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Volume X

APRIL, 1913

Number 7

Oxford and Wisconsin

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The Senior Thesis

Chess

Kamera Time

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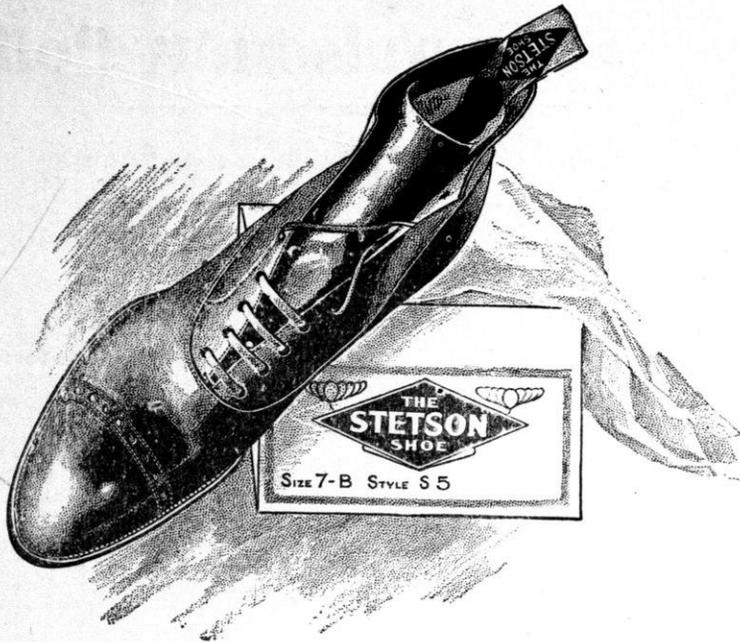
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VOL. X.

APRIL, 1913

NO. 7

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The
**Wisconsin
Magazine**

Vol. X.

April, 1913

No. 7

NED JORDAN will tell you the inside story of his great fight to bring about the athletic reformation at Wisconsin and throughout the whole Middle West in the next and final number of the Wisconsin Magazine for the year. It will be our tenth anniversary number and it will be necessary to your peace of mind to own it. The May number. Remember about it.

Chester Caesar Wells, '13, Editor
Arthur Wood Hollam, Editor of this Number

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Horace—Book III., Ode 23

CAELO SUPINAS

By Helen Pence, '15

SOPHOMORE PRIZE TRANSLATION, 1913

Department of Latin

If thou to heaven thy suppliant hands dost raise,
Oh rustic Phidyle, when each new moon
 Doth rise and softly shine,
And if thy gods thou dost appease and praise
With gifts of incense and the year's first fruits
 Or yet with greedy swine,

Then will the vine with grapes in clusters thick
Ne'er feel the feverish breath of southern winds,
 O'er laden with disease;
The autumn will not find the younglings sick,
Nor will the wheat crops feel the blighting rust,
 Shouldst thou the gods appease.

The victim, doomed to death, which now doth feed
On Alban mount, or snowy Algidus,
 Beneath the mountain oak,
In fields by pontiffs set aside, will bleed
And stain the pontiffs' axes with its blood,
 When they the gods invoke.

To importune thy gods, thou hast no need
For lavish slaughtering of two-year olds.
 It is enough for thee,
To make thy little fireside gods give heed,
That thou shouldst crown them all with myrtle frail
 And fragrant rosemary.

If stain of guilt is absent from the hand
Which would appease the adverse gods with gifts,
 The costliest appeal
Of offerings, the richest in the land,
Avail not more than does the crackling salt
 And sacrificial meal.

OXFORD AND WISCONSIN

By Carl Haessler, '10

Rhodes Scholar, 1911-12

A comparison of the apparent ideals and accomplishments of the two universities.

HERE is a popular illusion that a fundamental difference in methods and results exists between Oxford, the venerable home of the humanities, and Wisconsin, the progressive university of a progressive state. The Oxford man is vaguely supposed to have acquired, in the course of his sojourn on the banks of the Isis, a broad open mind, hospitable to lost causes and impossible enthusiasms, susceptible to the appeal of art and culture, but somehow unfitted for the stern shrewd practical affairs of life. The Wisconsin man, on the other hand, is assumed to leave the shores of fair Mendota a thoroughly up-to-date farmer or engineer, a scientific teacher or hustling well equipped journalist, better calculated to please living masters than to recognize old ones, more accessible to facts than to ideas. Cast in the vulgar form that it deserves, this superstition would seem to say that "Wisconsin minds the profits, while Oxford profits the mind."

It cannot be denied, that an institution that with its extension division engages to teach "anybody anything anytime anywhere" may be forced occasionally to do it anyhow. If it did succeed in properly feeding the minds of everyone of the five thousand that flock to the hill by the lake it would in truth be a miracle. The hard-headed, roughnecked, softcollared, corduroyed, bootshod engineer is a Wisconsin

man; the loosely put together, springy, ruminant agric is another; even the sweated normalite has a right to the name. But none of these is the Wisconsin man, they are not even typical of their several colleges.

It must also be admitted that every Oxford undergraduate has mastered a modicum of Greek sufficient to pass the low entrance requirement in that language; that many come to know their Plato and Aristotle, Herodotus and Thucydides as we know our Ely and Scott, our Reinsch and Ross; that much of their Greek and Latin verse is better than our English verse. Especially striking is the different tone of conversation. They seem to speak with authority and at the same time with charm on an astonishing number of topics. Athletics no doubt is a subject on which undergraduates everywhere are more or less fluent and intelligible. Politics, varsity and public, also has its lucid exponents. But few universities have a considerable proportion of students whose obiter dicta on art and music, philosophy and religion can provoke a sustained and not entirely absurd discussion.

An Oxonian's "outside activities" are apt to be less spectacular and more solid than those of our versatile campus compatriots. That particular pest of ours, the college journalist with a social conscience,

has never had a hearing at Oxford and it's fervently to be hoped that he never will. Neither does the student politician get very far. Now and then he helps to organize a mass meeting called to express approval of a national movement like the white slave agitation, but such activity is widely condemned and he lays himself open to suspicion of ulterior motives. The normal "outside activity" and the most respected (after athletics which is almost a part of the curriculum and engaged in almost universally) corresponds largely to our joint and intercollegiate debaters' work in that it is intellectual, demands at least a term's spare time, and issues in words. It is the preparation of a paper for some one of the numerous societies which meet for purposes of serious discussion. Wisconsin is said to be over-organized, and when the frivolous character of many of its societies is considered, the complaint has weight. Oxford apparently has just as many clubs, but they are the nurseries of the liberal mind that is regarded as its characteristic product.

However, Oxford has more of a business bias, and Wisconsin more of a cultural element than common opinion allows in either case. The English institution has its science and engineering laboratories, its forestry and rural economy schools, its extension division, and a separate working-men's college. It produces among others narrow specialists and grinds who can neither think nor talk outside their little fields. Even its most broadening course, the famous "Greats," or School of Liberal Humaniores, has an intensely practical aspect, because through it one enters most

easily into the vast and lucrative British civil service, into the church, or into the higher educational positions. To make a careful training in Greek political history and philosophy a requirement for these professions is of course to the credit of English good sense, but it makes the undergraduate's motives seem more practical and businesslike than would at first appear. Even the Wisconsin man will take Greek to get a Rhodes scholarship.

"The development of well trained, efficient, highminded men," says President Van Hise, "must ever be the central purpose of the university." Highminded men are men of culture with broad purposes and comprehensive ideals. To develop them many agencies are at work. The professor's chair and the lecturer's platform, the president's student self-government plans, the classical and philosophical departments' activity, the school of music, and the efforts of liberal minded professors in other colleges as well as on the hill are all contributing to the making of the complete Wisconsin man.

If we could learn from Oxford the secret of the ready open mind, the identity of purpose of the two universities would be emphasized by a similarity in results. If with the habit of making up and knowing our own minds, we could couple the faculty of getting on with men of opposed opinions in whatever field, we should be far along on the road of true culture. We lack two important aids; early dogmatism and afternoon tea. Few of us come to Madison with any fixed opinions on large matters. If we did we might be able to join in many interesting conversations and profit by

them. None of us understand the art of entertaining amiably at five o'clock tea or at ten o'clock cocoa; yet at these times many a prejudice is broken down and many a sympathy awakened. Perhaps dormitories are the necessary condition, perhaps bitter factional feeling inhibits toleration; at any rate the future is promising.

In his praise of the good life Aristotle points out that it is at the same time pleasant and profitable. So we may be confident that it is impossible to cultivate the soul without attendant gain, and that the Oxford and Wisconsin ideals are really one.

THROUGH THE VALLEY

By F. V. H.

Last night, Sweetheart, it was of you
I dreamed,
And dreaming was in bliss,
For when I woke, there lingered still
it seemed,
The fragrance of your kiss.

I dreamt your figure stood against the sky
And breezes tossed your hair;
Your face the light of dawn did sanctify,
And made you wondrous fair.

With longing heart I stretched my arms towards
you,—
You sadly shook your head,
And, pointing to the vale between us two,
"You must cross that," you said.

Then, clambering boldly down the rugged slope,
I reached the gloomy dell,
And struggled upward with a fading hope,
Till wearied, quite, I fell.

Then through the dark your tender voice I heard
Faint calling from above;
And toiling on, I gained, all undeterred,
The shining heights of love.

Oh, when at length the dreary months
have passed,
And I again shall view
Your face,—say, shall I clasp you
close at last?
Say, will my dream come true?

AN EPISODE OF THE NIGHT

By Ralph S. Crowl, '15

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

THE GANG had cracked one of the vaults in the Hyde Park Bank for ten thousand the night before, and to-night, there was a game on at Minch's. It was past the closing hour and only five men remained in the dirty little saloon, the bartender and three others sitting in the game, while a younger man lolled in one of the rickety chairs dead drunk and stared at them dully. The room was lighted by a single electric bulb in the low ceiling above the table, its yellow glow only partly illuminating the small room. The short wooden bar was still littered with a few sudsy beer glasses and the whiskey and wine bottles stood in disorder before the smudgy mirror, for Minch had been too impatient to get into the game to take time to clean the bar after he ousted his customers ten minutes before the closing hour. The saw dust on the floor was days old, and stunk of spilled beer and rum. The surfaces of the few card tables swam, with here and there a ring of liquor showing where a glass had set. Minch's, the hang-out of the Hagan gang, was as vile and dirty as its name.

The four men in the game spoke but seldom, as they dealt the cards, drew to fill in their hands, and placed their heavy bets; hundreds of dollars changed hands with every pot. The three men in the game besides Minch were vicious looking characters. Their faces wore the palor that comes

from constant night-life, and were hard lined. Their eyes were black and cruel, showing criminal beneath the low foreheads. Their whole attention was set with deadly concentration on winning the money before them.

"Three aces, my pot," said Minch, as he showed down his five cards, and raked another big pot towards his side of the table.

"I believe you stacked them cards," growled the man with the yellow teeth on the other side of the table, savagely thrusting his head forward. "You let me catch you doing that, and by G—, I'll—."

"Here, here that ain't no talk to give me, Hagan," interrupted Minch. "We all knows each other, and among oursel' all's on the square." Without raising his eyes to meet those of the other man, the speaker began dealing the cards again.

"Sure, all's on the square among us," laughed the drunk man in a maudlin voice. His words broke the tension and the game continued.

After a time the bets grew even larger, and the drunk man began softly reciting poetry to himself, for he had once been a student. Then a burley, blue clad policeman walked in through the back way, but none of the men stirred, except the drunk who drew himself up with a startled air; then he too recognized the face and again

sank back within himself.

"Little game again?" asked the bluecoat, shaking the snow from his helmet and backing up to the stove. "It's a bad night for a patrolman."

"Still snowing?" asked Minch, without looking up.

"Worse than ever. Think of workin' weather like this for sixty dollars a month."

Minch lifted his head and looked keenly at the policeman with his sharp little eyes. His heavy cheeks lay in lines, giving him the ugly appearance of a walrus, while the black bristles of his beard and the purple of his whiskey soaked skin made his face stand out above the white of his apron like an etching in black. "You're getting to be a hog," he remarked, as he casually lifted a bill from the pot and handed it to the bluecoat.

"Business is business," replied the policeman, as he walked behind the bar and poured himself a brimming measure of whiskey. Then he passed out of the back door again into the night.

The young man stared blankly at the four around the table and began softly to recite poetry again. A smile came across his face, for his thoughts were happy. He was a slight young man with a pleasing face. His hair was heavy and hung 'a la Napoleon' over his well moulded forehead and shadowed his dark, intelligent eyes. His mouth was delicately formed but its soft curves showed great weakness. He did not have the brutal appearance of his companions.

"Someone ought to put Johnson out in the fresh air," said one of the men. "He'd sober up in a minit."

"He'll sober up anyway," said Minch. "Four aces beat your full house, Hagan. That's my pot."

"You had an ace laying in your lap," cried the man at the bartender's right. "You filled in your hand with it. I saw you."

"It's a lie," snarled Minch, as the others sprang to their feet. Even the drunken Johnson had straightened up as he heard the accusation and realized what it meant.

Then the drunken man stared with horror at what he saw. Hagan's arm jerked from behind him, in his hand a gun. Minch rolled his eyes up at him, his face sick with fear. The revolver cracked and spit fire, and a little purple mark jumped out on the forehead of the bartender; then his heavy body collapsed, seemed to fold within itself, and slid to the floor.

"This is a bad job," said Hagan very quietly.

"Curse your temper!" replied one of his companions. "What'll we do with Johnson?"

"He's too drunk; we'll have to leave him," answered Hagan. "Hurry!"

In another second the three had scooped their money from the table and slipped noiselessly out the back door.

The weak boyish face of Johnson twitched; he had to draw his senses back with an effort, for he had drunk deep. But after a while his brain cleared as he stared at the dead man spilled under the table; he rose and squared off on his feet to convince himself that he was sober. The whiskey still rang in his head, but he was master of himself.

"Murder!" he murmured to himself.

"Curse it, I wish I hadn't seen it."

He wet his lips with his tongue and glanced toward the door. He knew the police hadn't heard the shot, or they would have been down on the place before this; he looked at the dead man again. There was something terribly fascinating about the heavy body as it lay sprawled beneath the table.

"I wish I hadn't seen it," he said again, as he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "I can stand a robbery or a little night work, but my nerves can't stand a murder."

"When I forged my first check, I never thought the path would lead this low." He impulsively threw his head back and filled his lungs with the soggy air of the saloon. "Curse it, it's circumstances that have pushed me into this. God knows I hate it all. But then a man must live; and I was born with such devilish extravagant taste, too."

He buttoned his cheap overcoat about him and pushed his hat down over his ears. "I've got to get out of here," he said. "I'm going to cut out the gang from now on. They left me out of the Hyde Park deal last night; afraid I'd fall down I suppose. If I'd got in on that and got my share of the cibosh, I could have cut this life out." A bitter smile spread over his weak face.

He started to move toward the back door, but stopped when he had taken only a few steps. He turned around again, his face peering instinctively about as though to discover someone watching. Then on tiptoe he stole behind the bar, his feet falling noiselessly on the sawdust, and, open-

ing the money drawer, he dumped the contents into his pocket. "Poor day's business," he grumbled.

Then he came from behind the bar and walked toward the dead man. Drawing the chair away from in front of the corpse, he peered about in the yellow corners of the room; his guilt peopled them with watchers. A sudden horror of touching the thing seized him; then he stooped and, seized it by the shoulder, dragged the body out from under the table, and stretched it out on the floor, turning it face downward, that he might not see the purple hole in the forehead. As he turned the body over the legs twisted unnaturally, only partly turning, as though the bones were crushed. The sight of it horrified, but forcing himself, he knelt and deftly rifled the pockets. In an inside coat pocket he found a packet.

Under the feeble light he counted ten one hundred dollar bills. "My Lord," he gasped, "this is what the gang slipped the hang-out last night." Then a wild fear seized him and he ran for the door; eyes seemed to fill every corner. As he slammed the back door he thought he heard the dead man shuffling to his feet. He ran down the alley through the snow.

By the time he reached the street his nerves were quiet again. Looking back he saw the footprints of the other three had already been obliterated and that only his own showed black in the snow.

"Five more minutes and no one can follow me," he said, as he bent his head to the storm. "The gang will never see this money again," he laughed. "I'll sleep with Jones to-night, and get out of the city in

the morning."

Swiftly he walked through the unbroken snow. In a lighted jeweler's window a clock showed it to be after two o'clock. Once, under the white glare of a street lamp he stopped and again counted the bills. Now and then he apprehensively looked around at the deep black tracks that trailed behind him.

"I'll straighten up now for good," he told himself. "I've been no worse than any man would have been under the same conditions. It isn't my fault if I have been penniless, and forced to shift for myself; a man's got to live. A thousand dollars! I can live as straight as any man now. I'll square myself with the world."

As he walked his thoughts sometimes went back to the dead man in the saloon, but more often they wandered in bright hopes of tomorrow.

Suddenly he thought he heard something behind and he jerked around. Following him were three men running low over his tracks. For a moment he thought they were the police; then his heart jumped and, turning he ran for his life, for in the first of the three men he recognized Hagan, and he knew they were after him.

He saw it all in a flash. After the gang had left the saloon, they had remembered the money. Then after waiting to see if the police had heard the shot, they had returned to find that he had taken the money and fled. They had followed his tracks, and were now only a half block behind him when discovered.

It was hard running in the snow, he had on an overcoat, and at best Johnson was not a strong man. For a block, two blocks,

he held his own, then Hagan, who was running with long springs like a tiger, began to gain on him. Johnson knew that he could not last much longer. To shake off his pursuers in the snow by darting up an alley was impossible, and to call for help was only folly, for the police had various reasons for wishing to see him as well as his friends behind.

His breath seemed to be searing his throat with every gasp as in desperation he turned down a residence street to the right. Hagan was closing in fast. In front of Johnson a light shown on the white snow, and, looking up as he ran he saw that the second apartment in an apartment building had a light in the front room. It was his last chance and he took it.

Darting in the front door of the apartment building, he raced up the stairs to the second floor. The door knob of the apartment turned in his hand, and opening the door, he stepped quickly within. In another second the door was closed and locked, and as he leaned against the casing, gulping the air into his lungs, he thanked God that he was saved from the murderers below.

Then he turned to see the situation he had to contend with within the apartment. He was accustomed to being thrown into tight places, his ready wit always saving him from catastrophe. He must remain in the apartment until daylight, for to leave before meant to walk into the hands of the waiting three below.

In the room a wild-eyed young man sat at a round oak table curiously watching the intruder. On the bare surface of the table lay a few crumpled papers, a sealed

envelope, and an automatic revolver. The wild eyes were fixed curiously upon the intruder, showing neither apprehension nor interest,—only mild surprise.

"I'm glad to see you," he said as he rose. "Come in and sit down. I need some company, need it badly."

Johnson walked into the room, watching closely to see if the man would reach for the gun.

"Have a cigar, Mr. Burglar," said the man.

"No, no! Not a burglar," said Johnson, speaking for the first time. "I was driven in here by a bunch of cut-throats. Had you, sir, not been holding such a late vigil, I should now have been lying murdered in the street below."

"That sounds very interesting," said the impromptu host. "I want to be amused, to have my mind diverted; tell me more."

"That's all, except that I must stay here all night." Out of the corner of his eye, Johnson judged the distance between himself and the pistol.

"Welcome, quite welcome, my friend of the night. I intend leaving myself about daylight,"—he smiled weakly,— "and we will sit the night out together. Here, take one of the cigars." He rose and extended his cigar case.

Johnson also rose from his chair, but instead of taking a cigar, he snatched the automatic from the table, and jumping back, covered his man.

"Tut, tut, what's the use of that?" said the man. "I don't want that gun used on me quite yet. Come, take a cigar. I'll vouch for their excellence."

The strange manner of the fellow start-

led Johnson, and had put him on his guard when there was no need. "I feel better when I am holding this little toy," he said. "Now, I'll have one of your cigars."

"You have nothing to fear from me. I am only too glad to have you for company until daylight. Here, have a light." Standing almost against the muzzle of the gun, he lighted Johnson's cigar.

"My name is Decays," he went on. "You will read all about me in the papers tomorrow."

Johnson puffed his cigar, lowered the revolver, and sat down in the chair opposite Decays. "I've had a mess of experiences to-night," he said, "but d—— if you don't beat them all." He looked at his host closely.

Decays smiled faintly. "Think me rather eccentric, ha; well, to tell the truth, my nerves are rather overstrung to-night."

"So I've noticed," said Johnson.

"Come, tell me your name, and your night's experience." His fingers drummed the arms of his chair, and it was plain he was only controlling himself by a terrible effort.

"My name is Johnson. I'm just a luckless, penniless chap, who sometimes lives honestly, but more often dishonestly. When I have money, I am happy and white; but when I am poor, I am miserable and a brute. With money, I would have been a different man. To-night's experiences would undoubtedly interest you; but I never tell tales on myself. Besides, all of it isn't pleasant to the memory." Johnson shuddered as he thought of the dead man lying in the dirty sawdust.

"Didn't you get any money out of the

night's business, Johnson?" asked Decays in a friendly tone as though to encourage him to continue.

Johnson looked up at him keenly for a minute. "Yes, I did make a haul," he said as the other's friendly manner began to break down his concern. "I made the biggest haul of my life. I made enough to cut out this life forever. From now on, I'll be as decent a man as you."

"As decent a man as I?" Decays smiled faintly. "How did you get the haul?"

"I got part of the money the gang got that cracked the Hyde Park last night."

"You got some of the Hyde Park money?" asked Decays, his face drawing tight and his lips twitching.

"Yes, but I wasn't in on the job," added Johnson quickly. "Why, what's the matter, sir?"

Decay's head had dropped in his hands and he seemed to be weeping. But when he again raised his eyes they were dry, terribly dry and hard. "I was in on the job," he said. "I was in on the job for eleven thousand."

Johnson leaned forward. "Say," he said, peering into the other's face. "Say, are you nutty?"

"Aye, I'd be crazy before another day passed,—but I will never let that day pass. Listen, and I'll tell you."

The butt of the revolver felt good in Johnson's hand, for he was sure now that he was dealing with a madman.

"I was assistant teller in the Hyde Park Bank. My salary was small and my wife and I lived beyond my means. Once I took a little from one of the vaults to speculate on a sure thing. I lost. Then the old

story: I took more to cover the first. I lost on the markets, and sometimes gained. I was sure I could make it up in time. I juggled the money in the vaults so that no one knew of the deficiency. Last night vaults number three and five were cracked and robbed. The officials think the thieves got twenty thousand; but I know they only got ten, for that was all there was in the vault that night. I had juggled the cash in number three and in number five. Tomorrow, following the robbery, the State Auditor will go over our books. He will still find vault five short a thousand. The robbery almost saved me. I am just a thousand dollars short."

The young man's reserve had broken down, and he raced on in short broken sentences. Johnson's eyes were starting from his head.

"I tried to raise the money to-day, but I had already stretched my credit to the limit. My wife as yet knows nothing. She lies asleep behind the door to your left. I will shoot myself when the night is passed." He paused, clenching and unclenching his hands like flashes of lightning.

Johnson had been through too much to allow a little thing like this to affect him much. "Oh pshaw," he said, "I wouldn't kill myself." He was thinking of the scene in the saloon once more.

"Death will be easy," said Decays.

"Why, man, beat it out; or, if you must, go to the pen for a while. A term seems mighty long, but death lasts forever."

"That's the consolation of it," said Decays with trembling lips.

"A bright day will come in time," said Johnson. "My time came to-night. I had

to wait a long while, but I knew it was coming some day."

"You haven't a wife, have you?" said Decays, his face tightening again.

"No—I suppose that makes a difference."

"Ah, man, she's the best woman in the world. She would rather see me go to my grave than to the penitentiary, a defaulter."

Johnson nodded his head, and little creases showed at the corners of his weak mouth. "How will she take it?" he asked.

His only answer was a dry gulp from the other man.

"A thousand dollars would put everything square, wouldn't it?" said Johnson, his weak mouth curving still more.

Decays stared at him, his soul in his eyes.

"And yet," said Johnson, as though talking to himself, "a thousand will put me on my feet too. It's circumstances that have kept me down. I would be a different man tomorrow. I deserve the thousand as much as you do."

Decays had again forced a smile, a weak, sickly smile. "The sun is coming up," he said, "the day is here."

Johnson was still murmuring to himself.

"But isn't it circumstances that got him down too? It isn't the man who goes down—it's circumstances pushing, stamping him down. And then there's a woman too; it's circumstances will ruin her life also." He cursed softly.

"Come, my friend, it's day," said Decays in a soft little voice. "Our visit is over. Leave the gun when you go."

"Curse circumstances!" said Johnson as he rose to leave. "Here is the needed thousand, the needed remedy, instead of the gun." Then, handing his packet of notes to the man, he was out of the door and gone.

Outside the snow had stopped falling, and the white blanket sparkled in the golden sun of the early winter morning. A few pedestrians were breaking their way through the snow, their breaths spurting forth in clouds of frost. Johnson was looking for a restaurant and his spirits rose at the thought of a warm meal. He jingled the money he had taken from the cash drawer.

"I might have known no luck would come from stealing from a dead man," he thought as he yawned widely and turned into a bustling restaurant.

THE SONG OF MAN

By Belle Fligelman, '13

I am the heir of all unending Time:
My name is Man.
I've brooked no imitations since sublime
Earth first began.
Sing out, my soul! Defy the very skies—
Why should I cringe
Before the Thing on which men's pious lies
Are made to hinge?
I stand erect, footfirm upon the sod—
I gain to give—
And all humanity that is my God
Shall help me live!

THE STORY OF CREW AT WISCONSIN

By Charles Thomas Anderson, '14

THE INTRODUCTION of rowing into the curriculum of athletics at Wisconsin came after a successive number of attempts, most of which were complete failures. After long persistence came the establishment of the greatest of all aquatic sports at the only University in the West. Like football, crew went through a rather nebular existence of which little is known, and which gave little impetus to the efforts that finally put the sport on a permanent basis.

The idea that led to the first utilization of the waters of Mendota as an addition to the athletic attractions at Wisconsin, was conceived in the early eighties, when a group of enthusiastic boaters, realizing the resources of the lake, organized a boat club. The purpose of the society was to further boating at Wisconsin, but little was accomplished beyond organization. The movement lacked a man who was skilled enough in the sport to teach it, and sufficient financial backing to put up any form of attraction as a boathouse or a barge, which would serve to arouse enthusiasm.

This idea which at the start was blocked by the failure of an attempt to put it on a strong footing, never entirely died out, and when a man enrolled at the University who had the proper qualities to carry it out, it was revived, and an agitation started which brought results that to-day are tangible. This man was C. C. Case, '93, who by converging all his energy toward this one end and by his persistent work, started a move-

ment and gave it the impulse which to-day makes Wisconsin the lone representative of the West at the Poughkeepsie regatta. Case came to the University in 1889 bringing with him a record as an oarsman which he had won by his rowing on the lakes of northern Iowa, having carried away first honors in several races. He had his own single and at once began to work up an interest in this form of aquatic sport by appearing in rowing togs and taking workouts on the lake. Also on every possible occasion he talked on the subject of rowing. As a representative of Hesperia in the semi-public he read an essay on rowing, and through his efforts many articles on this sport were printed in the Aegis, the only undergraduate periodical of the time.

It was due mainly to these efforts of Mr. Case that the boat club was organized in the spring of 1891, which later was to take full charge of crew work and put it on the standing which it has to-day. Little was accomplished this year, but the next spring two eight oared barges were purchased and a regatta organized. There were events for singles and doubles, tub races, and skiff races, all the classes on the hill and in the Law school participating. During the summer, through the work of Mr. Case, a crew was gotten together, and a race held with an eight from the Chicago navy at Oconomowoc, the Badgers winning by ten lengths.

During this same spring a number of enthusiastic oarsmen conceived the idea of

building a boat house back of the gym. The suggestion was given to the boat club, which drew up a plan to secure funds. Subscriptions were taken and the men in charge succeeded in raising from eight to nine hundred dollars. With this backing the boat club let a contract for the erection of the building. Owing to the insufficiency of the funds, however, the work was discontinued during the summer. Not wishing to allow the plan to fall through, a group of students conferred with the faculty who agreed to take the matter in their hands. A committee was appointed to take charge, and an all-university meeting called. This, the largest meeting in the history of the University up to that time, was held on December 13, 1892, President Adams presiding. A motion was adopted to organize a stock company with a capitalization of \$4500, to be issued in shares of \$5 each, with two-thirds of the stock to be held by the faculty, students, or alumni. Rousing speeches were made, and before the meeting was over, \$1700 was subscribed, \$400 of which was taken by the girl students.

With this financial aid the boat house was completed in 1893, as it is to-day except for a few changes. But the efforts of the men behind the movement did not stop with this. Negotiations were started with Mr. Pabst of Milwaukee, and it was not long before he consented to contribute \$500 for the purchase of the first shell Wisconsin ever had. It was a paper shell which had been discarded by Harvard, and although it was a poor affair the men were mighty glad to have it. This same year the Badgers held a regatta with the Dela-

ware club of Chicago, losing by only one yard.

The next year, 1894, marked a step forward for the Wisconsin crew which won the recognition that later led to the securing of a special coach for crew. In a race with the Brewers early in the spring the Badgers took the Schlitz cup. With this trophy to put up, a series of races was arranged with the Minnesota boat club. With only a few weeks of coaching to whip the men into shape, which was given by Courtney, an old crew man from Cornell, who taught the Courtney stroke, the Cardinal eight went up to Lake Minnetonka, where they lost to the Minnesota boat club due to a lack of coaching and their water soaked shell. However, during this trip, the crew came under the eye of Andrew O'Dea, who was later to become the Badger coach.

Realizing the weaknesses of the crew and the changes that must be made, an organization of students began taking subscriptions for funds in the fall of 1895. Through their efforts enough money was raised to secure O'Dea of the Yarra Yarra club of Australia, and to purchase a new shell. Under the direction of the new coach a crew was developed that beat the Delaware club of Chicago and only lost to the Minnesota boat club by one second, making the course of two miles in 10:23, a record which stood for over a decade.

The next few years saw few changes in the crew situation. Races were held with outside crews and the interclass regatta was carried on with as much enthusiasm as ever. In the spring of 1898 negotiations were completed whereby Wisconsin was to make her first invasion of the East. The

men worked overly hard during the spring and the latter part of June left for Saratoga, New York, where competing with Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Columbia, Wisconsin took third, losing to Cornell by only a second.

But it was in 1899 that the Wisconsin crew took on the aspect which it has today, and entered the regatta, the victory of which has been the goal of every Wisconsin eight for the past fourteen years. Hailed as the "Haymakers" of the West, the Badgers entered the Poughkeepsie regatta in 1899, which they lost by a bit of misfortune, that in later years so often beset the crew. Taking the lead from Pennsylvania at the beginning of the second mile, the "Haymakers" set the pace until the Bridge was reached, which is only a mile from the finish. Just after the eight crossed this line which marked the final dash, the coxwain noticed a floating object directly in the path of the boat. To avoid a wreck it was necessary to change the course. In so doing a few seconds were lost which gave Pennsylvania the lead. Because of the short distance left it was impossible for Wisconsin to make up the lost time, and the crew crossed the line, just one and one-half seconds behind the Pennsylvania eight.

The next year, 1900, Wisconsin landed in the same place, defeated by the same eight as the year before. But the freshman crew which was entered this year fared far better, and carried away first honors, winning the only race that has ever been won by a Wisconsin crew. The next decade brought few changes in the status of this sport at Wisconsin. The annual relays

were held with usually a race between the varsity and freshmen crews and some outside eight. The sport, however, had its share of ups and downs, and although beset by adversity and misfortune which at times appeared unconquerable, the Badger crew, with the Poughkeepsie cup always before them, appeared annually on the Hudson, winning for Wisconsin the name of fighters and the admiration of the eastern critics. During the first three years of this period, the Badgers kept their position near the top, taking one second place and two thirds. With the race in 1904, however, the "Haymakers" started on a tumble which has landed them three times in fourth place and five times at the tail end.

There are a number of reasons for this poor showing, but the two most important were, first, the hard row which all forms of athletics had to hoe during the years from 1904 to 1908 when football was on trial, and second, the bad luck and misfortune which beset the crew year after year. In 1903 Wisconsin had one of the strongest crews that ever went east, but on reaching the Hudson the entire squad contracted the sore throat, which so weakened them that not a man was able to sit up in the boat after the race was over. The next year the four oared shell, which had been used for the first time the year before, was broken, and "John Day," the launch, was injured so that it could not be used for several weeks. In 1905 Wisconsin had an equally strong crew but weather conditions in the east and sickness again set them back. In 1907 Ten Eyck was secured as coach, and a crew developed which lost

out only because of the rough water for which the shell was not built. The next year one of the men collapsed near the finish, and Wisconsin was shoved from near the lead down to the last.

So goes the tale, until 1912, when a crew was turned out under the direction of Coach Vail, in spite of the late opening of the lake, which appeared on the Hudson as a crew likely to place among the last, but which in the race pulled up to the front

and lost first honors by only the length of the shell. What 1913 will add to this cannot be predicted, but it is hoped that with the strong footing that the crew has gained Wisconsin may sometime in the near future, reach the long strived for goal and return from the Hudson with the honors that will put rowing in the high place that football, baseball and basketball hold today.

THEIR LOVE DREAM

By Murray Ketcham

I

One summer noon, two maidens sat
 Beside a silent stream;
 While through the grasses, whispering passed
 The shadow of a dream.
 A phantom note on the summer winds,
 Through boughs with blossoms hung
 That strayed to tell the sleeping heart
 A song the zephyrs sung.

With deep blue eyes and tresses brown
 That tossed and curled with smile and frown,
 One little maid in visions sweet
 Dreamed in the grass at the other's feet.

None heard her words, but the breezes low,
 And the trusted friend, a child doth know,
 As she told a secret strange and new
 That flushed her cheek with the wild rose hue.

The pouting lips were smiling still
 As she looked away beyond the hill;
 And the summer sky shone on above,
 While she told her dream, the dream of love.

And that was the thing she whispered there,
 It shone in her eyes, so young, so fair;
 And a faint wild longing softly stole
 In a passing sigh from her untouched soul.

Her list'ning friend, half blushing, turned
 Where the golden sunlight, glowed and burned
 Across the deep and silent stream,—
 And whispered back a dream—her dream.

II

One summer day a mother walked
 Through fields of blossoms white;
 A lovely child close to her side,
 Laughed low in his delight.
 The years were gone, yet the mystic skies
 Still shone as deeply blue;
 And in her child the mother saw
 Her dream of love come true.

Where the silent stream still onward flows
 And blooms again the red, wild rose,
 Where the daisies smile beneath the hill
 One little maid is dreaming still.

Ah, waving grasses, now bending low,
 That sweet child face of the long ago,
 The tangled curls, the smiles and tears
 Are lost and gone in the waste of years.

Her smiles are hid in the yellow grain,
 Her misting tears in the drops of rain,
 And the tender note in the wild bird's song
 The Voice of her dream through the summers
 long.

From the sweet rose lips no murmured word
 By a lover young was fondly heard,
 For the lips that whispered, shy and low
 The touch of love should never know

No thrilling joy, half-fearful stole
 When love's first kiss awoke the soul;
 Forever hushed with the things that lay
 Asleep in her heart that summer day.

So long to lie where the grasses grow
 And wail the winds that weep the snow;
 So long forgot 'neath the daises white
 Away from the things of love and light.
 Then rippling waters, hark as you flow,
 The zephyrs soft in the long ago;
 From over the hills and then—away—
 Strayed with a song, the song of a day.

III.

The Mother looked down at a grave
 Beside the silent stream,
 And bending, said "Sweet Child sleep on,
 Your love was but a dream."

And low, the winds o'er one little maid
 Across the waters blew,
 Filled with the things of Life and Love—
 The things she never knew.

THREE BROTHERS

By Will Thornton Gilman, '15

TWO MEN stood near a wood stove in the living room of a farm house. Ordinarily a merchant and a clergyman do not warm their hands together before an early breakfast in a farm house, but these were brothers who had come to pay the conventional tribute to a dead mother. That was over, and during the day each was to go back to his service in the world.

"Do you know," said the merchant making a wry face, for he smelled ham smoke, "I had forgotten how they fry everything in grease and wash it down with muddy coffee? I couldn't stand it long. It goes against my stomach this soon."

"Do you remember the theory about social orders being made by the food that the members of the class eat? Perhaps, that aristocratic philosopher had contracted an attack of dyspepsia by eating farm food."

The merchant joined his brother in laughing at what he considered highbrow humor. He closed his knife with a snap and blew the nail dust from his fingers, then clasping his hands behind his back he began to speak.

"I have been thinking, as we're going away to-day and don't care much about coming back again, we'd better straighten up matters."

"Yes," acquiesced the clergyman.

"I believe," began the prosperous merchant, "as Ed has stayed and taken care of mother he's about got this place coming

to him. Don't you think so?"

Over the face of the clergyman came an expression of perplexity, for his generosity could hardly be complained of.

"I would like to sign my claim over to Ed if I could feel emergency would never play a trick with me."

"I see. How much is the place worth, do you suppose?" asked the brother fixedly looking at the red hot base of the stove.

"Somebody told me yesterday only about twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, depending on what the stock would bring at a sale."

"Is that all?" said the business man. "Five thousand apiece. Money's come faster to me; so I can't always realize." His voice had gone on making words which did not express his thoughts while his eyes narrowed, and at last his voice stopped. In a moment he came back to the alert self. "See here, I'll give you a check for that and that will make everything O. K."

Before the clergyman had time to answer, breakfast was announced by Ed's wife, a German immigrant's daughter, whose history was little more shocking than that of her neighbors in the middle-west district of mixing bloods and standards. After the meal the brothers drove away leaving the ignorant girl relieved, for the clergyman's black clothes and unusually good English and the merchant's unconcealed contempt discomfited her.

On the knees of the clergyman and the merchant sat the farmer—the boy who had never excelled in books nor leadership and who had been left at home—the dullard—the sloped browed.

“How old are you?” asked Ed after a long silence in which the others were looking out over the brown fields of broken and trampled corn stalks dead without the beautiful white pall of winter.

“Forty-two,” answered the business man.

“I shud think you would be getting married before long. Ain’t you thought about it?”

“I haven’t had much time to think about such things.”

“I can get you a girl,” offered Ed with a guttural titter.

“Your kind are pretty near as easy got in the city as out here.” Jim may have referred to Ed’s wife, but her husband suspected no malice in the remark.

“He-he-he-he-. A regular woman hater.”

Jim did not have interest enough in the subject to deny the charge; so the conversation progressed no further.

“You’re older yet, ain’t you, Henry?” asked Ed, who was really much pleased with the deduction he had just made.

“Yes, two years older,” responded the clergyman.

“You ain’t no woman hater too?”

“Not at all,” said Henry.

Here was a problem. “Then, why don’t you get married?”

“My salary not being large enough to support two people is the economic reason.”

“It don’t cost much to keep a wife,” Ed informed the bachelor.

“More where I live, I fear,” said the brother.

Ed laughed. The explanation behind Henry’s words was clear to him. Woman haters. It was thus in his world among his class; and he knew no other class except the brief unintelligible glimpses of his brothers and a few others. The conversation for the rest of the way to town was supplied by Ed in various expansions on his two discoveries. For spaces he would be silent; then he would laugh uncontrolledly. He enjoyed himself to the depths of his romantic humor.

The two brothers filled the time before leaving by having papers drawn and by paying bills with the merchant’s checks. Ed was boisterously thankful for their generosity. Henry tried to explain, but Jim sadly mixed the account. Ed, who could not weigh the testimony, decided that they were both good fellows, and he was sorry the clergyman could not let him buy a drink.

The three shook hands, and the merchant and the clergyman were carried swiftly away on their return to the world which valued their superior mentality. The feebler brother stood on the station platform and waved his hat after the receding train.

* * *

Very happy Ed walked away from the station. He had not gone far when he came to a doorway sign on one side of which was “First Chance” and on the other “Last Chance.” Inside he found several of his friends, most of whom were acquaintances.

“Hello, everybody,” Ed greeted the assembled democrats.

"Hello," responded everyone, for the tone of Ed's voice promised the buying of drinks.

Lem Gold turned as he placed his beer mug on the bar.

"Hello, Ed," he said extending his hand. "I hear the old lady died."

"Yes, she died," responded Ed.

"The boys come out to the funeral, I s'pose?"

"Just went away."

"Too bad to have the family broke up."

"Yes," agreed Ed stoically. "But some things has to be, that's all. Come on, boys. It's on me. The boys just give me the place."

"Well, that's white of 'em, I say," said Lem again holding out his hand.

Friend and stranger alike moved to the bar. All were welcome. Ed bought the first drink and several afterward. Then a newcomer entered, and he insisted on treating again. Everyone enjoyed himself in the celebration. All were equals there. Not until late in the afternoon could Ed be torn away and started home.

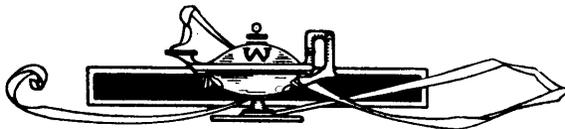
Night set in before he had gone far, and

he slept while the team found a jolting way. The sudden stopping in the barn yard woke Ed enough so that he got out of the buggy.

After he had put the horses in the barn, he stumbled to the house. A neighbor's wife, opening the door, motioned him to be silent. In the sitting room he found other women. They told him that that day a son had been born, and led him to the space behind the stove. Ed stood looking down at the tiny face, while a woman brought a kerosene lamp. The child opened his eyes and whined.

"He don't like your looks, Ed," said the woman shaking so violently in spasms of laughter at a joke which was to become historic, that the yellow and gray light and shadow dodged about the room. Although the others joined in the mirth, the infantile wail sounded jarringly over the merriment of the boy's elders.

From the room that morning two men had gone to help accomplish the work of the living generation, but their brother had so little to offer that he had been left behind. He was the father of a child.



THESES VERSUS EXAMINATIONS

By Belle Fligelman, '13

YOU REMEMBER that hunted looking individual you see at the library every morning, every afternoon, and every evening, sitting at a table on which are spread an infinite number of little white cards, and upon which are heaped many ponderous looking volumes wherever the cards aren't? Well, that is a senior writing a thesis. No, he is not writing it because it is the only thing in all this world he wants to do—at least, the bulk of the evidence is not on that side. Ten to one, he is writing it because he must have his sheepskin in June, and he wants the sheepskin because he must have a position in July.

The senior-writing-a-thesis is an institution peculiar to Wisconsin inasmuch as Wisconsin is the only one of the "big" universities in the country that requires a thesis for a baccalaureate degree. Undergraduate theses were introduced here twenty-five years ago under the administration of President Chamberlain, and the reason for maintaining the offense was clearly stated by President Van Hise when he said:

"I don't care how much a student knows. I care what he can do. An examination is to test what he knows. But a thesis shows what he can do.

"To be sure, the undergraduate thesis does not add conspicuously to the world's store of knowledge, but any student who has done a certain amount of work in literature, let us say, ought to be able to do

something with the facts he has learned.

"As I said before, it is not what a person 'knows,' but what he can 'do' that counts. If he has the ability to 'do,' he can always 'learn.'"

Too often the undergraduate is apt to regard his thesis as a set task to be performed—a sort of spectre sent to haunt his last year at college. All too seldom does he think of it as a culmination of his college work—an expression of something definitely gained. It is not the training one gets in the selection of facts, the organization of material, and the clean-cut, forceful presentation that makes thesis writing valuable. All this the student gets from the various minor topics he is required to write throughout his undergraduate course. But it is the ability to sum up briefly and in a definite way the bulk of four years' training.

The examination is supposed to show what the student knows. But how often does it show what the student did not know until a few hours before the time of judgment—what he feverishly crammed at the last minute, and what his memory was able to retain only through the examination and no longer? Topics—which are really miniature theses, require a certain amount of more or less prolonged concentration on a definite subject, and it is not to be doubted that the average student who is obliged to sum up or write a critique of the most important phases of a given course at the end of a semester, will have a much clearer,

more definite idea of the course when he gets through than the student who takes an examination and then proceeds to dismiss all thought of the course from his mind. The former student will retain his knowledge because his absorption of the facts has been more sane and more deliberate, and the ideas which he selects and organizes have unconsciously become ingrained in his mind through the very comprehen-

sion which was necessary to place them in their proper perspective.

May the time not be distant when topics will supplant examinations, and theses will be the natural outgrowth of a four years' series of topics—when theses will be rationally regarded by the writer as means of clinching four years of comprehensive study at the university.

CHESSE

By Howard M. Jones, '14

"But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checkerboard of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays."

UPON THE chessboard that was all their world, the sixteen white pieces stared across at the sixteen black pieces. Each little army was arrayed in order, the eight pawns to the front and the major pieces in a long battle line in the rear. They were about to contest the leadership of the world.

On the white side the King has made his headquarters in the very center of the army, whence he could best direct the operations of his soldiers in the coming fray. Across the board he could just see the black armor of the opposing monarch, a tall, dark figure behind a hedge of pawns. To the White King's left was his royal consort, preceded by a chosen bodyguard, and on his right was the astute old bishop of Schachbrett—his prime minister, his chancellor, his Michaevelli, his favorite. It was Schachbrett who had steered the White

King through long years of diplomacy; who had protected him against the blunders of his own ministers; who had fought his battles and managed his kingdom for him in his youth. And as the White King looked at his chief counsellor's martial figure, he prayed to whatever diety governs the fate of white chessmen that the bishop, please God, might guide him through a good many campaigns to come.

The monarch's look wandered from the bishop to the cavalry beyond, and then sought the artillery on the extreme right. Good men and true, all of them, from the young knights on their stately steeds to the heavy formation of the great cannon—men who would die for him and his kingdom, for they were the pick of the army, not coward peasantry like the herd of pawns before him.

Freed from all care regarding the right

of his line the King turned to examine the battalions forming the opposite wing. He flashed a glance of royal pride at his resplendent queen, come down to the field to witness his triumph. But his face darkened immediately, for next her was that other bishop, that perfumed and scented churchman with the lily fingers and the glistening hair—too fond of the world's vanities to be respected and too close to the queen to be endured. Even now he was bending over her in an attitude unbecoming alike in churchman or subject. The King recalled certain unsavory rumors, which he had once laughed at, but now he wondered—. An exclamation of angry impatience broke from him, and he started towards the queen—Caesar's wife should be above suspicion—but it seemed as though some fatal hand—the hand which had so often interfered in his affairs—held him to the spot. After all, it would not be precisely becoming to reprimand the Queen before the assembled army.

Schachbrett watched the King narrowly. Hope sprang up in his face as the monarch started to leave his post, but it died out again. The bishop dared not advise the King to take that very step, though he knew too well how insecurely he held his post so long as the "queen's bishop" was permitted to converse so freely with her majesty. He knew the thousand little annoyances, the petty conspiracies he endured; he had certain proof of treasonable correspondence between the two; and yet he dared not go to the King and denounce the first lady of the land as a traitor or worse. He had hoped that the King might

himself see certain obvious things—but none are more blind than monarchs. Secretly the bishop feared the coming conflict more than he dared admit, but he tightened his military belt with outward confidence, and permitted no trace of the fear he felt to appear on his sunburned features.

* * *

At the left of the queen's bishop was a youth in the first blush of manhood, mounted on a magnificent warhorse. This was the Chevalier d'Echecs, but lately come to court, and now, gossip had it, madly in love with the queen. From time to time the chevalier permitted himself to cast a hasty glance at her majesty, and each time that he did so, he found the eyes of the queen fixed on him with a curious intent expression. The chevalier blushed and turned away each time, only to repeat the little comedy. Once it seemed as though the bishop of Lauferhoff had noticed him, for he turned from her majesty, measured the knight with his eyes and again plunged into a whispered conversation with the queen.

"The chevalier is to support Schachbrett, my bishop?" inquired the king's consort in a whisper.

"Yes, your majesty, but he will not," responded the bishop dryly.

"Explain yourself, Lauferhoff."

"The chevalier has the good taste to be in love—"

A curious hardness overspread the queen's face. "Well?" she queried sharply.

"Your majesty, appreciating the chevalier's—good taste, will keep him near her

—a position which every good knight must keep if so commanded.”

The queen said nothing.

“The bishop of Schachbrett is very courageous,” continued the prelate, “and in the midst of the conflict, if he were to advance on the enemy,—”

“If he were to advance on the enemy—?”

“It would be a great misfortune if they were to hit so distinguished—and solitary—a target. Afterward—”

“Afterward?”

“We will get rid of this young fool.”

The queen looked intently before her. Then she raised her head. “Do you know,” she began in a hard, dry voice, “that sounds curiously like treason, and if I were to write a line to the King—or the bishop of Schachbrett—”

The face of the prelate turned deathly white. “Your—your majesty!” he stammered.

The queen continued as if to herself. “Oh, I hate it all!—the petty intriguing, the scandal-mongers, the gossip—”

“Are there not others whom your majesty hates?” broke in the bishop softly.

The queen looked at him. “Give your commands,” she said sharply, and looked away.

The bishop of Lauferhoff wheeled to his left. “Chevalier d’Echecs,” he called imperiously.

The young knight was instantly attentive.

“Her majesty is much pleased with you,” said the churchman, “and during the contest she desires—nay, commands that you remain near her to guard her person.”

“I—I thank your reverence,” the young-

ster managed to stammer, and turned away that the bishop might not see the joy in his face. As for the bishop he went back to his post, a cynical expression on his face, and bowed to the queen with a strange mixture of deference and contempt. “We can kill him afterwards,” he muttered, “and get rid of him.” He watched her majesty cautiously. There was a hard, cruel smile on the queen’s face, and the bishop laughed softly to himself.

* * *

Immediately in front of Schachbrett stood a grizzled, weatherbeaten, bewiskered warrior, a long cut from some fearful instrument across his cheek, and next him was a youth, an exuberant young fellow in gleaming uniform of white. Profiting by the lull in the martial proceedings, this war-worn veteran was giving the boy some valuable advice on modern warfare, advice which the lad did not relish, for he was expostulating warmly.

“In the midst of battle, in the rush and excitement of conflict, who thinks of himself?” he cried.

“Ah, my son,” returned the older man, “in the midst of battle it is only those who think of themselves that live to fight again. Only a fool leads a forlorn hope.”

“Shame!” responded the recruit with a glowing face. “Shame on such words! Surely, it is a glorious thing to die in the front of the fight beneath the eyes of so beautiful a queen and under the leadership of the great king—to rush into battle, forgetful of self, and to fall, if need be, fighting for—fighting for—”

Words seemed to fail the speaker, and he lowered his eyes.

"Fighting for what?" inquired the veteran dryly.

"For what I do not precisely know, but I am sure it must be some great and splendid cause for which the great king has marshalled his army here."

"For some great and splendid cause?" interrupted the old warrior bitterly. "Ay, very great and very splendid indeed. For all these subjects, these dear, these precious subjects are to be sacrificed in order that the White King may add a square inch or two to his kingdom, that the bishop of Schachbrett may continue to be prime minister, and that the queen's favorite may be crushed by his successful rival! Who would not die in so magnificent a robbery?"

"Who would not die, then for such a queen?" cried the young soldier, "so beautiful and good?"

"Beautiful?" laughed the other scornfully, "beautiful I grant ye, but not good. Look ye, my son, do you see the queen from here? and how that dandified priest is whispering to her? See! He is kissing her hand right fervently for a subject! Are you so rustic that you know not the tales——"

"Silence, man!" said the recruit, "you are talking of the queen!"

"Who made that lady's man to be what he is? Who created a bishopric for him? Who blinds the eyes of the infatuated king, and flaunts her lover in the face of the court? Who is it is known as the queen's bishop? Are these things lies?"

"They are true," said the boy, and lowered his eyes. Somehow his uniform did not seem half so bright, nor the martial spectacle half so brilliant, and in his breast was

only an icy lump that throbbled and throbbled. But the old warrior knew nothing of this, for Schachbrette had just called to him.

The bishop had noted Lauferhoff's movements. He knew that the plan of battle demanded that the Chevalier d'Echacs support him, and he strongly suspected that the knight had been tampered with. The chancellor determined, in case—anything happened, since he dared not speak to the King, to be avenged, and so he called the veteran to him.

"Pion, my friend," said the bishop, "you have served for a good many years under my leadership."

"Twenty-four, your reverence."

"And during that time have you had anything to complain of?"

"No, your reverence."

"Pion, my friend," continued the chancellor, "I can trust you?"

"Always, your reverence."

"I thought as much, for I have watched you, and I know of no braver soldier."

"Indeed!" grumbled Pion beneath his breath.

"And, confiding in you as I do," continued the minister, "I am going to pay you the highest compliment,—I am going to give you a secret to guard. Here are certain papers, which you will treasure above your life. If during the battle I should fall——" and here the bishop watched the soldier closely and let his words fall with peculiar emphasis—"if I should fall through anyone's negligence, you will deliver this packet to the king in person."

Pion nodded. He understood.

"But if I should fall," he said slowly.

"You will not."

"Providence disposes," returned the veteran sententiously.

"If you should fall——"

"Some one must know of the packet, else it will not be delivered."

The bishop seemed dissatisfied.

"But," continued Pion, noticing every change in the prelate's face, "that person need not know certain other things, which you and I——"

"Which you and I?"

"Nothing." Pion was shrewdly silent for a moment, then he added, "Now, there is a certain young fellow in whom I can confide insofar as will not endanger your reverence's confidence——"

"It is well," said the bishop. "I see your plan. Two are better than one."

Pion returned to the young recruit, and charged him solemnly to deliver the packet to the king.

He returned none too soon, for immediately a company of pawns withdrew (1) from the white army, leaving a gap before the King, and trotted half-way across the field. From the black regiments an equal number advanced (2) to meet them. In the fighting line thus formed was the young recruit, but he was fighting listlessly—the ardor of combat was gone. The veteran, with the minister's packet in his charge, was left chafing in the reserves, but not for long. The chancellor conferred with the King; Pion's company was ordered forward to a position on the recruit's right (3). The veteran's eyes gleamed; his muscular frame trembled with eagerness. The conflict grew fierce—though neither of the contending companies knew why they were

fighting, they fought bitterly and well, so much so that the White King smacked his lips in satisfaction. But now the black soldiers charged (4) obliquely and Pion and his comrades, taken unawares, began to give way. The attack was irresistible.

With a cry to the recruit to remember, the old soldier delivered one last shot, then he who had seen so many battles and knew so well how to protect himself, was dead, cut down by the enemy. Sobbing and cursing and praying the recruit strove to reach the body of his friend. The death of his friend had changed him, and turned from man to animal. He fought like the incarnation of war. Finally he reached the corpse and with trembling hand seized the blood-stained packet. The black infantry reformed on the right of the line, and there was a moment's pause.

Schachbrett had seen all, and noted with satisfaction that the recruit had obtained the precious documents. He had been somewhat annoyed by Pion's death, but the reckless bravery of the recruit had swept that obstacle aside, so now (fully expecting treachery) he rode out of the army as agreed, and halted three squares in front of the bishop of Lauferhoff (5). No one could deny that the bishop was a brave man.

According to the plan of battle, the Chevalier d'Echecs should now have moved to his support, but minutes that were hours passed, and still his cavalry did not advance. Schachbrett glanced back. The chevalier had not moved from his post, nor did it seem likely that he would ever do so!

When would the King notice it?

The monarch was otherwise engaged. A heavy mass of troops had marched obliquely against the King's right, and there, regardless of the cannonade, wheeled as if to charge him (6). The monarch retreated to the cavalry (7).

Schachbrett dared not retreat, he dared not advance. A company of pawns advanced against him (8), but by a desperate effort he charged (9) and killed them, or drove them back. The whole left of the army saw his plight; the Chevalier d'Echecs indignantly turned to the Bishop of Lauferhoff.

"That is a disgrace!" he cried. "Let us charge to his support."

"Stay!" said the churchman. "Remember that the queen has laid certain commands on you. Orders will doubtless soon come for a company to go to the bishop's rescue."

These orders that never came, where were they, O Bishop of Lauferhoff, you who met the king's courier and turned him back—where were they, O Queen with a smile on your cold imperious face?

When would the White King see? Threatened on both wings, he found himself attacked in the center as well, for a squadron of black cavalry advanced (10) against the recruit's company, still fiercely battling. The White Monarch sent forward his horse (11), and the mass of black troops on his right, taking this as a threat, retreated a square (12).

The queen's company moved forward (13)—but it was not to the support of the betrayed minister. The king's attention was still centered on the opposing cavalry. They had wheeled to the left (14), under

the fire of the white cannon, and against them he sent his own troopers (15). The black infantry advanced to support their comrades (16). A cheer went up as they outflanked the white squadron—a cheer which the mere lust of fighting evoked; the soldiers knew not why they were fighting nor did they care. The white squadron wheeled (17) to face this new enemy.

The bishop of Schachbrett, threatened again by the black infantry (17), despaired of rescue. The frightful combat on the right of the line absorbed the King's whole attention. What reason had the master for supposing that his orders had not been obeyed? Back and forth the battle swayed, the white infantry now advancing, and the black troops fiercely disputing them (18). But slowly the enemy was rolled back (19). The King shifted his artillery further to demoralize his opponent (19), and his attention was for a moment freed.

He looked to the left of the battle. Schachbrett, fighting desperately, was slowly yielding, and—oh tragic sight!—without reserves, without reinforcements, knowing he had been betrayed beneath the eyes of his master, he was struck by a bullet and fell! (20) The King was stricken. Lauferhoff smiled. The chevalier groaned. The army was affected according to the varying temperament of its components. The queen sat as erect and triumphant as an avenger. Success—success was hers at last, and he was dead, the spy whom she had hated and feared!

Calamities demand explanations. A courier left the King. But the alert Lauferhoff had seen the messenger and anti-

pated him by a moment. What he did not see was a certain bloodstained recruit who thrust a package into the King's hand.

"Chevalier," said the prelate, drawing a slip of paper from his pocket. "A thousand pardons! I regret that I have delayed to give you an order which was entrusted to me. I am deeply mortified. I trust no harm will result from my negligence." He gave the chevalier the paper.

The young knight, still indignant at the blundering which had cost the life of the prime minister, opened it and read—and in an instant turned a deathly white, and staggered against his horse! It was an order, signed by the King, directing him to support the minister's advance! The whole terrible truth flashed before him, and it seemed as though his reeling brain would be crazed by its import. It was he who had killed Schachbrett!—No, it was not he; it was that other favorite, and the cavalier turned a stricken face upon the reverend churchman. But his eye was chained by the queen's face—a cold smile of triumph illuminated her features, and Lauferhoff, too, was laughing. And it dawned on the chevalier that the queen, his idol, his adored one, had not only known of the treachery, but had prepared the trap!

Meantime the griefstricken King, after hurling a second battalion upon the opposing infantry (21), beneath whose rush the black troopers were borne back (22), after urging the soldiers on (23) against the demoralized enemy, had found time to open the packet—to glance at it—to call back his messenger—and with a hasty pencil to write the following:

"Madam:—His late excellency—and

how did he die?—has left me certain correspondence between yourself and the Bishop of Lauferhoff which is singularly compromising for a queen. You will do me the kindness not to explain, but to make such statements as you wish to make at once."

Folding this, he gave it to the courier, and then, like one weary of the world from whom all the glamor and the glory had departed, he turned listlessly to direct the fighting.

The messenger approached then, not the chevalier, but the exultant queen. Her majesty read the note. "It is all over!" she gasped, and gave it to her favorite. Then, half fainting, she rode toward the King. (24) How much did he know? Was her conspiracy crowned with success only to fail? Oh, this bishop had a long arm to reach from the world of the dead, and blast her thus! She wished she, too, were dead, and as she rode moodily toward her husband, she knew that for her it was, as she had said, all over.

Her majesty could not see the frightened face of the bishop of Lauferhoff, nor the terrible eyes of the chevalier as he drew his sword and with cutting politeness faced the pallid churchman. Nor did she see the second messenger leave the King's side, and hand a note to each of the two men.

The wording of the two notes was identical: "Since you have betrayed your king, remember that there is always death on the battlefield for those who seek it. Save us the disgrace of exposing you."

"Tell his majesty," stammered Lauferhoff, "that I—we—understand and obey him," and, not without a certain dignity, he bowed to the knight, sheathed his

sword, drew his pistols and charged into the mass of combatants (25).

The black cavalry had again been forced back (26). The bishop and his command began a furious assault on the enemy immediately in front of the queen (27). Beneath this new and unexpected attack the enemy gave way (28), and their whole left wing seemed disorganized and leaderless.

The knight watched the desperate recklessness of the bishop, half-stupidly and with vacant eyes. He, the Chevalier d'Echecs, had been branded as a traitor

The queen had tricked him . . . Yes, it were best to die; without love and without honor he could not live. Adjusting his accoutrements, sadly and slowly, a broken man, he rode out at the head of his squadron (29).

The black pawns threatened by the chevalier's advance were reenforced by a second troop of infantry (30). By a skillful charge the chevalier outflanked his opponents (31) and, careless of life or limb, prepared to overwhelm the disorganized regiment.

But the black soldiers rallied a second time, and charging in magnificent style, slipped past the two cavalry squadrons, and with irresistible valor fell on the extreme left of the white army (32). It was the desperation of beaten men.

Lauferhoff noted this brilliant charge. "Must a black peasant," he muttered, "teach a prince of the church how to die?" and inspired by the example of his opponents, he led a fanatic attack on the enemy's line (33). But it was in vain that he charged in the very forefront of the fight,

in vain that he bared his breast to the enemy's weapons, in vain that he prayed for death—death, like a capricious mistress, fled from him when he was most ardent; fled from him, as it fled from the gloomy brow of the chevalier whose cavalry by some strange irony, had been ordered up to support him (34).

The white artillery, lacking adequate support, had been captured by the wild courage of the black troops (35), who turning on their flank, threatened the King himself. A hasty order, a sudden maneuver (36), and the remaining battery was turned on the invaders.

Inspired by the fanaticism of their comrades who had captured the white cannon, a second black regiment, led by a priest in cassock and gown, advanced from the melee and threw itself on the second battery of cannon (37), capturing or killing the gunners and demolishing the artillery.

But the disciplined troops of the great White King did not waver, but instead pressed steadily on to the opposing breastworks (38). The black cavalry wavered and fled (39). It was the beginning of the end.

Just as the victorious White King (victorious, but how desolate only he knew) was about to receive his adversary's sword (40)—as the bishop of Lauferhoff and the Chevalier d'Echecs were about to dash like madmen on the enemy's ranks, and somehow die—as the White Queen, trembling and sobbing, had determined to flee that fearful field—there was a voice like the booming of Homeric laughter, there was a sound like the thunder of heaven, and a mighty voice articulated the words,

"Poorly played!" there was a crack like the breaking of a thousand swords, and before the awe-stricken chessmen, the whole world seemed to totter and rise and shake—a mighty breath swept over the field, dealing destruction to rider and horse, king and peasant, queen and lover, and the earth, as

they knew it toppled and fell into space.

* * *

"There," said Black, as he surrendered the game, "I've knocked the board over," and vexed at his carelessness he stooped to pick it up.

The following are the moves in the game of chess upon which the foregoing is based. The numbers in parentheses refer to the numbers in the story, so that every move can be placed:

White

- (1) P to K4.
- (3) P to KB4.
- (5) B to B4.
- (7) K to B sq.
- (9) B takes KtP.
- (11) Kt to KB3.
- (13) P to Q3.
- (15) Kt to R4.
- (17) Kt to B5.
- (19) P to KKt4.
- (21) R to Kt sq.
- (23) P to KR4.
- (25) P to R5.
- (27) Q to B3.
- (29) B takes P.
- (31) Kt to B3.
- (33) Kt to Q5.
- (35) B to Q6.
- (37) K to K2.
- (39) P to K5.

*

*

Black

- (2) P to K4.
- (4) P takes P.
- (6) Q to R5 (ch).
- (8) P to QKt4.
- (10) Kt to KB3.
- (12) Q to R3.
- (14) Kt to R4.
- (16) Q to Kt4.
- (18) P to QB3.
- (20) Kt to B3.
- (22) P takes B.
- (24) Q to Kt3.
- (26) Q to Kt4.
- (28) Kt to Kt sq.
- (30) Q to B3.
- (32) B to B4.
- (34) Q takes KtP.
- (36) Q takes R (ch).
- (38) B takes R.
- (40) Kt to R3.

Black resigns.

MORAL SUPPORT

By Nick

WHEN SMITH'S hat blows into the street, and when, after pursuing it, he stops and it unceremoniously eludes redemption by moving farther up the street, and when after several like attempts he finally captures it, only however by stepping on it, have you ever noticed the amusement on the faces of the multitude of securely hatted pedestrians? If you were Smith you have. And have you ever noticed that as he reaches the sidewalk

there is invariably one benevolent citizen, who although unknown to Smith, says, "Some wind, Eh?" That brief sentence is like a life line thrown out to the one who has become separated from the rest of the passengers. It is the stepping stone by which Smith is reinstated into the moving throng. And Smith is thankful for that sentence. Here is a man who sees things the way he does. He is giving something that Smith wants, although

Smith does not know what it is. That something is Moral Support.

Any one who makes a false move or who by some hap or other is placed differently than his fellows, looks longingly about him for moral support. If Smith thinking that his evening's invitation is an informal one, dons his new gray suit and arriving at his goal finds the other guests in evening dress, how anxiously does he look about him for Moral Support, in the form of another, yes just one other gray suit, that he may go and talk to it, be near it, and thus be substantiated morally.

Or, say Smith's wife, who detests carrying an umbrella, inquires of Smith if he thinks it will rain. Smith does think so. Does Mrs. Smith take the umbrella? No, she fingers the daily paper until she comes to the weather forecast. This helps her not one whit, as it says, "possible showers."

"Oh Carl," she calls to her son who is just going out the front door, "Do you think it will rain?"

"I don't know, Mater," answers her offspring, "but I wouldn't take any chances."

She goes to the telephone and calls up Mrs. Jones whom she is to meet at the corner Drug Store at three o'clock.

"Are you going to take an umbrella with you?"

"Oh my dear, no!" comes the answer, "Why, Mr. Jones just told me it wouldn't rain, and he is infallible when it comes to the weather."

"See there," says Mrs. Smith to Smith as she goes out the door umbrellaless.

She would not have taken the umbrella under any conditions, and neither would she have left the house without that which

she demanded—Moral Support.

Moral Support is also very costly. We demand it of the trades people and the professions just as we demand their wares and their services. Mrs. Smith goes into a grocery store and orders a certain brand of flour, saying that it is the only kind that will make bread that is at all edible. The grocery clerk, from long practice, agrees perfectly, naming several other very well known ladies who have exactly the same views. Thus Mrs. Smith gets what she came for, namely flour and Moral Support.

At about the same time Smith has gone to see Doctor Green about his back. Smith thinks that a month in the mountains would do wonders for his back.

"Nonsense," says Doctor Green, "Exercise more, that's all you need."

Smith never did have a very good opinion of Dr. Green, and so he goes to Doctor Black. Doctor Black doesn't know his business either. He tells Smith the same thing.

"Bah," says Smith, and straightway goes to see Doctor White.

"Doctor White," says Smith, "my back hurts like sin, and I think a month in the mountains would be just the thing."

"Let me see your back," says the doctor. "Well, I should think you would want to go to the mountains. The sooner you go the better it will be for you. The mountains are the only cure for a case like yours, so off you go."

Smith smilingly leaves saying, "Thanks, Doc, for your trouble. Send around the bill as soon as I get back."

Moral Support—nothing else.

THE SEVEN DEADLY MINISTERS

By Alice Kassie Hall, '13

BOB WARD! Bob Ward!" called the first night audience, but though the curtain was rung up and down many times, the author did not appear. He and his friends, of whom I was one, left the box before the applause had died out, and in fifteen minutes were in Ward's comfortable north-side apartment.

Robert Percival Ward, (he never admitted the Percival) had been the most popular fellow in his era at Yale. He wasn't a gridiron or baseball hero, in fact he really hadn't done much to glorify old Eli. He had the knack however, of attracting friends, men and otherwise. He wasn't handsome enough to make him conceited, or his friends envious, but he was good to look upon as he lounged in his Turkish leather arm-chair.

Stevens had arrived from the play first and was already busy laying out a most tempting supper. At the table the play was the one topic of conversation. We five were all reporters, and now one of us, "ole Bob," had become famous. He had written "The Seven Deadly Ministers," which was destined to take Chicago by storm. When we had left the table, and were draped about the fire-place, "Piggy" Case said, "Tell us, Bob, how you ever thought of it—and the name."

Stevens brought in our pipes and Bob watched him almost affectionately. He didn't answer until his servant-friend had closed the door.

"Well, fellows, it all has to do with

Stevens. Do you care to listen to a long story?"

"I guess yes," said Piggy.

"Go on, Bob," was our admiring chorus. His fine dark eyes took on a dreamy far-off expression, as he began the history of Stevens.

"It was Christmas Eve, one—two years ago last December—my first Christmas in Chicago—Lord! But I was lonesome! There I sat in my room on Dearborn Street, with no prospect of home, or roast duck, or plum pudding. The elevator-boy or door-man might say "Merry Christmas sir!" with palm extended, but aside from that the day would be just the same as any of the other three hundred and sixty-four. Coming home, the cars were crowded with be-bundled people, and everyone seemed radiantly happy. The happier they looked, the greater became my desire to hit them."

Ward lighted another cigarette on the stub of the old one, and was silent so long that we thought he had forgotten us entirely, after a fashion he had.

"Yes, Bob, you wanted to swat 'em," reminded Dan Hunter, who covered the college news for the Post.

"Well anyway, I decided to go down to dinner, and, as I was waiting in the lobby, a threadbare fellow slipped in and up to the clerk's desk.

"Here you! Didn't you see that sign on the door? NO CANVASSERS OR BEGGARS ALLOWED! Now get out

or I'll have you kicked out!" barked the brute.

"I don't know why I listened. Beggars and tramps didn't usually interest me, but there was something different about this fellow. Without a word he started to go, but after a few steps he turned to the pompous guardian of the desk.

"Tomorrow's Christmas, boss, and I hope you'll never be as hungry as I'll be when it comes.' Fellows, the way he said it would have made a real man feel like a piece of putty, and I felt kind of glad that I wasn't that clerk, but he only snorted, and shrugged his shoulders. Well, I'm not much on the Good Samaritan order, but I couldn't help thinking, 'Here am I, hungry for company; here is this fellow starving for food. He'll have to guess again if he thinks he's going to go to bed to-night without a square meal under his jacket.'

"And so I followed him out and down the street for a couple of blocks. Several times he staggered, and once or twice he pulled his sleeve across his eyes. Just then the chimes from Holy Name pealed out what sounded like, 'Glory to God in the highest—Peace on earth—Good will to man.' Maybe it wasn't really that, but it was mighty beautiful. The poor fellow stopped under a light to listen to the glad chiming of the bells. He really seemed to forget his troubles in the beauty of the music. Before the last echoes had died out, I was at his side. I believe that he recognized me, but before he could speak I said,

"I'm hungry too, and what's worse I'm damn lonesome. What do you say to supper at The Boston?"

"What do I say to supper at The Boston? Please don't wake me up! Why man, I've lived for two days on the sample packages of Shredded Wheat Biscuit, peddled around at door-steps!"

"As we walked across the river and through the brightly lighted streets, I had a good chance to study my new friend. He was no common tramp, of that I was sure. No, I didn't believe that he was a millionaire, or even a royal prince in disguise, but I was just as sure that he hadn't been born to travel in a side-door Pullman. In my mind's eye I saw him, well groomed, lolling in an easy chair at the University Club. I didn't belong myself in those days. And I knew that his slim, sinewy body was better suited to evening clothes than my corpulent one. However this hasn't much to do with the story, excepting that I had ample time to imagine, for he was not inclined to talk, nor I to question.

"Just as we were crossing Lake Street, a new thought seemed to bother him. 'I'm not very much to look at,' he said glancing at his frayed cuffs and caressing his week's stubble.

"'Oh pshaw! You're all right. Anyway I'll ask Mr. Moore to give us a small room. I hate the gabble of the women, and the music is atrocious.' In less than five minutes we were in our private dining-room, with the bowing, scraping waiter bending over us. I asked my guest to order, and gasped at his, 'Little neck clams, please, and planked white fish, head lettuce salad and coffee.' I suppose that I rather expected him to order a ham sandwich.

"'Won't you have a cock-tail?' I asked,

but he said, 'No, thank you, I have an annual pass on the H2O wagon.' When the order came he fell to energetically, and I tell you, he managed those clams in no tramp-like manner.

"All this time I was getting more and more embarrassed, because I didn't know what to call him excepting 'Say,' so finally I broached the subject.

"Perhaps you'd like to know my name. I'm Bob Ward of the "Herald." Do you care to tell me yours?"

"Call me Stevens, Mr. Ward,' and we shook hands on it.

Ward's cigarette had gone out again, and with a start he seemed to leave Stevens at the Boston, and return to us and his fire-side.

"I beg your pardon—I'm boring you to death. I'll shut up now, and give someone else a chance to say a few words."

"Aw! Go on Bob!" "Finish the story!" Even "Piggy" Case said, "You're a fine one to stop right in the best part!" Thus assured that his story was more than welcome, he continued.

"I didn't say much to Stevens. To tell the truth, I was pretty well occupied with my own dinner. But our coffee came, and he gave a sigh of content.

"Mr. Ward, it seems flat for me to say that I've enjoyed this meal, and am grateful for it, but I sure am. I had begun to believe that every cloud had an oxidized lining. I suppose you wonder how I reached the bottom rung. You say you're a writer. Maybe my experience might furnish material for a story, a "sob" story, for I understand they're popular. Would you care to hear it?"

"I really didn't, but he seemed so anxious to, in a way repay me, that I listened, and from his story, fellows, I wrote my play.

"His voice was hard and bitter as he commenced, but gradually he became less resentful.

"I was the unfortunate youngest son of a line of seven strict Presbyterian ministers. Sunday was a day of straight-backed chairs and memorized texts. To my mother, I was an infant in arms until I was eighteen. I was never allowed to go to the theatre, or to go out of the house after dark. When I was a kid about ten, I carried water all day for a pass to the circus, and then someone told on me, and I went to bed without supper. I didn't know what it was to have any sort of congenial companionship. Whenever my mother tried to humor me, father used to say, "Martha, mark my words, you're spoiling that boy!" Please don't think that I blame them! They thought they were doing the best thing for me. Maybe they were, only I wasn't the right kind of a chap. But gradually I began to sneak off evenings, first just to see the boys, then to the shows, and finally I was persuaded to play billiards in the rear of Sharkey's Saloon.

"I'll never forget that night! I was bending over the table, cue in hand, when the door opened, and in walked father. I felt as if the heavens would fall, and the earth rise up in wrath and horror. But it really wasn't such an awful thing to do. We weren't betting, or drinking, or even smoking, but we were having a good time, and I was happy. I can see now how my father looked at it. I had disgraced the sacred memories of the seven churchmen. Well,

I'll avoid the details of the storm scene at home, but the next day I was sent away, without a cent, or an invitation to write, and I haven't. It's been four years now, that I've drifted about the country, working now and then, but I have no trade, nor graft, and I'm not strong enough to dig ditches. You're the first one to treat me decently, and I thank you, sir, and I wish you a Happy New Year, and hope that things will come your way.'

"I paid the check, and we went up onto the street once more. I hated to see the fellow go. He was so likable. If he'd grumbled, or cursed his luck, or kicked about never having a chance, or even complained about the evident ignorance of his parents, I would have given him a cigar and sent him on his way. But somehow I couldn't do it. Then I had an idea. Yes, really! I had been thinking for some time of renting an apartment and keeping house. I reckoned that it wouldn't cost much more than living at The George, and it would be mighty nice to have a home and a fireplace of my own. And so I broached the subject to Stevens.

"Stevens, I like you, and I was wondering how you'd like to keep house for me.'

He thought I was joking, and grinned good-naturedly.

"No, honestly, I mean it. We both need a home, so I'll hunt up a nice little flat, and you can do the work, and I'll finance it. What do you say?'

"Do you really mean it, Mr. Ward? Why, you don't even know that I'm honest! And I'm not much of a cook.'

"Sure I mean it, and I'm lots more worried about your cooking than your honesty. Come home with me to-night, and day after tomorrow we'll go flat-hunting. And Stevens—tomorrow we'll drop a line to that little mother, because you know she's worrying.'

Ward smiled one of his rare smiles. He rose, stretched himself and yawned. "That's all, boys. It's pretty late, and we'd better turn in. Now you know how Stevens came to me. You'll pardon me for saying it, but I believe he's the best friend I have. Oh! Yes I forgot. He's studying law at night school, so I may lose my housekeeper one of these days. Anyway he's the finest Christmas present I ever received, and the worst part of it is, I don't know whom to thank, unless it be the shades of the seven ministers."



THE THREE VISIONS

Ivan Adair Bichelhaupt, '14

THE NIGHT was long and, Oh, it was weary. As I tossed sub-conscious on my couch, there came a vision and in this dream I thought I saw true democracy rule the world. Man met man and by their actions it seemed that it was good. A great crowd, truly representative of every class and type in this world of ours, was gathered together and they were free, with no conventions, no restrictions—all were equal. And yet as I watched I saw dissent gather its forces. Man looked on man and was dissatisfied. Men became suspicious one of another, and you know, as I know, that this is bad. Gradually some men accumulated unto themselves the possessions of others. They fought like dogs over their petty rights and, as I watched, some gained while others lost.

Slowly the great crowd, which in the beginning was equal, began to segregate. Those who had gathered to themselves goods took apart from the others and from this group the cry arose:

"We are the Leaders."

On the other hand those who had lost their goods and worldly possessions also gathered together and by their mutterings and evil looks I saw that they plotted the downfall of men. And suddenly I realized that true democracy was impossible.

* * *

The second night I slept and as I slept again came the vision—again I saw the crowds gather before me. This time there was no equality. All were separated. A

low threatening murmur arose from every part of the throng. The air was fraught with the curses of the oppressors and the wails of the oppressed. Men fought men and threw away their lives in the pursuit of wealth. Those that gained it lost all vestige of human virtue. They acquired the minds, the looks, and the actions of animals—in fact it seemed that even their souls shriveled and died within them. The world was filled with the crashing of bombs, the reports of firearms, and the soft swish of the assassin's knife. Rich men surrounded themselves with others, using them as tools to protect their own weakness. And as I looked I saw afar the church of our country and of our God desecrated and alone while man fought man with the hatred of the wolf. And the world grew dark with the dusk of suspicion, while over the mountain tops I saw black clouds of anarchy, grief, and strife approaching, and then I knew that true aristocracy was impossible.

* * *

A third night I lay upon my couch and sleep came bringing with it a third vision—a third time I saw the great crowd assembled and this time all was different. Rich man, poor man, and middle man met and true brotherhood reigned supreme. As I looked, I saw the rich man reach out and lend a helping hand to his poorer brother, and by the great feeling of peace that pervaded the whole world I knew that it was well. I watched expectantly thinking to

see them separate as before, but no— with each act of kindness a greater love, a greater fellowship seemed to spring up and they were all bound closer and closer together. With upturned faces upon which gleamed the light of true love and perfect understanding, with hands outstretched to help the stumbling brother, I saw that great crowd move on and on towards the gleaming citadel of HIGHER CIVILIZATION. And as it moved gaining strength and

magnitude with every step, it came upon the church of our country and our God, and stopping as with a single thought the multitude knelt down to silent worship. The day was clear, the air was soft and—suddenly the great truth broke over me: THE SECRET OF THIS, OUR LIFE, IS LOVE, and I fell down on my knees, as they had done, to worship him who gave me perfect understanding.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER IN MAY

A Brief Office Chat with the Editor

WE CELEBRATE next month.

The Wisconsin Magazine will close its tenth year of existence with a big anniversary number to appear about May 20th.

The editors of by-gone days will contribute. It will be literary in a sense far beyond the average number in that the work will be by those who have already achieved prominence in the world of contemporary letters rather than students with high expectations.

Among the headliners who have already contributed for this number are:

Horatio ("Hod") Winslow

E. S. ("Ned") Jordan

Irving Schaus

Walther Buchen

Ralph Birchard

George B. Hill

Glenn Ward Dresbach

Willard G. Bleyer

Theodore R. Hoyer

Alice Lindsey Webb.

These people all were more or less intimately connected with the Wisconsin Magazine in their undergraduate days. Jordan brought about the reformation in athletics. That is what he writes about. Winslow and Hill are both authors of Haresfoot plays. Dresbach is furnishing poetry continually to the Smart Set, Munsey's, the Sunset, and Ainslee's.

So you can imagine we will have a live one again.

Then too, we expect to wind up our series of historical articles on Wisconsin institutions—and don't you think that was an interesting innovation, the story of Wisconsin football, of our songs, of Chadbourne traditions, of the prom, of the Badger, and in this number, of crew? The present editor expects to work out one more article, a sort of survey of Wisconsin journalism, just hitting the high spots. There will be no fatiguing statistics, but goodness knows, many a romance would have been

placed among the "Six Best" had it centered about Wisconsin publication adventures. The story of the Wisconsin Magazine, and its predecessor, founded away back in 1859, will not be neglected. We would like to recommend this plan of historical articles to our successors. Hundreds of interesting fields remain that deserve historical treatment in The Mag.

But we digress; rest assured that the next Mag will be one that every loyal Wisconsin student should possess, for keeps. Some of the biggest men Wisconsin has turned out in years past are among the contributors.

So clear the tracks for the Ten Year Special.

* * *

Howard M. Jones, '14, and Will Thornton Gilman, '15, are added to the staff of the Wisconsin Magazine with this number. Jones, coming from La Crosse Normal as a junior this year, speedily took rank as one of the brilliant writers of the university. Gilman has won the second Vilas story two years in succession. Both of these men are particularly interested in the field peculiar to the Wisconsin Magazine, so congratulations all around.

Freshmen will be elected to the staff at the annual meeting following publication of the last number, at which time election of editor-in-chief, assistant editor, and business manager will occur, and plans will be inaugurated for 1913-14.

LOST

By B. H. Ralph

Where are you, darling, where, where have you gone,
 Leaving me lonely, leaving me forlorn?
 I wait, I wait you when first flushes the dawn,
 I pray when night falls, and dream till next morn.

Where, where darling have you gone,
 Leaving no trace to follow?
 Halloo, my love, hear me moan?
 Halloo, halloo, Oh halloo!

Shall I seek for thee in the forest bow'rs,
 Or in fairylands, in Elysian Fields,
 Rich with beauteous forms as meadows with flow'rs;
 Where the Tree of Life its blessed fruit yields.

In my vain searching I fear I shall die,
 My bosom full with Wish and warm Longing,
 Oh how, how shall I close my lovesick eye,
 The fire of a kiss on my lips thronging?

“JUST WHERE WE ARE AT”

By Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson

THE LAST number of the Wisconsin Magazine was expressly made distinctly literary in its character. An attempt was also made to make the selection of stories correspond to those generally used in the magazine, or at least no attempt was made to pick out specially good stories.

At the request of the board of editors, Professor Thomas H. Dickinson of the English department, an expert on the short story, was asked to review and criticise the work in a purely impersonal way. Professor Dickinson's criticism appeared in the Daily Cardinal under the caption "Prof. Dickinson reviews work of the writers in Wisconsin Magazine." His criticism follows:

At the outset let me state my appreciation of the efforts of The Wisconsin Literary Magazine to raise the standard of its contributions, and to encourage the development of a sincere sense of literary composition in its province.

The steady improvement in tone and character of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine during the last two years has been a source of great satisfaction to its friends. In setting a high artistic aim it has been the first among Wisconsin periodicals to recognize the demands of merit beyond those of popularity. That it has been impossible for its performance to match its aims should not count against it. With such a periodical it is the aims which

should be credited.

There may always be some doubt of the efficacy of the prize contest in bringing out the best artistic material. None of the contests of the great magazines during the last ten years has discovered either a great story or a great writer. This is because the impulse to great writing is not fostered by an appeal to the pocket book or to pride of victory.

This being the case it is not surprising that as a whole the stories brought out by the Vilas Prize contest were a bit disappointing. In the judgment of this writer two of these stories showed the absolute touch of literature. These were "Maximilian who Tarried" and "The Old Man In The Road." Others, particularly the first prize winner showed a delightful facility in writing and the handling of narrative materials.

What I miss in all these stories, with the exception of those, is conviction. I do not mean seriousness. Probably I mean respect for the work as something worth doing. When a writer imitates another writer and gets second hand effects, he is not respecting his work. And when he appeals to some of the more eccentric types of comedy he is hardly respecting his work. Literature is as much toil as any other activity. But how many young men look upon it as either tricks or horse play. In that way the real thing is not done.

To the young men who, in the midst of discouragements are sincerely going ahead

in the effort to force up the standard of more true and expressive, our gratitude is
 The Wisconsin Literary Magazine, and to due. For whatever their present attain-
 those particularly who are insistently and ments may be, it is from such a spirit that
 seriously working on their art to make it the true thing will come.

THE KING OF DREAMS

Glenn Ward Dresbach

I am the King of Dreams,
 My robe is the mist of the years;
 I am the King of Dreams,
 And my voice is of laughter and tears.
 And I speak from the heart of the rose,
 From the withered leaf and the rue;
 And I speak from the stars and the snows
 In the heart of you.

I am the King of Dreams
 And I pass through the rumbling street.
 See, when my heart is sad
 How slow are the plodding feet!
 And I speak from the smile of a child
 To the hearts no longer young,
 With a melody sweet and wild,
 Of songs long sung.

I am the King of Dreams.
 And my voice is of love and of hate;
 I am the King of Dreams—
 And hearts must yearn and wait,
 And I sob in the rain and the gloom,
 And I laugh in the laughing dawn,
 For the soul-flowers wake to their bloom
 And love lives on.

AMISS

By B. Hagopin

I LOOK upon half-waked roses
 I have lilies to coax and kiss,
 But Oh, halfway they to my lips
 The dew-pearled rose its scent loses
 And the lily furled earthward dips
 For, in them both a heart is amiss.

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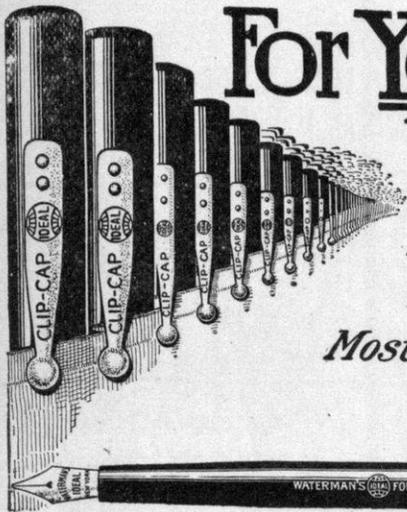
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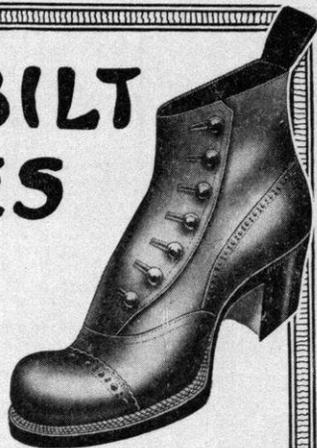
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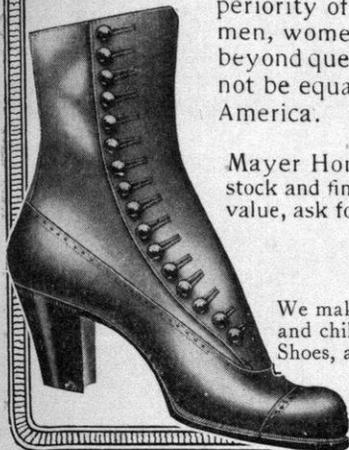
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The College of Letters and Science offers a General Course in Liberal Arts; a Course in Pharmacy; a Course in Commerce; a Course in Music; a Course in Journalism; Library Training; Courses in connection with the Wisconsin Library School; the Course for the Training of Teachers, and the Course in Chemistry.

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.

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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.

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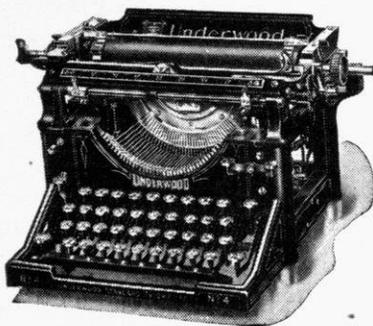


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