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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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NOVEMBER, 1907

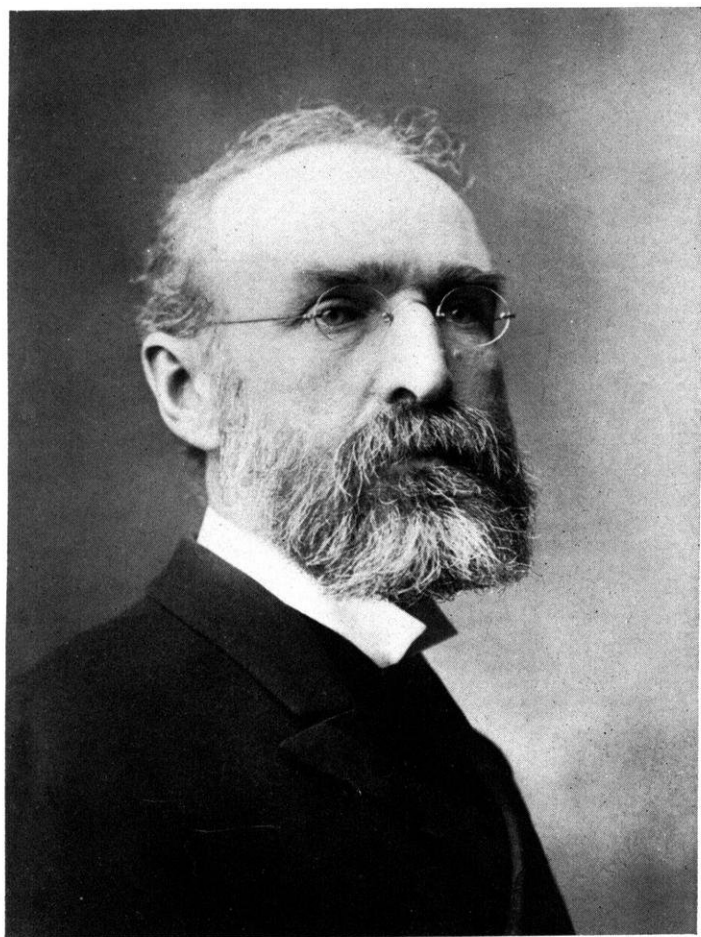
No. 2

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**To wholesome, clean athletics;  
To their friend and champion, President Van Hise;  
To their able exponent, the team we follow,  
This issue is respectfully dedicated.**



PRESIDENT CHARLES R. VAN HISE

# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume V

NOVEMBER, 1907

Number 2

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## THE MAINTENANCE OF DEMOCRACY

*President C. R. Van Hise*

I wish especially to dwell upon the maintenance of a democratic spirit in the university. There is abroad in the state, to some extent at least, the feeling that the university is becoming aristocratic. This doubtless is based upon the fact that the students who are more fortunate financially, are more conspicuous than the other nine-tenths; but the less conspicuous nine-tenths are the real university,—they are the ones who are steadily doing their assigned tasks and are preparing themselves for useful careers. New students, be not mistaken on this point. The man for you to emulate is not the one who is a leader in social affairs, but the one who is a leader in the classroom, in the debating society, in the various student enterprises which advance the interests of the university as a whole.

The university authorities recognize no difference between the man who is earning his livelihood and the one who comes here with ample funds. But it can certainly be predicted that twenty-five years hence a larger proportion of those who are now waiting on tables and tending furnaces will occupy positions of dignity and trust than those who consider themselves the aristocracy of the university.

The men who are earning their livelihood in whole or in part are moved by a deep-seated determination to gain the full advantages given by a college education. They are driven from within rather than from without. They have already been tested and winnowed. A successful career for the greater number of them is assured. In contrast with the men who are self-supporting, many of those in easy circumstances have frequently been sent here instead of being driven by an interior impulse. These men must resist the temptation to follow the lines of easiest resistance. Because of their easy circumstances it requires perhaps even greater stamina for them to take full advantage of the opportunities offered at the university than is required of those whose lot is apparently harder. However, in fairness it should be said that many of them, as has already been proven not only in this institution but in many others, will show they have the necessary force of character, but as a class the winnowing process is yet before them.

At the opening of this new college year I wish to appeal to the older students of the university and to those who are in better circumstances, to do everything possible to make easier the struggle of the less fortunate. I make this appeal no less upon the account of one class than upon that of the other. If you heed this appeal, you will have helped yourselves even more than you will have helped others.

Many young men and women come here with no acquaintances; they are lonely, they are lost in the crowd. At Oxford and Cambridge the new students find quarters in the halls of residence. If these halls will not accommodate all, the older classmen go to the town. A new student has at least a half dozen formal calls by card, each of which he must return by finding the one who left the card. When the call is returned the older student inquires into the capacities and preferences of the recruit and assists him in finding a path into the life of the college. Thus every new student has his chance. If he has any capacity to make himself a source of

strength to the college he will have the opportunity. A pleasant college career, so far as learning from his fellows is concerned, opens to him naturally and easily. This opportunity for wholesome contact with many of his fellows is one of the most important in a college career.

Perhaps it is not possible at present to accomplish here all that is done at Oxford and Cambridge. It will be so when the dormitory system, the beginning of which has been authorized by the legislature, is established. Our plans contemplate the construction of a series of quadrangles, each capable of accommodating from one hundred-fifty to two hundred-fifty students, and each with its own common room and dining hall. But unfortunately, many years will elapse before adequate quarters are available for more than a fraction of the students. In the meantime is it not possible for the older students to institute the practice of Oxford and Cambridge at least in part, and thus give every new student a chance to enter the life of the university under favorable circumstances.

I believe that here is a very great opportunity 'before those happily established in the university. If you utilize this opportunity by becoming acquainted with students who do not have friends, who do not have money, if you assist in making the lives of others pleasant, you will have done much to justify the efforts the state has made in your behalf. The line of cleavage which to some extent is appearing in the university between the more fortunate and the less fortunate will disappear and the feeling between the different groups will not be that of envy on the one side and semi-contempt on the other, but mutual respect.

In short, my hope is for the maintenance of fraternal democracy throughout the university. Essential democracy will be maintained in any case with the greater number, but it cannot be general without the co-operation of all. If those who have heretofore given little heed to others not of their set will but exert themselves to make democracy uni-

versal, they will find a greater satisfaction in their careers in the university, than if they attempt to separate themselves as a class. Not only so, but the very effort of maintaining fraternal relations with the entire student body will go far toward developing those qualities of leadership which are essential for the highest success in life.

Let me place before you the ideal of Edward Everett Hale: "To look up and not down, to look forward and not back, to look out and not in, *and to lend a hand.*" If you adopt this ideal as your guide, you will develop your own characters, you will advance the university, and you will prepare yourselves for high service to the state and nation.





## "PETER MACDONALD—CENTER"

*Edith Swenson*



HE Macdonalds had always been a "football" family. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald were as crazy over football as any undergrads. Bill still insists that his father is prouder of him because of the end-run he made in the Wisconsin-Chicago game in '95, than he is of his success in banking.

When Peter came along they all thought it was going to be Bill over again. He was on the high school team, and when he entered college he was one of the biggest freshmen they'd ever seen. But, although Peter was as big as all outdoors, he was not so awfully fast. He played on the freshman team the first season, and because Peter was young they all were sure he would make good his next year. Bill talked football to Peter every time he saw him, until the poor boy was dizzy.

"Say, kid," he'd say to his sister Sue when he walked home from school with her, "Say, kid, there's no use talking, I've got to make the team. I've *got* to!" Whereupon Sue would squeeze his hand hard, for she knew just how he felt about it.

Sue used to go out on the field to watch them practice, and she was nearly as tired as Peter when they got through. Once the coach—the great Macutchins—stopped near her and said:

"That big soph has got the stuff in him if he'd only get a hustle on." She told Peter after dinner and he banged his fist down hard on the arm of his chair and said: "By Jove, Sue, I'll hustle if it kills me!" and in about a week later he told the family he was going to play center on the 'Varsity next day.

Mr. Macdonald just stared at him and then run to the telephone and called up Bill: "Peter plays on the Varsity tomorrow!" he said. Mrs. Macdonald said she was so proud of her son,—Bill came hurrying in ten minutes later and they all shook hands with Peter as if he had been elected president or something. Mrs. Macdonald was a little afraid Peter would be hurt, but her husband and son Bill came down so hard on her, and anyway she had had so much experience with Bill, that she finally said she knew there really wasn't any danger and she wasn't so very anxious. She knew so much more than most mothers about what it meant to be in good condition and all that. And Bill was as much pleased as if he was going to play himself again. As for Peter, he just blushed all over his freckled face, he was so "set up."

They all went to the game and it was a very exciting one. Peter didn't do anything special, but he didn't make any mistakes nor lose any real opportunity.

There were only two more games that season, and as Peter was only called on to take the place of someone who was hurt or tired out, he didn't have the right to wear a "W" on his sweater as yet. He worked like a horse all summer to keep in good condition, and the very first time the squad was out to practice he was put on the Varsity. That evening he said to Sue: "Well kid, I guess I've made it this time. If I can only play in a good game now, I'll walk to school with you some morning with the best letter in the alphabet on my sweater."

Sue made Peter promise to watch the high school practice some afternoon and advise them "how not to do it." He went out the next day, true to his promise. On that same day Fred Howard came back to help the high school coach. Fred was one of the stars on the high school team two years before, and he graduated, intending to go through college. His freshman year he played on the freshman team, but failed in his exam in mathematics and English, so didn't make the varsity team in his sophomore year. As he hadn't

the money for a tutor, he was just hanging around waiting for something nice to happen.

Peter hadn't watched him more than a minute before he asked who was the boy helping the center play a good game. Sue explained how Fred was not able to play football on account of his misfortunes. Peter said:

"Well it's a mighty good thing for me that he didn't go on. There'd be no show for me at all with a fellow like that on the scrubs. Good Lord how *can* he be so speedy? He must weigh as much as I do!"

The next day Peter came out again to the high school practice, bringing the Varsity coach with him. While they were talking with the high school coach, Fred Howard came running on—looking as big as a barn with his black hair sticking out in tufts through his head-guard. Peter touched Macutchins on the arm. "That's the man!" and they both stared at him for fully five minutes. Finally Peter said: "What do you think?"

"Gad! but he's a wonder! Never realized he had it in him. Didn't show up like this last year at all."

Then the whole squad came up and all began talking at once. Fred was telling the high school coach of some trick he'd thought up. When Fred had finished, Macutchins said:

"See here young man, did you think that up all by yourself!"

"Yes, sir;" replied Fred. "Just now after that play of the tackle's."

Then Macutchins put his hand on Peter's shoulder.

"Young man," he said, if that boy were in college this year you'd never get a chance to ornament your sweater. There's not another such center in the states."

Peter and Sue walked home together and Peter was very quiet. Sue thought she had never seen his freckles stand out so plainly.

"Why Peter, you look all done up; what's the trouble? You're not feeling sick are you?" she demanded, fearing he

would get out of "condition" and not be able to play. But he only shook his head, and did not even open his mouth. At dinner Mr. Macdonald talked nothing but football. He said:

"It's like old times, when Bill was winning glory for himself and us, to have people coming up to me and asking about my son on the team. I have always said that we are a family who believed in keeping up a good tradition, and so we are! Bill's babies will play football all right, and I am sure Sue would, too, if she weren't a girl!"

Peter said, a little shortly: "I'm not on the team, dad. I wish you wouldn't talk to people about it."

After dinner Peter went to Sue and asked her how much money she had.

"I have that twenty-five dollars Aunt Sue gave me for my birthday," Sue answered.

"May I borrow it until my allowance is due," Peter asked, looking so white that Sue was frightened. In a flash she seemed to divine his purpose, "O, Peter I know—you're going to bribe the examiners to let that horrid Fred Howard in and he'll take your place on the Varsity! I'm going to tell father and make him stop you!"

Peter took two of his long steps and banged the door shut. Then he took Sue by the shoulders and shook her until she stopped crying. "You little ninny! People don't bribe examiners! You don't know what you're talking about. We've always been pals, little sister," he went on, in a solemn tone more terrifying than his shaking, "and I thought you were a good sport—even if you are only a girl."

"I am," said Sue, for she was proud of that.

"Well then, promise me you won't tell a soul what I'm going to do." He looked so very serious and big that Sue had promised before she knew it, and then he asked:

"Sue, what's a mucker?"

"A low-down, selfish fellow who wants everything for himself; a fellow who isn't a good sport."

"Well I'd be a mucker if I didn't want the best man possible for the Varsity team whether it puts me out or not. Kid, it's the Varsity that counts—not Dad, nor Bill, nor me, but just having the Varsity the best it can be. I'd be ashamed of my kid sister if she couldn't see that, after I was so sure that there was one girl who knew what was the straight thing to do."

Sue saw all right but she was heart-broken and cried all the time Peter explained how he was going to get a wonder of a crammer he knew and get him to put Fred through his con exams in short order, so that he could enter as a sophomore and be on the team.

"Well, Fred's a mucker—the worst kind—if he lets you help him to put you off the team!" and Sue brushed away her tears on her sleeve.

Peter laughed a queer little laugh. "Why you don't suppose I'm going to tell him who's helping him, do you Sue? It's for the Varsity you know, kid. Besides maybe I can keep up enough speed to stay on the Varsity too."

For about three weeks nothing happened—this was at the very beginning of the season and the team had played one game. Then one evening Peter said: "A new man came out to practice this afternoon. He played center on the scrub. He seems to be a star. Macutchins thought he might do for center on the Varsity."

Mr. Macdonald dropped his carving knife and looked worried; Mrs. Macdonald paused, with the coffee-pot held in mid-air, to survey her son in mild reproach.

"If you ever let a soph put you off the team—" began Mr. Macdonald.

Peter's freckles showed a little plainer as he silenced his father with a smile.

"He really is a wonder. He is the one who played on Sue's school team two years ago. He weighs two hundred in condition, and yet he's only twenty. He's swift too!"

The day for the big game came round. The Macdonalds

went and all sat on the grand stand, with the exception of Peter, who sat on the side-lines with the scrubs. Sue hoped she wasn't very wicked, but she prayed with all her might that Fred Howard would get hurt and would have to be taken out, so that Peter would have a chance to play. She had just said "Amen," when Fred went through the line like a cannon ball and several somebodies fell on him the wrong way. When things finally cleared up there, he was laid out, every bit of breath knocked out of him, but lying with all his two hundred pounds on Wisconsin's ball! They sponged off his face and did all sorts of things to him. But it was no use. He was completely knocked out; and finally the captain turned around and waved to Peter. Mr. Macdonald and Bill gave one whoop as old Peter pulled off his sweater and sailed in.

Peter played like a Trojan—he really did wonders—and Bill was beating his father and Sue by turns, and yelling, "Go it Pete!" "Sock it to 'em Pete!" all of the time. And Mr. Macdonald, when Peter went down the field like an express train and made a touch-down—well, I guess we hadn't better tell what Mr. Macdonald did, nor what he said.

Sue felt just a little bit wicked all through the excitement, and as soon as the game was over, she hunted up Peter and made him find Fred. Fred was limping and white as a sheet, but otherwise perfectly sound. They took Fred home to dinner, and such a dinner! It was almost as bad as the game all over again, for they had to tell Mrs. Macdonald how it all happened, and nobody had enough to eat because everybody kept snatching the knives and forks to make line-ups on the table cloth. Then Sue cut out two big "W's" of cardinal paper and pinned them on Peter and Fred. After dinner Fred and Sue were left alone before the fire. Sue felt it was due Peter to be game and confess her fault.

"Fred," she said, "I ought to beg your pardon, and I do—I am sorry I prayed."

"What's that?" demanded Fred, somewhat startled.

"I was so crazy to have Peter in the game that I prayed you'd get hurt—just a little hurt, you know, and give him a chance."

Fred laughed and said, "You little Roman, with your thumbs turned down! You jolly little kid Roman!"

Sue looked indignant. "I'm not a child! In three months I'll be seventeen, and then I'll put my hair up."

At that Fred stopped laughing and looked at her. Then, "It does seem a pity for a nice game little kid like you to grow up into just a girl—just a young lady."

"But I won't," Sue almost shouted, "I will always be a game kid! I hate young ladies! and I'll always be the same."

"By Jove!" he said, "if you do!" Then, "I say, in three months, when you put your hair up, you'll be having callers. Can't I be the first one?"

Just then Peter came in and Fred turned to him. "Peter," he said, "your little sister has been telling me she won't grow up to be just a young lady, and I'm to be her first caller."

Peter laughed and said, "It's a trump—the kid sister. All due to my bringing up too."

Fred said good-night, and then turning again to Sue, who went with him to the door, he looked down at her.

"Listen, little girl. You may not be sure whether you are glad or sorry you prayed. As for me I'm glad you did. And maybe some day I can make you glad too. And when I come to call on you, maybe I will tell you why I was hurt today and also why I have decided to leave college and go to work instead. You're a mighty fine kid sister and you've got the finest, squarest, brother I know anything about."

When the list of the All-American team was made out at the close of the season, Peter was down as center.

## TO MY WALLFLOWER

*(From the Norwegian of Wergeland)*

Wallflower, ere thy lustre fade,  
Shall I be that whence all is made;  
Yes, ere thou lovest thy crown of gold,  
Shall I be mold.

Even as I cry, "My window up!"  
My last look turns to thy golden top;  
My soul it kisses thee, as it flies  
Out to blue skies.

Two kisses on thy mouth to thee!—  
The first, for that thou lovest me;  
The other, mind, sweet, give some day  
My rosebush gay.

When she's in bloom I shall not see;  
So bring my greeting when that shall be;  
And say I wish on my grave may fall  
Her petals all.

Yes, say I wish upon my breast  
The rose by thee for me caressed;  
And be in House of Death an hour  
Her torch, wallflower.



# AN INTELLECTUAL COMPANIONSHIP

*Theodore Stempfel*

They sat in the shadow of a huge oak, their favored haunt, and neither uttered a word but watched the sun with unseeing eyes, as it sank in the crimson lake.

"How well we understand each other!" ventured Paul after a long pause. "Just think how bored some people would be by one of these long silences."

"Isn't it wonderful to think that such companionship, such intellectual companionship as ours is really possible?" replied Anne, turning towards him. She was a very attractive young lady, as she sat there, her dress cutting a white swath in the grass. The face perhaps, with the keen gray eyes, the sensitive nostrils and the firm mouth and chin, was more intellectual than beautiful. Nothing about her betrayed weakness, a strong, even a self-assertive character, but this not at the expense of the feminine. Paul, who had thrown himself upon his back and covered his face with a handkerchief to exclude the insects hovering in the air about, gave the impression of studied indolence. A dreamer, he sought to and did avoid any exertion which would tax either mind or body. He was a dilettante, toyed a little with verse and attempted light essays.

"Do you realize, Anne, that this intellectual companionship of ours is drawing to a close, that we have earned our sheepskin which certifies that we, who have successfully withstood a certain amount of drudgery, are now graduates and entitled to an A. B.? Theoretically then, we are university graduates—that means we must go our separate ways of course, don't it?" His voice sounded hollow through the handkerchief as he continued, "Have you ever thought of marriage, Anne?"

"Have I ever thought of marriage, you silly boy?" replied the girl. "Of course I have, lots of times. Have we not

discussed its pros and cons to our hearts' delight and arrived, I believe, at an Ibsenesque conclusion? How often have we sneaked here with all sorts of dangerous literature and discussed this institution of society, in our impassive intellectual way. Bernard Shaw, Henry Arthur Jones—we swore by them. Their philosophy was our philosophy, a philosophy beyond the conventional word, something higher, something sulphitic. Do I sound like an orator? We of course detest anything that smacks of conventionality, Philistinism. I like children, if they are nice and clean and on their good behavior, but ninety per cent of the time I detest them because they are dirty and sticky and squally. On that point we agree, don't we Paul, and therefore we do not believe in marriage."

"Yes"—drawled the other—"our views harmonize perfectly, at least when we speak of marriage as an institution and we think of the ordinary marriage, that of Tipton Budd to Lucille Ramonia Fry or of Jonathan Peters to Miss Flóssye Niebling. But Anne—I mean—have you ever thought of marrying me?"

A pause followed during which Anne gazed steadily at the boy sprawled at her feet—for he was a mere boy. Then she answered slowly—"Yes, I have. Don't you remember that day when you kissed me, when we realized that this intellectual companionship of ours was degenerating into what men mortals call love? There is no one on earth I would like to marry in preference to you, Paulie. Let me be frank. I know it will hurt you, but you will not be offended, will you? Such a marriage is impossible, at least impracticable. I have read much, have led a gay life at the university, and this has raised my standard of living, I believe that is what they call it in economics. If I were to marry you, I should pine away with my longing for Corots and Millets, for the theater, expensive music, oriental rugs, for all those luxuries coveted, if you will excuse the egoism, by a superior taste. We should be extremely unhappy because you of course, who are a dreamer, at times, somewhat of a philosopher, could not sup-

ply my material wants. You will never be rich, Paulie. I mean rich by your own efforts. You will marry a red-cheeked, rich party. The 'inevitable consequences' will follow and you will have numerous children. In her old age your wife will grow stouter and you yourself will incline toward portliness. Perhaps then you will remember this youthful, sulphuric philosophy of ours and oh, how you will laugh! You agree with me, Paulie, that I'm somewhat of a seer!"

"I understand you perfectly, Anne. But, did you ever realize how extremely selfish you are, you, I think, more so than I. If you were unselfish or if you really loved me, you would be willing 'to share my lot for better or for worse,' as the fellow with his collar buttoned on behind, puts it. We should be happy for a certain space of time, contented with the poverty which you predict for me. At nights I would read to you, not Shaw or Ibsen, something more solid, perhaps Schopenhauer or Kant. In time the germ of discontent might ferment. That would be when even the kiss had lost its sensation. And then, you would see and envy former schoolmates wallowing in the mire of luxury, with their pink-nosed poodles, reading stuff à la Graustark in Japanese kimono. And I, I should envy the club men, their clubs, their rich shallow lives, their automobiles and country estates. And our life contract would be utter misery. We are both too selfish."

A pause ensued. The air hung motionless among the trees. Paul had raised himself on his elbows and gazed gloomily at his shoes. The dusk darkened into night and the moon edged over the horizon beyond the lake.

"Do you remember your Omar?" he whispered, leaning towards her.

" 'Ah love! could you and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme ——'

—but I am getting sentimental. This is only an intellectual companionship."

"Oh! but Anne—don't you want to be a Philistine?"

"I want to be a—Philistine," she answered with a caress.

# Picnic Point



Gray mists upon the gently moving lake  
That veil and yet reveal the further shore  
Where blue hills change to purple, and then hide  
The cloud-girt sun, and fade into the night.

Our fire leaps toward the branches of the trees  
That stand so still and black against the sky,  
And sports strange shadows in the dew-wet grass.  
We sit and listen to the soft night sounds—

The frogs and crickets, night-birds' calls, the lap  
Of waves from dream-ships, passing with slow sails.  
And then we sing together, old sweet songs  
That ever after take us back again.

You, friend, will not forget, in years to be,  
The camp fire, and the summer night,—and me.

—A. L. W.



## THE CARDINAL DAYS AND CAMP RANDALL

*J. V. Mulany*

**O**UT on Lower Campus the band is playing. There is a blitheness in the music that dispels the cold—even though it be November and the breeze off Mendota be damp and chill. What healthy bodies shiver, what fingers feel the frosty tingle when “the gang’s all here” and the tune is “Hot Time?” From Charter Street to Gilman, the crowd is gathering; from the newest freshman in woolen sweater and prep school insignia to the light hearted senior in hard shelled hat and ulster.

Behind the Hill the sun burns red above the wall of pines. On old South Hall the ivy leaves glow crimson. The reigning color everywhere, from the cheek of the passing co-ed to the pennants on the Chadbourne window ledges, is one prevailing red. “Out upon our melancholy bard!” we cry: “November days in truth are here, the gayest of them all—the Cardinal days.”

There is a pause in the music and the crowd takes up a new refrain. The tune that has led the hosts of Tammany and the voting mobs of Pittsburg has found a new adaptation among Badger rooters. Questionable in its propriety, it expresses, nevertheless, the ruling spirit of the moment—the freedom of uncloaked reserve.

The band breaks in again suddenly. The procession forms and starts—out along Park Street and down the Avenue—not a procession in its true sense, but a mob, with one mind, one impulse, one unswerving attitude of loyalty. Class lines are broken; decorum is thrown to the winds. Wound arm in arm are the freshman, the junior, the grad and the grind. The latter feels restraint slipping from him like a garment. He cheers like a real student. For the time being, he too is a son of Wisconsin and glad of it.

Along the street the spectators gather as the crowd surges past. There are the co-eds of Wisconsin,—God bless them!—the same that swell mass meetings and carry the tunes—smiling now in sympathetic encouragement. The Madison matrons are present, trying to look shocked, but staring nevertheless with straining eyes. The leisurely policeman supports a telephone pole and looks sagely disinterested. Business men pause nervously with amused and indulgent smiles, trying, amid the surging crowd, to discern their Paul or Freddie. The assistant professor brushes past on his way to faculty meeting, gazing with unseeing eyes through his glasses at the remote perspective. Long hours in the stacks, among the fumes of the chem lab or the dissecting rooms, have dried up his blood and extinguished the frail spark of humanity. Also for those whose life-blood, labelled "Thesis," is filed far away from sympathetic throbs with an occasion like the present! Let us, too, look obliviously onward.

At the street corner ahead an old man is standing to watch "the boys" go by. His coat hangs loosely from his shoulders; his beard is white; his hands, palsied and unsteady, but in his eyes is the eternal fire of youth, that leaves the many all too soon. Standing there on the corner, his mind goes back a half a century, when another cheering crowd of boys went marching down the Avenue to old Camp Randall. They were the fathers and grandfathers of the present throng. They were not clothed in peg tops and pleated frocks, but they were essentially the same in spirit. They were the same nobility of the state, the sinew of the nation.

In the prosaic present we are prone to forget that Wisconsin, a comparatively new institution, has had a past. But the figure on the street corner ahead—he knows. He remembers the call of '61, when old Camp Randall received its name; how the boys of the state flocked thither; how the infant university lost entire classes—cuts, many of them that were never to be made up in the years that followed.

He saw the transformation when, what was formerly a fair grounds, took on the aspect of a military camp. Along the hillsides, where now are tennis courts and stubble land, stood long rows of barracks. Down on the flat, where our heroes are shortly to wrestle for the pig-skin, were parade grounds and the tents of the officers. The band was playing back in those distant days and as we listen now our cheering seems an echo.

Our old friend has seen all this and more. He has seen those boys come home again along the Avenue, hardened, by years of fighting, for the workshop and the plough. He has seen old Camp Randall take on the guise of peace and become once more a public field and fair ground. He has seen the infant university grow to a leadership among its fellow institutions. He has seen the historic old drill grounds bestowed upon it out of the unlimited bounty of the state. He has watched it all with joy, with pride and hearty interest.

So, it is with the eyes of the old that the spectator should look upon the passing crowd. In so doing his heart leaps up and his blood beats high. Through the glass of age alone can he read the wild enthusiasm of youth and bear with it. He learns thus to love more dearly the old Camp with its traditions, and the memory of the old "fighting governor," for whom it was named. In his wisdom of experience he knows that the same blood is marching today that marched in '61; that the spirit to do and dare is just as strong; that the proof but waits upon occasion; more than all else, that the spirit which makes good rooters for the college makes the future guardians of the state.

## ON THE EFFICACY OF BOXES IN COURTING

*George M. Sheets*

I have a friend whom I visit frequently. Her true name is Kitty though some young men, including one named Jenkins, call her Miss Jones. That Jenkins is a very stupid fellow and has such a homely face that I know it must pain him continually. I can't understand why he calls on Kitty; I know she despises him. She does not despise me although she treats me shamefully, sometimes. But her harsh treatment does not discourage, it simply reminds me. I thrust my hand into my coat pocket where I keep my money, whenever I have any, and say to myself:

"Kitty is hungry."

The next time I call I am accompanied by a small box. The moment Kitty spies the package under my arm a smile leaps from her pretty mouth and her face is radiant. Kitty is very beautiful.

"Good evening."

"Oh Jimmy, come right in, give me your hat and package." The last time I called Kitty said:

"Good evening, Mr. Blinkensop, whom do wish to see?"—but I had no box then.

"Why are you so late, Jimmy?"

"I was getting this box," I answered, holding it tightly.

"Well, are you going to hold it all evening? Is it a box of monkeys?"

"No," I stutter, "It's a box of—a box of, uh, uh shoes."

"Shoes," Kitty smiles. "They must be rather tiny, but then your feet are small."

I wince, for Kitty knows I wear number eleven shoes; Jenkins told her so. I glance at my feet and they seem as large as my head felt after I had met Jenkins one evening, by appointment.



"I didn't say the box was mine," I growl, edging closer to Kitty.

"You haven't stolen it, have you?" replies Kitty, moving nearer the box.

"Of course I haven't. It belongs to some one who, who doesn't know she owns it."

"How funny!" but, slyly, "maybe somebody knows who is going to own it."

I edge closer to Kitty. We are both sitting on the lounge, separated only by the box. The last evening I called I sat on the lounge alone. Kitty rocked in a small arm chair a thousand arm lengths away,—but I had no box then.

"What are you hugging that box so tightly for?" says my dearest.

"I'm not hugging it; I don't hug boxes; I am just holding it. Can't I hold something if I want to?"

"Yes, I suppose so," letting her hand fall at my side.

"Paradise," I exclaim, seizing her hand. Oh wonders, she does not withdraw it, but then I wouldn't relinquish that soft little hand, no, not for anything, but Kitty.

"Oh dearest, this box is yours; it is filled with bonbons."

"What a dear boy you are, but so bashful."

"Am I?" I respond.

"Not just now," says Kitty, presently; she could not speak immediately.

I am no longer holding Kitty's hand; I am holding Kitty, and she is opening the box. I love boxes; I adore Kitty; I pity Jenkins.

## AN ILL WIND

*Cora Case Hinkley*

**T**HERE were two people sitting on the rocky ledge overlooking the falls. It was a cold, starless night and almost an uncanny spot for two people to choose to sit in. But the Man and Girl seemed perfectly contented. They were looking far down the ravine where the water foamed and gurgled over the jutting rocks.

"Doesn't it look cold and desolate," said the Girl, a little shiver running through her body. She had on a fluffy pink and white gown, though the day was the last of summer. The Man took his pipe from his mouth, moved a little nearer to the Girl and wrapped his cloak about her shoulders. Perhaps his hands stayed a little too long as he adjusted the cloak, but the Girl did not seem to notice it, for she only smiled at him. For some moments they sat in silence; there seemed to be a perfect understanding between them. Perhaps the little god is mute as well as blind. One could perceive at a glance that they were very good friends; one might almost think them lovers.

"You're cold," the Man said.

"Oh, no, only my teeth will persist in chattering, and my hands are always cold—it's a sign of a warm heart, you know," and she slipped her hands into his pockets.

"I'm afraid that walk was too long for you. Perhaps we'd better go back. The crowd are having their last hop tonight. It was in my honor, you know," and Man and Girl laughed ever so lightly.

"Oh, no," she almost whispered, "it's ever so much nicer out here. I hate the hot and crowded hall, and besides it's such a bore to have to be amusing when you're feeling just—well just a little bit—well, when your very best, or rather, when one of your oldest friends is going away in the morn-

ing," and she rested her fluffy head ever so lightly against his shoulder, for the briefest second.

Thus they sat until late into the night. Long ago the distant violin and the dancer's laughter had died away, and there was a pale forerunner of dawn coming up in the east.

"I can't bear to see the morning coming, for you are going away at nine. And you'll stay, no one knows, how long. I wonder what the university will be like. Anyway you will be changed when you come back. You will see new things, meet new people, and learn such heaps of new things—while I'll just stay here in my same little town, my same little home, and be my same little ignorant self, the same little self you thought you once loved, the same little girl you left and—forgot about."

"Why, dearie, of course I'll meet new people, but do you suppose anyone of them can take your place? And as for forgetting you, why I can't imagine it—it's for your sake I'm going off—why, I promise you——"

"Oh, there now," interrupted the Girl, placing her hand lightly on his lips, "You're not to promise anything, and I'm not to promise either. It's the very thing I don't want. You're to go away perfectly free, you're to remember that you are not bound to me by a single tie. It's to be just as if you had never seen me—just as if you had never heard of me. You're not to come back for a whole year; or that is, not until June, and not then if you find that summer position in the law office. It's to be a test, you know, it's to be a test. I'll wait for you, you're sure of that, aren't you?" she said shaking him almost frantically by the arm.

But the Man did not answer her. He loved her a great deal and her queer morbid fancies seemed too capricious to his more prosaic, matter of fact self. He had cared for her ever since she was a little girl and he had always told her so too, but with a careful watchfulness, gentle and yet ever persistent she had kept their friendship at just the point it was tonight. Perhaps she knew the Man too well, perhaps

her ideal of true love was too high. Surely it was not that she liked to see him suffer. She was not quite sure of him, yet it was breaking her heart to see him go away. Still, they had both decided that it was the only thing for him to do. He had agreed with her immediately when she suggested it. He was, as she had said, bound to the town by not a single tie. She was the only one whom he would have cared to stay for, and since she wished him to go, it should be as she wished. He would be wiser in a year and could present his arguments better. As for the Girl, well a year was but a short time, when one considered a whole life time. "She will be wiser, too," the Man had consoled himself. And so he had gone away. He was older than the young men among whom he was going. He would not be interested in their frivolous pleasures and pastimes. He was to make a business proposition of the whole thing, and in the end, he would find success. He was entirely sure of himself. And the Girl—it was hard for her to be sure of anything, she never had been sure; it was her greatest cross. And yet she loved the Man, yes she was sure of that, and she would wait, she would wait a life time for him.

\* \* \* \*

Fate was putting her best foot forward. As in a veritable roundel, it was a night in June. It is always "nights in June," when the moonlight gets into a man's blood and lets him, yes, even forces him, to make all manner of promises to a girl. On such a night a man is absolutely in the grip of an unseen power and if the girl is wise, she will remember this fact, and she will make allowance for it. The immediate environment helps a great deal, too. Canoes are especially conducive to proposals; river or small lake banks, coupled to distant music and a soft, gentle wind, rarely fail to awaken dormant passions in the most close mouthed of women-haters. Conservatories have played their part and have added their quota, but they appear in story books more than in real life, and so can not be placed in the general category.

Agatha knew all this. She was a senior and had been through four springs. Yet, here she was—the month was June, the weather balmy, a full moon blinking out a silvery path across Mendota, music in the distance, water splashing, leaves rustling ever so lightly, and a Man—a young man, sitting next her. It was just the proper scene and setting; just what no normal man could resist. And Agatha knew what was coming. It was just as if she had a little camera obscura and was having a little look into the Man's heart. Now he was saying that it was Commencement Week and that her college days would soon be over. Statement II. would run: "I shall miss you a great deal. No. III: "You're sure you'll miss me." IV: "We may never see each other again." . . . V: "Before you go I want to tell you, . . . etcetera, etcetera"—you can all fill out the rest from your imagination, or better still, from personal experience.

But Agatha, I say, was wise. She had always said she would not, under any considerations, accept a spring proposal. Her's must come in the dead of winter; preferably it must come in an ice boat at full speed, or on a skeeing tournament. A blizzard-inspired proposal might also be considered. One spoken in an under heated boarding-house parlor would also probably come right straight from a man's heart and would be as if it were marked and labeled "guaranteed to be genuine."

\* \* \* \*

For the first five or six months at the university the Man had spent all his time oscillating between his boarding-house, his classes and the library. Every week he managed to fill several pages of note paper which was duly mailed to the *Girl at Home*. He missed her a great deal and it was only because he was working for her that he could bear the separation. He had decided not to accept the summer position. He had met but few people; the fellows were very nice and cordial; the girls, however, were a little beyond him—their talk seemed almost flippant, they called the jargon which

they spoke, "jolly." Later on he wrote that he, too, had learned to jolly—it was with a Miss Agatha Something that he would often "jolly" away an evening.

"We didn't talk very seriously," he would write. "Agatha is considered the finest conversationalist in college, and it's real sport to try and get ahead of her."

Other Agatha items followed summarily—especially as the weather moderated. Agatha was taken to a hop, to a concert, or show and on endless little innocent trips. Then several letterless weeks followed. The Girl wondered what Agatha was doing. The Man had written that he was very busy preparing for his reviews and examinations, and that his letters would necessarily be a little scarce. She missed his letters for she was very fond of him and even his most trivial experiences interested her. She could not help herself from realizing every day that there was some great chasm opening up between herself and the Man. He was changing, progressing, she was standing still, she was scarcely changed at all—so far as an outsider could see. It seemed as if the world were clad in strange, new colors. It seemed almost right that he had ceased to love her. She was glad she had not bound him to her; he was absolutely free; there was nothing to bring him back; she did not even except his honor. But at times her regret deepened into a remorse that left her no peace of mind and she only wished that he had not said, "No one can ever take your place"—it was a sadness beyond aught that she had ever known before. But these thoughts and emotions passed in a flash, leaving her with only the vision of his smiling face as he bade her good-bye that last night. Immediately she would feel a strange shock at her heart and a happy dizziness would come upon her and everything would grow dark except that smiling face—white as moonlight and always growing whiter and seeming to be drawing her down—down into the darkness beside him.

And so she was not surprised to get his note saying that he had decided, after all, to accept the summer position.

Nor was she surprised to hear of his and Agatha's engagement. She was sore hearted; she could live upon the silent shore of memory; but she forgave him, and like Enoch, she had her dark hour alone.



## CLARIBEL

*Katharine Hall*

My Claribel, where'er she goes,  
Carries the fragrance of a rose,  
Plucked from some brook's fern-edged repose,  
Or from a sweet, sequestered garden-close:

Her smile brings back to me the sheen  
Of evening waters, flashed between  
Willows that o'er a river lean,  
Trailing, through fire, fingers of fairy green;

Oh, all the world must wish her well,  
Whene'er she smiles, my Claribel!

## AN INCIDENT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE EAST RIVER TUNNEL

*F. W. Field*

Work on the East River tunnel was almost at a standstill. The engineers in charge were in despair. After drilling through forty feet of rock a stratum of soft, decomposed felspar had been reached, and since that time, two weeks previous, the difficulties encountered had been such that the tunnel had advanced only fifteen feet. Work was suspended to allow the construction of a steel bulk head and air lock, it being necessary to use compressed air to keep back the water. The material through which the men were digging then became so soft that it was necessary to install a steel shield worked by hydraulic jacks. Even with these precautions the workmen were in great fear of making a connection with the river and being drowned like rats caught in a trap. Again and again their picks would crash through the thin dividing wall into a water pocket; the water would rush out with a great gurgling and bubbling and the men would flee terror stricken to the air lock, thinking that the river was upon them. Once upon the other side of the air lock it was only with great difficulty that they could be persuaded to return to work.

Two foremen had given up in disgust, finding it impossible to keep the men at their picks. The general manager then sent Harry Conley, a young engineer, just out of college, to fill the vacant position until a more experienced man could be secured. Conley fully realized that he was "up against" a hard proposition but was determined, at least, to make a favorable showing.

For five days he had fought and cursed them, and though little enough had been accomplished, he had at least succeeded as well as his predecessors. This morning, Friday,



September thirteenth, he was determined to set a new record for a day's advance but he did not know with what he would have to contend. Going down in the drop the men remarked upon the co-incidence that the thirteenth of the month should fall upon Friday, and predicted an evil day.

From the first it seemed as if this prophesy would come true. The men had worked scarcely an hour when a water pocket, the largest yet encountered, was opened. Instantly the men dropped their tools and rushed, wild-eyed, for the air lock, only to be hurled back again by Conley who stood with his back to the door, determined that they should not leave their work. Again and again pockets were opened until the young boss was nearly exhausted from shouting and struggling. The air pressure had been increased until the electric lights danced before his eyes, and it seemed as if his ears were bursting.

Suddenly there was a deluge of water. It seemed as if the entire tunnel head was bursting in upon them. With a loud cry the men rushed for safety. Conley fought and cursed them, but they brushed him aside in their terror stricken rush. When he picked himself up the water was already ankle deep. Realizing that this was no ordinary calamity he leaped to the door to escape. At the first pull it stuck. He pulled harder and exerted all his strength. It refused to move; the pressure of the air and water was too great for his single strength to overcome. Snatching up a piece of canvas which had been used to catch the drip from the roof, he rushed forward, hoping to check the flow until he could be rescued. With great difficulty he struggled forward against the intruding water. At last, with the water surging around his knees, he reached the opening. Straightening up to put the canvas in place he heard a great gurgling of escaping air. His head was bursting. Suddenly it seemed as if he had been jerked from his feet and he lost consciousness.

\* \* \* \*

Jeremiah Perkins was slowly drifting down the river in his

dory, the "Molly B." As it was a warm, bright day, he was quite content to drift, and only pulled a few strokes occasionally to keep the bow pointed down stream. Even if it had not been so pleasant a day Jeremiah would still have been happy for the "Molly B" was heavily loaded with eggs and poultry which the old boatman was taking down to the city to sell. He was already figuring up the neat little sum which he would get for his produce, when there was a great bubbling under the "Molly B's" bow. He turned just in time to see a man's head and shoulders thrust up out of the water and then slowly sink below the surface again. Though not a little startled, the old man dropped his oars and, when the body rose again, he grasped it firmly by the clothing and hauled it into the boat. While Jeremiah stood looking at him the man opened his eyes and sat up. "My land o' living!" ejaculated the old boatman, "if it ain't Bill Conley's boy who went away to college."



## NOCTURNE

*Lewis Piaget Shanks*

The after-glow fades wearily to grey  
And from the woods the purple shadows creep  
Across the moor, where beckoning mullens keep  
A ghostly vigil as they sway and sway.  
Out from the gloom regretful night-winds stray,  
Sighing for June's dead joys, while crickets sing  
The dirge of summer, and on fitful wing  
The startled bat pursues his shudd'ring way.

'Tis twilight, and the wonted woods and dune  
Take on the mystic glamour of the night  
As shadow deepens slowly into shade.  
And look! beyond the breaking of the glade  
The harvest field lies sifted o'er with light,  
Beneath the silver silence of the moon.

# ONE LIMITATION

*John M. Bessey*

It was a warm afternoon in October. They were strolling along a wood-land foot-path, now thickly strewn with the gay leaves of mid-autumn. Only a few scattered rays were able to pierce the tree-tops, but these afforded light sufficient to give to the scene a happy color and lend to it an aspect delightfully romantic.

Bob (the man) was shuffling through the fallen leaves, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent slightly forward. He knit his brow, his lips were tightly closed and the corners of his mouth were screwed down. Altogether he had a very pre-occupied appearance.

Not so with Isabel, the girl. Her step was light, and she picked her way airily through the leafy carpet beneath her feet. Her pretty face was animated by a lively interest in the natural beauties around her.

" . . . Isn't it beautiful! . . . See that crooked, old wild-apple tree there! There's a bent limb half way up to the top—splendid place to roost in. That's where I cried myself to sleep one afternoon reading *Ramona*. Father didn't find me until long after tea—sun had already gone down. I love this old place. I used to come out here pretty often when I was a little girl, but I never got weary of it. . . . Oh! Listen to that bird! How he scolds! . . . "

And so on, in strange contrast to the silent figure that was striding along by her side, she chattered almost incessantly.

The third, final, but certainly not negligible, member of this group was a little white and tan Scotch terrier. It was Judy, the pet and boon companion of the girl. He was having the time of his six months' life running down squirrels, chasing them up trees and yapping furiously at them from the ground below. Now and then he would return to the

strolling couple on the path, and with his little stub-tail curled under his body, race circles around them in sheer delight of healthy puppy-hood.

For several minutes the girl followed with her eyes the somewhat erratic antics of the little dog. Suddenly she gave a startled scream and stopped short.

The man looked quickly around him and then at the girl as if for an explanation.

"O, he frightened me so! He almost caught a rabbit; I'm sure he had it in his teeth."

"Who?" demanded the man, speaking for the first time.

"Judy."

"Judy—be hanged!"

And having delivered himself of this most ungentlemanly expression, he relapsed into his former thoughtful mood.

The girl looked at him in surprise. Evidently she had not noticed his preoccupation, and now she did not know whether to feel hurt or amused. For a moment or two she watched him out of the corner of her eye.

"Must be something serious on his mind," she finally told herself. Then laying a soft hand on the young man's arm, she said, "Say, Bob, wake up. Tell me what's the matter."

"Umph! You ask! And not more than five minutes ago you coolly administered the death-blow to a plan I have been cherishing for weeks—my dream of life—"

The amused look on her face instantly changed into an expression of mild contempt.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Again! Say, Bob," she added reproachfully, "I'm getting tired of having you propose to me."

"Well, so am I. It's tiresome to have you continually turn me down," he retorted.

"It's foolish and silly of you to do it so often."

"No more foolish and silly than your turning me down."

"Why should I marry you?"

"Why *shouldn't* you?"

Why indeed! She turned her face away and bit her lip in vexation. Strange to say, she was really baffled for an answer to give him. But way back in her logical little head she thought she had a reason. If she could only find it!

"Why," she began hesitatingly, as if uncertain of her ground, "I suppose it is because I am not a——a marrying woman."

"Shucks!"

"And I want to be independent."

"Nonsense!"

"No, it isn't nonsense. There *is* such a thing as an independent woman. Times have changed. We women don't *need* men nowadays. We used to, but the modern woman can get along without them."

He broke in impatiently. "Hold on there! I want to challenge that. You don't really mean that?"

"Of course I do. We don't need men to battle for and protect us any more. We don't need them to support us even. Ever so many women earn their own living. They do more than that. They have successfully invaded professions and trades once open only to men, and they are holding their own. I believe there is nothing the modern woman can not do. She can practice law and medicine and surgery; she can preach and do other kinds of public speaking. There are women engineers. Even in the trades she is supplanting man more and more."

Bob had been studying the girl's face during the foregoing harangue. He would never have believed that she was in earnest, but he could see in her face nothing to tell him that she was only jesting.

"You don't mean to tell me you really *believe* all that—that nonsense, do you?" he demanded somewhat anxiously.

"Why not?" she demanded. "Isn't it true?"

"True!" he echoed. "It's—it's tommy-rot."

"You are unreasonable! Come, can you prove that it is not true?"

"I don't want to. The question isn't worth debating."

"Then I shall have to conclude that you are afraid of the issue."

"You are at liberty to do so," he said stiffly. "I maintain that it's all nonsense."

"Then since the negative refuses to enter debate, the decision goes to the affirmative by default, and I win! Hooray! Come on, I'll race you to the bridge."

The "bridge" was some twenty yards distant, spanning a ditch that was wont to assume the proportions of a respectable brook during rainy seasons. It was a rude affair, shabbily constructed out of untrimmed oak logs, and it had a crazy railing about two feet high on each side.

Isabel had some start of Bob, and while the latter was gathering his wits about him she had gone half the distance. Consequently he finished an inglorious loser by about two yards.

"See!" she laughed. "Even in athletics man must acknowledge woman his superior."

Bob said nothing but grinned rather sheepishly and sat down on the railing of the bridge. He felt beaten, and he concluded it wisest for him to preserve a discreet silence. He put his hands into his pockets and began gazing down the lane, inwardly wishing for a change of subjects.

His wish was almost instantly gratified. At least general attention was severely called from the matter then in hand to something that was bound to be of more immediate interest. While Bob was sitting in gloom on the railing, apparently oblivious of the girl who stood above him, poking at his shoe with a dry hickory stick, his eyes espied the figure of a dog, of the mongrel or yellow cur variety, ambling toward them up the path. The dog was sniffing the ground before him, and did not see the two people on the bridge until he was some fifty feet away. He stopped short, stared a moment at the couple, and then emitted a half-scared "*Woof!*"

Now Judy had been scouring the neighboring woods in

search of squirrels, in shameful unawareness of the presence of another, and therefore hostile, canine so near his beloved mistress. When his sharp little ears caught that strange bark, he tore like mad through the woods in the direction of the lane, and fell upon the strange cur with a violence so sudden that it must have made the aggressor seem like a wild-cat or a mountain-lion. Judy promptly got a good hold in the scruffy part of the larger dog's neck, and together they pitched and tumbled and finally rolled off into a sink-hole now filled with dry leaves.

During the preliminaries of this combat—if, indeed, preliminaries there were—Bob had jumped to his feet, and was now executing a horn-pipe on the floor of the bridge that threatened dire ruin to its ramshackle construction, and yelling, "Hooray! Scrap!" like an excited ten-year-old.

Isabel had screamed, of course, and had seized Bob's arm, wailing, "Oh-h-h-h! Stop them."

Bob immediately quieted down. She was holding his arm, and he liked it.

"Stop them," she pleaded.

"Aw, let 'em scrap."

"Let them!" Isabel sprang back a step or two and looked at him—hard.

"Do you mean—aren't you—do you really mean to let them?"

"Sure, let 'em scrap it out."

She surveyed him with fine contempt.

"I always suspected you were only half a man. Now I know it. A woman has more—more courage."

In answer Bob merely sat down on the railing again, complacently folded his arms across his knees, and looked up at her with a quizzical smile that said, "Well, let's see *you* do it."

Just then there arose from the heap of flying leaves a series of mournful howls that struck terror in Isabel's heart and conveyed to Bob the information that Judy was putting in some good work for a mere pup.



In a moment of brave impulse she ran to within fifteen feet of the whirling dogs and threw her hickory stick at them. The same had about as much effect as a thimble of water in a prairie fire.

"Here, Judy," she cried, "stop it—stop it, I say."

But the dutiful Judy, ordinarily ready to spring at her slightest bidding, was evidently too much engrossed at present to notice her. He had been lax in his duty, and it now behooved him to make amends by valorous exploits in vanquishing this enemy. I say he was too busy to hear her command, and if he had heard, and had been able to answer, he probably would have said, "Yes'm, soon's I get this ear chewed off."

Meanwhile the big dog's howls continued to rend the air.

Isabel stood apart and watched the mad revolutions of the two dogs, terror in her soul. What a shame! And there was that man—no, not man!—that—that creature willing to sit unconcernedly by and watch this go on. Her heart was full righteous indignation. How she hated him!

But anger, reprimand, appeals to his better nature,—all had been unsuccessful, having no effect upon him. She would try supplication.

"Oh, Bob, please come and stop them. This is terrible. That big thing will eat him alive."

But Bob knew that if any cannibalism was being indulged in it was all on Judy's side. He also knew that the howls that proceeded from that volcano of flying dog, leaves, and sticks was prompted more by fear than by pain. So he quietly kept his seat.

Now the larger dog, in one of his mad whirls to shake his plucky aggressor off, had swung him against a protruding stump. Judy gave a sharp cry of pain but kept his hold. Isabel became frantic with fear. She forgot everything—even her hatred of the man on the bridge—except the danger of her pet. She ran wildly back to the bridge, threw herself at the feet of the stony-hearted Bob, and implored him for

the love of heaven to rescue her pet. Bob looked down at her. Two great big tears were rolling down her cheeks.

It was too much! Inwardly cursing himself for a cowardly bully, he sprang to his feet and in a few bounds landed at the spot. He seized the little dog and by main force tore him from his opponent's neck and hurled him off through the air; at the same time fetching the mongrel a vigorous kick that helped him considerably in his inglorious flight.

Then he hurried back to Isabel who was sitting on the bridge with her head against the railing, sobbing her heart out; and he took her in his arms.

"There, little girl, don't cry. I'm a great big brute, and I ought to be punched and kicked and horse-whipped—and I'm awful sorry, and—I'll never do it again. Come, don't cry, little girl . . . dearest . . ."

And so on and on, until he finally coaxed her out of her misery. Then he helped her dry her tears, and then they proceeded homeward.

But he kept his arm around her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fight was over, and Isabel was happy once more. A quarter of a mile ahead of them Judy was running his legs off to catch the mongrel pup again.

Bob, too, was in great spirits. Why shouldn't he be? Didn't he have his arm around the dearest, sweetest little . . . and wasn't her hand at that precise moment lovingly laid upon his broad, manly shoulder?

"I feel like giving the old college yell," he cried, exultingly. "Hooray! Wow! Whoopee! Hooray! Three cheers for the modern woman!"

He tore off his hat, threw it high in the air, and kicked at it as it came down.

"There is nothing the modern woman can not do," he quoted. "She can preach——"

"Bob!" reproachfully.

"——she can talk politics, she can pull teeth——"

"Bob!"

“——she can ride a wheel, run an auto, or talk faster than any man on earth——”

“Bob! *Please.*”

“——but she *can't* stop a dog-fight.”

She laid a dimpled, decisive little hand upon his lips, but her eyes were smiling, not unkindly.



## EDITORIALY

### IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We point with particular pride to our opening article on "The Maintenance of Democracy," written for us by Pres. C. R. Van Hise. It is a résumé of the ideals of student life which the president cherishes both for the present and future Wisconsin.

Succeeding years impress upon us more and more the vastness of the work undertaken for this university by its present head and the success with which this work is being advanced. But what the students appreciate even more, is the consummate kindness with which the president meets every request, no matter how trivial, brought to him from the body of undergraduates. This is well illustrated from the fact that, despite the multifold duties of his office, he has found time to answer our request for a contribution.

To those familiar with the literary history of the university in the immediate past, the name of Cora Case Hinkley is one of pleasant suggestion. We are happy to offer in this issue a story by Miss Hinkley—one of those entertaining stories of student life for which the writer was noted as an undergraduate. In addition we wish to acknowledge with thanks the verse contributions of this issue.

### ELECTION RETURNS

Beginning with this issue, a new name appears upon our list of board members—that of Miss Alice L. Webb, who has been a frequent and noteworthy contributor for some time past. The board is still subject to increase whenever an interested and persevering candidate appears.

### UNDERCLASSMEN'S PRIZE

This is our last opportunity to make mention of the competition inaugurated in our October issue. Permit us to repeat the announcement made in our last number. THE LIT offers a cash prize of ten dollars for the best piece of literary work, submitted by sophomore or freshman before December 1st. Contributions should be dropped in the LIT box in the main entrance to University Hall, or mailed to the editor. Place name and Madison address upon all manuscript submitted. Each piece of work will be carefully considered and passed upon by the board.

### MORE EXPLANATIONS

What are the requirements of a suitable LIT contribution? The question has been asked often during the past month. There is no definite answer. Any contribution designed primarily to entertain or profitably interest Wisconsin students shall be looked upon with favor. Attempts need not be entirely serious in vein but simply worth while from the standpoint of an attempt in style, character delineation or plot. Short stories and sketches with a local plot and setting shall be given preference. Poems, criticisms, reviews, etc., are judged on literary merit without reference to local application. No rules, however, are strictly adhered to regarding publication, and if you have a piece of work which to you appears available, send it in.

Our department, *Entre Nous*, is a critical column contributed to by our readers. It differs from an editorial page in that it is open to free and divergent expressions of opinion. Your views on any university topic, if timely and suitably composed, will always be welcome in this department. Furthermore, as stated in our first issue, our readers' suggestions are anxiously sought to correct and improve the LIT, to help make her more distinctly Wisconsin's and yours.

# ENTRE NOUS

## A HAZING SUGGESTION

To anyone who has followed the course of hazing at Wisconsin, the recent simian-like exhibition of the sophomore class must seem a fitting climax to some decades of foolishness.

Now this is not written to decry the grand old Anglo-Saxon custom of making a new-comer's life miserable; hazing is undoubtedly a good thing in the right place, but the unanswered riddle remains—where is the right place? And whatever the ultimate answer may be, it is certain that hazing has not found its proper sphere when it is confined to dragging small, Lasterm Junction youths from their beds and making them turn hand-springs till they faint and then waking them with lake water.

Hazing should be practiced to correct the bumptious and head in the fresh boys who know more than their elders. At Wisconsin, however, we find its chief function is to annoy timid and inoffensive seventeen-year-olds who are too scared to defend themselves and who accept their fate with melancholy resignation. The mob never tackles a fraternity house—never rushes up a narrow stairs to a big fellow with a gun. It confines itself to the Don't-Hit-Backers and, with reckless courage, dares the reviling of the fiercest landlady in Madison.

There must be some way of remedying this state of affairs and it seems possible that a solution might be found by substituting for hazing—Benevolent Regulation.

### I.

In the first place make every freshman buy a particular sort of cap. Put the price at thirty or thirty-five cents so that

it will be no hardship and let it be understood that these caps are to be worn constantly by the freshmen from October till May 1st, with the exception of Sundays. In winter let the cap if necessary be sewed to a thicker one but make its wearing compulsory. A red cap with a green button would be quite showy and would render next year's freshmen visible from afar.

## II.

Let it be understood that freshmen should at no time walk on the Library side of State street except where they cross the street to enter stores or homes. With the assistance of the red caps and an organized squad of sophomores this ought to be comparatively easy. In fact why not have a Regulation Committee in the sophomore class for the purpose of keeping offenders on their own side of the street?

## III.

No freshman should be seen on State Street or the Square after seven o'clock in the evening except on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings.

## IV.

No freshman should be seen upon the streets at night after ten o'clock—except on the evenings mentioned above.

These last two regulations should not apply to men who are returning from university exercises, or who are in the company of upperclassmen.

With a combination of rules like these and the existing rules it would soon be an easy matter to haze without injustice.

Here are the rules—let the freshmen disobey them if they please. If they disobey let certain fixed penalties follow. If the freshman cares to take the chance, he has no complaint coming if caught. If he prefers to obey, he will not be tampered with. Only as a proviso to the rest—the red cap or

some similar mark of identification must be worn by the freshman—with a penalty for not wearing.

As a parting hint it might be suggested very gently that some of the sophomores striking Madison a little before registration might paste up, not the foolish Death and Beware posters, but large neatly printed copies of the regulations with "Freshmen, Attention!" at the top.

### SUCCESS AND THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE

*Success Magazine*—the counter jumper's *vade mecum*—recently printed a jerky, epigrammatic bit under the caption "Why this College Graduate was not a Success." The author was, apparently, a self-made person cultured by two terms of night school, whose knowledge of colleges was drawn from *Cupid at Vassar* and the pictures in the Sunday Supplement. Yet there were one or two places where he shot embarrassingly close to the mark.—

"He regarded his diploma as an insurance policy against failure."

"His four years in the world of books had put him permanently out of touch with the world of practical affairs."

"He knew enough, but could not manage it effectively—could not transmute his knowledge into practical power."

This "college graduate" seems to have made two painful mistakes which we of Wisconsin are equally likely to slip into. First, he banked too much on his college training—"diploma" in the night school gentleman's simile—as opposed to his own intrinsic worth. We are too prone, here in Madison, to regard one another as a class apart, of fortunate and superior beings—an hallucination lightly removed by a critical inspection of one another. Our parents, and others of the unfortunate work-a-day class, are even more liable to catch the glamour—to regard a college education as a sort of mental Peruna, cure-all for every mental and spiritual indisposition. Mr. Dooley's remark: "If Malachi is foolish in the



face and stoop-shouldered and averse to suds, make an author of him," might be modified with equal sarcastic applicability into "send him to college."

A diploma is no talisman in itself—or in the hands of a dub. I realize the cruelty of requesting a Literary Magazine to give utterance to "dub"—but there is no adequate equivalent in the language of society.

The second mistake of the unfortunate grad was the relaxation of his grip on unpleasant uncultured mundane things—by which we live. Four years in such an intellectual oasis as Madison, into which the papers filter irregularly, rousing no interest—four years of sitting among volumes and allowing profs to do things to our mentalities, is narcotic to what little executive, planning ability we may have come here with. Consequently our thesis—a piece of work we must attack individually and unprompted—puts us up in the air. We are likely to hit the ceiling still harder when the cruel world sets us a task in which we, unprompted, must make good practically as well as intellectually.

The night school gentleman, after all, sounds a fitting warning. We ought to take a strong stimulating antidote after our months of cultured subordination by a vacation job on the section, or among the rural unshaved, with a 50-cent book selling for \$3.50. Between such time there is open the heterogeneous hustling included in "student activities." Let us go into the literary societies and smite our brethren in debate as Samson the Philistines. Let us business manage, run, or write "Never let your school work interfere with your college education." Make the work a central purpose, but not an obsession, for frenzied intellectuality is as bad as chronic rah-rahism.

Warnings against over-intellectuality may seem superfluous in this super-practical bourne of engineers and commercites. But even among the flannel shirted exist the grinds, pitifully subordinate to the day's work. It is against such—the wispy, comic-opera creatures with eye-glasses and umbrellas—that we and *Success* arise to protest.

## THE CLAIMS OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

It is a notorious fact that undergraduates are very much more interested in contemporary than in classical literature. In order to understand and appreciate the spirit of all but the greatest writers of the past, it is necessary to go through a deal of preliminary work, work which the student ordinarily accounts drudgery. In reading contemporary authors, even the very young person possesses a body of information and an understanding of conditions, which in the case of authors of past periods, he may acquire only by assiduous effort combined with a degree of special aptitude amounting to talent. It is in a measure owing to this difficulty, that while young people read the six<sup>ty</sup> best sellers of their own volition, they commonly avoid most of those books which are prescribed in school and college when once they have satisfied the requirements of graduation. To paraphrase a bucolic observation: you may lead an undergraduate to the classics, but you cannot make him like them.

Another object in teaching the literature of other periods than our own is the mass of critical writing which envelopes it. An instructor who sets a student the task of analyzing an Elizabethan drama can scarcely expect him to exercise any other faculty than that of memory. It is hardly possible for a twentieth century undergraduate to express an honest opinion of a sixteenth century play. The first information about such a play has come, not through the author himself, but through the secondary medium of another's criticism. And whether consciously or not, his own view is colored, if not formed, by what he has heard or read. Modern writers are much written about but they are still the subjects of controversy. The student who forms an estimate of one of them must at least choose between variant opinions. And because the questions to which they give rise are still frankly undecided, he may the more readily find an answer that is his own.

L. C.