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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE



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Vol. VIII

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 1

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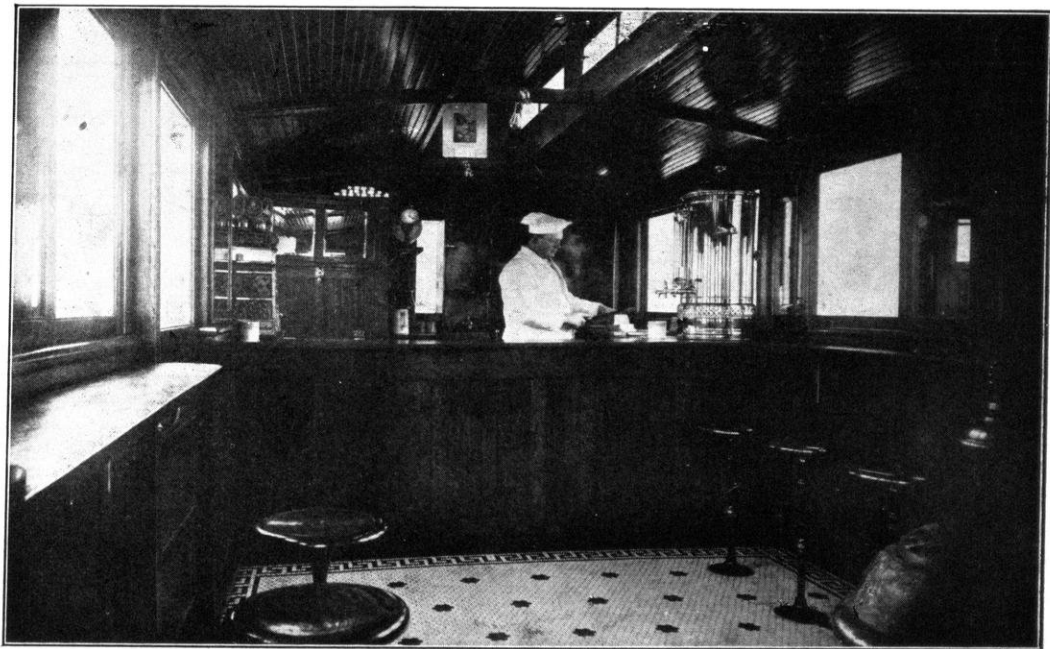


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Volume VIII.

OCTOBER, 1910

Number 1

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Importance of Honor Among College Men and the Need of the "System"

THEO. R. HOYER

Within the last few years the commercial world seems to have awakened to a certain degree of justice in business dealings. Corruption and graft have been unmercifully exposed, and their perpetrators, to some degree at least, punished. This was a reaction against evils which had somehow crept into the existing social order, and the intensity of the reaction has by no means relaxed. On the contrary, muckraking is destined to be with us for a long time. Whether the country was conscious of the rapid growth of these newly discovered unfair "business" methods or not matters little. The important fact is that having slept all these

years while corruption and graft grew to enormous proportions, the good people suddenly awoke and are still awake, relentlessly pursuing the evil-doers.

The first step towards bettering moral conditions has been taken. We are scouring the ends of the earth for the villain, but as a result of the search we make the painful discovery that after all there is no one man alone responsible for any certain existing evil. The long, drawn-out law processes seem to multiply the original charged individual a hundred fold. Very frequently there are drawn into the case the men who championed the cause of investigation. What is the result of

all this? To pacify a clamoring public someone is sent to LEAVENWORTH, and the patient people lay down their morning papers with a sigh of relief, and exclaim, "Good, another evil stamped out."

It is foreign to the purpose of this article to question whether this method of procedure in eradicating evil is good or bad, but it is its purpose to point out where the evil originates and where it must be attacked if permanent and lasting results are to be expected. The pessimist says, "The world is as bad as it can be and still growing worse." Not much comfort in that. The optimist says nothing, but attempts to find a way of getting at the root of the evil, the source.

Where is the source? The source lies no where else than in the pulsating heart of man, and this source first becomes productive of serious evils during the period of the adolescence of youth. The growing American youth will furnish the source from which will flow in years to come either honesty and uprighteousness or dishonesty, scoundrelism, and hypocrisy. Upon the young man of today depend the clean social conditions of the future, and whatever concerns this young man's moral training concerns him who has the welfare of the nation at heart. It is within the power of man to make this source productive of good or evil. Which shall we choose? Shall we feed the mind and body and neglect the soul? The welfare of a nation hangs upon the moral makeup of the college men, and as Chancellor Frank Strong of Kansas University once said, "The welfare of the Middle West hangs upon the moral makeup of the Wisconsin man. It makes a deal of difference to us what you men of Wisconsin do about law and order and what you think about the big moral issues of the times."

As conditions are today the young man cannot enter the business or professional world without being swept along by the irresistible current of competition. If he would be "successful" in life he will have to do as his neighbor does or go down under the unmerciful slashes of a competitive world. He is not free to act according to the dictations of his own heart.

The man who claims that a boy can take his own high ideals of honor and justice with him in the business world and can carry them out without serious modifications deceives himself, and wilfully blinds himself to existing conditions. Why not admit the truth? "Shame upon him who does not believe what he believes through lack of moral courage to disbelieve." Ask the business or professional man. Do not put the question to him when he is busy playing the interesting game of the American dollar. No, ask him in a quiet hour when his mind is free from business cares and the man within him sees things as they are. Then approach him, place your hand on his shoulder and say, "John, would you have your son follow your occupation?" and if he is of the type of man the writer has met, he will say, "Jack, my arms are tied. I must play the game as it is played or lose out. No, my boy shall not follow my footsteps."

The world looks to the college man as the future leader in all activities, and to insure straight, forward, capable men, we must give the college men a moral training. The mental and physical training of the American youth has received close attention, and nothing is spared which will qualify him in all the important branches of learning. From a standpoint of learning we have lived up to Thomas Jefferson's ideal. His tripartite scheme of education which he promulgated for the University of Virginia in 1799 has been fully developed, and we glory in our American system of education. However, from a moral standpoint we have not lived up to the ideals of the "Father of the University of Virginia." Jefferson's idea plainly was to create character; to establish an attitude of mutual affection and mutual respect between the instructor and the student; and to appeal for the correction of abuses to the moral dispositions of the young man. In other words, Thomas Jefferson was a founder of the *HONOR SYSTEM*. Where can we find a better plan of academic government than in the one which was Jefferson's ideal of collegiate discipline?

"The best mode of government for youth in large collections is certainly a desideratum not yet attained by us. It

may be well questioned whether fear after a certain age is a motive to which we should have ordinary recourse. The human character is susceptible of other incitements to correct conduct more worthy of employment and of better effect. Pride of character, laudable ambition, and moral dispositions are innate correctives of the indiscretions of that lively age; and when strengthened by habitual appeal and exercise have a happier effect on future character than the degrading motive of fear. Hardening them to disgrace, to corporal punishments and servile humiliations cannot be the best process for producing erect character. The effectionate deportment between father and son offers in truth the best example for that of tutor and pupil; and the experience and practice of other countries in this respect may be worthy of enquiry and consideration with us. It will then be for the wisdom and discretion of the visitors to devise and perfect a proper system of government, which if it be founded in reason and comity, will be more likely to nourish in the minds of our youth the combined spirit of order and self-respect, so congenial with our political institutions, and so important to be woven into the American character."

This famous passage is now being studied by college men throughout the country. There is an awakening to a sense of honor, and this should not be discouraged by faculties who may be skeptic regarding the actual working of the system. If college men are taking the initiative in an attempt to develop, nourish and strengthen their sense of honor, it means that the source, the beginning of evil and corruption now found in the business world will be eventually cleaned and purified. The coming generation then will not stand for dishonorable business methods. The superficial method of weeding out a few wrongdoers, on whose shoulders is placed all the blame, will be displaced by a system which strikes at the very root of evil, the heart of man. If college men adopt the honor system it means that war is being waged against the element which would trample honor in the dust, and run the

world according to its own likes and dislikes.

For the benefit of students who may not be acquainted with the working of the honor system a general outline will be given. If at any time a student suspects a fellow student of cheating he takes as many students as necessary into his confidence, and altogether they watch the suspect until they are satisfied of his innocence, or have enough evidence to prove his guilt. An explanation is then demanded of him, and if unsatisfactory, they request him to leave the university. This matter has up to this time been kept secret, and if the suspect leaves, it is kept so, but should he refuse to leave or if he requests it, he is tried before the Honor Committee. This trial is an open one before members of the particular class and friends of the accused, at which the accused and complainants are represented by the student counsel who may examine the witnesses, but not argue the case, and at which the accused may speak in his own behalf. The professor leaves the room during an examination and the students pledge on their papers, "Perfectly fair on my part."

THE NEED OF THE "SYSTEM."

The article on "The Honor System for Wisconsin," in the March issue of this magazine last year, was an open challenge for faculty members and students who might have been opposed to the inauguration of the system, but thus far no one has come forth in opposition to the writer's arguments. All in all, the article was favorably received, and one faculty member at least has offered the writer his loyal support in any movement which might originate among the students for adopting the Honor System. It is generally admitted that our system of surveillance and espionage in examination room is repulsive, that cribbing is a game between student and instructor, and that after all the Wisconsin student has little opportunity to show his honesty in the examination room. To the utmost surprise and astonishment of the writer the sole objection to the Honor System which has been raised is, "What is the need of 'system?'"

That such a question could only be asked by an idealist is apparent. This man must be admired. Would that we had more of his type. But that this gentleman is also about five centuries ahead of his time is equally apparent.

Out in New Haven, at good old Yale, there is another idealist of this type. This gentleman writes the clever editorials for the *Yale Courant*, and takes the stand that there is no need or should be no need for such a system. The Senior Council of Yale last year proposed the Honor System, and the editor of the *Yale Courant* had this to say, "When an instructor, stepping down from his rostrum, says, 'Gentlemen, I shall leave you here without surveillance, and thereby put you on your honor neither to give nor to receive assistance from your neighbor,' the average man will feel himself under an ethical obligation to abide by the instructions, and those who will crib will be very few indeed. One's ethical sense should determine rightly where the responsibility rests, and his common sense should show him that it is one and the same thing whether the instructor is present or not. It ought to be possible to accomplish this without the formal inauguration of the Honor System. In other words, the best kind of an Honor System is one in which the 'system' is negligible."

Our brother from the East would not demand a pledge. Indeed if every college man had the ideals of this man from Yale, then the world's problems of honor would be solved and an ideal future assured. If Yale this fall brings an Honor System into operation in which the "system" is negligible, then truly we must look to Yale as the only American university which has an ideal academic government. Theoretically an honor SYSTEM should not be necessary anywhere, but has society reached this stage of existence? Most certainly not. The Church has not yet reached the ideal after which it is striving. We build costly buildings and raise upon them high spirals pointing heavenward. For whom? For the man who must be reminded of the existence of a Father. The ideal man needs no such reminders. We construct costly altars and spare no efforts in mak-

ing them highly ornamental, even radiant in splendor. For whom? For the man who on account of his impaired vision sees not the natural altars which nature has raised to the glory of the Creator. We introduce most elaborated rituals and ceremonies. For whom? For the man who has not yet reached a stage of development where he can contemplate His Maker under the natural order of things. We call forth from the organ deep low strains of soul-stirring music, and for whom? For the man who must be surrounded by peculiar conditions, who must be placed in an unnatural atmosphere before he feels the presence of the Father. So long as mankind is what it is this system is necessary to inspire and call men to worship. What would be the result without the system? The world contains too few men who can live under the blue vaulted dome, ever conscious, ever feeling, ever seeing in the wonderful creation the work of the Master, and who are called to worship by the mere song of a bird which sings to the glory of its Maker. Too few men can see in their fellow man the expression of the Creator. We must have a system, and we have them all about us. Behold them over four hundred strong!

As it is with the ideals of the Church so it is with the ideals of man on the question of honor. The Honor System in which the "system" is negligible has been practiced too long, and it has been found wanting. The writer merely pleads for a system. Some day it may be dispensed with. In years to come, when anarchist dreams come true, when we shall have complete government without a "system," then, too, the college man can fall in line and practice honor in the examination room without the Honor "System."

COLLEGE PROFESSORS ON THE SYSTEM.

Among the universities which have adopted the Honor System Cornell stands out prominently. In three of its departments the Honor System is in force, and I shall let the deans of the colleges speak for themselves. Judge Irvine of the Cornell Law School has this to say: "Prior to 1906 examinations were conducted in the College of Law under a university

rule requiring the presence of at least one professor or instructor in the room at all times. Fraud in examinations was punished by a committee of the university faculty. I had no reason to suppose that conditions were particularly bad, although I was aware that more or less fraud occurred, and that the prevailing sentiment among the students especially in the first year class, was that brought with them from preparatory schools, to wit: that an examination was a game in which professor and students were contestants, and that no particular discredit attached to a student who outwitted his professor. In 1906 some of the students became aroused because of prevailing conditions and approached the faculty on the subject of establishing an Honor System. They were told that such a movement must come from the students themselves, and that the faculty would respond to any impulse of such a character as to indicate a sentiment sufficiently general to warrant the hope of success. The students held several meetings and finally agreed unanimously upon certain rules. Theoretically it would seem to be disastrous suddenly to turn from a system of guarded examinations and severe penalties to one in which a student was left alone without restrictions except his own conscience and the sentiment toward him of his fellow students. Practically, the system has worked well so far. I do not mean that no fraud has occurred, but it is the opinion, not only of the faculty but of the law students and of students from other colleges taking law subjects, that fraud is exceedingly rare. I have heard of two or three specific cases which the students have handled in their own good way without formal action."

Dean E. E. Haskell, of the Engineering School, says: "My own feeling is that an honor system to be successful must be one that originates with the student body, is policed by them and judged by them. The faculty must have nothing to do with it further than giving it their hearty support; that is, standing behind all that is good in the system, and giving kindly advice when called upon. Its object is the same as that of the Church, the better-

ment of the human race. Let us hope that it may meet with success everywhere. Of all the wrong doers, I think we abhor the educated one most. We think he should know better, should by virtue of his knowledge be above question in character."

Dean H. J. Webber, of the New York State College of Agriculture, gives this testimonial: "So far as I have been able to observe and study the system, I think it has worked to a very great advantage with us. We have among our agricultural students very little disorder. I think I can safely say less than among the students of other colleges here. The students themselves appoint an honor committee, who have the whole matter in charge. They have administered discipline as thoroughly and fairly as could the faculty, and certainly much more to the advantage of the student body as a whole, I believe. It does away with the idea that the faculty are continually watching the student to see that he conducts himself properly, and it allows of greater freedom and confidence growing up between the students and faculty than would the other system, where the faculty are watching and searching for faults to be punished. From my observation, I am fully in sympathy with the Honor System, and believe it to accomplish the purpose better than any system that should be employed."

These testimonials, coming as they do from three prominent Ithacans, from three deans of a great university, should be sufficient to prove the value and practicability of the Honor System.

We have just commenced a new school year. We have just welcomed back our friends and instructors. We have promised ourselves, even if silently, that the year of 1910-1911 shall be a greater year for Wisconsin students than any previous year. We have planned on big things we want to do, and have gathered new energy and spirit for the work that lies before us. Let us then not disappoint ourselves nor the world at large, which is ever looking to college men for new accomplishments and new results, not only in the field of learning, but also in the field of moral development. Let us not close the

year before everyone of us has carefully weighed the importance of moral training of college men, and before we have pe-

tioned the faculty to grant us self-government with the *HONOR SYSTEM*. Will *YOU* lend a hand?

Wings

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*Up from the dust of years,
My dreams with silver wings
Fly out from the towns of tears,
Up with my soul,
And a heart that thrills and sings
While the cloud billows roll
Wide on the seas of the sky with never a wrecking shoal.*

*Long had I walked the clod
And the rock road miles of pain;
Now up with the bliss of a god,
Up on my wings
By the teeming temples of rain
I fly while the wind god sings
Praise of the dreams of flight and the dreamer's flitting wings.*

*Up to the light I fly
Through the dome of pearl, and then,
Where the world ways weary lie,
Still with a song,
I sail back to women and men
All in a passing throng
With souls that thirst as mine, with dream wings bound so long.*

*Would I could bear them up
For a moment free, away
From the earth to the sky's brimmed cup,
Up and above
All the pains that have blighted the way—
Fleet as a homing dove,
Till they drank at the soul fed fount and homeward came with hope.*

*Fly to the stars, O my soul,
For often I cannot rise;
When clouds have hidden the goal
My eyes had found,
And tears have blinded my eyes;
But still I hear the sound
Of the flight of a thousand wings with my wings in the dust of the ground.*

The Ultimate Purpose

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

I don't give the statement as philosophical truth, but merely as a personal impression. Hamlet with Hamlet left out would be a meaningful and characteristic performance compared to the Varsity without Molly Allen. I probably have some personal prejudice on the subject, as I roomed with her for four years; but it isn't everybody that you could room with four years and have the prejudice run in that direction. And I think she was as generally liked as anybody I ever knew; only let her come into a room, and it would be "Hello, Molly!" from everybody, and everybody would have to have a separate answer. She wasn't a pretty girl, either, but she had such an uncommonly bright face, and such a gay smile, and such a funny switchy walk—that walk alone was enough to make you want to know her. She was a good amateur actress, a capital swimmer, and, though she wasn't much more than five feet tall, a crack bowler—she was president of our league her Junior year. She found time, too, in the cracks to be a fine student. The Dean of Women always consulted her when she wanted either to ascertain or to mold public opinion, and in Kappa Delta we never did anything, from running a dance to insinuating that alumnae dues would be welcome, without leaving the direction of it to Molly Allen.

There was one respect, though, in which her universality failed—she didn't like men. It wasn't a case of enforced abstinence either, for a good many of them would have liked to like her, and I don't suppose she a really pretty feature on her face; but she had an irresistible amount of life. Many's the poor chap that I have

felt for when I heard Molly assure him over the telephone that she was busy to-night, was busy tomorrow night, was really busy all the week, and with the slightest hint of an insulting drawl, that she was "sor-ry."

But that was before the dawn of Jimmy Warren. Jimmie dawned in January of Molly's Junior year, as escort home from rehearsals of the Junior Play, in which they were both cast. He continued on into March as an occasional caller, and by April seemed to regard himself as an established fact in all Molly's spare time. Molly told Patty Jackson, who shared our big third-story room with us and regarded herself as a born judge of men because she came from Tennessee, that Jimmie was the most ordinary sort of spring crush; other girls had spring crushes, and she was trying it to see what it felt like. She told Fan Anderson that he was as good as a free bowling ticket three times a week. She told our chaperon that Mr. Warren was so prominent in the Men's Dramat that he liked to talk things over with some one in the Women's Dramat. Finally, she told me that she was the only girl in college that His Highness hadn't previously made love to, and that he was taking her in her turn. Whereupon I confronted her with some of her previous stories, and she said, not a whit abashed, "We—yull, if you and Chappy want me to stick tacks in his face, all you have to do is to furnish the tacks."

Patty and I decided that if Jimmie lasted over the summer we should really begin to think the affair was serious; we really had begun to think so, because Molly tolerated him at all, but we were willing to give them lee-way of that summer. And

in the fall, when we were all Seniors, the Jimmie-Molly affair was more of a settled thing than ever; two young people who had once taken quite a liberal view of college were now obviously getting to regard it as a sort of background for Molly Allen to switch about in with Jimmie Warren stalking gravely and handsomely along just half a step behind her.

I was very much inclined to think it a good joke on Jimmie, and to make clever little side-remarks about the biter bitten, until I saw something at the bowling alley one day in late fall that put biter jokes out of commission from that day on. Floyd Smith had taken me down there, and when we arrived we had to wait for an alley. Molly and His Highness had been there for some time; she had beaten him three games with rather low scores, though he was usually spoken of as an excellent bowler; then she had volunteered to roll off a game by herself, "to show him how," she said. So he stood off at one side, while she rolled. He stood motionless, with his arms folded and an unlighted cigarette in his fingers, looking at Molly; the scowl that seemed so integral a part of his handsome face was deeper than usual, and there was something in his eyes that made me catch my breath. And this in a bowling alley, for the delectation of half the town! When I realized this, and saw the unembarrassed way in which Molly was clipping off her spares, I began to feel sorry even for the biter bitten; I was her room-mate, you know, and I couldn't for the life of me have committed a breach of confidence that it would have given Jimmie any pleasure to listen to.

I finally unbosomed myself to Patty, and Patty was tremendously interested and advised me to wait. I don't know what else I could have done, under the circumstances. One night in December we found out. I got home after ten o'clock, and had to ring the bell to get in. After a very mild wiggling from Chappy, and an insinuation that Seniors ought to set a better example, I got off upstairs, and found Patty undressing and Molly unaccounted for. It was after eleven when I heard a whistle under our window.

"Come down and let me in," said Molly, coaxingly.

I let her in, and Patty greeted her derisively: "This is a nice time for a prominent supporter of S. G. A. to be getting in," she said. Molly turned from hanging up her coat.

"Ye—yuss, it isn't very early," she admitted. "But there are occasions—it takes a long time to get some subjects thrashed out." She stood looking somewhere between us, with a funny shy smile on her face. Suddenly Patty drew her breath in sharply. "Are you two engaged?" she demanded sharply.

"If you put it so brazenly," said Molly, "His Highness seems to think we are. I'm going to wait about making up my own mind till I see what this year's Badger has to say about it."

They established themselves, however, as an engaged couple; and oddly enough, considering His Highness's previous reputation for constancy, if I felt any doubt about the permanency of the arrangement it was on Molly's account. But they were devoted through mid-winter, weathered an engaged Prom, and apparently began to think about interviewing the families on both sides. Then the bolt out of the blue came and Jimmie Watson was free to consider whether the next scalp at his belt was to be blonde or brunette.

He had arranged to take Molly bowling one afternoon at four o'clock; Molly left the library at half-past three, brushed her hair, changed her waist, and sat down to wait for him. At half-past four he had not come; Molly opened a book. At ten minutes before six I found her; Jimmie had not come.

He called her up after dinner, but she had gone to the library. He called her up again at a quarter past ten, but Molly mendaciously instructed the Freshman who answered to say that she was not in. Jimmie evidently decided to have it out face to face, and appeared the next day after luncheon. I let him in myself, as I was starting for the library, called Molly, and left them in the hope that they would wholesomely fight it out and have done with it. I could not get the books that I wanted, and returned fifteen minutes later. Jimmie was just leaving; he

almost bumped into me at the door without seeing me. I followed Molly upstairs, practiced sympathetic silence for an hour, and had the whole story. Jimmie had forgotten his notion of tact in dealing with a woman; when he ought simply to have apologized and thrown himself on her mercy, he had attempted to explain—and no figure is more ridiculous and less conducive to patching up a romance than man explaining. “But, Molly,” I said, “if he had cared less he would have been smoother, don’t you see? And he wouldn’t have——” But Molly shook her head and said that she didn’t see.

I kept hoping that it was only a passing tiff. But Molly was no Patty Jackson, dramatic creator of passing tiffs. She threw Jimmie’s propitiatory roses in her waste-basket, in the hope that the maids would gossip and the fact would come to Jimmie’s ears. She paid her washer-woman’s son a quarter to take back a box of candy, and she returned three letters unopened. His Highness swallowed even that, and bided his time; when he thought he had bided enough time he telephoned to her. Molly told him that she was busy that night, was busy the next night, would be busy all the week, and that she was really awfully sor——ry. That was too much for Jimmie; from that time on they spoke to each other on the Hill with a fearful guarded politeness.

“But it can’t last,” I said to Patty. “Why, they really care about each other, and all this rumpus is about nothing——”

“That’s the worst of it,” said Patty. “If it was about something either one of them could show a generous spirit, and make it up. As it is, they’ve got to stand to their silly pride. Besides, at the bottom of my heart I’m not at all sure she really cares.”

Neither was I, but something happened soon afterward that made me sure. Kappa Delta won the bowling championship that year, and Molly got the cup for high individual average. It was sent up one evening when we all three happened to be studying in our room. I was starting to get the rest of the house to admire it when Molly, who had been holding it in both hands, suddenly threw it straight

across the room and collapsed on the bed in tears. I stood with my mouth open. Patty went to her and put both arms around her. “I’ll be glad,” said Molly, speaking through set teeth, “glad to get away from this place—gladder than I ever was of anything else.”

“Now, what might that language mean, coming from her?” I asked after Molly had left the room. “The most successful girl on the Hill gladder to leave this place.”

“She meant the cup wasn’t worth anything to her because Jimmie hadn’t congratulated her on it,” said Patty, the unprofessional Beatrice Fairfax.

“Oh, rot!” I exclaimed, “This is Molly!”

“Yes, that’s just what makes the seriousness of it,” said Patty. “Anyone else would merely have used the incident to put His Highness thoroughly in his place, and would have sweetly forgiven him after that. But these born Phi Beta Kappas——”

I attempted physical punishment on her for being insulting, and all the time I devoutly hoped she was a true prophet. It was like giving Molly the proverbial stone instead of bread, this suggesting Phi Beta Kappa as a sort of consolation prize for His Highness, as it were. But Molly really deserved Phi Beta, and I thought it would be one disappointment too many if she lost out on it.

As a matter of fact, when the elections were announced both Molly and I got lovely little slips telling us that the honor was ours if we were pleased to accept it. We received an embarrassing lot of attention from the girls in the house, even Patty unbending to the extent of saying, “It’s lovely, really—and now maybe you’ll find out what it’s all about. When I used to be engaged to Professor Brewster he told me that the pin was a slate and a slate pencil, and that that was what the S. P. on the back stood for, slate and pencil. But of course I knew that couldn’t be true.”

After luncheon Molly and I went down town to telegraph the glad news home, and then we took each other out to tea. Then we paraded around town, though it was raining in a drizzling fashion, genially exultant, and feeling that we had oc-

casation to be a little egotistic. We were also appropriately witty, remarking that there was our brother, the Dean, crossing the campus, and indulging in other chaff of the sort. We had a rare orgy of self-congratulation, indeed, and all the while I was wondering how soon Molly's glow would pale because His Highness wasn't going to congratulate her. Maybe he would, though. Then maybe it would all be beautifully made up, and there would be a romance to the credit of Phi Beta Kappa. I knew he wouldn't, however, and I tried to put the idea out of my mind.

Dinner at the house that night was largely overshadowed by Phi Beta conversation, and one of the Freshmen was on the watch for the Cardinal, so that we might see how other people had fared. She brought it in during dessert, and we listened to the reading of the list. The chaperon was reading one copy of the paper, Molly another and Patty a third. A gabble of excited comment accompanied the reading of the Seniors; suddenly there was almost a hush, and then some Freshman reading over Molly's shoulder went on, "Elizabeth Walsh, James Randolph Warren——" She stopped abruptly. I caught Patty's eye; she looked horribly embarrassed. Then Molly remarked serenely, "H'm! I wonder who the joke's on, His Highness or Phi Beta," and went on with the Juniors.

Patty recovered enough from her emotion over Jimmie's election to say to Molly three days later, "I saw your brother, Jimmie Warren, on the street today."

Molly asked sweetly, "Did you?" and Patty took refuge in lame witticism. "Yes, I saw him, and he didn't throw any vitriol at me."

The evening of the Phi Beta Kappa initiation Molly and I retired early to dress, and Patty came along to superintend the process. Molly shook down her hair and scowled through it. "I'm awfully green about this," she confessed. "I feel the way Patty did when she told her thesis man that it was her first thesis. How do we get there and how do we get away, and what do we wear?"

"You walk there and walk home with me," I said, "and I suggest that you wear a neat Normalitish foulard."

"Patty, if YOU can talk sense," said Molly, "what am I to wear?"

"That pink thing," said Patty. "Makes you look about sixteen. His Highness will like it, too."

"Oh, he won't be there," said Molly with such assurance that Patty and I asked in concert, "Why, have you——?"

"Oh, no!" said Molly. "He hasn't told me his innermost intentions on the subject, but I really don't think the occasion would suit him."

She decided, however, on grounds of pure utility, to wear the pink dress, and we finally got started, later than we ought to have, followed by Patty's ironical, "Don't forget to tell me if you find out what it's all about."

When we came out of the cloak-room we found ourselves face to face with Jimmie Warren. Molly nodded to him, but I could not quite acquit her of embarrassment, as she nodded up instead of down. Jimmie returned our greeting, and then some one came up and began to give us instructions about the initiation ceremony. And I speedily forgot about Jimmie and his unfortunate love affairs.

I have gone through several flattering experiences in my lifetime, but never through anything else like a Phi Beta initiation. We were received then and there into the ranks of the intellectually elite; I had a sensation as of being wrapped in sublimified pink cotton wool; I thought that perhaps I should feel a bit foolish about it the next day, but just at that moment it was tremendously agreeable. I had got as far as a faint feeling of surprise at the spiritual greatness of the women I had been living with for twenty-two years, when it was all over, and we stood up, and a head of a department brought an associate professor over to meet me, and we all three purred.

Then we went downstairs to dinner. I found myself on the wall-side of a table, between an assistant fresh from an eastern college and the professor who had conditioned Patty in Freshman English. Jimmie Warren placed himself opposite me. Then Molly came along looking for her place-card; it was next to Jimmie's.

After we were seated Molly attempted to talk to the professor on her left; he was

not a previous acquaintance, and the attempt fell flat. She and Jimmie ate grape-fruit, looking hard at it and reminding me ridiculously of a Gibson cartoon. Then he reached for his salted almonds, and at the same instant Molly stretched out her hand for her water glass. Their hands touched, and they both blushed. I was offering myself bets on what Jimmie would have given for a stroke of apoplexy or any other convenient excuse to leave the table without letting Molly think she had driven him away when she turned and spoke to him. "It's a warm evening," she said sweetly.

"What?" asked Jimmie, blushing again, and furious with himself for doing so. "Oh, yes, it is; quite warm." He took a drink, wiped his mouth, and ventured, "It was warmer upstairs."

"And drier," murmured Molly. They both laughed, and some of their constraint melted away. Then the odious girl on Jimmie's right spoke to him, and Molly turned to her professor.

That would never do. I spoke across the table. "Have you noticed how most of the dresses match the carnations tonight, Mr. Warren?" I asked. "It's lucky that so many of the girls wore pink. Why, one lavender gown would have been——"

"Yes," said Jimmie absently. "I say, Molly," he said suddenly to his next neighbor, "do you still own that lavender gown——"

"Still own it," she said. "Was it your idea that I ought to have given it to the washerwoman?"

"No," he said. "I only wanted to show you that I remembered."

"I remember, too," she said evenly. Jimmie could make nothing of her tone and sat looking at his plate. The young assistant claimed my attention. I wanted to take Jimmie and Molly and knock their young heads together for not making up on the spot; and I wondered whether even two Phi Betes were going to let this chance slip. I said, "No, indeed," to the young assistant when I ought to have said, "Yes, indeed," and Jimmie asked Molly for the salt.

Coffee came at last, and shortly after that the president of the chapter rose at the head of the table and introduced the

speaker of the evening. We all turned our chairs toward the head of the table; this maneuver turned Molly's back toward Jimmie. Jimmie, now that her eyes were off him and the spectators supposed to be absorbed in a feast of reason, settled himself to look his fill at her. He could see nothing but her shoulders and the delightful line of her hair along her neck, and a little of one cheek and ear; but Molly sat there looking like a young person absorbing an ideal, and Jimmie watched her like a poor young one looking in at a Christmas toy shop window; he didn't look splendid or handsome then, or even sulky, but just as if he wanted something that he could only look at, and as if something was hurting him inside.

Presently his hand came up and lay on the table cloth. It was a handsome and characteristic hand, with a muscular wrist and square palm and slim strong fingers; I had remarked to Molly more than once that Jimmie Warren would be a man to marry because of that hand alone. Now it lay quite quiet on the table cloth for a few minutes, and then began to trace the edge of the table back and forth; then it closed suddenly, and then it opened out quite flat, and then sought refuge in Jimmie's pocket. Half a minute later it was back on the table again; and then the fingers slowly clenched, and the thumb placed itself between the knuckles of the second and third fingers; there it stayed. All this while the yearning look never left his face. I don't know why the sight of that clenched fist of Jimmie's should have given me any particular satisfaction, but it undeniably did. It also kept me from hearing the speech of the evening, which was doubtless quite a proper speech and mentioned Emerson and General Grant, and quoted Wordsworth, and showed a becoming deference to the ideal. But I do not know a word that was said.

The speech got itself finished at length and the chapter president said that we would hear from Andrew Brown of the initiates. We had to turn our chairs the other way then, so that Jimmie had his back to Molly. I had watched Jimmie because I was interested; I watched Molly to acquire information, if I possibly could. She looked once at Jimmie's back, and

her lips trembled; then she gazed intently at Andrew Brown. For the second time that evening a speech was wasted on me.

We arose from the table after that speech and strolled slowly toward the door. The assistant from the east asked if he might take me home. I looked at Molly; the corners of her mouth had lifted a very little, and Jimmie Warren was speaking to her, still with one fist clenched. "You may," I said.

The young assistant was inclined to go very slowly all the way home, but when we got there I speedily dismissed him. I didn't want him to see a newly made sister and brother of his, leaning on the railing to look at the moon, and rather closer

together than that astronomical exercise required.

I let myself in with the key lent me by the chaperon, and sat down in the dark hall. The arc-light at the corner showed me the face of the hall clock, and by it I waited fifty minutes for those blessed young people.

When I heard Molly at the door I let her in. "Now upstairs quietly," I said.

"You waited?" she asked, a little stupidly.

"Of course. Chappy is to think that Phi Beta initiations are long affairs."

At the door of our room Patty's voice greeted us. "Well," she drawled, "did you find out what it was all about?"

Molly laughed softly. "I think I did," she said.



Baker of Oberlin and Dohmen of Wisconsin finishing the one mile run at the Conference, 1910

Poughkeepsie, and After

CHESTER C. WELLS

Another regatta has come and gone. The result was unsatisfactory, to say the least. It has served only to heighten Wisconsin's indifference to what should be her proudest and most popular sport. And what now?

With rowing a sport distinctive to Wisconsin among all the middles west colleges—the one sport in which we should stand pre-eminent; by which we should attract men—will we continue to frown upon everything that pertains to rowing and oarsmen, or are we ready for a great awakening that will mean achievement for our alma mater?

Cornell won all three races—varsity eight, varsity four, and freshmen. True enough, and why? Here is the reason. At Cornell rowing occupies the place it should occupy at Wisconsin. It is the biggest sport. Annually 200 candidates try out for the varsity crews and 150 for the freshmen. Contrast that with the lack of interest at Wisconsin, where only nineteen or twenty, or not even that many, are out to make the varsity crew.

"Is it not high time that Wisconsin tumbles?" asks a member of the 1910 crew. Why cannot we have a committee of influential fellows who will keep after desirable, eligible crew prospectives until they do get out? Why cannot we have a sub-committee on scholarship which will obtain monthly reports on crewmen's standings so that delinquent candidates may be dropped before there is a disastrous loss of time and training for their successors? Why not use the physical department's statistics on freshmen as a means of seeking out the right men for the freshmen squad?

"But," and the objector has the floor again. "But why cannot we have a regatta here, of Minesota, Illinois, Michigan and Chicago? Even a Collier writer said it was a waste of money for Wisconsin to send a crew East each year."

Wisconsin has made no mistake by sending her crews East. The records show a number of creditable races in which the Cardinal was close to victory. Only in the last three years have we made a poor showing. The advertising and the good will Wisconsin has gained by these eastern trips is of real value. Everybody cheers for Wisconsin out on the Hudson. Every college man from one of the other competing universities wishes Wisconsin would win next to his own school. As for a regatta on Mendota, Coach Ten Eyck is strong for such an event, but rowing at all the other nearby schools is *nil*. So it becomes a simple problem of whether it is worth while to get up a regatta here with one eastern school at a cost of \$5,000, or continue sending our crew to a big regatta at a cost of \$3,000. And what the trip costs, football can easily make up, and the investment be charged to the profit side of the ledger.

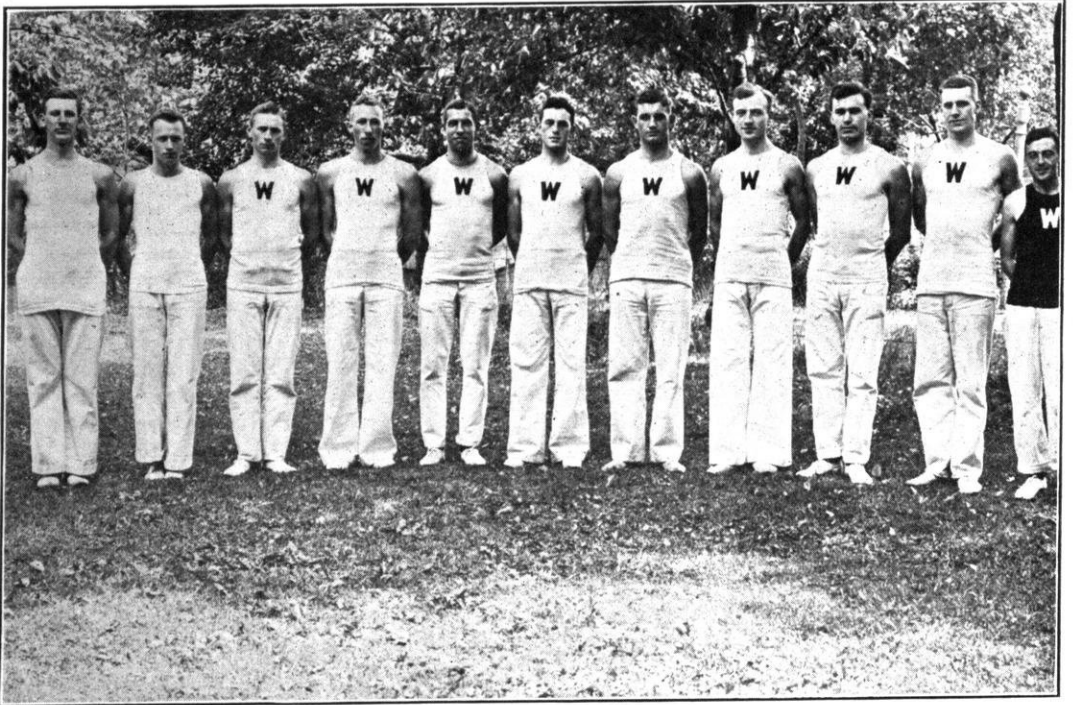
It was a game race under tremendous difficulties, that dissappointing contest on last June 25th. Of it, a New York paper commented: "It is not likely that there will be soon again an intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie under the conditions that marked the competition last Saturday. The varsity eight oared crews were sent away from the mark in such water that Columbia on the far outside course, and Wisconsin next to the Morningside men, might as well have packed their shells in the morning before the race, for all the chance they had."

With one of the lightest crews on the Hudson, Wisconsin had about the roughest course. The wind against the tide caused the water to grow more and more turbulent as the anxious oarsmen expectantly awaited the order to start, which finally came at 7:35, over an hour and a half late. For the first half mile, all the boats remained about even, although Syracuse, Pennsylvania and Cornell were in

practically calm water. At the mile mark, water slushed about in the Badger shell six inches deep, and at the three-mile post it was high above the ankles of the Badger oarsmen. Columbia, which had been touted as a winner, fared scarcely better, and barely gained a third in the final results. It was dark at the finish. The oarsmen hardly knew who had won. Spectators in the observation train had to await the announcement; "Cornell, first; Pennsylvania, second; Columbia, third," before they began their lusty cheering.

christened, never lost out on a single picture.

At Chicago, the crew men were fitted out with their white sailor suits, which, as Captain Bright of the freshmen crew remarked, would have been in true college style had the legs been upside down. At Detroit, Commodore "Heinie" Johns and some of the other crew men fell victims to the time-worn joke of taking out their pajamas "before the Canadian customs officials sealed up their suit cases." Final exams aboard train were among the



With equal opportunity, Wisconsin would have easily placed.

In the two weeks that preceded June 25th, twenty Wisconsin students lived a happy, care-free, but strenuous life. From the morning that a thousand Wisconsin men arose at 4 o'clock to bid the crews Godspeed, until the moment that the regatta had become a matter of history, there were endless unique experiences and funny incidents. That big family of "Dad" Ten Eyck's never wasted a valuable minute. And the "Irresistible Bernie," as Trainer Bernstein had been

amusing diversions, under direction of Professor "Sunny" Pyre.

Picturesqueness characterized the trip from New York on. An old ferry with flat side wheels and a walking beam ushered the Badgers across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie to the region of Highland, and The Elms, both the town and the hotel being attractively old fashioned and slow, located on a beautiful eminence a mile back from the river, and surrounded by forests, meadows, brooklets, waterfalls and beautiful walks. Once here, the routine became almost painful. It was

simply eat, sleep and row. The crews rowed twice each day, at about 10 in the morning, and 5 in the afternoon, thus avoiding the noonday heat. Morning and afternoon trips along the beautiful Hudson were made frequently in the coaching launch. One day there was an inspection trip to Vassar, but that well-known institution failed to measure up to Wisconsin standards. Another night the crew was invited to the Highland high school commencement, and had occasion to give one of the girls a sky rocket. The next day, the local paper remarked: "The Wisconsin crew was present, and gave its yell."

And then, there were real Wisconsin commencement exercises out on the terrace of the Hudson. They were co-incident with the similar ceremonies at Madison, in point of time. The assembled gathering sang "On Wisconsin," the toast, and other favorites. Coach Ten Eyck, Dr. Hutchins, and the graduates, Kerr Sunnicht, Trane and Wilce, gave speeches pertinent to the occasion. Bedtime interfered with the alumni ball.

At the "Pipe of Peace" ceremony, a reunion of the 1910 varsity crew was arranged, to occur at Poughkeepsie two years hence. All present pledged their support to perpetuity of the crew. Carl Kratz, '11, was elected captain of the 1911 crew.

Wisconsin had the heaviest freshmen crew. Why, then, didn't we place? In speaking of the race, Captain George Noyes Bright said: "Maybe we lacked the spirit that wins races, and maybe we just didn't have it in us to win; that I leave for others to say. But I do say, distasteful as it is to spring 'hard luck stories,' that fate seemed to be against us from the first. In the early spring, good material was plentiful. Everything

pointed to a good crew. But these many dwindled, because of low standing and other reasons, until only ten men were left from which to choose a first boat. This condition alone is enough to spoil any boat. Added to this, when we had been on the Hudson less than a week, Schmidt became ill with the mumps and Sjoblom was disabled. For the first time in Wisconsin's rowing history, substitutes were used on the Hudson, one for five days and the other for four. The effect is left to the imagination. I hope that the student body will keep these facts well in mind, and because of them, judge us not too severely."

What are Wisconsin's crew prospects for 1911? Viewed at present, they seem none too good. We have lost four crew men who were on the championship freshmen crew that swept the Hudson four years ago—Sunnicht, Trane, Wilce and Kerr. These men have rowed for four consecutive years on the classic eastern course, and have been among the best oarsmen the Badger state has ever produced. Of the 1910 varsity crew, Mackmillan, Voyer, Kratz and Hare remain as a nucleus for the next boat. From the substitutes, Bowen and Terry are strong candidates. Bowen has the making of a good stroke, but is very light, weighing but 157 pounds. Crew enthusiasts are counting on "Dex" Witte being eligible. Witte is an especially strong oarsman. It is probable that "Red" Loomer, who has been out of school for two years, will come back, and he did praiseworthy work on the freshmen boat several years ago. This year's freshmen boat may develop some valuable men.

With regard to the crew situation, you say, "There are no quitters at Wisconsin." Should we not rather say, in this instance, "Wisconsin can, if Wisconsin will."



In Memoriam

JOHN VALENTINE MULANY, "H '08"

John Mulany disliked eulogy. That makes it harder to write what should be written by way of memorial to him, for one does not want to go beyond what he would have wished said. But if anything were to be said, I think he would wish it to be what can be said of him as a Wisconsin man; for outside home ties, there



JOHN VALENTINE MULANY

was nothing in his life that meant so much to him as his allegiance to Wisconsin.

It is difficult to define "a good Wisconsin man"—difficult to specify what qualifies a man for the title. But there can be agreement on these criterions: He must have faith in his university, loyalty with faith, and willingness to express his loyalty in service. John Mulany had faith and loyalty in perfect measure, and to work for the university he gave his time

and strength without stint. There could be no better Wisconsin man than he.

He believed that all the energy-consuming things we list as student activities were for the good of the university—that they made university life more worth while, and that they were worth while in themselves. He made his way into activities because they opened opportunities to serve the university. That was one reason why he did such consistently good work—it was done with the double pleasure of craftsmanship and service, without thought of building up a personal record. The notable record he did make was the more notable because it represented unselfish accomplishment and not successful aggrandizement.

John Mulany worked on the staffs of the *Sphinx*, the *Cardinal*, the 1908 *Badger* and the *Literary Magazine*, which was to become the *Wisconsin Magazine*. He passed from a *Cardinal* reportership to an associate editorship, which he held two years. For the *Sphinx* he did most writing, and most characteristic writing, for he had the blessed gift of humor without the sting of meanness to it. But the *Literary Magazine* owed most to him. He was its editor-in-chief, his senior year, and he brought to it a new enthusiasm and set for it new standards. His successors unite in giving him the credit for the initial lift that has meant progress for the *Magazine*.

He served on the Student Conference. The Edwin Booth Dramatic Society, of which he was a member, elected him its president in his senior year. He took part in the society's production of "Twelfth Night" and in the 1908 junior and senior plays, serving also on both play committees. His class elected him historian. He was a member of Iron Cross.

But it is not for the amount or the quality or even the spirit of his work that John Mulany chiefly deserves remembrance. It is for the essential straightness of his record. He sought no place he had not earned, and what influence his positions gave him he used legitimately for clean interests. Other men, as often then as now, won prominence deviously and used their places for ends in which the good of the university was very incidental. It is curious and undeniable that a large proportion of college men look with tolerance on dishonesty in peculiarly collegiate affairs—that no general obloquy attaches to the smooth college man who plays tricky politics or juggles class finances. John Mulany was one who lacked that tolerance toward small dishonesties. He contended against them, in so far as he could, partly because honesty was an instinct with him, but as much because he felt that any crookedness, individual or in a student institution, was unworthy of Wisconsin.

That develops the reason why, I think, John Mulany represents the highest type of the Wisconsin man. He had established for himself an ideal of Wisconsin—the Wisconsin that ought to be. Crookedness, indifference, factional meanness, failures in democracy, had no place in the Wisconsin scheme as he conceived it. Not that he denied their existence as occasional rasping realities. He did not refuse to see them—he refused to stand for them. They were not conditions to be recognized and deplored, but abnormalities to be rooted out. Whatever partial adjustments might exist and survive at

other universities, nothing less than complete harmony, democracy and co-operation for the university was good enough for Wisconsin. He believed Wisconsin came nearest to the realization of that university ideal; and that it was his first duty and the duty of every Wisconsin man to do what he could to make the realization complete.

That is, I think, a fair expression of John Mulany's conception of the right relation of a man to his university. Not that he formulated into words any such set creed; but he shaped his own acts in the university by that creed, and he ought to be remembered for it.

Loyalty with such a basis is not diminished by graduation. University interests still held a favored place in John Mulany's thoughts and occasional returns to Madison were among the best pleasures he had. He made opportunities to proselyte for Wisconsin.

He was doing heavy and able work as a teacher in Waukesha High School, giving additional time and strength to those student affairs through which a trusted, willingly co-operating teacher can do so much for a school. He became a victim of tuberculosis. For some time it is probable that he kept from physical breakdown by will-power. He went to his parents' home in East Troy late in April, and died there July 28th.

There have been few Wisconsin men like John Mulany. If every Wisconsin man were like him, if many tried to be like him, his belief in a perfect Wisconsin would be justified; it would become a reality.

Love of the Dew Drop

SHIGEYOSKI OBATA

She.

*Have you seen this morning
Dew drops all o'er spilled—
Pearls, pure pearls adorning
Bright the green, green field?*

He.

*If each drop a pearl be
Beautiful in hue;
And if you my girl be
Beautiful and true!*

*In your lap you'd gather
All the gleaming dew,
'Gainst my breast I'd rather,
Loving, tight press you.*

She.

*Touch the dew! A stain, Love,
Fades its pearly gleam.
Leave the dew I'd fain, Love,
Lest be crushed our dream!*

Answer

WALTHER BUCHEN

*A woman looked in her oval glass
And wondered at the face,
That looked at her so steadfastly
From a yellow mist of lace.*

*"O Lips, why are you pale?" said she,
"I knew you once so red."
"John Edern kissed us thrice," they said,
"After his love was dead."*

*"O Hair, why are you gray?" said she,
"You once were rich and fair."
"You tied me up with a red riband
And set your diamonds there."*

*"O Eyes, why are you dim?" said she,
"You once were as the South."
"We looked on a dead young man one dawn
And saw a kiss on his mouth."*

*"O Chceks, why are you thin?" said she,
"So blanched you look, and ill."
"We have only blood from a burnt out heart
And it slays us with its chill."*

*"O Face of mine, who stole your youth
So swift away?" said she.
But the face returned her never a word
And the tears ran silently.*

Within Our Gates

C. C. CHAMBERS

In previous issues of the Wisconsin Magazine much has been said about attracting interscholastic athletes to the University of Wisconsin by means of numerous interscholastic contests under the control of the University. The question of "where will we get our athletes?" has been raised time and time again, and as many times put aside unanswered. I believe that we are going at the thing backwards when we look *outside* the University for a field of work in which to improve athletics *in* the University. Let us put aside for a moment the question of attracting athletes to the University, and consider how we treat them after they come to the University. The story naturally begins at the time when an athlete turns out for one of the freshman teams. But not all athletes turn out for the teams in their freshman year. Why not, you say? Let us look at the inducements that are offered, and we will see the reason. A man who comes from the average country high school, unless he has started on his team, is a little timid about turning out for a big team. Not that he lacks the nerve, but he hasn't confidence in his own ability. He is seldom given much encouragement to turn out; in fact, many of the freshman team of the year before will advise him to wait until he is eligible for the varsity. In consequence, a man of ordinary football ability, who might have made good in four years, stays out of the game a year, and all football men know how fatal that is to any one but a finished player. But in case this man does turn out, he is very likely to become discouraged and quit after a week or two. To begin with, he isn't outfitted

properly. He is shown a pile of football clothing cast off by the varsity the year before and told to pick out what he can use. If he is one of the first there he gets a fairly decent outfit, but there are only half enough good suits to go around, and a candidate is lucky indeed to draw an old pair of shoes. If he has made a name for himself in interscholastic circles he will probably be granted an interview with the varsity captain and coach, but I venture that the vast majority of the freshman team of last year hardly knew Barry or Wilce. After a couple days of rudimentary practice with the varsity the freshman squad is sent to their own field, and a varsity sub or ineligible is sent to watch over them until a coach can be secured at a salary that would not even appeal to a day laborer. Then comes the real work of the season. The plays and tricks of the other big universities are drilled into the freshmen, and they are sent against the varsity in scrimmages night after night. Should they be lucky enough to make a good showing, the varsity men get a grouch on and the coaches look daggers at them. They are pummeled and banged about and tramped on by their heavier and more experienced opponents, and it is very little sympathy they get. Then after it is all over, and the last scrimmage is over, what is their reward? They are told by a few that they have helped make the varsity what it is, and they are given permission to hie themselves to Mrs. Esser's and *purchase* class numerals. Think of it, they are permitted to wear numerals as large as they can afford to buy them. And during the whole year they have one game

in which they may play for a victory (unless it rains), the Sophomore-Freshman game!

Last year when it was proposed to take the freshman team to the Chicago game the Athletic Board raised the objection of "no funds." Then the Daily Cardinal editorials began to point out the deservingness of the University band men, who had sacrificed several afternoons during the year to play at practice. Should not such noble spirit be rewarded by a trip to Chicago? Surely. But the freshman team men who had turned out every night during the season and had cheerfully served as door mats and tackling dummies for the varsity were not thought worthy of such reward, and they stayed at home and practiced for the Sophomore game, which never came off. Contrast this with the attitude of the Chicago Athletic Board, who paid the expenses of 18 freshman players to the Minnesota game at Minneapolis. Chicago University employs at least two freshman team coaches, and equips the team fully as well as the varsity, besides rewarding the players with sweaters and numerals. Stagg takes a lot of pains with his freshman team and each succeeding year sees several of them strong men on the varsity. Is it any wonder that anticipating such treatment an interscholastic athlete should prefer Chicago to Wisconsin?

Freshman basket ball and crew are two sports that are comparatively well encouraged, although many crew candidates who might have made good later on are necessarily dropped from the squad on account of lack of equipment. The freshman track team is accorded much the same treatment as the football team. Practically no attention was given to a mediocre candidate prior to the time of Coach Lathrop. Every freshman provided his own outfit and his reward was the same as that of the football man; he was

permitted to *purchase* class numerals. Illinois and Chicago schedule dual meets with preparatory and high schools for their freshman track teams and so encourage candidates to do their best. The inter-class meets are the only inducements held out to a freshman track man at Wisconsin, and they fail to bring out as much enthusiasm as an inter-society baseball game. Would it not be advisable to schedule meets with one of the Milwaukee high schools and with the strong Madison High team. This would stimulate interest among freshman track men and draw the attention of the high school boys to the university and its advantages. A track man, more than any other type of athlete, cannot afford to remain out of training for one season, and a promising interscholastic athlete may ruin his chances for the varsity team by remaining inactive during his freshman year.

If each loyal Wisconsin man would lend his support to freshman athletics, our varsity standard would be greatly improved. Look among the incoming class this year for promising material and encourage the boys to get out early for the respective teams. Make them feel that it is their duty as Wisconsin men and that the other Wisconsin men appreciate their effort. Do not withhold your encouragement from a man because he has not starred in prep school. Many a varsity star has been developed after he entered college, and by a word of cheer or praise to an ambitious freshman you may aid in making a future Wilce or Ostoff. Let us not take too much time seeking for an answer to the question "where will we get our athletes," but let us encourage in every way possible those athletes that are already with us, so that they may be eager to remain and to give the best that is in them for the advancement of our athletic standard.



Yale

GEORGE M. SHEETS



FUSSING HARVARD BASE BALL GAME

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be"

National magazines have written up Yale from the standpoint of "Which college ought mother and father to send Tommy to," or have analyzed it philosophically as they would "The influence of New England on national politics," or have used it as a background for "Where Bob Taft goes to school." New York papers have advertised Old Ely country-wide, using both for feature stories and space-filler, and not caring a snap what idea they gave the reader just so they told him the story before or more extensively than the rival sheets. Yale has also served as a setting for cheap comedy and as a handy place to graduate a sentimental short-story hero from. And Walter Camp has, very incidentally, written up his alma mater from an athletic standpoint whenever he has described the beginnings of football or reformed rules or whenever he has picked his All-Eastern

elevens. But this article considers that the most important thing about any college and, as it happens to be, the most distinctive phase of Yale, is but how the common, ordinary undergraduates live and what they do.

First of all, Yale is not a university such as the West knows, but rather resembles Oxford and Cambridge, a number of departments loosely connected. It is composed of Yale College, the Sheffield Scientific School, or "Sheff," the School of Forestry, the Law School, the medical and theological departments and the Graduate School, each separated from another by as strong a barrier as the stone fences of Connecticut make between the fields of a single farm.

The "college" is called "academic" and corresponds to the "hill" at Wisconsin, while the "Sheff men" are the "engineers." The theological students are dubbed "divinity" men.

In the unimportant fine arts department, and in the School of Music, outside of the few antiquated strays in the graduate school, are the only co-eds that attend Yale. The foresters are a cross between grads and Sheff men, while the laws and medics are the university outcasts, wearing purple and green tassels on their mortar boards in the commencement procession as a sort of pariah stamp. The graduate students have even less connection with college life than at Wisconsin. They furnish the evening librarian with an excuse for drawing his pay and show their disregard for college custom by stocking across the campus with an armful of books and setting off the mass of caps and bare heads with a few dignified stiff hats. And student life at Yale is just as distinctive and separate as these respective departments.

There is a wide breach between the college life of Sheff and academic, much wider than between the hill men and engineers at Wisconsin, while the rest of the departments seem to have almost no connection with these two. In nearly every phase of student life, except getting your mail at the Yale post office, an exceedingly convenient arrangement, or listening to the sermons at Woolsey Hall, or using the shower baths at the gym, the separation between the different colleges is evident.

The class rushes are typical of the breach between the different departments.

The Sheff rush comes off in the fall. It is a late-day innovation, a spectacular, costumed procession to and from the old Hillhouse property, where the freshman and sophomore champions, light, middle and heavyweight, wrestle on the grass and in the glare of torches to decide the winner. Then the procession marches back to town under a continuous shower of fireworks, performing the snake dance and singing "Down the Field" as only a Yale crowd can. From a spectator's standpoint this rush is ideal. In its utter elimination of danger it ought to be dear to the heart of the spinster-like Madison press. There is a celebration afterwards, but that won't bear detailed description.

Much different is the academic class af-

fair, one of those indigenous, old-time cane rushes that are fast vanishing the land in these piping times of peace and degeneracy. It takes place on a traditional day in early spring at the healthy hour of eight in the morning. The freshmen, who don't seem to number more than one hundred and fifty, bunch inside of the campus in front of Dwight Hall (Y. M.). The Sophs, in stiff, white hats and with limber bamboo canes, guard the old wooden fence opposite. At a given signal the freshmen rush, and then the canes come into play. Rough? A trifle; it isn't exactly a weakling affair; neither is it imported nor artificial. There were some half dozen broken heads last year, but their owners were much more concerned with the splintered canes and hatbrims which they had snatched for souvenirs than they were with their blood-stained faces. Then big Jim Donnelly, chief of the Yale University Police, presided as he does at all college functions and saw that no one was unnecessarily rough. After it was all over the victors stood on the top rail of the old campus fence to have their pictures snapped, the beaten hurried off to their eight-thirty classes, and one of the innumerable janitors raked up the caps littering the campus and lugged them off in a bushel basket.

The following incident also illustrates the distinction between men of different colleges in Yale student life. Last winter, when the topic of the hour was whether Johnny Kilpatrick or Fred Daly stood the better chance of the captaincy election, the writer, on the lookout for less hash and canned corn and more steak and pie, changed his boarding house. At the new place I found sitting at my left elbow a medic out of Kansas, wearing a lettered sweater turned inside out. Over the soup I asked him the bromidical question:

"How do you like Yale?"

"It's a bully place—for academics and Sheff men," he answered, between spoonfuls, "but if you're anything else—all you can do is to grind. To do anything in student activities is harder than for a jackrabbit to fight a buzz-saw. Why, if a law or medic were a second Eckersall

he might be allowed to play, but they'd never elect him captain of the eleven."

"That's strange," I answered, thinking of Biddy Rogers and John Messmer, who were neither hill men nor engineers.

That evening the writer happened to be talking with an academic senior in Vanderbilt. Having upon invitation helped myself to a Pall Mall, for at Yale one is never so bourgeois as to smoke Bull Durham, I hazarded:

"Is it tradition here that any but an academic or Sheff man, no matter how much of a star or how able a leader he may be, shouldn't be elected captain of the eleven?"

"Certainly," my friend answered in a matter of fact tone, as he picked up a poker and stirred the wood in the grate, "we don't want an *outsider* to be captain of our team."

None but a Sheff or academic student receives the real brand of college life to stamp him a "Yale Man," and even these two are marked with such different irons that one would hardly surmise that they came from the same flock. The "college" is old; the catalog of a century ago shows that it was then a flourishing school teaching classics and congregationalism. The commencement day program bears the legend, "Two Hundred and Tenth Year," and the psalm that is sung at the graduation exercises:

"Thy praise alone, O Lord, doth reign
"In Zion Thine own hill," etc.

has been the invocation since 1718. Now the "college" is still a school of the old cultural education ideal. Its present life smacks quaintly of its past, like a man who in his old age persists in following the fashions of his youth.

Sheff, on the other hand, is modern. The student who lives in "Sheff Van," or in the society houses of St. Elmo, The Colony or St. Anthony, has little past to look back to. He has taken up with some of the "college" traditions, holding a junior cap burning after "Tap Day," and going bareheaded during his senior year. But his point of view and his everyday life are different from that of his academic brother. The Sheff man curses his heavy language requirements, knowing that in a three years' course they

are impractical; the "college" student goes in strongly for languages and literature. The man who does junior surveying out at Westville would probably prefer a vaudeville performance at Poli's to Nazimova in Little Eyolf at the Hyp. Sheff doesn't go to chapel, getting in twenty minutes extra sleep while the academic alarm clock is going off in Battell.

Of the two departments, the "college," the school of rich tradition and storied past, is the real core of Yale. The "college" has its spectacular Calcium Light Night, when the five junior societies initiate, its traditional tug of war on Washington's birthday, its unique "Tap Day," or election to the senior societies, its quaint old-world class day exercises, its policemen, Jim and Andy, relics of the old "Bottle Nights," when the barkeep down at Heub's barricaded himself and broken glass and tables littered the floor.

Typical of the life of the "college" is the bareheaded, silky-mustached senior, dressed soberly in a suit of near business cut, roller skating along "Grubb" street or spinning tops in front of Osborn Hall. He may "heel," or in our western slang, "go out for" Dwight Hall (Y. M.) and at the same time run a bill at Mory's, who everybody knows serves the best chops in town. Or after playing squash at the gym he may drop in at Tuttle's for a glass of the creamiest ale, he will tell you, that was ever brewed. Perhaps of an evening he may stroll over to Jake's, a very democratic hang-out, or meet some one at Reynold's and listen to Hughie's lecture on the "Origin of Bock." Our student may go down to New York for the week-end to hear Caruso or Cavalieri, and may even forget himself so far as to flirt with a musical comedy star at Rector's.

If such men as these succeed in after life it may not all be due to their college course. Generally sons of old or prominent families, the boys who go to Yale, are excellent material to work on. You might take a crowd playing indoor baseball on the campus in front of Durfee and find that the father of the pitcher was in the cabinet and that the tall, awkward fellow on first worked on his father's railway during the summer. The frowsy

little fellow at the plate, on the other hand, may be an orphan who is working his way by clerking in the ticket office, distributing papers in Dwight Hall, or by any job that the not-exceedingly efficient Self-Help Bureau may send him notice of. As the majority of students are from comparatively wealthy or prominent families, the possession of wealth or family position are common characteristics and are therefore no means of social distinction. You will find a millionaire's son living with a roommate whose tuition is refunded and who is one of the proprietors of the University Pressing Co. No one makes a display of his wealth. The possession of a couple of autos and an allowance of a hundred a week doesn't make a hit at Yale.

The average Yale man eats at the Commons, the large university dining hall, where his board, including tips to the dress-suited negro waiters and the charge for music, costs him between six and seven dollars a week. Here junior eats with junior, senior with senior and freshman with freshman, for the distinction of class is as strong at Yale as the separation of the departments. If a student doesn't like the Common he can eat at such places as the Grill or the Sheffield Arms, or if he can't afford these, there are the Chat Noir and University Lunch opposite the gym. There is no Charlie's at Yale. The cheapest board in New Haven costs four dollars a week.

Nearly all of the upper classmen room in the college dormitories. The freshmen live in private dormitories in York street. The dormitories are not responsible for the class spirit of Yale, for men who graduated in the seventies have told the writer that it was as strong then as it is now, and the dormitory system was not inaugurated until 1892. This spirit probably grew out of the arrangement of courses. It has always been the faculty policy at Yale to have freshmen classes in Latin, courses in English to which sophomores only were admitted, subjects in mathematics open to juniors alone and courses in history to which none but seniors were admitted. But the separation of the classes in different dormitories preserves and strengthens this spirit.

The rooms are arranged in suites of three, a study and two bedrooms, and are occupied by two or three men. These suites rent at from five to eleven dollars a week, not including heat and gas. In this one respect the divinity men are favored, it being necessary to subsidize theology now-a-days. The future ministers are given their rooms, rent free, although the corporation, with unchristian charity, bleeds them with an extra high gas and heat rate. The student also furnishes his room, buys his wood, for every study has a grate, and keeps bottled spring water on his window sill.

"Why, isn't there good water outside the door, you ask?"

Yes. But as a senior in Haughton (pronounced Hoton) remarked when I put the same question to him, "It's much more convenient to take one than ten steps. And then, "As it was in the beginning—" To one accustomed to the rooming houses of the U. W., the Yale dormitories are furnished luxuriously.

The man who goes to Old Eli has had to pass a rigid entrance examination after spending some two years at such schools as Andover or Exeter. He has also had to study fairly hard while a freshman. Then he is pretty sure to stay through the other three years. He is marked on the basis of 400 with 200 as a passing mark. If one falls below the latter mark he receives a "warning" from the dean, and then generally begins to tutor—at three dollars an hour. By two years' work and an average of over 315 one can qualify for Phi Beta, to which thirty are elected from each class.

Especially when a senior the academic Yale man studies very little, spending most of his time in getting better acquainted with his classmates. To know every one in his class is his proudest boast. The faculty do not seem to disagree with this all-prevalent student opinion. Last June there were only four seniors out of a class of 216 that did not graduate, and they were carrying law subjects. For over at Hendrie Hall conditions are much different, one-third of the graduating class failing to receive diplomas.

"The study of the law is tough," at Yale as at Wisconsin.

What the Yale student does "go in for"

is student activities. That is the field in which he wishes to win distinction as he considers it the most important part of his college course.

Nearly everybody goes out for or heels some one thing, athletics, publications, music, dramatics or Dwight Hall. So many heel these various things that form the major part of college life that there is a strong spirit of competition in student activities. There isn't as large a class of "dead ones" as there is at Wisconsin. There is a dearth of fussers and grinds.

This spirit of competition is evident in all the different college activities. Not counting the freshmen elevens there are five teams going through practice at once on Yale Field last fall. The *News* competition is particularly strenuous, for the championship is one of the biggest honors in college. The Glee Club is another. Men practice four times a week and often until their senior year before making it. Bob Taft heeled the crew for four years without making the varsity, and also was prominent in debating and Dwight Hall.

The academic man always speaks of "doing something for Yale," when he takes up any branch of student affairs. This idea, together with a just pride in his alma mater's historic past, fosters an intense loyalty to college that is the real Yale Spirit. A man who has done something for his college has a greater love for it than another who has merely received an education there. Hence it is that the alumni feeling for Old Eli is exceptionally strong; hence it is that while Yale has been beaten in football, no eleven has ever rushed the ball down the field and over the blue goal line for a touchdown.

The Yale spirit is not, as we believe at Wisconsin, a rooting spirit; not one of athletic enthusiasm. Yale has won so often, especially in football, that a championship team is taken for granted. There is no bonfire after a big game or such a frenzy of enthusiasm as there was, for instance after our crew victory over Syracuse or tie game with Minnesota three years ago. The snake dance on the gridiron and the throwing of caps over goal posts is merely the observance of tradition. The Yale spirit is not athletic.

The Yale fraternity system is the prin-

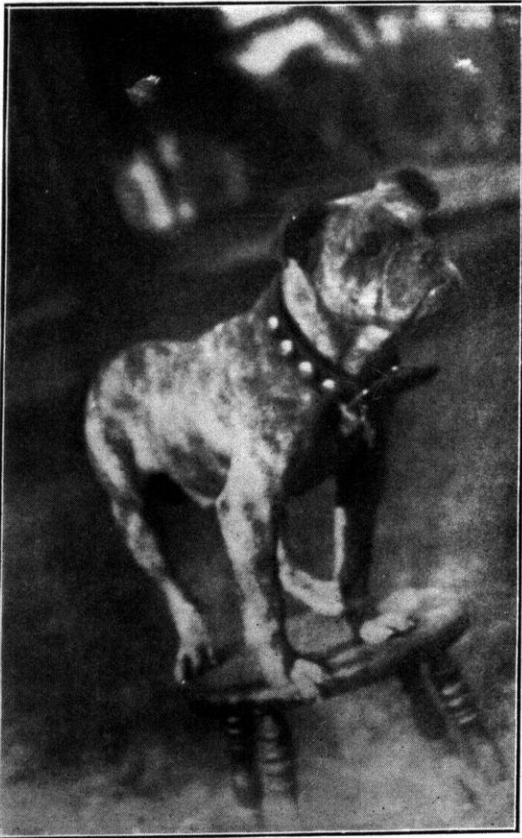
cipal means by which competition in student affairs is fostered. The senior fraternities, Skull and Bones, Scroll and Keys, and Wolf's Head, are pure honor societies, like Iron Cross at Wisconsin. The junior fraternities, Alpha Delt, Psi U, Deke, Zeta Psi and Beta, approach nearer to an honor society than to a fraternity such as Wisconsin knows. No elections are made to these until November of the sophomore and junior years, the theoretical idea being to wait and see what freshmen distinguish themselves in student activities. Personality, of course, is always taken into consideration, but there is no bar against the financially poor and unknown but able and energetic man.

On Calcium Light Night twenty sophomores and five juniors are elected. There is no unseemly rushing. On the appointed evening the candidates, and everybody in the two classes is a candidate, remain in their rooms. A fraternity representative will come in with the offer of an election, and if it is accepted the candidate is taken at once to the society tomb, a severely plain building of a unique style of architecture, and initiated. Then each society behind its calcium light, every man carrying torch or lantern and clad in a robe of white or black, the five fraternities sing their different chants and march around the wierdly-lit campus like so many companies of sheeted ghosts.

After joining a junior fraternity a man still lives in his class dormitory with his former roommate and eats at the Commons for the "college" societies, as we have said, have no chapter houses. But our fortunate student works harder than ever to "do something for Yale," and incidentally to show that he has ability, for the greatest honor of his college career is before him. He hopes to make one of the senior societies, Bones, if possible, then Keys, and last Wolf's Head.

This second election comes off in the spring junior year. Late in the afternoon all of the juniors gather under a sprawling black oak on the campus in front of Durfee. Seniors are perched in the branches above to call out the names of the lucky ones. The windows of Durfee and the campus round-a-bout are crowded with spectators and friends and relatives of the juni-

ors, for Tap Day is an "occasion." You can also see three rooms crowded with men, lookouts and scouts of the respective fraternities. Then a senior in stiff hat, one of the "tappers," comes running out on the campus and pushes unceremoniously into the crowd at the foot of the tree. There is a short, strained silence. Then comes a resounding whack; one of the juniors has been tapped. If the election is accepted, and Bones is almost never turned down, the men in the tree call out the name of the lucky one and everybody cheers. Then the tapper and his charge push out of the crowd and both hurry over to the fraternity tomb. So the election continues until each society has chosen thirteen. The last one to be tapped is supposed to receive the greatest honor. Last year the honor man of Bones was president of Dwight Hall.



The captain of the football team, the leader of the glee club, the president of Dwight Hall and the chairman of the

News and *Lit* are almost sure to make Bones. The rest of the chosen few have distinguished themselves in some form of student activities besides being close to the Yale ideal in personality, manly, quiet, congenial and modest.

After Tap Day tradition allows the junior to discard his cap and attempt to grow a mustache. His real college career is settled. He comes back the following year to get better acquainted with his classmates and to enjoy the prerogatives of a senior such as sitting on the campus fence, bowing to the president at the close of morning chapel, playing ball and spinning tops on the campus. But a senior is either up to his ears in student activities or he is a passive onlooker. His greatest ambition is either realized or ended. The graduation exercises in student activities have been held.

Commencement at Yale is exceedingly formal and likewise the reverse of conventional, both serious and comic. For by the side of the cap and gowned senior, parting from college and classmates, is the returning alumnus, dressed, it may be, as a harlequin and acting like a thorough clown.

At Yale one wears his cap and gown on Baccalaureate Sunday, during Class Day and at the graduating exercises, lending the occasion a formality and picturesqueness that are lacking in our own unceremonious commencement. The learned department heads and staid deans give color to the last occasion with gorgeous scarlet gowns and bright yellow, purple and white silk capes for which an Indian chief would have traded all Connecticut. But outshining all of these is the head of the procession, for there, wearing a heavy gold necklace with gem-covered pendant and preceded by a gold and diamond-studded mace, is President Arthur Twining Hadley. He makes the only address on Commencement Day. Reading his text from the Bible, President Hadley generally sermonizes on the combination of faith and knowledge that harmonizes completely with the spirit of Yale.

The class day exercises are held in the open-air theater where the commencement play, generally Shakespearean, has been produced the previous evening. The seni-

ors, all in caps and gowns, sit on low, old wooden benches that have served the same purpose since the days of knee breeches. As tradition decrees, they also smoke long-stemmed clay pipes while they listen to the class day oration, which is never about social service, but is generally a eulogy of alma mater that might be summarized in "Yale"—"Dear old Yale"—"Friendships formed at Yale" and "Yale." Then, with pipes hanging in the loops at the back of their gowns and with their banner at the head of the procession, the class march around the campus singing such favorite old songs as "Bright College Years," the exercises close as if with a benediction with the lofty sentiment in the last line of the song.

"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

The average Wisconsin undergraduate has long preserved a misconception of Yale. He has thought of it as a college existing for football alone, a place where student life might be visualized in the picture of a nice young man sitting over a stein bawling

"Drink her down, down, down."

This article hopes to have shown that Old Eli is rather distinguished by the separation of the colleges and classes, and by the traditional student life of the academic division, with its democracy, its unanimous support of and close competition in student activities, and its social system based on achievement.

I Cannot Stay in This House

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*I cannot stay in this house;
I dare to dream no more;
Her kiss is still upon my lips,
And dream shapes haunt my door.*

*The Autumn rain is falling
Warm as the drop of tears;
And I cannot stay in this house
And face the long, lone years.*

*Her tomb is on the hillside
And pines have watched the while;
How can they know her soul has flown—
They cannot see her smile.*

*And I must go to her house
Through rain while wild winds blow,
And sob upon the cold gray door
The love she used to know.*



Daddy

WILLIAM B. KEMP

I saw them coming quite a while before they got to the dock, an old man and a slender young lady with a broad straw hat trimmed simply with blue ribbon. She wore a dark blue suit, set off by a blue and white checked collar—the squares one-quarter inch—a two and one-quarter inch band of it down the front from collar to belt and an ornamental left breast pocket. The belt was like the rest of the suit. She bore herself with an impudent air of importance which was evidently the chief part of her boarding seminary education. Her father was a smart old man. He came stumping along good naturedly, with his tuft of chin whiskers tilting now and then. He wore a plain, short box overcoat and an antiquated style of cap which these Uncle Josh sort of men always prefer. Internally, I smiled as I saw him. He was not at all in a hurry, although his daughter kept running ahead as if she expected him to follow at her heels. At times it seemed as if she did not want to be identified with him. As they passed he stopped beside a big trunk which stood beside me, the girl slipped back nonchalantly without looking very directly at him or acting as if she belonged to him at all and said quickly:

"Com'on, daddy," and started back for the gangway at once. "Daddy," however, found three or four acquaintances who grabbed at him and pulled him into their group to grasp his hand and say:

"Goodbye, Uncle Joe."

Through all of this he pranced clumsily from one foot to the other with a short, jerky motion and smiled his satisfaction. Then the young lady got the trunk check

and went on board, with "daddy" tripping along somewhere behind and glowering at everything from right to left with the same smile he would bestow upon a cracker box audience at the country store.

"Aha," I thought to myself, "pleasant voyage. I'll have something to interest me on the trip and no mistake." In a few minutes I went on board myself and the boat soon swung out from the dock. I did not go to look daddy up at once, for I knew that we had quite a while on the lake and going around too soon might arouse his suspicion of my interest in him. I did not have to look for daddy. It was about an hour and a half out of port, as I sat on the deck up at the bows, that he came up the rail stopping every few feet to look shoreward. Almost in front of me he stopped and gazed again toward the hills. Then he turned to me and said:

"How fur d'ye reckon it be t' shore?"

"What, how far to shore?" I returned.

"Yep. Don't y' have no notion how fur it be?"

"Really, I don't know."

"Don't y' think it might be about five mile?"

"Perhaps. Were you going to swim ashore?"

"No, I was figurin' on the chances o' gettin' out s' far as I couldn't keep track o' what we're passin.' Y' see, when I travel, usually I watch them things t' know where t' get off. I can't never understand nothin' them fellers say when they tells y' the names o' the stations."

"You haven't traveled much by boat?"

"No, I aint."

"You will not have much trouble get-

ting off this. The boats only stop a few times. Where are you going?"

"Where be we goin'?" Me an' Ruby be goin' t' college. That is Ruby's goin' t' college an' I'm goin' down with her t' help her get a good place t' stay, don't y' know. She's been goin' t' one o' them schools for ladies only, but now she's got done with that an' she says she wants t' go t' another place; a school where there's men. I aint never been there, but Ruby says everybody knows about Wisconsin. She's been readin', Ruby has, an' that's what put the idea int' her head t' get more edication. She's been readin' about livin' in a big house with a lot o' other girls an' havin' automobile rides all the time, an' fellows takin' her out on the lake in a canoe, an' she's bound t' try it. We haven't never forbid her havin' nothin' o' this kind, edication I mean, an' so we're goin' t' let her have her way. But her ma thought I better go down an' see that she got with good folks. Ruby didnt' want nobody t' go with her, but when her ma says anything its got t' be that way. You don't happen t' know none o' the people up our way?"

"I don't know which is your way," I replied.

"Well, any o' them folks up there could tell you all about Ruby's ma an' Ruby, an' how we wasted money eddicatin' her. Them's a scandalized lot o' folks at her goin' off again. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Fenton, an' God knows how many more, was sayin' they expected t' see her get married. But when a girl gets t' readin' about eddication she cant' rest till she's got some o' it. Me and her ma thought we better go by rail, but Ruby was set the boat was the proper way. Y' see, she read somewhere that a girl stood a much better show o' gettin' into one o' them houses if she was acquainted with some o' them beforehand, that is before she got there, or was related to some one who was in the 'house'—that's what she called it. Now, seein' as there aint been none of our folks in no such place, she'd have t' meet some o' the girls before she got there. I tell you our Ruby has a pretty smart head

if I do say it. She read somewheres else that people was more talky and congenial on the boats than they was on the trains, hence me an' her had t' go sailin' clear round t' Milwaukee, takin' near a week o' good time, but we don't do nothin' against Ruby's eddication. Be you goin' round t' Milwaukee?"

"No," I assured him, "I wish I were, but I get off tomorrow morning."

"I wish you was goin' there," he echoed.

"I wish I were," I again said, but I did not wish so for at all the reasons that he thought I did.

"You don't know no people from Wisconsin do y'?"

"Yes, I know some of them, but I have seen none on this boat."

"Aint that our luck though. We don't never find just what Ruby wants. I'll bet there aint none o' them students goin' by boat. Here's all o' this trouble gone for nothin' Well, me an' Ruby'll look around when we get there. I aint much on no higher eddication, I aint, but Ruby she wants it. I think them that gets too much eddication aint no good at all. They won't wash dishes nor bake even cake. But then there aint no use kickin'. Our Ruby's goin' to t' take cookin' an' music an' chemicals, though I can't see no sense in chemicals. Them smells be too much for me. There's a lot more stuff as Ruby thinks she'll study, but I don't know nothin' about them. An' maybe she'll get a man an' go t' live in a city, though her ma is dead set agin' that. If there aint Ruby standin' back there on the deck with a young gent. I'll have t' go back an' see if he's one o' them college men. Good day."

He stumped off down the deck to his daughter, who was conversing with a tall young fellow of the student type. I saw no more of the old man before I got off, but I have spoken to some of my friends concerning Ruby and they have promised to be good to her for Daddy's sake. He would be so disappointed if she failed to have a good time at Wisconsin, you know.

Why is Physical Training a Bore?

GEO. W. EHLER, Director of Department of Physical Training

Physical training is today a feature of the curriculum of every college and university. The advertisements of nearly every institution of learning for boys or girls or men or women dwell more or less at length upon their provisions for such training. Such a universal establishment of this department would indicate a belief that physical training bears a vital relation to the development and education of the student. When a basis for this belief is looked for, it is found on a solid foundation of physiologic, psychologic and pedagogic facts and principles quite generally known and accepted.

Sound physical health—a prerequisite to the most efficient mental and moral action is a matter primarily of vigor and vitality, a condition the direct resultant of high grade heart and lungs, stomach and liver and other vital organs. These latter are absolutely dependent upon certain proportions of muscular motion, rest and nutriment.

The fullest and most effective development of the mental machinery is impossible without a long and widely varied motor experience. And the best development and education of the child, and the youth with respect to some fundamental virtues and certain moral and ethical ideals and practices come only through the medium of certain types of muscular activity.

Taking it for granted that this is true—for there is not space to enter into a discussion of it—it would seem that a factor entering so largely into the individual's well being and determining to such a high degree his efficiency, would be under normal conditions a source of considerable pleasure. That this is so is a matter of common observation.

If now this matter is so important and under certain conditions is a source of so much pleasure, (1) why is it necessary to *compel* the student to take such a course, and (2) why does he find it such a bore

that in most cases he fails to continue it as a voluntary matter?

Two very good and sufficient reasons answer that first query.

In the first place the student has failed to establish a *habit of exercise* before coming to college largely because in his previous school life no effort was made to take advantage of his natural instincts in this direction. To form such a habit when his interest in it was most intense. In the second place, the malforming conditions of school life condemn the elementary and secondary school student to such a life of comparative inactivity during five hours of each school day plus the time of required home study and subject him to such unhygienic conditions of light and air and posture that serious inroads are made on his vitality and a situation unfavorable to the highest degree of efficiency is set up.

About to enter upon a period tending to even greater motor inactivity, the college student in most cases becomes confirmed in a negative attitude to the matter of muscular effort, unless drastic measures are adopted. Hence, compulsory physical training.

In the foregoing we find one answer to our second query. Anything compulsory is at first sight unattractive. It is in the nature of medicine and the average American youth of either sex does not like to take medicine.

A further answer and the one that is of chief importance to us is this,—physical training has been made synonymous with gymnastics. Most gymnastics are forms of muscular action that correspond to no real feeling within the individual and conform to no type of action common in every day life. Hence they do not connect up with any real interest. They are uninteresting to most people except under certain exceptional circumstances. For a few interest in gymnastics can be developed; for the many this is impossible be-

yond a very limited range. Uninteresting things are always bores.

Physical training, however, is broader than gymnastics and properly includes all forms of athletic games and exercises. The various forms of athletics appeal with an overwhelming interest to the great majority of American youth and this is quite natural. Athletics involve either some form of running, striking with a stick or throwing a missile, or various combinations of these three.

These are movements that are fundamental and have been throughout racial history. They were early connected with man's necessities in the production of his life and the securing of food. They are bound up with emotional experiences of the most profound type. Their performance under all normal conditions is pleasurable.

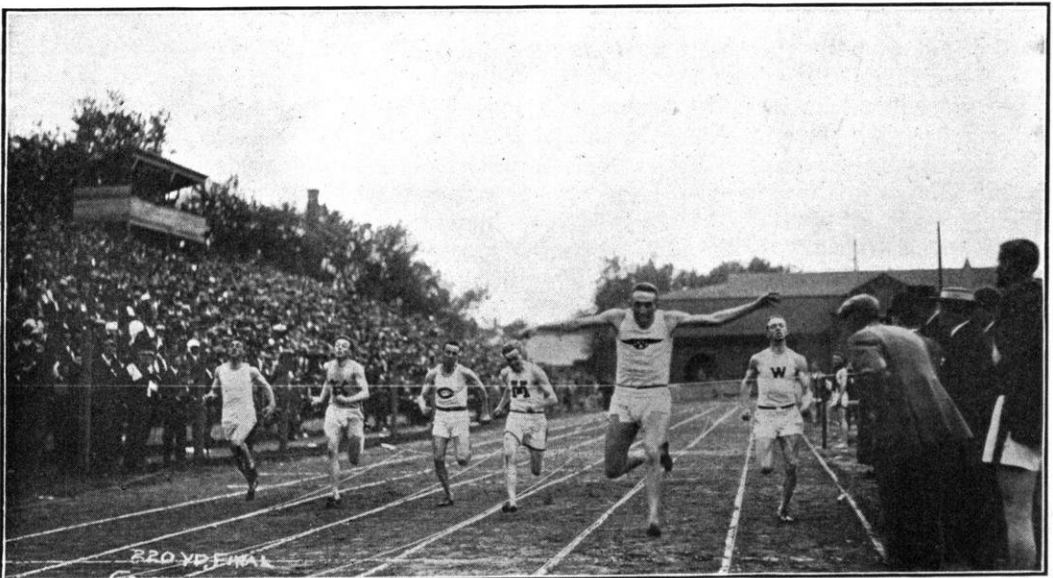
Most athletic exercises are vigorous and can by proper selection and efficient supervision be adopted to the physical condition of the individual. They are therefore of sufficient value for the development of vigor and vitality, fundamental objects of compulsory physical training.

Athletic games all involve in varying degrees the elements of competition and co-operation, the practice of the heroic virtues of courage, honesty, manliness and truth, besides the less heroic but more difficult qualities of courtesy and forbearance

and self-control. They form, under adequate and wise supervision, an incomparable medium for the exercise and development of moral and ethical ideals of the highest type—the essentials of efficient manhood and womanhood, the ultimate objects of all education.

Correct posture is one of the essential objects of physical training. To the individual posture has physical, mental, moral and commercial values. It is the resultant, however, of the individual's endeavor to measure up to an ideal of form and beauty. It does not come from exercise, though certain forms of exercise favor its attainment and maintenance. In the case of most students systematic practice of certain forms of gymnastic exercise are essential in order that the muscular condition of the body may be made such that correct posture will be possible. The practice of a mental attitude in regard to posture until a physical habit of "head up, chin in, hips back" is formed, will be found to be a good tonic for body, mind and heart.

The Department of Physical Training plans to reorganize its methods and to use the facilities at its command, securing the extension of these facilities as rapidly as possible, so as to realize at the earliest feasible moment the practical operation of the ideas herein expressed, to the end that physical training may no longer be a bore.



Brown, Common Chauffeur

ROBERT EARL COLEMAN

"What shall I do?" pondered Tom Garson, as he sat in a big Morris chair in the front window of his club, and gazed disconsolately through a blue haze of cigarette smoke at the automobiles continually passing up and down the thoroughfare before him. Tom was dejected. Had he not a right to be, when he had played the stock market and lost? His countenance showed that he was discouraged. He was ruined, as many others had been.

"Well, I *am* up against it," he observed, at length, to a siphon, "all the money the old man left me gone, and no more in sight. Why, I'll have to work." Tom did not know exactly what that word work meant, but his ideas of its gruesome possibilities were certainly not encouraging. What should he do? His college education had not fitted him for anything in particular, and he had never before bothered his head with the question of work. He thought, and thought, each plan seeming more ridiculous than the former one. Finally, he hit upon it—the very thing! He would be a chauffeur. He had driven a car for over three years. He immediately wrote a "Want Ad" for the "Herald," and sent it off by the club messenger. It appeared next morning:

"Wanted—a situation by competent chauffeur. Wide experience. Best references. Address R. Brown, c-o Herald."

"M-m, that ought to catch someone," he remarked, as he laid down his paper and lighted a cigarette.

* * * * *

"Honk, Honk, H-o-n-k!" blew the horn, as a large, red touring car came down the avenue. Presently it drew up to the curb

and stopped before the door of one of the fashionable tailors. The only occupant of the tonneau, a slender, beautiful girl, stepped out, and quickly entered the shop.

"She certainly is a queen," thought Tom as he watched her disappear. "If I only had my money back—but what's the use of wishing. Why, I'm just a common chauffeur, and she probably doesn't notice me any more than if I were that vagrant on the corner. But I do wish Uncle William would loosen up. He never will, I guess, he's too tight."

If Tom really thought Miss Stokes had not noticed him, he was much mistaken, for she had been wondering and conjecturing about him ever since he had entered her employ. At the same moment when Tom's thoughts were filled with his gloomy situation, she was saying to a friend, "Yes, he drives beautifully and he's a perfect dear. And there's the most delicious air of mystery about him—why, it's quite romantic. I can't believe he's just an ordinary chauffeur—he's very attractive, good looking, the most perfect manners and terribly well-dressed. I know he's a gentleman, and I'm wild to know his real name, and why he's advertised for such a position. He says his name is Robert Brown, but yesterday I found one of his cigarettes in the car, and it had the initials 'T. E. G.' on it in gold letters; so I know that Brown isn't his name. Well, I'll tell you about him when I find out," she continued, as she turned to go.

On the sidewalk she stopped. Tom, the common chauffeur, presented an extraordinary spectacle as he selected a cig-

arette from his gold case, took a match from a gold match box, and lit up. The incongruity of the scene struck her, and she laughed. Then she got into the car and they drove away.

About a week later she was informed by the butler that Brown wished to speak to her. "Well, Brown," she inquired as he stood before her, "what is it?"

"I want to ask a favor, Miss Stokes," replied Brown, "I'm afraid I must ask for leave of absence Thursday evening. I——"

"But, Brown, Thursday's the night of the Foster's masquerade."

"I know, Miss Stokes, I'm awfully sorry, but really I must have the evening. I have an engagement which I can't possibly afford to break. If you wish to give me notice——"

"No, no, of course, I shall keep you. James can take me. It's rather disappointing—but if you can't help it—all right. You may have the evening."

"Thank you," he replied quietly.

* * * * *

Thursday evening had come. Evelyn Stokes was radiant with excitement, as she jumped into the waiting brougham. She wore the costume of a Spanish dancer and her bright eyes added to the gay enchantment of her appearance. Was she not to wear a mask? Could she not act as she wished?

The drive to Foster's did not take long, and during it she planned how she would interest the guests by her clever dancing. Soon she was hurrying up the carpeted stairs into the perfume-laden air of the brightly lighted dressing-room. Hastily rearranging a few wayward strands of her golden hair, she hurried out to the hostess. The hostess handed her a common playing card and briefly instructed her to go into the ball-room to find her partner for the first dance. She was off in a flash, eager to join in the excitement. After being borne along in a crowd of queerly dressed men and women, she reached the ball-room.

Once there, she gazed in pleased wonder and admiration at the beautiful array of lights and colors with which the great room was decorated. She was finally brought to her senses, however, by

the tones of a stalwart Spaniard, who said to her, "Oh! Carmina, at last I have found you—you, whom I have sought in all the provinces of our land. You have the king of hearts have you not?"

"Yes, my big brother, I am the lucky one," she replied, trying to imitate his Spanish accent.

"Well, then, according to the fates, I'm to have the pleasure of the first dance." She nodded, and they started across the hall, gliding rhythmically to the melody which floated out from the bank of palms that shrouded the musicians.

From that moment, Evelyn Stokes moved in a dream. She danced with men in every disguise possible, and with much enjoyment. She was disheveled and almost exhausted, but radiant with happiness, as she wandered out to the secluded balcony, with the Spaniard who had first claimed her. His fascinating waltzing and bewitching manner had excited her admiration, and she entered into conversation with him, without a thought of the dances she was missing. They sat down on a large divan at the end of the balcony, and as the mystic spell of the moonlight, and of the mellowed music floating through the air, settled upon them, he impulsively raised first her mask and then his own, and leaned towards her.

He drew away slowly, and as he looked into her beautiful eyes he was wonder-stricken to discover that it was Miss Stokes. She looked at him, and gasped, "Oh—my chauffeur!"

"No," he contradicted, "no longer. Your chauffeur is no more; henceforth it is Garson, Thomas Garson, Esquire."

"Not Tom Garson, my brother's roommate at Wisconsin?"

"Yes, the same."

"But, how in the world——"

"Why, you see, I played the market and lost. Didn't have a cent. I had to do something. But now my uncle has reimbursed me and I am a gentleman of leisure again. Must I replace your mask——?"

She looked at him with a pleased little smile and breathed a sigh of contentment before answering softly, "No—I guess not."

The Disguised Cupid

G. C.

The long train rattled wildly past the last huddle of frame buildings, surged between two lines of freight cars, and then with an agreeable decrease of clamor settled down for the run from New Hampton to Dubuque.

Grant Aikens put his paper aside with a sigh of resignation realizing that a survey of the level lands through which the train sped would be an open door to thoughts he had vowed to forget. He fought half-heartedly for a time against temptation to recall the past, and as it could not be repulsed, he soon gave free rein to his fancy. It was so familiar, that stretch of meadow with its jungles of swaying grass, broken here and there by a lazy little stream of dark water. He seemed to remember every inch of it, and found that he was instinctively looking ahead for old landmarks. Yet it was four years since he had seen them and each of the years had been full of color and new experience. Grant Aikens of today, the editor of the Western Magazine, was a different man from the student at the old state university when he had taken his heart with him on a vacation and lost it in a quiet old meadow by a quiet old town. He was certainly a different man, more conspicuous in the world, more fearless, but he was not a happier man. Now the familiar landscape was keenly associated in his mind with the journeys to the home of Margaret Brown, who had stepped into his life and left a footprint that not even the rude scars of experience had been able to obliterate.

A pang stirred in Aiken's heart, so vividly did the girl's eyes come before him as he pondered. How well he remembered the warm, soft night and how the stars peeked in through the arbor while he was pleading with Margaret Brown. He remembered his own words so faltering and inadequate; and hers, so kind, and being kind, so very cruel. He had left her after

that night and gone back to his work with a dull, aching sense of loss. Month by month he had beaten down the thought of what happiness might have been his had she consented to be his wife, and yet, in spite of all his resolution, it was with him again, awakened to new life by a glimpse of the familiar scene, and as keen, as relentless as it had been four years before.

The grinding of air brakes as the train came to a stop at the station of Fredericksburg aroused him from his reverie, and then, as the door swung open to admit a group of passengers, he saw the girl of his dreams.

It was the work of an instant to shift his valise from the seat beside him to the floor and then he rose to meet her. "This is an unexpected pleasure," he managed to say with conventional politeness.

"I have been making a visit in Fredericksburg," answered the girl. "My sister has been sick and I came to take care of the children until she recovered."

"Are you still living at The Pines?" he asked.

"Yes. We love the old place and the old town. And you? I have been hearing great things of you. Your last book was just great," she continued, with girlish enthusiasm. "Where are you going now?" "To Chicago. The president of our magazine company lives there, and I'm going to have a farewell consultation with him. To tell you a strict secret, I expect to leave for the Isthmus of Panama next week. An uncle there has told me there is an excellent opening for a new publication, so I have decided to try my luck."

The rasping tones of the brakeman interrupted Aikens, and again the little line of passengers juggled into the car. A stout woman, breathing laboriously, and towing a small boy by the hand, waddled down the aisle and sank into a seat in front of Aikens and the girl. The small

boy struggled to a kneeling position and fixed two round blue eyes on Miss Brown. He saw at once the violets at Miss Brown's belt.

"I wants them flowers!" he said abruptly.

"Well, you won't get them," said Aikens with equal promptitude. And for the time being, negotiations languished on the part of the small boy.

"I wish you had time to stop off awhile with me at home," resumed Margaret. "It's an age since I've seen you, and I'm anxious to find out if you are not very much the same Grant Aikens I used to know."

"Almost the same," answered the man. "Almost the same in essentials, but yesterday I found a gray hair. However, I seem to have left you only last week. You are more beautiful than ever." There was no answer to that and the small boy took silence for encouragement.

"I wants them flowers!"

His lip quivered and the blue eyes grew moist. The stout lady slumbered.

"Persevering young man, that," said Aikens.

"So persevering that he shall have what he wants," answered Margaret. She separated a few of the violets at her belt and gave them into the eager little hand.

"I wants 'em all!" wailed the small boy.

Laughingly, Margaret surrendered the remaining violets.

"He is irresistible," she explained.

Aikens watched the recipient of the favors for a moment and then turned to the girl at his side.

"It isn't every one," he said, "who is so fortunate as to obtain part of his desire at the second asking and all of it at the third."

Miss Brown met his eyes squarely and a little smile danced at the corner of her mouth.

"It isn't every one," she replied, "who realizes what wonders the second and the third asking sometimes accomplish."

Somehow there was silence after that. A shrewd observer might have noticed that Aikens found his companion's eyes very absorbing and that his hand was very near to hers. It was only when the train slowed down for the little town where Margaret lived that she spoke.

"I suppose this is the parting of the ways," she began, with a palpable affectation at conviction.

"No," said Aikens gravely, "I rather think that I shall drop off here and postpone my trip to Chicago and Panama indefinitely."

"How about trying your luck in Panama?"

"I'd much prefer to try it here," he said. Then, as they rose, he bent forward until his head was on the level of the small boy's.

"Are you a cupid in disguise?" he whispered. "Anyway, I thank you for your lesson."

Byron

WALTHER BUCHEN

*Reader of Life's inscrutable great scroll,
Seer of the Weldgeist's sympathetic heart!
Still art thou from the multitude apart,
Thine own veil hiding still thy sorrowing soul.
Thy tears that in a mighty torrent roll
Beneath the sneers of diabolic art
The search of small souled men still mocking thwart—
They hear a chime of bells where thou didst toll.
Rebellious soul! Thou mad'st a puppet show
To hide the tragedy thou saw'st too well,
Tragic to men, the comedy of Fate.
No more art thou a sprite to come and go
About the world with mockery born of hell;
Thine altars are not left thee desolate.*

In the House of the Pines

PAUL MAHONE

John Warren lived in a great stone house upon a hill looking down on the town of Carlew. The house was surrounded by pines that fringed the hill top. Often I have seen the pines in the sunset, tinged with gold and crimson rays that passed to purple then to gray down the paths of wood that led to pasture fields. Often I have heard wild wind songs and the roll of mellow music through their branches as I passed to the town. I did not wonder that John Warren left them stand. Far and near the house was known and called the House of the Pines.

John Warren had a son. The son was named William. These two lived alone, save for the servants, in the house upon the hill. William's mother had died when he was very young and on vacations or after school hours he was left to wander about the fields or hunt in the woods. He was a slender lad with bright gray eyes. He had a will of his own, but loved his father and obeyed his word very well. His father had planned that William should study law. This was to the boy's liking, so when work was done in the schools of Carlew he went to Richmond and began his course. John Warren missed the boy about the place and grew so lonely that often the pines he loved seemed mocking him. Being well-to-do, he had rented out his farms about the town and settled down to quiet retirement. But now that the boy was gone he could not endure the quiet, so he took a partnership in a real estate firm in Carlew, and made a great deal of money. This new wealth he put at interest for the boy he loved with all the hungry passion of his heart. William missed his father, too, but labored manfully and did his duties well.

Down the road some hundred rods lived Jesper Carroll and his only child, a daughter Mary, in a house much like the House of the Pines. Mary's mother had died the

same sad year that William Warren's mother died, and still, although the children chanced to meet often, there was no kindred sympathy between them for there had been a feud for years between the fathers. The children had been warned against each other in the hate of their parents. John Warren and his neighbor Jasper Carroll were growing old, and yet they held their feudal hate as strongly as when they fought against each other in the Civil War. People say that John Warren joined the north when he heard Jasper Carroll had gone to aid the south. After the war they returned to Carlew. Their brothers had fallen in battle, and they were left to carry on the feud alone and surrounded by memories of other days. When touched by the same sorrow in death when their wives died, they lived on, each with his child alone in his great house, unforgiving and unreconciled as the years passed by.

When William Warren came to Carlew after his course in law at Richmond was completed, it was the summer and he often met Mary Carroll. Mary had just returned from college in the north. They would flush with recognition whenever they met. William saw she was very beautiful and he judged her kind in heart.

It happened on a day before the fourth of July that Mary drove her pony from the town, as some small boys were playing war games in the street. As she passed, one little fellow in his excitement hurled a toy bomb through the smoke that hovered around their little battlefield. The bomb struck so near the pony that the explosion sent the animal dashing down street in a panic at the sudden noise at his heels. Mary could not check the pony's flight but held him in control as best she could and hoped he would soon calm down. As she passed into the country road that lead through hedges by the

hill of pines, she feared to pass a bend made by the road for there she knew the turn would hurl her out on the wall of stone. But before she reached the turn she saw William Warren ahead of her, walking slowly. As she neared him he ran and seized the pony at the mouth, and after a short struggle the pony quieted down and stood trembling.

"I cannot thank you enough," Mary said. "If I had passed the turn, I'm sure I should have been thrown out on the stone wall there. Won't you get in?" she added as she flushed and smiled at him.

"It seems that I had better drive," said William, "for the pony is nervous and I know you are tired." He smiled at her frankly as he added, "You are very brave."

They said but little as he drove home with her. He left her at the high stone gate just as her father came to let her in. As he walked home slowly a thousand warring fancies were busy in his brain. From that day these two were often seen together. People stared and said "The feud is over; there is Mary Carroll with William Warren."

And so the summer passed and they went for long walks over the hills glorified in the new splendor of autumn. They came back radiantly happy. One night as they stood by the gate, William told Mary of his love. She was very glad and shed many girlish tears on his shoulder. Then he kissed her and went home. Even the night seemed glad with all the sincerity of its autumnal folk kings; the crickets and the night birds and the red moon were in brotherhood.

One night William told his father that he had asked Mary Carroll to marry him. John Warren sat a long time in silence. His breath came heavily, it seemed, through his widened nostrils. He stared at his son. As he stared his lips had a white line about them. At last his love could hold his deep anger no longer, and he spoke. "So you have asked Mary Carroll to marry you, eh? And I suppose she has accepted you?" he said in a low, quiet voice with a trembling depth behind it.

"Yes, father," answered William, and held out his hand.

Then the father forgot all but his wrath. He struck back the hand of his

son, and said in a voice very loud and strange, "Then go to Jasper Carroll and his kind. Tell him to go to the devil. All of you can go to the devil. You are no son of mine."

John Warren got up from his chair and went into his room and remained there without another word for his son. And William went out among the pines and the long lanes of moonlight. In the morning he had made up his mind.

A few weeks later William Warren married Mary Carroll. Jasper Carroll took him as a son, and at his earnest request they made their home with him,—his only daughter and the man she loved. William's father would not speak to him when he would go to plead with him, so at last the son went away hurt and angry and would return no more.

William reached high standing in the courts and was called on cases from Carlew to Richmond. Two years went by and a son was born and Mary smiled on William mother wise. When the little son could run about, he romped with Jasper Carroll, and did his will, even to painful personal investigation as to the depths of his grandfather's beard. All the while William Warren lived in silence, haggard and alone with all his wealth. He would not yield to the love that set him dreaming when the pines were sad on windy nights, or when the moon shown on a tomb in the churchyard near the town. He would not listen to William when he came to him after the birth of the son. He went into the house and closed the door on son and son of son. When they came to give the boy a name, they chose John Jasper, and Mary smiled at her husband and said, "Our fathers are joined in name, now, at least."

"We would be joined in heart," said Jasper Carroll, "if John would only yield."

Another summer came and Jasper Carroll died. And from his death little John Jasper was very lonely. He would go about peeking into old familiar nooks, as if he expected to find the old man sitting there. Then he would often cry bitterly in disappointment. William, being called upon a case, went up to Richmond, and left his wife and little son to be alone for

several days, after Jasper Carroll was given a home in the silent city of white cold temples and doors that never open. On the night that William was to return a great storm came up across the mountains. The skies were hung with dark, low rolling clouds that lightnings flashed through and left darker still. Thunders shook the hills and rumbled along the deep, damp vallies of the night. Mary and her son looked out upon the rain-drenched road and heard the wild winds rage among the trees; and lightnings flashed and flashed. At last she put the boy to bed and then sat waiting late into the night, but William did not come. He had said he would ride his horse from Carlew—when the train brought him from Richmond. She had sent his horse to be stabled in the town by faithful black Jake that afternoon, as William had ordered. But he did not come. Mary quelled her fears as best she could and kissed the sleeping boy and went to bed.

She could not sleep. She heard the spent winds sobbing and the beat of rain. Once she arose and went in her white robe and put back the window curtain and looked into the night. She heard still the weary winds among the great dark trees, and then she knelt beside her bed and prayed in tears. As she prayed the boy stirred in his sleep and opened his eyes—his father's eyes—and sighed and turned over and went to sleep again.

When morning dawned John Warren's servants went to gather branches fallen in the storm from the road and lanes about the house. In the road beside a shattered pine they found a horse and rider. The pine was struck to the heart by the lightning, and its broken arms made a wierd tent over the dead. Old black George lifted the still form of the man and great tears surged down his old face. They bore their burden in among the pines to the great house. John Warren opened the door as they came, and

looked upon the white face, the white, smiling face of his only son. He stood quiet as they bore him in; then he went and sat a long time by the bed and held one of the cold hands of his son.

"My boy, my boy," he said over and over. Sobs shook his stooped shoulders and tears ran down the wrinkled oldness of his face. Morning went a spirit wan and old, with heavy feet across the damp, gray hills, his cloud mantle ragged in the wind. With his tears John Warren lived again the tender days, then the bitter days when he had barred his door and heart to his son. He seemed to see the mother of his son lean down from Heaven with accusing eyes and look into his soul. He would have given all his wealth gladly to see her smile.

They told Mary as best they could what had happened. She came all pale and weak, and brought the boy with her to the silent house on the hill. She knelt beside the dead she loved a long, weary while. Then she came into an outer room, her eyes red with weeping, and sat before a window shaded by the pines. She held the boy as she sat there. Here and there a gleam of light crept through the pines to the window and fell on the bowed head of the boy. As she sat there John Warren came into the room. She had not seen him before. He looked upon the two, his son's young wife and the small boy. As he looked he seemed to grow older and grayer. Mary glanced up at him through her tears as he came to her across the room, slowly, gropingly, like a man in a dream. She noticed how thin and gray he was—how like her own gray father when he died. John Warren stretched out a trembling hand and touched the boy's head, and the boy looked up with his tear-filled eyes into a face he seemed to know.

"Mary," said William's father, "you will stay?"

"Yes, father," was all she said.



Editorial

THE VILAS PRIZE

In the May issue came the announcement of the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize story contest. To refresh those who vaguely remember its conditions and for the benefit of new students at the university, the following statements are given:

Mrs. Vilas offers the prize in memory of her husband, the late Col. William F. Vilas. By her kind generosity, two prizes are offered, one of fifty dollars for the best story and another of twenty-five dollars for the second best story, to be awarded under the following conditions:

1. The contest is open to all undergraduates of the University of Wisconsin.

2. The length of stories submitted shall not be less than fifteen hundred words nor more than four thousand words. There are no limitations imposed on subject matter. Contestants are requested to have the copy typewritten.

3. The stories must be in the hands of the Business Manager of the Wisconsin Magazine not later than the third of December, 1910. The story must be inclosed in a large envelope addressed to the Business Manager of the Wisconsin Magazine for the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest. This large envelope shall contain a separate envelope, sealed, which shall hold the correct name of the contestant, together with a non de plume. Only the non de plume shall appear on the story.

4. The following members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin have consented to act as judges of this contest:

Miss F. C. Berkeley.

Miss I. M. Street.

Prof. T. H. Dickinson,

Prof. F. W. Roe.

Mr. W. J. Neidig.

It is hoped that many excellent stories will be submitted for such a generous prize. Hitherto the prizes offered for story contests were much smaller than this and the interest aroused was not productive of the best work possible. Now there is a worthy prize and it deserves the best of stories for its worth and spirit.

HAZING

Hazing will be dead at Wisconsin. Its deathblow will be a promise made by true men who are to keep their word. The old clipped-hair, painted-ear style of hazing never did much good for any university, and it did do a great deal of harm at times. No doubt the milder forms of hazing are useful at times, and the fact that even these will not be employed at Wisconsin will not be due to the lack of red blood in Wisconsin men, but to the honesty with which they will keep their promise.

Such manly behavior under the conditions will show our worth to the lookers-on better than the most artistic job of hazing ever executed. Yet the green cap and the old traditions must be retained. They impress upon new men their duty to those above them and their duty to themselves, to be men among men, not snobs and fopoddlers in a corner walled by false views and fooling fancies.

A WORD WITH YOU

"If we please you, tell others; if we don't, tell us." There is a world of sentiment and brotherhood in that sentence so often seen in advertisements over this great advertising land of ours.

We are publishing The Wisconsin Magazine for You. We wish to educate and please by our timely articles, short stories and verse. We wish to touch your artistic nature by attractive cover pages and illustrations. With these ends in view we shall be glad to receive letters of advice and criticism at any time.

If enough interest is shown in this we shall be glad to add a new department to our publication under the heading of this editorial, in purpose similar to departments in Hampton's, Everybody's, The Cosmopolitan and other leading magazines.

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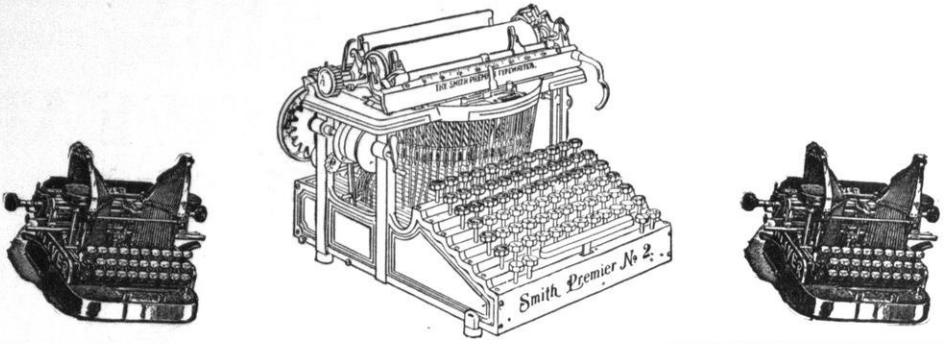
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The College of Mechanics and Engineering offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

The College of Law offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.

The College of Agriculture offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture; (2) a middle course of two years; (3) a short course of one or two years in Agriculture; (4) a Dairy Course; (5) a Farmers' Course; (6) a four years' course in Home Economics.

The College of Medicine offers a course of two years in Preclinical Medical Work, the equivalent of the first two years of the Standard Medical Course. After the successful completion of the two years' course in the College of Medicine, students can finish their medical studies in any medical school in two years.

The Graduate School offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University.

The University Extension Division embraces the departments of Correspondence Study, of Debating and Public Discussion, of Lectures, and of Information and General Welfare. A Municipal Reference Bureau, which is at the service of the people of the state, is maintained, also a Traveling Tuberculosis Exhibit and vocational institutes and conferences are held under these auspices.

Special Courses in the College of Letters and Science

The Course in Commerce, which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers.

The Courses in Pharmacy are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy.

The Course for the Training of Teachers, four years in length, is designed to prepare teachers for the secondary schools. It includes professional work in the departments of philosophy and education and in the various subjects in the high schools as well as observation work in the elementary and secondary schools of Madison.

The Course in Journalism provides four years' work in newspaper writing and practical journalism, together with courses in history, political economy, political science, English literature, and philosophy, a knowledge of which is necessary for journalism of the best type.

Library Training Courses are given in connection with the Wisconsin Library School, students taking the Library School Course during the junior and senior years of the University Course.

The Course in Chemistry offers facilities for training for those who desire to become chemists. Six courses of study are given, namely, a general course, a course for industrial chemist, a course for agricultural chemist, a course for soil chemist, a course for physiological chemist, and a course for food chemist.

The Libraries at the service of members of the University, include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, the State Law Library, and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 380,000 bound books and over 195,000 pamphlets.

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

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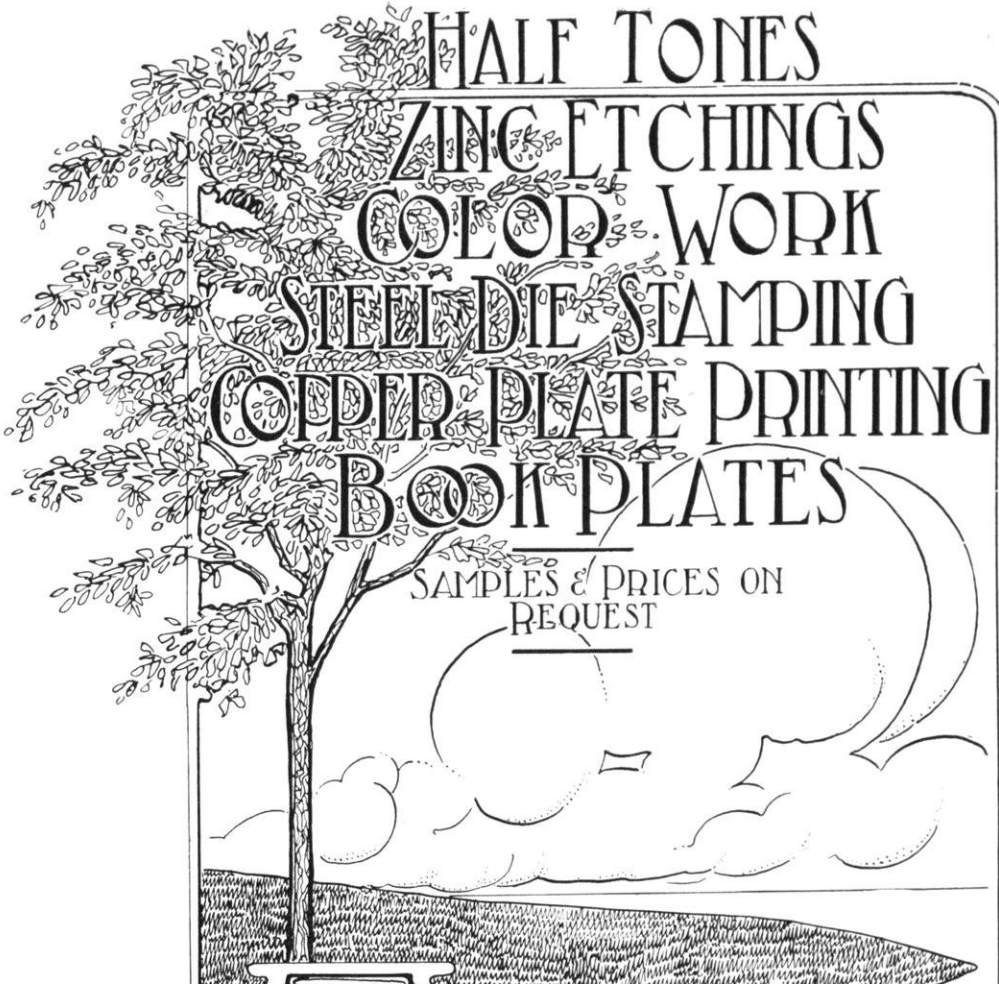


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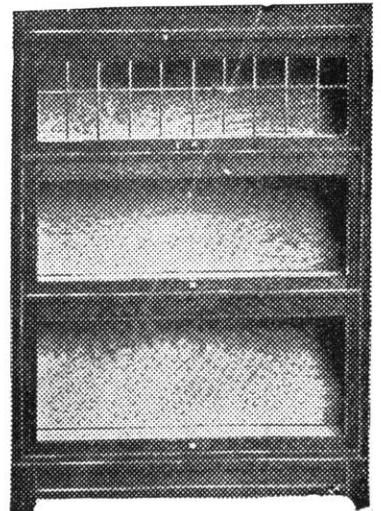
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