold thrice purified by fire. The fire that the Board of Editors has had to pass through cannot be excelled by any this side of Jordan. However, the Annual Board of '89 have passed through the fire unscratched and now proclaim to you with this, the first BADGER."

T. C. Chamberlain, then president of the university, headed the first list of "faculties, instructors and officers." Dean Birge appears as a professor of zoology and President Van Hise a professor colleague in

metallurgy. There were then but three men in the faculty of the Agricultural college. Arthur T. Leith was the first editor. The first copy of the Badger was sold about the day that Science Hall was receiving its finishing touches. Governor McGovern was at the time an editor of another university publication, the "Aegis."

It was a custom with the early editors to bind the book in the recognized class colors, and the cover of the '90 Badger was decorated with a weird black and yellow scroll design. The Board consisted of twelve men. Like its predecessor it included a literary section of puns, poetry and witticisms, designated "Hash." An old engraving, the frontispiece, showed the University, looking toward "University" hall. A sparse wood occupied the place where the "Law Shop," the Engineering and the Biology buildings are now situated.

GEORGE B. HILL, '08

Prominent Badger Reformer

The first picture of a Wisconsin football team, a costly gelatin print, appeared in the '91 Badger and the full page illustration shows fourteen oddly garbed players, a number of whom wore mustaches. The third Badger was changed in shape to what resembled an old-fashioned scrap album and its 183 pages present a diminutive appearance beside the 750 packed pages of the up-to-date volume.

The first half-tone photographs appeared in Professor Paul S. Reinsch's Badger, that of the class of '92. The success of this volume showed the gradual improvement in the art of book-making. The volume of the following year, that of '93, for some unknown reason failed to continue the half-tone scheme but this loss was retrieved by a splendid literary section entitled "Art and Literature." Judge E. Ray Stevens, who was the editor of the book of '93, chose a pretty blue, white and gold cover, one of the handsomest ever evolved.

It is not until one discovers Professor F. A. (Sonny) Pyre in the guise of a husky, bewhiskered crew man in the '94 Badger that one realizes the value of the junior annual as a faithful record of the university. John R. Richards, our caustic ex-coach, appears in more than one of the athletic teams portrayed. The '94 Badger must have pleased the students immensely for it was a vast improvement over those of former years. It contained an interesting account of the inauguration of President Charles Kendall Adams. This 250 page annual was dedicated "to the honored shade of Christopher Columbus."

WILLARD G. BLEYER, '96

Editor of the Epoch-making Badger

The first and most notable failure was the '95 Badger, which because of a series of unfortunate occurrences, left a big deficit for the class to pay. Every member was asked to contribute and a number of other means were devised to pay the shortage. Several of the sections were printed in green, red and violet inks, making a rather ludicrous appearance. One serious difficulty encountered by the Board was in the literary section. One of the students deemed himself grossly insulted by a bit of impertinence, and he made a mighty attempt to have it suppressed. Although in the end unsuccessful he did succeed in holding up the book for quite a time, lending a good deal to the conspicuous failure. When the sale began in Science Hall, the insulted one appeared on the scene, leaped the counter upon which the Badgers were piled high and began a fight with the chairman that made old Science Hall resound. History fails to tell who won. It is interesting to note that Zona Gale, the celebrated authoress, was a member of the literarycommittee and that J. C. (Ikey) Karel, who was unsuccessful in his race for governorship, served on the business staff.

It is with considerable pleasure that one turns to the '96 Badger to find an annual

which typographically and artistically was so superior to the previous productions. This truly epoch-making volume was edited by W. G. Bleyer, now head of the department of Journalism. The election, says the Cardinal of March 17, 1894, "was characterized by good feeling and an absence of factorial fighting." One of the men elected was a negro, Harry S. McCard, now a successful physician in Baltimore. For the first time, the pictures of the seniors and senior summaries were utilized, the present size was adopted and in many other respects the make-up of the book was modernized. The art work was clever and there was a wealth of photographs. New ideas prevailed throughout and the idea of having frontispieces preceding each section was initiated.

The '97, '98, and '99 Badgers continued to enlarge and improve both within and without. They were bound in linen or buckram; the leather covered book came much later. The '97 Badger contained the first colored plate. The annual of the class of '98 appeared in the time of Pat O'Dea and Coach Phil King. Five committees worked on this volume; they were literary, art, chronicle, photo, and business. Four-fifths of the total number of pages consisted of art work and the increased cost sent the price up to one dollar. For the first time, the senior law students got their pictures in the book and also for the first time prizes were offered for meritorious literary and art work.

C. E. Allen, now professor of botany, was the chairman of the '99 Badger board. This board suffered the misfortune of having 120 photographs accidently destroyed in Milwaukee where they were being engraved. It was of the '99 Badger that Professor Julius E. Olsen made the following amusing criticism:—"It is gratifying to note that as the years roll on, even the Badger responds to the refining influences of civilization." Editor Allen came into conflict with the censorship before his work was done. The pictures for the literary section included among others a rather extraordinary one taken at a fancy dress ball at Chadbourne. It was one of those affairs from which the men are rigidly excluded and the girls, much wrought up over the matter, succeeded in persuading the president to hold out the picture when the book was ready for the press.

None of the early editors realized the value of informal "everyday" pictures. Costly gelatine prints, zinc etchings, and engravings furnished the only illustrations. Most of the early Badger chairmen were handicapped by the lack of advertising. It was for this reason that nearly fifteen years elapsed before the Badger emerged from a hazardous career and became a financial success.

The old-time election system is interesting. From the first volume in 1888 until 1900, the board was nominated and elected in an open meeting of the class, a procedure entirely possible in those days. The board consisted of from ten to twenty men and women who elected the chairman, who in turn appointed the several committees. The business manager was at first chosen by the chairman but later he was elected by the board. The Badger Boards held regular sessions and accounts of these meetings are quite amusing. By 1900 the board had increased to thirty-six and the 1900 election

was an exciting one. It was in this year that the fraternity chapter pictures were first used.

The '01 board worked under discouraging conditions. One of their chief difficulties was "the indifference of the seniors in supplying their photos." The price was as usual and the business manager complained that the one dollar was less than two-thirds of the cost of publishing the book.

Leather entered into Badger construction with the '02 year book, which contained 450 pages. It was dedicated in this wise:—

"To Adam and Eve, the original pair
Who started the practice of co-education,
Through whom it was sanctioned by special creation
We offer this volume, with impudence rare."

And it certainly was impudence if one may judge by the literary section. The price of the book was raised to $1.50 where it has since remained.

It was about this time that the method of electing the board was changed. The period of fractional representation began and from 1901 until 1909 this system was used. Each of the "lit" societies, the women students, the engineers chose a specified number of representatives for the board and several were elected at large. These caucus elections were then ratified by the class meeting. In this manner the Badger committees were chosen and it is easy to see how crude and impracticable the system was. Men "made" the Badger board on politics rather than on merit and this period from 1901 to 1909 was decidedly the period of rottenness in Badger politics. The unsophisticated literary "light" had small chance of an election, they failed flatly of election and were only included on the board because long after the elections they pocketed their pride and accepted the seats of men who were successful politicians but who failed in the literary field. At times executive ability accompanied political talent but on the whole the committee system of these nine years was a dismal failure. The Cardinal of that day said of the '03 election:— "There were cabals and political combinations galore and the 'ward healer' of the class was in his element."

The '03 Badger was a big step toward the style and quality that we know to-day; and in spite of a big engravers' strike, the book was successful. The '04 edition continued the evolution and '05, the Jubilee Badger, carried on the improvements still further. The literary section was gradually enlarged and refined and there was a greater amount of art work. An edition of sixteen hundred of the Jubilee edition was soon exhausted. On the political side, there was much rivalry between the Chadbourne Hall girls and the sorority girls.

The 1906 year-book that resulted omitted for the first time the names of the members of the lower classes. The "Agrics" applied for representation on the '07 board. During all these years students in the college of argiculture had to run for election as hill students and take their chances with the large number of candidates who usually appeared. In 1905 the "Agrics" applied for representation and it was granted them. During these years, the Badger increased in size.

In the spring of 1907, the agitation for an open election of the editor and business manager and for competitive tryouts be-

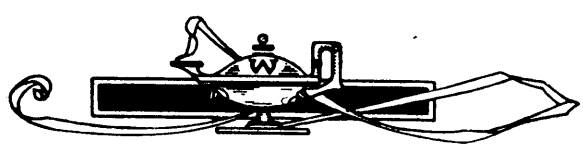
gan. Horatio G. Winslow, '04, the well-known composer, was foremost in advocating a change in the system of elections. Winslow also suggested the posting of each candidate's qualifications and nomination by petition. The class of 1910 adopted the system. A supervisory board was provided to insure that committee appointments be made on merit. So, with the '10 Badger ends the regime of picayune politics, the membership of which was seventy-five per cent "dead-head" and incapable. The clogging element whose interest in the Badger centered on the insertion of their photographs was eliminated. In this period "peanut" politics was the rule and it was "politics" that "turned the trick."

The 1910 Badger was therefore work of a rejuvenated Badger board based upon merit and not machination. It was a more compact, a more flexible, active and efficient board and the annual that it produced may well be called the first of the Badgers in the reform period. It contained a host of new ideas and made changes in arrangement that have been continued to the present time.

George B. Hill, '08, was the first chairman of the supervisory board. He presented to the class of 1911, suggestions for several amendments to the Badger plan. The class passed his suggestions and for the first time in Badger history editor and business manager were elected at the polls on the Australian ballot plan.

A uniform Badger in full leather at $2.25 was the style of the '12 book, determined on by the class after the recommendation of Editor Morris Mitchell. There was much discussion concerning this raise in price and opinions pro and con were expressed by students and faculty. Two thousand copies were issued. The '13 book appeared last May from the editorship of Chester C. Wells, an increase of issue to 2500 failing to supply the demand. The annual of the present junior class is now well under way under the direction of Arthur W. Hallam.

Twenty-eight classes have had their commencement since the first junior annual appeared on a certain April afternoon way back in the eighties. From year to year there have been many painful experiences in Badger production. A host of lessons have been learned. When in 1908, the Badger rose above the confines of class and faction to become a genuine university publication, men and women were found who were broad enough to look beyond the limits of their clubs or classes. The conscientious worker on the board forgets what class, what literary society or what fraternity he belongs to and strives to make his Badger "the best ever."



WHEN NATURE SMILED

By John Bastain Nelson

A Story in the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Short Story Contest of the Wisconsin Magazine, Set Aside by the Judges as Having Especial Merit

THE TIME had come. Simpkins was trapped at last, and as the sickening realization fastened itself more closely upon him, he cast a despairing glance at the bathhouse door, and then relapsed into gloomy thoughts. Nature had been unkind to Simpkins. His baleful glance fell upon his long, scrawny legs that protruded from his too generous bathing suit, and seemed to stretch into eternity. His sorrowful eyes sought in vain for some irregularity upon those appendages which might be construed for muscles, but the only enlargement was at the very extremity where nature had provided generously.

Simpkins sighed drearily, and rose. His sorrowful glance wandered to the bathhouse looking glass, and the lines of worry deepened about his already corroded brow. Even the unsympathetic mirror seemed against him as it faithfully reflected the partly bald head, and the long scrawny neck set on painfully thin shoulders. He took his hands from his hips to see if the effect would be less cruel, but the sharp points of his shoulders defied concealment. He tried to throw out his chest, but found that only his stomach responded. Then he folded his arms before him just as he had seen prize fighters do, with the vain hope that here at last was the solution of the problem. But the heartless glass only reflected the two smooth upper appendages which crossed each other stick like upon his sunken chest, both uniform and free from any irregularity.

It was too much. With a last fearful glance, Simpkins collapsed like a jack knife, and placing his aching head upon his hands which rested on his pointed knees, he gave up to black despair. Simpkins had been duped. And by whom? None other than that base scoundrel, Bubbles. It was Bubbles, who, two weeks before, had proposed to the charming widow, Mrs. Brown, that it would be jolly sport to get up a party and take a vacation at Lake Wamba. Lake Wamba was in southern Michigan, and fat Mr. Bubbles had assured Mrs. Brown that there was no place quite like it in the world. Simpkins had seen the Machavelian villany of the move from the very start. Until that fateful hour, Simpkins felt within himself that he had had the upper hand. Where was fat Mr. Bubbles when it came to Wagnerian opera? What did Mr. Bubbles know of Ibsen's influence on the modern drama? What, indeed, were that rotund gentleman's views on any subject worthy of mention? How Simpkins had gloried in that gentleman's discomfiture when the charming Mrs. Brown had quite excluded him from the conversation one evening over a heated discussion on the relative merits of Bernard Shaw and Ibsen. The very memory of it sent the blood tingling through his lean frame.

And then had come this dastardly move

like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, wrecking his golden dream, and throwing him into this abyss of despair. In vain had he expostulated with the beautiful widow. In vain he had proved to her that soft water bathing was not only injurious to the complexion, but also detrimental to the system. The widow had only giggled that beauty was but skin deep anyway, and that she would never stay in the water very long. Besides, had not Mr. Bubbles promised to teach her to swim? Crowning insult to Mr. Simpkins' injury! Even now the thought of it caused him to grate his false teeth and shake his skinny fist in impotent rage at the imaginary Bubbles.

Simpkins had never been a swimmer. While the companions of his distant youth were learning to dive and tread water, he had been forced by an overzealous mother to run five finger exercises on an ancient pianoforte. Any protest on his part had been quickly reproved by added lessons in key manipulations. And so his youth had flown without Simpkins having had a speaking acquaintance with it. Now he was paying for that neglect of nature with bitter thoughts of his helplessness. With a dim foreboding of evil he had reluctantly accepted the widow's invitation to join the party on its vacation trip.

The days since their arrival at Lake Wamba had been days of undiluted misery for poor Simpkins. He realized only too well that the crafty Bubbles had chosen his own battle ground, and forced the helpless Simpkins to battle with him at a disadvantage. On the very first day, the revengeful Bubbles had appeared in a comfortable gray shirt, and standing before the entire group, had chinned himself ten times on an overhanging branch, being rewarded for his puffing effort by a gracious smile from the widow. Simpkins had slunk back into the cottage for fear that he might be called upon for a physical demonstration of his skill. Not satisfied with his first victory, Bubbles had relentlessly pursued his advantage on several other occasions, and Simpkin's spirits had fallen lower and lower.

But once the jealous eye of Simpkins had seen an opportunity; a hole in his enemy's armour. Bubbles was standing before the ladies, poising a large stone in his right hand, and while he wiped the sweat from his streaming brow with his left hand, was telling the assemblage of hero worshippers how he used to put the shot for his team when he was a college athlete. One of the eager listeners was about to ask Bubbles how it happened that he, Bubbles, had never been sent to the Olympic games, when there was an unexpected interruption. Simpkins, deftly concealed in the shade of the nearby cottage porch, and, like one of the many bivalves that strewed the beach, dared not emerge for fear of some dire attack, had listened in insulted rage to his rival's glowing account of his own athletic prowess. Had the earth opened up and swallowed the fat boaster, Simpkins would have gladly delivered up a burnt offering to his unknown god. But terra firma remained immobile, only trembling slightly as Bubbles walked about, and Simpkins glowered out at him in impotent rage. Then something in Bubbles' poise

caught the hungry eye of Simpkins. Triumph gleamed upon his lean features, and he drew a long breath of exultation. Although no athlete, Simpkins had himself learned to put the shot politely. He now arose, and advanced hastily to the charmed circle about Bubbles.

"Pardon me, Mr. Bubbles, but you're not holding that shot right, if you'll excuse me."

The ladies of the party glanced around in surprise at Simpkins' astounding statement, and then turned a questioning look to where Bubbles was frowning down heavily at Simpkins. But Simpkins returned his death-dealing glance with a look of triumph. The sweat on Bubbles' brow was not now altogether caused by exertion, for he had not expected this treacherous rear attack. He stood speechless, looking at his hated rival with a look of injured pride and insulted vanity. The triumphant Simpkins could scarce refrain from giving vent to a shout of victory. Without so much as a word, Bubbles meekly yielded the stone to his triumphant opponent.

Fortified by a reassuring smile from the widow, Simpkins accepted the stone, and by dint of using both hands, managed to raise it unsteadily above his shoulders. While the onlookers held their breath, Simpkins prepared to "put" the stone. Stealing another glance at the widow, he saw her looking at him with expectation written all over her charming features. Now was the time to do, and, in doing, put the presumptuous Bubbles to rout for all time. Simpkins only regretted that it was not in the days of old Rome so that he might trail the beaten Bubbles in the dust of his chariot. He poised the stone tremblingly, and bending backward slightly, bent his body in a stupendous effort.

The result was startling. Instead of going forward, the stone disregarded Simpkins' design altogether and slipped off backwards, alighting by due process of gravitation on the back of his heel. The involuntary exclamation of pain from Simpkins following this misadventure was drowned in the inhuman shout of mirth from Bubbles. Simpkins stood storklike on one leg holding the other in his hand and ruefully examining his Tendon of Achilles, while Bubbles overdid himself in appreciation of Simpkins' performance. Bending forward as far as his rotundity would permit, and placing both pudgy hands on his knees, he gave vent to his feelings in hoarse, strangled guffaws that threatened momentarily to disseminate his entire body. Even the ladies turned away to hide their merriment, and the widow, ambushed behind her handkerchief, which, however, did not conceal her twinkling eyes, inquired sympathetically if he were hurt. It was upon Simpkins' lips to retort with withering sarcasm, but bethinking himself in time, choked back his emotion, and assured her with a ghastly smile that it was merely a scratch. But as Simpkins limped painfully to the veranda, he felt that his hated rival had scored again.

After his disastrous adventure with the stone, Simpkins had retired temporarily from the lists, his whole soul wrapped up with but one all pervading idea, revenge. But think and plot as he would, the opportunity for getting even seemed to grow more remote every day. Until the site of

the battle ground could be shifted, Simpkins was helpless. To make matters worse for him, the widow and Bubbles, together with the rest of the party, went swimming every day. To the widow's kind request that Simpkins accompany them, he had so far evaded the issue by complaining of headaches, toothaches, backaches, and, in fact, all the useful diseases that could be utilized for his purpose. But in time his stock of maladies had run out, and cornered at last, the widow had extracted a promise from him to go in swimming with them. Even as Simpkins had nodded a half hearted assent, he felt a dim foreboding of impending disaster. As he had turned away from the nauseating sight of seeing Bubbles teach Mrs. Brown how to float, he had caught the fat scoundrel's triumphant look mocking him. At last he felt all hope was gone. But it behooved him to be brave, to fight to the last ditch, and arming himself with a copy of Boethius "Consolations of Philosophy," he had prepared to meet his fate on the morrow.

That morrow, preceded by a sleepless night, had come. As Simpkins arose from his cramped position in the bathhouse, he felt that the fates had indeed been a little premature. Instead of having a feeling of pleasurable anticipation such as is usually enjoyed by a person about to take a dip, Simpkins was experiencing all the misery of a man condemned to his death. For the first time in his life he reaized how Sidney Carton must have felt while he was waiting his turn at the guillotine. But Sidney Carton was a hero. As Simpkins ran his eye down his scarecrow frame, he tried to conjure up the image of some hero who had been lean. There flashed across his mind's eye the likeness of Lincoln. But Lincoln had been shot. Sighing heavily, he had to confess that they had mostly been fat. The Sidney Carton-guillotine effect was heightened at that moment by a loud, course yell from without. It was only Bubbles, but to Simpkins' excited imagination it sounded like the mob shout that must have greeted the hero Carton.

But further caution was useless. Cautiously opening the door, he peered out from the friendly shelter of the bathhouse. The guests were all disporting themselves in the water, and at that very moment Bubbles and Mrs. Brown were splashing water at each other, the widow shaking with pseudo girlish laughter, Bubbles roaring like a bull, both apparently enjoying themselves. The sight was galling, and pushing aside the door defiantly, Simpkins, resolute, unafraid, strode out into the sunlight. The die had been cast. Return was impossible. He had scarce taken a dozen steps before he saw Bubble's pudgy arm draw the widow's attention to his bold advance. A new problem presented itself. How should he carry his arms? Putting them behind was pure cowardice. Draped along his sides, they were inartistic. The vague promptings of some distantly read Police Gazette told him to cross them before his chest, his knuckles pressed hard against them in a vain endeavor to produce some swelling that might be construed into a resemblance of muscle. To add to Simpkins' gloom, the bright sun was directly behind him, and as he ambled gracelessly along, his lank body throwing long shadows before him, his legs and arms appearing endless

in length, barely visible in width, he felt his courage gradually oozing away from him.

The sight was not encouraging to Simpkins, and he hastened onward. Never before had he noticed how far it was from the bathhouse to the lake. The last ten yards he covered in a canter, and overcoming his natural dread of water, waded bravely into the element which hid his shrinking form from the vulgar gaze. The party viewed him with evident astonishment. If he had belonged to some strange, extinct species just unearthed to the modern eye, he could not have excited more interest. To avoid this all too long critical gaze, Simpkins, with a courage born of desperation, waded further out into the water. He had scarce done so when he was overwhelmed by a perfect tidal wave born from the fat palm of Bubbles' hand. As he staggered about in strangled indignation, he could hear Bubbles' vulgar laugh insulting his ears. Blinking painfully through a haze that blinded his vision, he fancied he saw the widow holding her hand over her mouth, but when perfect sight was again restored, he only beheld his siren with finger poised in air, reproving the gurgling Bubbles for being so naughty. Out of kindness for Simpkins, let us draw a veil over what transpired in the next ten minutes. Suffice to say that Bubbles roared louder and louder, while Simpkins grew momentarily more miserable.

But the darkest hour is just before dawn, as the saying goes. During the winter months, the residents near Lake Wamba derived great pleasure from a toboggan slide that ran from a nearby trestle into the lake. When summer came, the slide fell into disuse, but was never torn down. No enterprising mind had as yet thought of making it serve as a Shoot the Chutes incline. There it stood, tall and skeleton like, deserted by its former friends, awaiting some daring master mind to befriend it in its hour of need. Bubbles, desisting a moment from his pleasant task of splashing the widow, let his jovial eye fall upon the appealing framework of the toboggan slide. Suddenly and unaccountably a strange joy flooded his entire being like a wave of electric current. So great was this feeling that he became suddenly speechless. Then he looked over to see if Simpkins had by chance been seized with the same feeling. One look at the disconsolate Simpkins who was vainly endeavoring to check the ripples which emanated from his shivering legs, convinced him that the new born idea was all his own.

Hastening to shore, he stood a moment looking for a suitable implement to aid him in his Napoleonic manuever. This day would be a memorable one in Bubbles' history. In vain Simpkins had tried to stem the tide of battle setting so strongly for Bubbles. Bubbles had won every skirmish. Now to complete the victory with one last grand assault, and put his rival hors de combat forever. The thought of his impending triumph made him feel faint. In a nearby shed he found what he was looking for! a large scoop shovel such as is used for shoveling coal. Pattering out upon the beach with the large scoop on his shoulder, he advanced, smiling broadly at the widow. Simpkins, seeing the shovel, and fearing some new mode of attack, re-

treated still further into the water, his shivering legs sending out ripples of increasing power and magnitude. The widow, who had been vainly endeavoring during Bubble' absence to cajole Simpkins into teaching her how to float, welcomed Bubbles' return with a broad smile and a playful splash of water. Then seeing the instrument upon his shoulder, inquired what he intended to do with that strange thing. Holding it aloft with his right hand, and pointing to the toboggan slide with his left, Bubbles, with a pitying glance at Simpkins, began to explain.

"I'm going to shoot the chutes. They do it at all the eastern resorts, you know. It's great sport, and after I have tried, I'll let all of you take a slide."

"Goodness gracious!" said the widow in apparent concern, "are you going to slide down that long trestle on that shovel? What if you should hurt yourself?"

Bubbles, trying to check the joy that sprang up in his heart at the widow's kind solicitation, and leaning both hands on the large shovel, gazed with his heart in his eyes at the sympathetic widow as he assured her bravely that there was absolutely no danger, no danger whatever. He, Bubbles, had seen it done thousands of times. Not with an iron shovel, it is true, but that would only add novelty and spice to it. Poor Simpkins glared on in helpless rage, and noted with a sinking soul the widow's fears for the fat rascal. Simpkins' fears, aside from those connected with his losing battle, were for the safety of the trestle should Bubbles ever mount it. The rest of the party, attracted by the appearance of Bubbles with a shovel, came splashing up to see what was the matter. The center of a curious group, Bubbles explained his purpose to each fresh arrival, while Simpkins hung on the outskirts, too miserable to protest.

With a final wave of his chubby hands, Bubbles broke away from the group, and shouldering the shovel, started for the trestle. As he began to mount, excitement ran high. Some cottagers from across the lake, seeing a fat man climbing the trestle with a large scoop shovel, stopped their launch to see the outcome; city loungers shuffled nearer the foot of the incline to see what was up. When Bubbles had finally reached the top, he found himself, not without some satisfaction, the center of all eyes. The launch gave a whistle, and the onlookers responded with a cheer. Bubbles' bosom swelled. His eyes sought out the widow, and waving his fat hand, he seated his ponderous self in the narrow confines of the thin steel shovel, preparatory to taking the slide. Even as he did so, he was picturing to himself how the widow would welcome her hero after his daring slide down the long incline. How he would hit the water with a big splash, disappear for a moment, only to emerge again, dripping but triumphant to see the widow's fear for his safety turn to joy at his success. How he would laugh to see poor Simpkins, utterly vanquished, retreat into his bathhouse, beaten.

Simpkins, trembling more than ever, stood at the foot of the incline watching his fat rival as he seated himself in the scoop, grasping the handle before him. Why hadn't he thought of that? He looked at the widow, and his spirits fell even lower as he saw her standing silently with mouth

open, her eyes fastened in wonder and admiration on Bubbles on the shovel. The crowd gave another shout, and Simpkins turned to see that Bubbles had left the top, and was speeding down toward the bottom like a shot from a cannon.

But something seemed to be the matter. High above the cheering of the multitude, Simpkins could hear a hoarse bellow of agony, increasing in volume as Bubbles raced down the incline in his strange craft. The crowd suddenly stopped cheering, and gazed in astonishment at Bubbles and his strange behavior. As the bellowing Bubbles, emitting horrible roars of agony, flashed past the crowd at the bottom, Simpkins saw that his face was livid, his eyes protruding from his head, and agony in capital letters written all over his person. When Bubbles and the shovel struck the water with a tidal wave splash, Simpkins imagined he could see steam arising from the water, and a thin, filmy thread of smoke trailing in his wake. Willing hands rushed to Bubble's assistance, and he was soon the center of a group of excited questioners.

Bubbles stood silent, save for now and then a soulful groan that seemed to be wrested from his inmost being, while involuntary tears mingled with the lake water. The excited inquirers, receiving no response but heart rending groans, gradually grew silent. There was a pause, but it was only the calm before the storm. Someone was whispering. Then suddenly some rowdy laughed a long, coarse laugh. The laugh grew contagious, and swelled into a shout, men holding their sides, women holding their hands over their mouths. It rose and swelled, died down, only to be redoubled. A bather behind a shielding hand was hoarsely trying to explain something to his less fortunate neighbor, interrupting himself now and then to indulge in fresh outbursts of mirth.

"The shovel,—Ha! Ha!—The shovel, friction,—Ha! Ha! Ha!—The shovel got, —Ha! Ha!—got hot! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Bubbles, casting one despairing glance around him, and seeing not one sympathetic eye, waddled painfully to shore, turning once, only to see Simpkins and the widow supporting each other while they gave free vent to their laughter. It was the end. Napoleon was banished. Bubbles, in spite of painful twinges, stalked majestically into his bathhouse, opened the door,—disappeared. Nature had at last been kind to Simpkins.

NOCTURNE: IN THE MOUNTAINS

By Willard Weaver Rusk, '16

Night, and the valley slumbers in the dark,
Beneath the sky with blue-black clouds adrift,
That hide the light, save when a jagged rift
Gives but a glimpse of stars then closes; stark
The cliffs in inky blackness rise to mark
The river's narrow bounds; a brooding hush
Pervades the night; though still is heard the rush
Of many waters over stones—but hark!

Afar, from out the canyon's depths a shriek
Breaks suddenly upon the startled air.
Reverberating long from peak to peak,
As, like a beast out-rushing from its lair,
The midnight flyer, racing, roaring on,
Fast rumbles through the valley and is gone.

THE SILVER KING

By Jesse Horatio Reed, '15

UNCLE BILLY looked the Yankee over with a languid curiosity. Then he looked down the wharf to where the Yankee's little launch lay, like a nicely varnished walnut shell, against the landing, and back at the Yankee again. He was such a fat, prosperous looking Yankee, with his flannels and panama hat and massive watchchain, that it seemed a pity to let him slip through, and yet—

"I reckon yo' all aint never been heah befo', is you'?" queried Uncle Billy, tentatively.

"No, thank the Lord," snapped the stranger, mopping his sun-burned face and then feeling his nose, gently. "I prefer to live where you don't have to dynamite a mosquito to kill it!"

"Yas," said Uncle Billy, sweetly, "Th' skeeters is putty tolable bad round heah—thickern they-ve been fo' some time." He looked out across the sparkling waters of the bay at the long lines of white fishing boats that came and went along the coast.

"That's what you natives always say!" snorted the Yankee. "It's always hotter than it's ever been and dryer than it's ever been, and there's more mosquitoes than there've ever been, and poorer fishing than there ever was or ever will be again—I know it all by heart!" He slapped a mosquito viciously. "If Florida keeps on getting worse than it ever was, all I've got to say is that you fellows will have a nice little particular H——l all your own! That aint the point, tho. Can you, or can you not, lead me to a tarpon?"

Uncle Billy shifted his quid from one cheek to the other and looked slowly around at the stranger. How peevish all these Yanks were to-be-sure! Always in such a confounded hurry!

"Yas'm," he drawled, "ef any one c'n ketch yo' tahpon, ah'm th' man. How much'll yo' give?"

"Five a day, an' grub," growled the Yankee, fishing out a cigar from his vest pocket. "My name's Mastersman. Yours?"

"Jest Uncle Billy," was the reply, and Masterman strode away to the store for some tackle, leaving Uncle Billy standing in the middle of the wharf, astounded at his good fortune. Five dollars a day was beyond his wildest expectations. The man must be a millionaire!

And yet—Uncle Billy knew perfectly well that there was just about as much chance of catching a tarpon in July as there was of catching a seal. But rather than let a rich and unsuspecting Yankee get by him, he was going to take that chance, let the Yankee catch something and trust to luck to get him out of the reach of the 'boys.' It was dollars to doughnuts that the Yankee wouldn't know a tarpon from a cat-fish anyway, and he was that bull-headed nobody could tell him anything.

So Uncle Billy reasoned as he leaned over the railing of the pier and looked down at the varnished launch below.

* * *

"B-r-r-r-"

Out into the pass speeds the little nutshell, with Uncle Billy at the helm and the Yankee holding onto a stout tarpon rod that quivers with every movement of the nickled spoon astern. In the gray dawn the islands on either side take on weird unbidden shapes, and from the neighboring flats a clamor arises as the waterfowl commence to stir uneasily with the approaching day.

"Br-r-r-" as the launch takes a long curve and swings back to avoid the breakers which whiten the outer bar. Up and down bobs the little boat in the chop sea. The shore creeps by inch by inch now, for it is a long hard pull against the ebb tide in a narrow passage like this. The sun is up, and the mists clear away before it. On either side a wide strip of glistening sand appears as if by magic, crowned by dark green strips of mangroves, and out at sea, far beyond the breakers, the sails of a three-masted ship catch the sun's first rays and gleam out boldly against the greyish sky. On the inner bar the birds stand huddled together, huge grey and white pelicans—tall cranes, with their heads tucked under one wing—ducks and cormorants and downy gulls and tiny sand-pipers that scurry in flocks along the beach. There is a stir, and a flock of ducks takes flight, close to the water at first, but rising in a V-shaped line high overhead as they take their way Southward. Then the whole mass rises and only the tall cranes are left in solitary meditation. At last they fly, with doubled necks and long trailing legs.

"B-r-r-r-"

Uncle Billy, with a sigh, turns down the inlet for the last time. For trolling is useless an hour after sunrise and they have not had a strike. He reflects that there must be some poetic justice in this: even the anglefish will not bite.

"See here, Uncle Billy," says Masterman, crossly, "You said you could let me catch a tarpon, and this makes the fourth day we've been fooling around here doing nothing! If you can't make good I'll find somebody what can! Even——"

Uncle Billy comes to with a start. In the stern of the boat sits the Yankee, his face white and dripping, his hat gone by the board, but hanging to the pole for dear life, and watching the line play out in a streak of blue fire. Above the noise of the engine rises the "Whr-r-e-e-" of the reel, higher and higher as the fish gains speed in its run. Quick as a flash Uncle Billy turns the boat around and heads after the line in the hope of easing the strain. The line on the reel is lowered with amazing rapidity—an inch and a quarter—one inch—three quarters—another terific burst of speed—an half. Uncle Billy is groaning inwardly now, and Masterman swears in helpless rage.

"D——n it! I can't hang on much longer, Uncle Billy!"

Suddenly there is a dead stop, and the line sags down into the blue water. The Yankee drops the pole with a groan.

Uncle Billy grabs the pole and reels in desperately.

"You ol' fool, yo'!" he yells. "Don't yo' know no better'n to drop yore pole that-away? He's no more off than I am.

Sure enough there is a jerk that swings the little boat half way around, and the tarpoon is off down the pass, Uncle Billy

striving in vain to hold him before he reaches the breakers. Straight out to sea he runs, and Uncle Billy, squirming around to face the Yankee, says hoarsely, "Shall I cut 'im loose? We all can't nevah live in that surf!"

But Masterman shakes his head grimly.

"Surf or no surf," he cries, "I came out here to catch a tarpon, and I'm goin' to land him if he tows me clear across the gulf of Mexico!"

So into the surf they go, Uncle Billy holding the line taut and Masterman bailing desperately while the boat jumps four ways at once and threatens to capsize with every comber. Still they hang on in deadly fear lest the engine balk in the midst of the turmoil. The Yankee's face has turned to grey, and he bails numbly, automatically now; even Uncle Billy's tanned face commences to show the strain. Almost as quickly as it commenced the rough water ceases and they are running due west on the smooth Gulf swell. Then the line slackens again, and just in time, too, for there is but an inch left, and Uncle Billy reels in slowly and wearily. Masterman pulls out his watch.

"Thirty minutes on the bar," he announces.

Uncle Billy looks at him in amazement.

"Thirty minutes!" he roars, "thirty centuries!" And he turns back to his reel.

"Whe-e-e-"

There is a cloud of spray and a flash of silver in the sunlight. Then another long run and another sulk. The day draws on, and the sun beats down pitilessly upon the Yankee's bald head. Another leap, a clean five feet above the surface of the water, and the great fish rises and falls, a silvery gleam amid the white spray. There is no whir of the reel now. Uncle Billy hands the pole over to his companion with careful instructions to 'lead him in easy.'

"Tis all ovah now but th' music, suh," says he, reaching for the gaff.

A final plunge, a skillful twist of the gaff, a tremendous heave, and all is over. Uncle Billy looks down at his prize, gasping in silvery splendor in the bottom of the boat, with a chuckle.

"I'll be d—d," he murmurs softly to himself.

"All this heah trouble fo' a measly rovalia! Who'd a thunk it!"

But the Yankee, lost in admiration, does not hear him.

"That's some tarpon, ain't it?" he remarks, jubilently. Pulling a silver flask from his pocket, he hands it over to Uncle Billy. "Have one on the Silver King."

"Sure," says he, "I don't mind ef I do!"

* * *

The Experienced Traveler stood in front of a glass case in the dining room of the great Matthew Masterman, and laughed scornfully.

"That's no tarpon," he remarked, decisively, pointing his finger at the inscription. "The Silver King." That's nothing but a common every-day rovalia. I used to catch them for bait."

His host drew himself up to his full five feet two and glared at the Experienced Traveller.

"Sir," said he, "I happen to know that that is a tarpon, for I caught it myself. Furthermore, I don't believe you would know a tarpon from an alligator."

And the Experienced Traveller, who had fished all over the world, subsided.

GRUB STAKE

By Eugene C. Taylor, '14

I TELL YOU what Walters, something's got to be done; we've got to get enough money to grub stake us before this bunch of gold seekers stake every foot of Butte County." Ralph Sterlow, the expressor of this judicious and timely sentiment, was a young man of twenty-two years, newly arrived from the East, but fast becoming cognizant, through bitter experience, of the methods whereby a young man might separate himself from a considerable sum of money in a relatively short space of time, in a western mining town of the early eighties. The facts were simple but, nevertheless, painful; he had left home, with what little money he and the old folks were able to scrape together, to join his Uncle Walters, an old and, as yet unsuccessful prospector, at Dover's Gulch.

Uncle Walters was sure that with the help of his nephew and with the money he would bring, as grub stake, they could make a lucky strike. It was to be the crowning effort of his life; experience had told him that they must succeed here, but the co-operation of the nephew was indispensable. The short of it was; Ralph arrived and, being new from the nest and unacquainted with the wicked world lost, forthwith, all his pecuniary endowments to a three-card-monte man in Dover's Gulch and with them vanished visions of the happy return, the old folks, and too horrible to think on, the founding of a new little home.

Ralph was despondent; Walters became moody and thoughtful, a condition which in this old prospector forecasted some violent and decided action; something was bound to happen.

At this particular juncture the two men were walking down the main street of Dover's Gulch, if street it could be called, for it consisted of an aggregation of shacks huddled about an old trail. The dry snow talked loudly under foot and overhead the stars glittered with unusual industry in the clear silver-bell-like atmosphere. The breath of the men, as they walked on some time in silence, mounted heavenward in little clouds through the still air. Afar, behind a well drawn shade, some lovelorn oriental wracked his one stringed fiddle, sighing for the almond eyes and the land of cherry blossoms far away. Anon sounds of rough laughter and snatches of blaring ragtime signified that the yellow metal, loadstonelike, had drawn the riff raff of a continent.

Walters broke the silence. "Yes," he said, "now or never. I've known of that three-card-monte man Vamper, off and on for six years. He's the slickest and the meanest man dealing cards in the West. We'll get something out of him to-night or come away with punctured skins. You stand by the door and, if I step up to make a bet, take out both guns and hold down the crowd, for he's got helpers among 'em."

The two men entered a little shack; it

was like being struck across the face with a wet towel. Inside it was oppressively hot, the place stunk of tobacco and wet miners and every motion left a furrow in the atmosphere. Back of the counter sat a man with a smooth face and a bald forehead, handling cards with deft fingers. He takes a card, the black ace, and places it face down on the table with two others. He does it clumsily; the ace is certainly on the right hand side A miner says so,—he has been drinking. The little man behind the table calls out, fifty,—one hundred, two hundred,—three hundred,——"

"I call!" shouts the miner. The little man turns up the card; it is a queen. Then there was much cursing followed by seductive little thuds, as leathern bags of the dust fell on the table top.

Walters watched the game for some time then he forced his way through the crowd to the front of the counter. A voice from the rear; everyone turns and looks with surprise into the muzzles of two persuasive looking pieces of ordnance displayed by a determined looking youth who began to speak.

"I will trouble you," he said, "to kindly keep quiet during this little bet and don't but-in unless you want trouble."

A sigh of relief from the audience. The little man behind the counter deals, with apparent unconcern.

"The middle card," said Walters, quietly. The man begins, "fifty,— one hundred,— two hundred, —five hundred,— one thousand,—fifteen hundred,—two thousand,—three thousand,——"

"Call!" yells Walters, and from his belt a sheath knife flashes and, like the strike of a rattler, descends on the middle card, passes through it, through the table, until the hilt comes down with a rap, "turn up the other two!"

The little man, Vamper, gives a start of surprise, removes a blue handkerchief and mops the sweat from his bald forehead and, turning toward his secreatary calls out, with an air of one beaten at his own game, "Weigh out three thousand!"

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Detailed information on any subject connected with the University may be obtained by addressing **W. D. HIESTAND, Registrar, Madison, Wisconsin.**