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The Wisconsin Magazine

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Two Letters and a Spigotty Dog

CREDE HASKINS CALHOUN

Warvel sat in the wire-screened porch of the police station gazing over the lock-site of the great canal. He held a long official envelope and a tiny white one, bearing the two green stamps that mean the States. A funny-looking Spigotty dog sat with his back to the beautiful tropical sunset and tried to look into his master's eyes. Warvel turned the long letter in his hand and made a rapid calculation concerning \$2,000. Then he looked at the little letter and thought how different his answer to it would be if ———.

The sun retreated behind the mountains after a furious day.

Warvel turned to the dog.

"Pany, why do banks fail just when a

fellow is going to marry the only girl, and drive him out of the world to earn over again money of which he has been robbed according to law?"

The dog's stubby tail answered with an unintelligible tattoo on the floor. Warvel stared at the official envelope and mused.

"Two thousand dollars is a pile of money when you haven't got it, and I had almost ten when the bank went under."

He started a second perusal of the little letter, and his expression changed as he leaned over to pat the dog.

"I don't blame the doctor for trying to steal you," he said.

Pany was a real tempter who barked, "Steal me!"; whose tail and smudgy yel-

low-spotted, near-white body wriggled. "Don't you want me?" and whose friendly eyes begged, "Won't you please take me along?" Few could resist the last appeal. First purloined from La Boca to Ancon, he came out "the line" in a mail car to Frijoles (beans) a sun-baked labor camp called Little Boston. Here he adopted the postmaster, and was stolen, in turn, by the police officer in command and the district physician. Thus he became a member of the Little Boston Common Culture Club (a very common culture it dispensed), which met every night either at the post-office, police station or sick camp,—membership, Wibbles, Doc, the P. M. and Pany. Here were discussed the stage, canal building problems, Fletcherism, tariff revision, fevers, socialism and baseball.

A Spigotty dog's breeding is best represented by X; therefore, many were the conjectures as to Pany's ancestors. Since Balboa all nations have crossed the Isthmus, some of them fetched their dogs, Pany was the result. The strongest trait of this twenty pounds of hair, bones and dog flesh was his good naturedness. Pany was (present tense), chronically happy; and would roll over, speak or shake hands with one member of the club as quickly as with another. He wanted everyone to be as happy as himself, and when a letter from the States made a fellow gaze abstractedly at the low line of hills that separated him from the home friends, Pany would bark and chew at his ankles until he came out of the reverie and petted or said something nice to him. He had just worked his cure on Wibbles when Doc and the P. M. entered.

"Got any States mail?" asked the doctor.

"One letter," answered Wibbles.

"What's this, transfer or discharge?" inquired the P. M. as he noticed the official letter.

"Neither; the description of the Spaniard who murdered that engineer at La Boca the other night and killed the Spigotty cop. The Zone government offers \$1,000 and the Panamanians another for his capture."

"Description de *murderero*," mused Doc, an original student of the native tongue, who coined Spanish words by add-

ing "*ita*," "*era*," or an accented "*ion*" to United States slang.

"Two thousand," muttered Wibbles.

"Read it," requested the P. M.

Pany sat with his bull terrier nose erect and his airodale ear shading his one brown eye.

"Look at that dog!" exclaimed the P. M.

"Bet he has that description down pat and could spot the *hombro* at sight," observed the doctor.

Pany swaggered over to the drip bucket under the water cooler, had a long drink and after the usual turnings lay down to dream of chasing criminals or peccaries.

They discussed the recent news from the States until the whistle blew "taps" in the labor camp. Wibbles rose, yawned and stretched himself. (This was a motion for the Common Culture Club to adjourn.) It was seconded by Pany from under the water cooler.

"Well, *caballeros* (he always called them gentlemen), I have to get up early tomorrow and take a hike into the bush; that *hombre* may be hiding in my district."

"I have a couple of patients in the sick camp with *my* tall temperatures and must see how they are," announced the doctor.

After solemnly shaking hands all around Pany returned to the water cooler, turned around in a wild-dog fashion and continued his chase after the elusive peccaries.

It was lonesome the next day without Wibbles and Pany. The usual ocean of rain tumbled down the hills, and the sun tried to shine. The endless chain of dirt trains rolled from the great cut to the sea, always with whistles shrieking at sleepy switchmen. At noon time the cannonading blasts in Culebra cut and at the lock-site jarred loose more rain from the sky. The rehabilitated French engines chugged and tooted, bustling over the lock-site like large, black ants, in a hurry to finish the task so long delayed. Steam shovels hissed and ate hungrily into the hillside. The "heave ho" of the straining track gang echoed and died on the evening breeze. Night came like the

blackness that succeed's the turning off of an electric light.

"Wibbles, must be waiting for the moon; couldn't follow a trail in this darkness," mused the doctor as he petted an embryonic mustache.

"No, maybe the rain held him up," returned the P. M.

They smoked in silence, each with his thoughts adrift many miles from the Canal zone.

Pany came over the hills with the moon, frowsy, wet and mud bespattered; nevertheless, his tail was going at the regular rate.

"Hello, Pany, old boy!—where's Wibbles?" kindly called the doctor.

"Come here," invited the P. M. as he led the dog into the light. "Here's blood!" he exclaimed.

"Are you hurt, Pany?" asked Doc in a tone of concern, then surprised, "What's this?"

He pulled a shred of paper from the dog's collar.

"Wibbles!" they cried in unison.

The rest of the note had been torn off and there was only an uncertain scrawl in the corner—"Warvel."

"Wonder what's wrong?" started the P. M.

"Come on! I'll get my medicine case," decided the doctor.

Their way led through the labor camp, now bright under the rising moon, a babel with foreign tongues, accordions and flutes. Out into the night floated an air from an opera in the clear tenor of some Italian longing for his home beyond the Alps. They had climbed the hill to the cemetery with its always new mounds and waiting empty graves. An open unpainted coffin showed white in the moonlight under a lonely royal palm.

"Where's Pany?"

"There in the grave-yard," Doc pointed.

"That trail isn't used anymore," ventured the P. M.

"I know, but we'll try it," persisted Doc.

In the jungle the cluttered vegetation, soused by the day's rain, gave the strange party numerous shower baths, refreshing after the exertion of jumping from one unseen mud hole into another. They

trudged on stolidly, each wondering what had befallen their friend. In places the trail was checkered and laced with moonlight, then they stumbled into long halls black as the bowels of a cave, collided and cursed the tropics. The stifling quiet of the jungle was perfect except for the soft "pish-pat" of the weary little guide and the soggy "splosh—splosh" of his followers. A million pent up sounds seemed always about to break loose. It seemed miles before Pany turned into a thick brake. His exhausted following tottered and crawled after him. In a small cleared space, five feet apart, lay two vague forms. A long cold-looking dagger lay beside the first one, an evil eyed Spaniard who muttered strange oaths. Near the corner of the hut with an ugly, clotting wound in his side lay—Wibbles!

He opened his eyes, "You got here just in time, Doc."

"Is he hurt badly?" anxiously inquired the P. M.

"Don't know, answered Doc, help get them under the hut and then go to camp for help."

The P. M. crashed through the brake into the trail.

"I'm all right now," said Wibbles.

"No you're not, it's the brandy I gave you. Tell me how this happened."

"Well," he sighed, "just before the moon rose, I heard Pany barking like he had met an old friend. When I came in here he was looking up at this post with pegs that lead up to the loft where they sleep, wagging his tail and yipping with delight. I talked to him like I always do, and started to climb up. That *hombre* jumped down on top of me and stuck his knife into my side. I got two shots at him before I lost my grip. He dropped. Pany came to me and I wrote the note. I had to whip him before he would leave me—then, I forget." He paused as if resting from a hard struggle. "About an hour ago, it seems a month—I came to realize that my assailant was laying his knife as far as he could reach in my direction and then dragging himself up to it. The moonlight showed the scar on his neck—the lobe of his left ear was missing! It tallied with the description. I realized his intention and marshalled all of my re-

maining strength. God!—I couldn't move. I wanted to call for help, but reasoned out the futility of calling to the jungle. I had just turned my face away and was waiting for the feel of the sleek cold steel between my ribs when you came."

Pany wandered over to the recumbent form of the Spaniard and tried to lick his hand. He received a blow for his kindness.

"Damn *perro*—he mine once," cursed the prisoner.

The dog had unwittingly betrayed his old master.

"Then he is the man they are looking for, and you have pulled off a \$2,000 job," said the doctor.

"No, Pany did it," answered Wibbles as he reached out and feebly patted the dog's head.

Wibbles came out of the hospital and gave Pany a new silver collar. Their regular meetings were resumed by the Common Culture Club. The camp slipped back into the old hum-drum rut. The rain kept pouring until it was worsted and driven back over the hills by the maddened sun of the dry season. The dirt trains rumbled past in clouds of dust. The earth grayed and was lined with great thirsty cracks. Lolling lizards panted in the sun. Little Boston was being baked again.

The P. M. opened the door of the police station.

"Want to go to the *Chinos* with me, Pany?"

"What are you going to get?" called Wibbles.

"Matches," answered the P. M. as he and Pany raced for the Chinese *tienda*.

In half an hour the P. M. returned.

"Did Pany show up here?"

"No."

"He left me at the *Chinos*. Here he comes now—*something wrong with that bark, Wibbles!*"

"Does sound queer," he agreed, coming to the door.

Pany crashed full tilt against the closed

door, staggered—then turned away, not heeding the call of his friends. His crazy barking changed to a pitiful howl, almost a scream. He reeled back to the door, his eyes were green and glassy, the light of dog-intelligence had left them. Two little strings of slaver hung from his open, red jaws.

"Mad!" cried one.

"Rabies!" echoed the other.

"Pany, Pany, old boy," coaxed Wibbles.

For the first time Pany's tail failed to respond to a friendly greeting.

"Better shoot him before he bites someone," solemnly advised the P. M.

"I *can't* kill him," muttered Wibbles as he turned away from the door, "here, you," offering his revolver.

"Never!"

Wibbles, six-feet-three, bent over the suffering little body to which he owed his life. He drew his big army Colt's from the holster. "Pany," he almost whispered.

The P. M. walked back to the water cooler and stood with his back to the scene—listening.

Wibbles glanced over the cold, black barrel of his revolver into the dumb eyes that, so often, had seemed to smile at him.

"Pany—old friend—I *have* to do it!"

The broken utterance was punctuated by a crash. The little form of the Spigotty dog quivered, then rolled limply down the steps.

Pany's remains were packed in a little box of crushed ice, addressed to the "Pathological Laboratory, Ancon Hospital." The Common Culture Club escorted the body to the train that carried Pany out of Little Boston and the miseries of the tropics into the Great Unknown.

Wibbles returned to the police station and wandered helplessly around the room. His eyes brightened as he took a picture from his desk and thought of the different answer he had been able to send to the little letter. Then he placed it beside the only picture he had of Pany and there came a suggestion of tears behind the brightness.



College Athletics

GEO. W. EHLER,

Professor and Director of Physical Education, University of Wisconsin

The President of the United States visited the University of Illinois a few months ago and during the course of his stay reviewed the University Regiment composed of Freshmen and Sophomores. A result of this visit was the following letter from President Taft to President James:

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, Feb. 18, 1911.

My Dear Doctor James:

I write to express to you the pleasure I had in reviewing the regiment which is made up of the first two classes of the Illinois University. I congratulate you on their soldierly appearance, the fine discipline and training that they exhibited and on the necessarily beneficial effect that the military discipline and the physical training must have upon all your young men. We are all in favor of college athletics, but one of the defects of such a system is the tendency to confine athletics to those who are naturally best adapted to them, while the great student body manifests its interest not by athletic practice, but by attendance at exhibitions of the few. This is not true of the military training that comes from the organization and maintenance of such a fine regiment as that you have, because every member of the class shares in the beneficial effect.

I sincerely hope that the War Department may have to do nothing which shall interfere with the progress you are making, and whenever you need the support of the Chief Executive in this fine feature of your University, call on me.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

The effect this incident had upon the press throughout the country and the illustration that it affords of the popular

conception of college athletics is most interesting. Almost without exception the newspaper headlines expressed the matter thus:

**"PRESIDENT TAFT SAYS
MILITARY DRILL IS BETTER THAN ATHLETICS FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS."**

An examination of the President's letter shows no ground for such an inference, but he does recognize the athletic situation as it largely exists today, and does say that military drill for all produces better results than athletics for a chosen few.

"We are all in favor of college athletics, but one of the defects of such a system is the tendency to confine athletics to those who are naturally best adapted to them, while the great student body manifests its interest not by athletic practice, but by attendance at exhibitions of the few. This is not true of the military training that comes from the organization and maintenance of such a fine regiment as that you have, because every member of the class shares in the beneficial effect."

I have quoted this incident in the first place in order to draw your attention to the fact that in spite of the discussions of the Physical Training Conference in this city some twenty years or more ago concerning the values of military drill from the physical education point of view, there is a popular feeling that such drill does produce results superior to other methods of physical training, particularly athletics. My other object in making the quotation was to provide a text on which to hang the argument that I desire to make for giving athletics—using the term in the broadest sense to cover all forms of adolescent games and sports—the dominant place it should have in the physical education of

all youth of secondary school and college age.

That the present practice with respect to college athletics very closely conforms to the President's statement is not to be denied, except in the case of a very limited number of universities and colleges. This is not to be wondered at in view of the history of physical education in this country. The reason thereof is to be found in the attitude that all of us have assumed in the past with respect to the relative values of gymnastics and athletics. Throughout our entire experience in this country physical education has meant the practice of gymnastics. If not in theory with all of us, certainly the methods that have been established in almost every institution of learning, with certain notable exceptions in private secondary schools, have given the public, the students and the faculties the right to conclude that such is the case.

That the profession is to be blamed for this is not entirely clear. Possibly it was inevitable in the nature of things.

The demand for the establishment of departments of physical education was based almost entirely upon the requirements of health and the deleterious influences of a sedentary life upon the growth and development of the individuals. At that time gymnastic systems were developing and coming into their day. It was the only method of systematic exercise we seemed able to adopt to the conditions of college and school, though we had the example of the Greeks if we only could have appreciated it and had really believed in it. But the only thing we had was intercollegiate athletics, in which the varsity was the dominant factor. These activities were associated in the minds of all good people, our profession included, with a host of adolescent evils with which we did not know how to cope except by prohibition. We did undertake to provide what we thought was a better activity, but we disregarded the element of adolescent instinct and the principle of interest and gave a manufactured tabloid food instead of a properly cultivated article of natural origin and growth. And somehow or other, in spite of the compound possessing all the elements that are needed for satis-

fying the motor system, it did not satisfy the motor appetite. The one was the resultant of natural youthful instincts and interests, developing rankly and unbridled. The other was the product of adult formalism and scholastic formulae, based almost entirely on an anatomical ideal and with a dominating orthopedic aim.

Today we find college athletics developed to a tremendous degree throughout the country, but circumscribed about with a code of rules and regulations and a system of government and administration, that all testify to its enormous strength and vitality, but that must impress the close and impartial student with the feeling that there is something that must have vital factors of great value that we have not learned to appreciate nor properly to utilize.

And side by side with this we find an admission of the importance of physical education, the establishment of departments thereof with elaborate and costly equipment and facilities and faculties on a par with other university departments, but—*"Gym" is a nuisance and a bore.* Nine students out of ten get out of it whenever they can on one pretext or another and drop it entirely as soon as the requirement is fulfilled.

When some members of college faculties are led to talk to or about students concerning the purpose for which they come to college, and particularly when this arises in connection with the prevalence of athletics, meaning intercollegiate, the usual statement is about as follows: "A student should understand that he is in college to get an education and the sooner he learns that athletics are only an incident in college life the better for him." Such a speaker will admit that physical education in the abstract is necessary, but usually it is to be found that by physical education he means some kind of exercise for health.

Now as a matter of fact we know that for the purpose of keeping the organism in a state of health only a very small amount of actual exercise is really necessary, and furthermore that for such a purpose alone our present elaborate outfits of buildings and appliances are un-

necessary. It is further true that for purposes of health equally valuable results can be secured from either gymnastics or various forms of athletics, so long as we have in view only the physiological effects of muscular activity. It is true that gymnastic forms and methods provide an easier and more practical medium for securing these results with large numbers of persons at one time. We will admit also that for orthopedic purposes gymnastics provides the only practical method.

But when we ask how shall we accomplish the higher objects of physical education we have a different proposition. There may be some who will contend for the greater value for neuro-muscular effects of the practice of movements, every step of which is previously analyzed and determined and the possible combinations and permutations pictured, but for the every day demands on neuro-muscular coordinations the education that comes from the practice of the more normal motions of throwing, catching, running, wrestling, boxing, swimming, etc., is to be preferred.

Beyond this, however, are the great social, moral and ethical values that can be secured in any real fundamental and vital way in the first instance only through the practice of athletic games and sports. Here we find the real function of athletics and here is the great reason for the provision on the most elaborate scale of facilities for their practice.

Gymnastics might be dropped out entirely from the curriculum of the normal boy or girl without any loss whatever to the individual. But the boy or girl who goes through the upper grammar grades, the secondary school and the college without having belonged for a major portion of that period to some one or another organized athletic team, fails to receive certain training vital to his best development.

Athletics is the mode of adolescent play of an active sort, and like the play of all children is the serious business of the individual up to a certain degree. In nothing else does he show such instinctive interest. Nothing else arouses his enthusiasm so highly or stirs his emotions so deeply, or evokes his co-operation so broadly, or holds his loyalty for so long. Athletics has all the physiological values

of gymnastics with superior values in regard to initiatives, leadership, self-discipline, and the practice of righteousness.

The evils of athletics are not inherent, but are the results of bad pedagogy, worse social psychology and moral cowardice on the part of those responsible for their administration and control.

A system of organization and administration that shall seek to place athletics in its proper place in the education of our youth, conserve its values and prevent its evils must have first an all-inclusive idea of physical education that takes into consideration all the activities that have value from the point of view of physical education per se or that are primary results of various forms of physical education.

Such a system will form a major department of a college or university and have jurisdiction over all athletics, gymnastics and aquatics, whether as prescribed courses of exercise or voluntarily entered into by the student body.

It will provide an adequate series of medical and physical examinations and determine the vigor, the development and the motor efficiency of each individual. It will classify all students according to some practical standard and provide that every student below the normal shall have an adequate opportunity to secure a normal development in a manner that will enlist his interest and awaken his enthusiasm. Until the student has secured the standard that should be prescribed for graduation he should be guided to the practice of those forms of activity that will secure the desired result in the shortest time.

Such a system will provide for the practice of every worth-while game and sport and afford the student an opportunity to follow the line of his interest and talent. Further than that it will seek to arouse interest where interest is wanting and broaden interest where it tends to be narrow. It will not attempt too great a breadth of interest but will encourage the development of specialities that may be continued after college life for their recreative values, to accomplish which specialization is necessary.

Such a system, recognizing the values of competitive athletics herein advanced,

will organize, according to the season, all natural groups in the college into series, leagues and tournaments, endeavoring to provide an opportunity for every student in some seasonable sport throughout his course. It will recognize that it is better to train a "dub" in that form of sport in which he is interested and give him an opportunity to play with his kind in the line of their common interest, than to insist on his practice of something in which he lacks interest, even though we think from our anthropometry or other reason that something else would be better. If he can be interested in the supposedly better thing, well and good, but not otherwise unless the line of his interest is inimical to the integrity of the organism.

The capstone of such a system will be a rational system of intercollegiate athletics that includes all sports appealing to any considerable group. By rational we mean teams that are the natural product of a comprehensive system of physical education, extending on the part of state universities down into the secondary and elementary schools of the state, teams that are not the result of any form of recruiting; schedules of reasonable length, that

do not tend to disrupt the sequence of the students' classes and interrupt the progress of his academic work; teams that play always to win, but that put playing the game according to the strictest code of honor above mere winning.

By rational, we mean further a system that inculcates economy of expenditure and does not develop extravagant tastes on the part of students unable to gratify them; that inculcates a code of honor in the team and student body that always gives the opponent on the home ground the character of guest and discourages muckerism and ungentlemanly conduct on the part of both players and spectators; developing a spirit that brings cheers for the good play of the opponent and not for his failures; that considers officials as gentlemen forming a board of arbitration mutually agreed upon and whose motives are never to be questioned; a system that inculcates loyalty to the team, loyalty to the class, loyalty to the college, loyalty to one's self, loyalty to loyalty.

[Editor's Note—Address delivered before the Annual Convention of the American Physical Education, Boston, April 12, 1911.]

Youth

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*Youth! and the thronging years,
And the mile stones white by the road
That winds along forever, it seems,
To Sorrow and Song and the Town of Dreams,
When Youth is strong for the load.*

*Love! and the singing winds
By the mile stones one by one;
And who would care for the road to end
When life is fair and the World's a friend,
And everywhere is the Sun?*

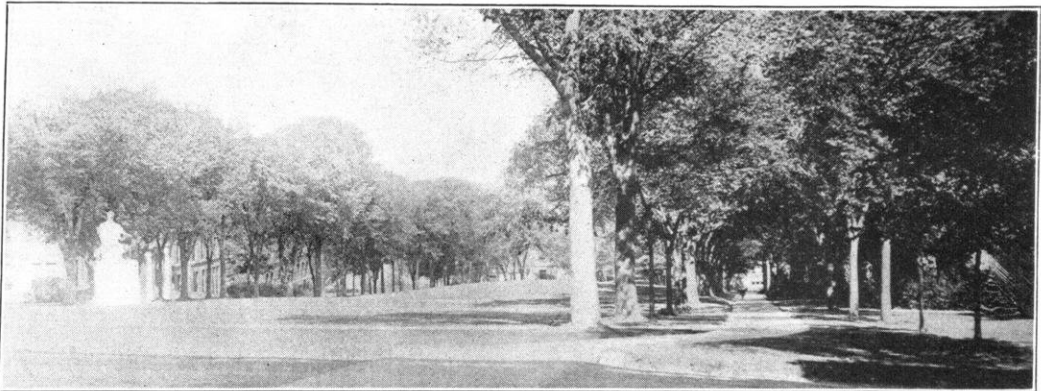
*Age! and when can it be
Down the sunset's path of gold?
Though the years grow long the heart is young
And the sweetest song is still unsung
When Love is strong as of old!*

Victory

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*Sick of the silent fray he stood at night
Beside the star-watched window of his room,
And all about him through the restless gloom
Glowed other windows and the city's light.
He sighed, "How poor, how endless is the fight,
How cold the victor's sleep within the tomb!
And yet I long to rout the hosts of Doom,
And win the silent fray with silent might."*

*And as he stood beside the window there,
Unto his weary soul spoke low a voice
Soft as the song of some wild woodland elf,
"Ah, slow the fight, but you are fighting fair.
Go, seek your fields of conquest, and rejoice
When you have won the battle with yourself."*



Japanese Temple Bell

SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

*Cavern of Melancholy so profound,
Out of thy hollow never laughters leap
To light, but issues an unearthly sound,
That trembling penetrates the moonless deep
Of night, and wakes to tears sick hearts that sleep.
Over the watery waste and barren ground
Thy low prolonged vibrations seem to creep,
And on, on, seek the earth's remotest bound.
What ancient witcheries in thee betrayed!
Thy rusted breast were yet a mystery!
Dim as the heavings of a distant sea,
Faint as the pulses of a dying maid,
Thy utterances wane, but never fade,
Till wailings fill the vast eternity.*

The Same Old Story

CHARLES G. SCHUYLER

"Kreuz-donnerwetter, Max, now it's enough! Such a melody! And such butchering! It's no use, no use—no temperament, no talent, not even appreciation! It's just as good for you to stop music! Ven I was a boy like you Max," but he stopped. Max dropped his violin to his side. The little studio grew strangely quiet. The cuckoo clock ticked with an unusually hollow sound. The music teacher let himself down slowly in his arm chair, buried his head in his long, thin hands. His whole frame shook, and the agonies, and sorrows of a life time came from his soul in what seemed a never-ending sigh. Max slammed the door.

"When I was a boy—when I was a boy!" echoed through his soul. Tired and troubled he fell asleep and again lived the joys of youth. He was lying in the cool shade of an oak by the spring whose waters trickled down over a great brown stone and splashed drop by drop into the clear pool from which flowed a tiny rivulet down between the grasses and out of sight. Birds were singing. The air was warm and the fragrance of blossoms hung like a cloud of incense over all. A beautiful maiden stood beside the spring. He filled her jug, and together they talked of love, and the joy of life. How beautiful she was! He sang a little song for her. Yes, now, he could hear himself singing and what a wonderful melody!

Lieschen had tiptoed into the study, picked up the violin, closed her eyes and played. There was a cry from the huddled-up form in the chair, "Mein Gott, Lieschen, weiter, weiter—"

"But I was playing nothing—simply dreaming, dreaming of the joys of life, the glories of living"—

"And now it's gone, gone Lieschen, my

melody Lieschen, my melody! You played it for me while I was dreaming, and now it is gone!" He fell back into the chair again and buried his face in his long, thin hands. Lieschen stirred the fire in the grate and tiptoed from the room. And even darker and more troubled than the phantastic shadows upon the wall, was the soul of Felix.

The fire was almost out, the shadows had ceased their witchlike dance, and the deep tones of the cathedral sounded midnight. And still he sat there, and still the same agony tortured his soul. Then he arose like a man dazed, looked around the room. "My melody," he breathed, "I must find it." He strode to the window and slowly pulled aside the shade. The clouds of early evening had parted and the moonlight, silent and peaceful covered the housetops. It quieted the soul of Felix. Unconsciously he murmured as he gazed on the chaste, pure light.

"Ah, could I, on some mountain height,
Glide onward, steeped in thy dear light,
Round mountain caves with spirits hover,
From fumes of learning purge my soul,
Bathe in thy dew, and be so whole!"

"My dreams of youth! My melody! Where is the great master? Here I am a man of fifty, with nothing accomplished, nothing done! A milk and water master!"

And the vision of his youth rebuked him and said, "Alas, Felix, alas Felix, what have you done? Flee Felix for yet it is time!"

And Felix fled. Lieschen lost herself in the life of the city. All summer long he wandered as a vagabond from village to village, drinking the cheap wines of the road houses, and consoling himself with a pipe. The spirit of his youth urged him

on to find the melody which should make him a master. He carried no violin with him, lest it betray his profession, but sometimes he would take the violin of some wandering player who like himself was roving the country and play simple, little melodies which always left those who had gathered around to hear him strangely silent.

But the melody would not come. A year dragged by. His excesses of cheap red wines, his long journeys on foot, his sleepless nights and above all the goading spirit of youth which ever said, "On, strive on, give the world your melody," had wrought a change in the music master. His hand trembled, his eye had lost its fire, he dragged his feet and leaned heavily upon his cane. But he kept on, for he knew that when he would find the melody it would be more than sufficient reward. Sometimes at night he dreamed of youth and thought he heard the melody, and would rush out into the open, only to find the melody gone, and his soul tuneless. And then as he oftentimes reflected, he saw himself nearing the rapids before the falls of destruction. But still he traveled onwards, and dared because he hoped the wild roar of the cataract, the dashing spray, and the foaming whirlpools would awaken his soul, and if he had but time to play the melody but once, what did it matter if his life went with the last strains. The world would have heard. That was enough.

The cafe was filled with beautiful women who were sipping sparkling wines, and prosperous looking gentlemen who were drinking and blowing great rings of blue smoke which on the hazy atmosphere assumed phantastic shapes and blended themselves in the cloud of gray which hung over all. A long-haired, swarthy-skinned director led the orchestra which was laboring through some popular airs. Waiters in discarded dress suits, and soiled shirt-fronts stood yawning around the edge of the room.

The door of the side entrance opened slowly, and an old man entered and dropped into a seat at a little table which was unoccupied. He looked cautiously around to observe whether anyone had seen him. A waiter stepped up but for-

got to smile or bow, and say, "With what could I please the gentleman?" The old man pulled his hand from his pocket and handed something to the waiter, and murmured, "Wine!" A curious smile played on his lips as the waiter filled the goblet. The first glass full he gulped, the second he drank, and the third he sipped. Soon he felt the glow of the wine, and feasted on the beauty of the women, and took deep breaths of the tobacco-laden air. The wine was heavy—so were his eyes and he fell asleep.

Again the dream of youth! Again he was lying in the cool shade of the oak by the spring whose waters trickled down over the great brown stone and splashed drop by drop into the pool which fed the rivulet. Birds were singing. A beautiful maiden stood beside the spring, he filled her jug and together they sat by the spring and talked of love. He sang a little song for her—

The old man started from his dream, the song still humming itself in his soul. It was the melody! Yes, it was the melody which Lieschen had played. He rose to his feet, threw aside his cane, walked between the scattered tables, climbed the few steps to the balcony. The laughter and humming of voices stopped. He walked up to the leader, and held out his hands for the violin. Max did not recognize him. Then he played. Everything grew deathly quiet. The musicians dropped their instruments and stared open-mouthed at the old man. What it was, nobody knew. The melody sang itself into their souls. The soft strains died away, and a wierd rhapsodie followed. The progressions were grand and wild. Suddenly in the midst of confusion and chaos he stopped. Once more the sweet melody sang itself into the souls of the crowd. Then it became fainter and fainter—the violin dropped from his hands, he staggered and fell on the floor of the balcony.

A few days later the town was wild over the catchiest ragtime that had ever been written. In it was the melody of Felix the unfortunate music master. The world was not so kind to him as he had dared to hope. Max was clever at transposing and transcribing music.

Milliard

R. E. COLEMAN

The door closed sharply on the couple. Within, sat a well dressed gentleman of perhaps forty years, sipping his cocktail and smoking his cigar with a perfect air of contentment. He was a single man; one who had cared more for riches than a wife, one who had wrapped his soul up in the factory which he owned. His enjoyment lay in the good times which money buys, such as suppers, theaters, talks at the clubs, and above all his ever-increasing wealth. He smiled to himself as the door closed, and perhaps thought how much more fortunate he was than the man who had just left, and yet how lonesome.

"The cur," Joe Milliard was saying to his wife, as they strolled down the avenue, "he thinks he's so much better than I am. I, the man, who slaves daily to bring him in the money, which he uses to raise himself above me. When he meets me, I'm not good enough for him to speak to. He wouldn't deign to recognize me. "Social position, bah—"

The big, burly fellow, whose gruff voice could be plainly heard across the street, had a kind face and gave the impression of a very cordial nature. His life had been one of constant toil, combined with an unceasing desire to rise to a position of power and respect. Various accidents and circumstances had thrust him back just when he was in reach of the goal for which he strove. These interruptions to his progress had hardened him, he had lost heart each time, until his disposition and spirit were molded and very decidedly changed. In early youth, he had had some advantages, which had brought him into a cultured environment. This formed in him an early desire for the best things in life and we wished always to go with refined and cultured people. He had been

thrown upon the world, penniless, and entered the employ of Bowen and Son, a reliable firm, who placed much confidence in him. His envy of the rich led him into temptation. The matter was hushed up, but it lost him his position, and, broken in spirit, he went into the factory.

Years of striving and misfortune had embittered him against the rich and the aristocratic. He was jealous of that which he had not attained. He asked himself the question over and over again why he should not be allowed their friendship, their cordiality, their respect. Had he not lived down his first act and atoned for it? Was he not a man free from all the vices, such as drink? He had attained a position as foreman in the factory. In this he took a savage pride.

The day following the incident at the restaurant, Milliard entered the machine room, over which he had charge, and was very much surprised at finding the men in a group near the window, evidently very much excited over something. He heard harsh words, uttered in determined, vigorous tones. His first thought was that a fight was brewing, but his fears were not realized. Instead his hopes were fulfilled. A strike was the subject of their conversation. His sanction was all that was needed. What more could he desire? Had he not often wished that someone would incite just such an action? He was glowing. Of course, it was his duty to quell any such disturbance, but his eyes were blinded to justice, and he thought only of his enmity, which was renewed with increasing virility. The restaurant incident came back to him forcibly. He made up his mind.

"I will go to the office and make your demands. They won't be listened to but then, don't start anything until I return.

We may get something," and Milliard laughed in a bitter, sarcastic way, while his spirit of revenge crept higher and grew stronger.

"All right—we'll wait, boss, but don't hedge a damn bit," grumbled one of the number.

In less than an hour, the riot of a few hundred men, with bitter determination, led by an evil spirit, became a reality. There was much confusion; everyone was at a loss to know what to do. Milliard rushed to the office for a second time, but stopped before the door, confronted by Mr. Wall, the owner, bearing a small boy in his arms. Instantly, Milliard recognized the lad as his own, and with a fierce grimace, almost an assault, he sprang at

the man, snatching the boy away. A cry went up; a piercing, agonizing scream of anguish. Milliard had caught the injured leg of the little fellow. Gently, and with compassion, he laid the boy down. His heart melted, as he, bending over the lad, listened to a bystander's story of the rescue. He admired Wall now, and realized how much he owed him for saving the dearest life he knew. Milliard, with moistened eyes, looked up at Wall, and extended his hand.

"I can never thank you, Mr. Wall," Milliard said humbly.

"Don't try to, Milliard; send the men back to work and we'll tend to the boy," Mr. Wall replied.

A View of Student Activities

"PETE" PIERCE

There is an element in human nature which delights in "showing off." If one will watch a crowd of school boys at play, especially if there are any girl spectators, he can at once observe wondrous actions. Some of the boys stand on their heads, some jump from the top of the fence, and others fall down in all manner of awkward positions. The teacher in the schoolroom will testify to the fact that the greatest per cent of disorderly conduct comes as a result of that tendency and fondness for "showing off."

There are, in contrast, many persons who can not endure being placed as a performer, before any kind of an audience. This article is interested in both kinds of natures believing that justice demands action on the part of the reticent fully as much as it does reserve on the part of the obstreperous.

The man is but the boy grown up, and even though we grant the college student to be a man, we need not apologize for attempting to trace some of his natural instincts. Thus the student can be com-

pared with the school boy with the result that some interesting traits of student activities are revealed.

No doubt, there will be a disagreement in the enumeration of student activities. It is difficult to determine what shall be the basis of a definition. We have chosen to call any activity connected with the university and peculiar to the university, in which the students alone take part, aside from studies and other requirements, a student activity. Rightfully speaking, studying is, and should be, the chief activity, but I believe the ordinary conception of the meaning of the term excludes studies and all required work. It is this conception which prompts an instructor to tell a student that he is giving up too much time to student activities and not enough to his studies.

There are some other activities which engage the student, which are not particularly characteristic of college life. For instance, many of us employ our time with dancing, "fussing," playing cards, billiards, bowling, driving, boating and like

pleasures. These are not particularly typical college pastimes, because they are not associated with any definite class of people.

An enumerative list of what we really consider the student activities would include all branches of competitive athletics, debating, class politics, dramatics, musical clubs, managerships, literary achievements, etc. These are nearly all open to competition, which is another way of saying that the chance for everyone is equal. An observer will almost invariably come to the conclusion that the men who head these branches of activities represent much the best that we have in the institution.

If we look again at the two classes of people, the obstreperous and the reticent, it will be seen that there is ample opportunity for both. The backward persons can excel in managing, in literary production or possibly art work. Those who are ambitious of performance need no advice except perhaps a warning. The problem of how much a student can do outside of his studies is not a new one, but is the same old problem which has faced the business man for years. There is not a successful business man today who is not confronted with the proposition which is commonly spoken of in terms of "business first, pleasure afterwards." My venerable friend, Madame Conover, who is sitting in the room with me as I write this article, on hearing from me the subject, says, "if you keep on with your activities, my boy, something will burst."

That is exactly the situation which usually develops out of the ambition to "show off" too much. Yet there are many things to be said in favor of ambition of this kind. It is better to strive for wholesome approbation of one's fellows than to idle one's time away with valueless amusements.

We have in most universities too many good billiard players, card "sharps," and confirmed fussers. Our "frat men" are apt to sacrifice the college interests and place their organizations in the foreground.

Their secret meetings are sometimes considered of more importance than any function of the student body. Such men have been known to be the cause of athletic defeats and to absent themselves from other university affairs of importance in which they are needed for success, and this often for no better reason than that their fraternity gives a formal party on a conflicting date. A man does not have to be an "anti fusser" to realize that there is much time wasted by both boys and girls in company with each other. Perfectly good fudge or a yellow lined pocket is not essentially a guarantee that there is mutual benefit to be gained from mixed society. In truth, we have many young men and women who are scarcely ever absent from one another's company, and the time spent brings no good returns.

Many of our students are suspicious of instructors and professors without good reason. Many "fellows" have said to me, "don't get into that professor's class, because when he finds out that you are an athlete he will 'con' you." Most students are also laboring under the false impression that the professors are opposed to student activities. There may be some among our faculty who are opposed to the type of amusement which I call student activities, but I have learned from my own experience that they are few in number.

The problem of proper defense for student activities is after all not so difficult. Everyone has his special way of finding recreation. Some men make gardens; some go hunting and fishing; there are certain individuals who take to photography, and many delight in travel. These are all good forms of amusement and are instructive. On the whole, then, student activities need no excuse, in that, they offer enjoyment and give instruction, while at the same time they give pleasure to others. This last suggestion brings us down to the fundamental secret of how to gain enjoyment, namely—contribute to the happiness of others and your own will be unconsciously insured.



The Other Side of the Interscholastic Question

C. C. CHAMBERS

It has become traditional for athletic writers at Wisconsin to deplore the conditions under which the annual interscholastic meet is held, and to advocate an invitation meet under the auspices of the university and open to all high schools and preparatory schools in the West. It is the purpose of this paper to depart from that tradition and to present the arguments of those who favor an interscholastic meet limited to high schools and preparatory schools in Wisconsin.

As it is now the university has no official connection with the interscholastic meet and no active hand in its management. The State High School Athletic Association has entire charge of the whole affair. They usually ask the assistance of the physical training department in providing competent officials, and this year Dr. Meanwell has been entrusted with the management of the meet. The athletic council extends the courtesies of Camp Randall and that is their only connection with the meet. The rules of eligibility are formulated by the state association and all schools outside the state are barred. In the past the athletic department has made no attempt to assume control over the meet, but on several occasions the students themselves have attempted to take a hand in the management, which attempt has met with the disapproval of the state association. The present administration, however, is inclined to cooperate in every way with the high school officials who seem to welcome any official aid from the university, and there is every reason to believe that before long the interscholastic meet will be directed at least by the policy of the physical training department. That is all that is needed to

make the meet a truly representative Wisconsin interscholastic.

There are many reasons why the state association is opposed to outside schools entering the meet. In the first place the participation of star teams from the big private preparatory schools and the city high schools whose athletic appropriations and facilities enable them to turn out star aggregations, would discourage many of the smaller high schools in the state whose funds are limited so that only mediocre teams are developed. These schools would not hesitate to send a team to compete against other teams from their own state high schools, but the presence of teams from outside schools who are known to attend all the big interscholastic meets in the country and whose men figure prominently in the sporting sheets of the metropolitan newspapers, would be very likely to make them assume a "what's-the-use" attitude. The high school association gains no support from any of these outside schools, and they cannot afford to lose the co-operation of even the least of the state schools. We cannot blame the association for striving to advance high school athletics in Wisconsin, and it is easy to see that they have no object in promoting the work in neighboring states. It is in thus limiting the competition that they bring upon their heads the wrath of Wisconsin students who look upon interscholastic as a feeder for our athletic teams, and believe that all the star prep school men in the country should be brought here and entertained so royally that they will come here to school. Many experienced men see in this very idea an objection. The track stars in the Chicago high schools, and they are the ones an

open meet would attract, are so over-worked in their youth that many of them "blow up" after going to college. Physical directors all over the country say that a man should do very little track work until after his eighteenth year. The vast majority of these high school lads are much younger than this. They are in training constantly for some big meet, and they must put forth every effort to win all the cups and medals they can. As a result they not only use up all their energy, but take so much time from their studies that their preparation for college is not what it should be and they stand a good show of getting conned in their freshman year. I could name a dozen or more men who were stars in Chicago high schools a few years ago and who either "blew up" in college athletics or failed in their studies. The advocates of the limited interscholastic believe that the boy from the small Wisconsin high school who gets just enough track work to keep him in good condition during his growing years and to teach him the fundamentals of the game, is the best material we can get for the development of university athletes.

Of course, the University of Wisconsin is an institution of national reputation and scope, but the fact must not be lost sight of that it is the university of the *state of Wisconsin*, and as such is dependant upon the bounty of the taxpayers of the state. It is not unnatural for them to expect primary attention to be given to promoting interests within the state. As the highest institution of learning it is a function of the state university to take the lead in matters of education, and to encourage and aid in every possible way the secondary colleges and high schools within the state. Modern athletics play in an important part in a youth's education. The high school principals have united in an effort to raise the standard of high school athletics, and it is the patriotic duty of the university to give whatever aid they can to the movement, and surely do nothing which would alienate the high school association. This association has laid down rules of eligibility which are for the best interests of interscholastic athletics within the state, and

if the university insists upon dictating a policy of competition open to out-of-the-state teams the meet is very likely to be taken away from Madison and held in Milwaukee. In fact such a move has been talked of at times when sentiment has been strong in the university for an open meet. This might seem to be a good thing upon the face of it, for then the university could conduct an invitation meet of its own. But careful consideration will show that a rupture between the state university and the high schools would be very disastrous for both concerned. The taxpayers would never stand for it in the first place. In Michigan a controversy has arisen on just this point. The high school officials are opposed to allowing outside schools to carry off all the prizes, for this policy has in the past resulted in cutting down materially the entries from smaller Michigan schools. The university has declared for an open meet as a means of attracting probable students. The high school officials have refused to permit any school in their association to participate in such a meet. It is easy to see the folly of attempting to increase the standard of university athletics by antagonizing the very people to whom we look for contributions of both money and men.

The letter which Prof. Ehler received not long ago from a man in Oak Park asking what inducements would be offered to his son, a prominent high school athlete, in case he came to Wisconsin, is a good illustration of the effect of these big interscholastic meets all over the country. The young high school lads visit all the big universities in the course of the season, and at each place they are entertained royally. The praises of that particular college are sung in their ears, and the students point to past achievement on the gridiron, diamond or track in the hopes of inducing the youngster to make that his alma mater. Whether or not any offers are actually made the lad is more than likely to get the idea that he is wanted more than he really is, and the report is soon spread around that Chicago or Illinois or Michigan made so-and-so a proposition to choose their school. The stars among these lads get such an exaggerated idea of their own importance to

a university that they choose the one out of which they think they can get the most. Now that type of men are not usually the kind that make good in a very desirable way at Wisconsin, and the advocates of the limited interscholastic meet feel that we are better off without them. After all it is not winning a long string of athletic victories with a team of men who are here just for the sake of participating in athletics that will place Wisconsin any higher on the list of great American universities.

These are a few of the reasons why the Wisconsin interscholastic is limited to

high schools within the state. I believe that the high school officials themselves are agreed that the university should take a more active part in the management of the meet, and it is to be hoped that hereafter there will be greater co-operation between the two bodies. It may be deemed advisable at some future date for the university to conduct an invitation meet at a later date than the state meet, but it would certainly be not a wise move to drive away the interscholastic and to antagonize the state association by insisting on an open meet.

Thomas Chatterton

A NARRATIVE

F. L. VAN VLIET

PROLOGUE.

A vast number of narrow, dingy streets cut away from the banks of the river Avon to form the metropolis of Bristol. One of these narrow, dingy streets, not quite so dingy as the others, ended, then as now, a long way back from the river, at the beautiful Gothic Church, St. Mary-a-Redcliffe.

Below Redcliffe hill were many little shops where surged the industry of the humble; among them, on the side toward the church, was a potter's shop, the shop of big, homely, kind-hearted, putty-faced Jo. In it a jumble of noisy little boys jumped up and down about the table where the potter spun round his potter's wheel. They scampered and scooted about, dodged at and pinched each other with uproarious rapture, brought about entirely because the potter would make each of his small friends a cup.

"What'll it be, lads," said he. "Pick yer colors 'n' I'll paint ye what ye like on yer cups. Fine lads, ye, to be in yer cups so young," he added with wicked grow-up glee.

"Paint me a cat," shrieked one small voice.

"Gi' me a dog," growled the captain of the gang. With a terrible frown the oracle has spoken and immediately the chorus rose, "Yes, a dog, a dog." A wild scuffle ensued for the first cup to be colored.

One lad only, the smallest of them all, pondered his choice. He seemed not so excited, but rather more earnest in the fun. His gray eyes were piercingly brilliant.

"Come lad," bantered the rough potter, "art sullen again? Why dost not call out like thy fellows? Art queer little chap, Tom." His manner was kind withal.

"Paint me—paint me," said the child slowly, with fine consideration and emphasis, but with triumph and pride in the tilt of his small head, "paint me an angel—with wings—and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the wide world." Each new detail added a light of satisfaction to the wistful glow in his eyes. His was a proud air. And surely 'twas right. For this was no common boy.

I.

In a grassy courtyard behind St. Mary Redcliffe, in a small, simple cottage, there dwelt a poor woman and her son and daughter. Upon the son, now a boy of fifteen and apprenticed to a lawyer, depended the living of the family—a very poor living, indeed, and to the son at least very galling. For in those days he who took to keep a poor woman's son was ever of the brutal type; the genteel lawyer held his places far above the reach of the poor. So as the days passed by the poor boy chafed under his uncongenial surroundings, now sullenly, sulkily, now violently, unreasoningly.

"Mother, thou must fetch Tom. I can make him come not one step beyond the church porch." The face of the girl who entered showed bitter anger. She was always teased beyond endurance by her brother's silence which she mistook for a show of superiority.

"Hast said aught to plague him, daughter?" The mother spoke with gentle concern. In her refined, dark features there was a certain pervading magnetism and power.

"No! 'Tis always so. I must never plague his majesty, but 'tis very well for him to plague me and nothing's said" She started away with a stamp of her foot.

"Thou dost not understand thy brother," said her mother patiently. "I fear thou driv'st him from us by thy rantings."

She left the cottage to find her son. The sky was beautifully blue and the church towers seemed to stretch high to reach the dome of heaven above. On the church porch a dreamy boy leaned against a massive pillar. His person was notably premature and he seemed manly beyond his years. One of his big, wild eyes was more remarkable than the other and its lightning-like flashes had something about them supernaturally grand. The muscles of his face set when he heard his mother's approaching step and voice.

"Thomas, wilt not come home?" she questioned.

"No," he said firmly, dreaming the while.

"When thou'rt away at the lawyer's," she continued, "we wish thee back. But now I almost wish thee gone again, were 't only to keep thee from here."

The boy said nothing.

"Why dost thou haunt this church so constantly? 'Twould seem thou lovedst it more than thy mother's cottage."

"Why should I not, mother?" said the boy thoughtfully, squaring himself. "My grandfather, my father, my ancestors for ages have been its sextons. 'Tis bred in my bones to love its aisles, its tombs, its beauty, its peace. Can find it no place else," he ended defiantly. He sank moodily to the floor of the porch and leaned back his head to gaze at the sky. His mother sat down beside him and laid her soft hand upon his knees.

"Why dost thou chafe so at thy destiny? Couldst thou but be content with thy lot thou mightst one day earn thy way to a higher station. But as 'tis thou turnst away from—even thy mother."

The boy made an impatient gesture. His eyes were wild.

"Canst not leave thy dreaming?" she continued. "'Twill do thee no good, not gain thee pence. Hast forged a name to publish thy rhymes and 't has caused thee but sorrow. Thou hast lived a lie and now thou hast a mortal sin to expiate."

"'Twas no sin!" he suddenly exclaimed. There was "oblique lightning" in his eyes. "I say, 'twas no sin. Or 'twas sin only because I caught the knowing ones. 'T hurts their pride to be trapped by a boy. I'll compass them yet. Listen, mother, I will go to London and get me patrons for my rhymes. Will buy thee all silk attire and siller. Grandmother shall have tobacco for her pipe."

His mother smiled sadly.

"Wilt never leave that thought? Thou'rt but a boy and couldst not live in London; less help thy mother. Patrons will fail thee as thou'st already seen."

The boy jumped to his feet, waving his arms high, crying, "I will, I will, I will!" He stopped a moment with a wild, far-off gleam in his eyes. "I will to London, or I—"

He dashed away from his mother pressing his hands to his head. The poor

woman turned slowly back to her cottage and she saw her son not again that day.

II.

The evening fell silently upon the quiet little cottage behind St. Mary Redcliffe. Painful silence there was within it. The mother sat oppressed and wrapped in cold dread. She hardly breathed in the anticipation of something fearfully close at hand. The daughter, chilled and subdued by a blind fear of her mother, escaped to her lonely room by the outside stairs leading thither.

Left alone, the mother drew a paper from her pocket and read:

"This is the last will and testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the City of Bristol, being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon—the soundness of my mind the coroners are to be judges of—desiring them to take notice that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of "the mad genius"; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity.

Item—"If, after my death, which will happen tomorrow night before eight o'clock——"

The mother's eyes looked away unseeing. Frozen with horror, she sat there far into the night. The candle sputtered and went out.

III.

It was Tuesday evening of the twenty-fourth of April, between eight and nine o'clock. The London coach stopped in the tavern area across from St. Mary Redcliffe, and Thomas Chatterton, full of pride and hope, was bundled into the side basket. Amidst the chatter and hum of passengers, the shouting of drivers, the blowing of bugles and the thumping of hearts, the lad's proud promises and manly goodbyes were lost to his quiet mother, his sister, and his little, mumbling old grandmother. A drizzling rain added to the confusion; partly, I suppose, because one must watch one's steps when it rains; partly because, in a subconscious way, one feels another world in the puddles underfoot where the street lights shine and the rain-drops dance like little people.

"Remember," shouted Tom, "I shall set the Thames on fire."

The coach lurched away round the corner. The weak street lamps were one by one extinguished and at length only a glowing halo marked the city's location. Then blackness prevailed.

But once arrived in London, Tom set about his business with unswerving determination. His purpose was to get himself patrons among the great men of London. With all the confidence and innocent daring of youth he called indefatigably; from morning to night he called upon anyone and everyone; for days he called. He had come to London to be known, to write, to bring the great ones to his feet. And so he ground his teeth and called.

At night Tom lived in the garret of a leaky old house, with creaky old stairs, owned by a little squeaky-voiced old sack-maker. But all day Tom smiled and dressed well, gave himself airs, and, as I have said, called.

"For the most part I call upon the great men of London," he wrote to his mother. "I have got me some political writing to do, but before long I shall have patrons enough so that I shall live by my poems. I shall go back to St. Mary's. And then, ah then, shall we all live in comfort and peace. Then shall we walk in silk and my granny shall have tobacco and siller."

But day by day, in spite of his bright hopes and his grit, the pence in his pocket dwindled and his meals grew scantier and fewer. Yet he smiled. No one knew from his face when last he had dined. No one dared invite Thomas Chatterton to a meal out of charity. He was not hungry for such. He could earn his own if they but gave him the chance. So he dressed—as well as he could—and smiled and called.

Only one person in all the world knew from any voluntary sign from the boy how the coldness and heaviness in the bottom of his heart grew heavier and colder and crept higher and filled his heart. Only his mother knew the dangerous cynicism of his iron pride. Yet, by the jest of a cruel fate, she of all people was

powerless to help him. When at last his troubles overpowered, he turned again to her.

"The leaden load in my heart," he wrote, "is growing heavier, mother. It weighs so much now that my heart scarcely beats. Sometimes I sit with my arms pressed to my sides and I hardly breathe and then I believe I forget to think. When I fall asleep it is from sheer weariness of the load. I sleep to forget and hope that when I wake God will have lifted my burden. But sometimes I am vindictive and I curse the men of London in my heart.

"I was in the churchyard this afternoon and as I walked I fell into a fresh, open grave. What can that mean?"

What could it mean? The hot days of July and August dragged on. The boy's crazed brain was brought to a state of madness. Night after night a light burned in the stifling little garret room and a shadow moved back and forth, to and fro, up and down, across the ceiling. A suspicious watchman might have found food for thought in that shadow, had he been inclined to look so high.

In his garret chamber the lad paced to and fro incessantly, stopping only now and then to write and then going on. He tore up what he wrote and strewed the room with the scraps of paper. His figure was bony and emaciated. He stooped.

His face was very white and his eyes were lusterless. For two days he had had nothing to eat. At last he stumbled and fell, face down, upon his mattress.

IV.

In Oxford, at a late hour that night, a stately, bearded old gentleman seated himself in the London coach. He made the journey by night, to avoid the insufferable heat of the day. He felt uneasily that he had already delayed too long his search for the boy whose gift for poetry had excited his sympathy, one Thomas Chatterton of Brook street, London.

In Brook street, the next day, this stately, bearded old gentleman asked the little sacmaker to call her tenant from his garret chamber. "I wish to consult him about his poetry. I am Dr. Fry of Oxford," he said.

The little woman went hastily to the stairs but there she turned and said, "I am afraid to go alone."

Together they mounted the creaky old stairs to the garret chamber. The woman spoke first but the pinched form on the mattress did not stir. In the death clutch of one thin hand lay a small glass bottle. The woman turned away and said simply, "I think you are too late."

"Yes," answered Dr. Fry, "I have delayed too long."

At Twilight

MARGARET F. DAVISON

*When the dusk comes on and the shades grow long
And fade away on the grass;
When the robin's song comes floating down
On the evening winds that pass,
The great gate of heaven swings ajar
And the symphony steals through
To the weary hearts in the waiting world
From the realm above the blue.*

Song

PAUL MAHONE

*I know a nook where wind-wooded willows bend to look
In the silver mirror of a brook,
As dreaming there they wish to see how very fair
Are sun-kissed locks of dew-gemmed hair.*

*And the Lady Moon, when shadows dream and low winds croon,
Comes misty robed from hills of June;
With dreamy eye she scans the brook while willows sigh
To see a goddess smiling nigh.*

*And once when bright were all the lands with starry light,
I led my lady of the night,
All lovingly, past mirrored moon and willow tree,
And the whole world whispered wishfully.*



Horace, Odes III 13

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro

Prize Translation

MABELLE E. STEVENS, '12

*O fount Bandusian, crystal clear,
To thee sweet wine and flowers I'll bring;
A kid shall be thine offering,
Whose budding horns, soon to appear.*

*Foretell the destined fray. In vain!
Tomorrow, with his crimson blood,
Deep will he dye thy cooling flood,
No more to wanton o'er the plain.*

*The burning of the bright dog-star
Thy coolness knows not to invade;
To wearied ox thou off'rest shade,
And to the flocks that wander far.*

*Of thee a far-famed fount I'll make,
Singing the ilex spreading near
The hollowed rock whence, cold and clear,
Their laughing leap thy waters take.*

The Human Fraternity and Its House

EDWARD J. WARD

He was a cynic who said: "I do not believe in fraternities because I believe in fraternity."

The Social Center idea is the practice, in the community in which one lives, after he leaves his college or university, of the friendly free association upon a common ground of common interest which he knew in the smaller and more artificial group gathered in the chapter house during undergraduate days.

The Social Center is just a *human* fraternity; that is, an extension of the fraternity idea of acquaintance, of fellowship, of co-operation to include not merely the members of one sex or the other whose parents have about the same income and who are supposed to be joining in the pursuit of higher education, but all of the people in the community in which one lives. It is the recognition of the common human bond as a fraternity tie. It is the discussion together of civic problems and public questions as problems and questions of the fraternity's welfare. It is participation in neighborhood social and recreational activities as in the spirit of the best and most enjoyable fraternity stunts.

It is the realization of the American ideal of all-inclusive fraternity through the use of the common public school building as a common human fraternity house.

Let us examine the standard by which in undergraduate days we used to rate alumni as "good fraternity brothers." He was a "good fraternity brother" who wore his pin on all occasions and who bought another for his wife when he got married, or rather, for his fiancée when he became engaged, who subscribed for the "quarterly" and the "decennial," who helped pay for the new piano, who came back often to attend initiations and brought his wife

on to chaperone at parties, who remembered the Greek mottoes of the fraternity and quoted them when he was called on to speak to the active chapter. He was a good fraternity brother entirely without regard to whether he was fulfilling in his community life the larger fraternal expression for which the undergraduate fraternity practice should have been the preparation.

Of course, in a democracy, the only justification of association in a fraternity during one's formative years is the development of the capacity to think in terms of other one's welfare; the capacity to think and act with others, the capacity for social being. Of course, in a democracy, only he is a "good fraternity brother" who puts into practice "out, out in the cold, cold world" the lessons of fraternity which he learned in college days, and so does his part toward warming up that cold, cold world, and making it human.

But this idea, obvious as it is, was never pointed out to us by alumni when they came back, and we never thought of it. I do not mean that we weren't admonished to go out and be "successful," I do not mean that the bright examples of prominent and famous alumni were not blazened before us. They were, and without any nice discrimination as to the means by which they gained their prominence. But it was always an urge to individual striving. The idea that this fraternal group training was aimed at fitting the members of the fraternity for fraternal living in the larger human group never entered our loyal heads.

But of course that is just what is needed, call it civic spirit, community interest, the consciousness of democracy, the joy of human fellowship, the brotherhood of man, or in religious terms call it the

Kingdom of God; it is just the expansion of the fraternity spirit to include all of us folks. And, of course, the college fraternity ought to be just one nautilus "chambered cell," finding its reason for being, in housing a spirit which finds a "dome more vast" till one at length is free to fully claim the right which became his when, as Kipling says, "God gave all men all earth to love." The public school building is the symbol of this larger fraternal expression. It is the common American Fraternity House. How strange it is that only now are we beginning again to use it so, when our dearest American tradition is of the public school as a neighborhood Fraternity House.

Let Gene Wood remember it for us: "Sing of 'The Little Old Red Schoolhouse on the Hill' and in everybody's heart a chord trembles in unison. As we hear its bewitching strains we are all lodge brethren, from Maine to California and far across the Western Sea; we are all lodge brethren, and the air is 'Auld Lang Syne,' and we are clasping hands across, knitted together into one living solidarity. It is the true democracy that batters down the walls that separate us from each other—the walls of caste distinction, and color prejudice, and national hatred, and religious contempt, all the petty anti-social meannesses that quarrel with the union of hearts." It is the proof that "We are all of one blood, one bounden duty; that all these anti-social prejudices are just as shameful as illiteracy, and that they will disappear as soon as ever we shall come to know each other well."

Now, briefly, how to go about making the public school building a Social Center, a Human Neighborhood Fraternity House. Of course, the social center idea is not confined to the wider use of the public school plant; it includes also the wider use of the city hall for civic, social, educational and recreational gatherings as is done in Rochester, Milwaukee, St. Paul and other cities, and the full use of all other public buildings and grounds which may be more widely used to the public advantage; all as means to the wider use of the human understanding and sympathies. But usually, it finds its expression

in the wider use of the public school building as a common-to-all gathering place for civic, social and recreational activities, because for most communities the public school house is the one available building that belongs to everybody.

First: Secure a statement from the school board that the various public school buildings under their charge may be used freely (that is without interference as to matters discussed, etc.) and gratuitously (that is, without charge) for meetings of citizens to discuss public questions and to carry on such other civic, social and recreational activities as they may care for, which do not interfere with the prime use of the buildings. Most extant school boards will see the advantage to the schools and to the community of this use of the school house as a public forum or Neighborhood Club House. There used to be school boards which did not want the rights of the mice interfered with, but these are for the most part extinct like the Dodo.

Then form a Neighborhood Civic Club of which all the citizens in the community are, by reason of their residence in the neighborhood, members. They become active members upon giving their names to the secretary. Elect officers, as many as you want, including chairmen of committees on program, local improvement, legislation, publicity, etc. This can be done without any special appropriation. See that the topics are live and the meetings interesting. Take up all sorts of public questions, but very soon begin the discussion of the securing of an appropriation to be administered either by the to-be-created Department of Public Recreation or by the Public School Board. Then hire a Superintendent of Recreation who shall have charge of the social center activities, the playground's, the promotion of civic holiday and festival celebration, moving picture shows, etc., etc. He must have, with him, of course, a woman to promote, organize and direct the women's and girls' activities. In each of the centers as they develop fully there must be at least seven people—director, associate woman director (in charge of women's and girls' club work), boys' and men's gymnasium director, women's and girls' gymna-

sium director, and her assistant at the piano, and a librarian who also has charge of the quiet games.

This is assuming that one school building will be used for both men and women, boys and girls on different evenings with, of course, the one general neighborhood evening. Where on the other hand, as in New York City, there are separate centers for boys and girls, this number of directors may be decreased. Of course, the opening of a dozen school buildings in a town will not necessarily mean the employment of eighty-four or eighty-five directors, for the same directors may spend different evenings in different centers in different schools.

What are the qualifications of these people? The prime qualification of all of them is that they be social missing links who regard themselves as hired men and hired women of the community, and who are entirely free from the professional uplift "social worker" taint. The social center is not an institution for social service, but for social exchange. It is needed in poor communities because poor people are human beings and they need the opportunity of associating with other human beings on an interesting, beneficial common ground; but wealthy people need the social center more, for with the handicaps of fashion observance, and the worries of superfluous possessions and with the deep consciousness of the unfairness of their exemption from useful labor and the sense of separation that this brings—the rich need the social center more. The christian idea suffered at its beginning because it was regarded as merely a gospel for the poor—"How hardly shall they that are rich enter." Let us beware of considering the social center movement with the idea of charity, philanthropy, patronage or anything less than acquaintance, civic friendliness, co-operation, human fraternity.

There isn't room here to go into a technical discussion of division of time, equipment, etc. And there is no one best method. Provision should be made for citizenship meetings, for social gatherings with the opportunity for occasional serving of refreshments, neighborhood dances, gymnasium activities, quiet games, read-

ing, musical expression—both in orchestra and chorus, dramatic activities, etc. The possibilities of increasing this list and including other activities are of course unlimited. For instance, art exhibits, receipt exchanges, the working up of holiday and festival celebrations, will naturally suggest themselves. In general, the policy should be to promote self-expression in a spirit of democracy, to participate in full rounded social self-realization.

The foundation should be set in democracy. The fundamental idea of the Social Center should be the restoration of the "Old New England Town Meeting" custom, and the strongest appeal of the Social Center should be to the men of the community. Not because the men are more important than the women and children, but because they are less social and hardest to reach. It is like the old admonition "love your enemies." If you succeed in doing that you will love everybody between. You want to have the young people, of course, the boys and girls in "coming civic clubs," gymnasium and other activities, but if you put the emphasis upon reaching the young people, you will get them and then you will stop there because you will have given the idea that the Social Center is primarily a young people's institution. If you take the easiest course of getting the women in, you will succeed in reaching the women and children and you will be likely to stop there, but if you get the men you will get the women and children, too.

You can't go wrong if you keep in mind the idea of the use of the public school building as a neighborhood common fraternity house. Help organize other chapters in other school buildings in other parts of the town, that is, other social centers in other neighborhoods, but begin right over there across the street, or around the corner—just where is your nearest building. That's the place and now is a splendid time to begin.

You can almost surely count upon the co-operation of the principals of the school and the teachers, but don't depend upon them to take the responsibility or do the work. They have enough to do, and anyway, if they are too active it suggests the idea that the Social Center is in some way

an evening school. The principal and teachers will welcome the opportunity to come in on the common ground, not as principals and teachers, but as human beings. If you do keep this broad American, family, fraternity idea, you will find the spirit of the institution express itself spontaneously perhaps in some such words as these:

There are several parties here in our community.

Republican, and Democrat, and Socialist—that's three.

We never get together just because we disagree;

But there's a place where all of us can talk things over free.

It's at the Center.

There are many churches here, all teaching brotherhood;

Some of them are better and all of them are good.

But Catholic and Protestant and Jew are kept apart.

There's just one place where we all know that we are one in heart,

It's at the Center.

There are a lot of races here in our community;

English - French - Italian - Greek - Dane-Hindoo-Swede-Chinee.

And sometimes we forget that we are all one familiee;

But there's a place where this is just the fact that you will see.

It's at the Center.

Now there are some distinctions that are seen upon the street,

For some folks ride in auto cars and some ride on their feet,

And worry about the price of clothes come in and spoils the fun,

But there's a place where hats are off and rich and poor are one,

It's at the Center.

There are little social circles here, each with its coterie;

Some in saloons, some pedro cliques—some soaking up pink tea.

But everyone is glad there is a place where each one gets

A chance to be acquainted with the folks in other sets.

It's at the Center,

* * *

The Social Center,

The place where everybody feels at home;

Forgets th' external,

Becomes fraternal,

And knows the time for friendliness has come.



THE "CUPID CHORUS" IN "THE MANICURE SHOP"

The Quartz Hammer

C. F. G. WERNICKE, JR.

The fire flamed and waned fitfully, in its last struggle before settling down the peaceful glow of the coals, cozily outlining the heavy furniture, and gleaming, blood red and soft, from the sword blades and shields that hung on the walls. Luxury was evident in all the furnishings. The soft thick rugs, the massive table and bookcases, the half guessed wonder of the pictures—all bespoke culture and wealth, and masculinity.

The door opened and Brandt stepped into the room. As if to welcome him the fire sprang eagerly into flame for a moment and then died down again, like a dog settling down after welcoming his master. Brandt closed the door and turned to switch on the lights, but, shaking his head with a little whimsical smile, he dropped his hand and crossed to the table, turning over the mail by the red glow of the fire. He picked up a long heavy package and, cutting the string with his knife, opened it.

He gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure and picked up from the mass of paper an old stone axe. Fastened to one end of a thick three foot handle was a gleaming scintillating chunk of quartz. Brandt handled it lovingly. How well it felt in his hand, heavy, powerful—a real weapon. His eye traveled along the shaft to the massive head and he shook it smiling, something deep in him responding to the primeval strength of the thing. He examined the head more closely. The cruel jagged teeth of it stirred in him a strange wild joy and he fingered the hard points gently. What was that clinging to it? Ha! Caught between two of the crystals was a single coarse gray hair shading to black on one end. Brandt picked it out and examined it.

Slowly the limits of the room widened and before him spread itself a sea of wav-

ing gray marsh grass, swaying and rustling in the bright sunlight, and beside him was a huge flat rock, bloody from the sacrifice. The smell of hot blood was in his nostrils and with a sudden fury of berserker rage he swung high the heavy stone axe, and crushing it down onto the rock, cried, "I will eat of him." Then it all left him—but the thick top of the table was crushed in by the axe's blow.

Brandt shook his head. "Again," he said in the impersonal tone of an observer, watching an oft repeated phenomena. Then picking up a letter, which he had set aside, he sat down in the deep chair before the fire, by whose light he made out the following words:

"Dear Old George—Knowing your diletante knowledge of savage weapons and your undoubted interest in all those things, I am sending under separate cover, a stone hammer which we dug up the other day. I hope you can place it better than Professor Smith who says, 'It must be very old,' and that is all we can get out of him. He is terribly wrapt up in studying the body of a mastodon which we discovered whole and as well preserved as if it had died yesterday, in the frozen swamp. We are planning a dinner at which the chief dish will be the baked foot of this same mastodon. This was done in Russia several years ago by some naturalists and so we cannot claim originality, but it will be great fun to eat meat as old as that anyway. If you can make it, we would be awfully glad to have you join us. By the way, the hammer was found buried in the beast's head.

"Your old pal,
"BOBBY SHARP."

Brandt dropped his hand on the arm of the chair and gazed into the depths of the fire. Again the broad sea of grass

rolled and billowed before him and far out across the marsh a huge gray back moved through the tall reeds toward the woods on the other border, and he plunged from the knoll on which he was standing down into the thick grass. Again the vision faded and with a start Brandt stood up. "Join you," he laughed. "You bet I'll join you, Bobby," and he left the room to go to bed.

Thus it was that several nights later, Robert Sharp met his old college roommate, Dick Brandt, at the little station in the woods, and, as Brandt swung off the train with the lithe ease of strength, he called, "Hurry up, old man, or the meat will be cold when we get there. That train is always late. How are you? Jump in and get under a blanket. It gets cold up here nights;" and off they rattled over the sandy roads into the dark woods, Sharp chattering away in his old happy fashion and Brandt, smiling and quiet, listening just as in the old college days. With an irrepressible shout on the part of the effervescent Sharp, they swung into the sandy yard of a long rambling log cabin, and in a few minutes Brandt found himself in as gay a crowd of scientists as can be imagined.

After introduction all around, Professor Smith, who had delegated himself a committee of one to investigate in the kitchen, called gaily, "Hurry up, you fellows," and they went into the other room where the table was set. Brandt, as usual, was quiet, watching the others and listening. The crude scene was gay and the wine good, and for all their rough garb, the wit and language of the men was refined and the laughter quiet. "Here it comes," cried someone, and there was a lull in the low noise of conversation.

Then an odor, wild and penetrating, struck Brandt's nostrils and with a sweep he found himself again in the tall grass, running, crouching along the trail of a great gray beast moving cumbrously but swiftly ahead of him. He fought off the vision and began talking with sudden volubility to the man on his right, his speech as incoherent as it was a surprise to that gentleman. And in a moment a large piece of firm white meat was placed before him, steaming and sending up a smell that stirred him—back—back—he

started to push the plate away from him, but the desire to eat overcame him and he tasted it. Then something in his brain snapped.

He was in the dark aisles of an oak forest, creeping along stealthily, warily watching all sides, bearing in his hand a heavy wooden club. Alert and nervous, his nostrils wide dilated, every now and then he sniffed, his eyes shifting and penetrating into the gloom. Suddenly he stopped and the woman with him stopped too, nervously looking to him for a signal. Both were clothed in skins and bare-footed, but their fair hair and not unpleasing figures stood out sharply against the dark trees. Brandt turned sharply around, and stooping, gazed back in the direction from which he had come. The woman, great with child, showed her dependence by creeping close to him and placing him between her and the threatening danger.

With a deep warning cry he turned and running under one of the great trees, sprang straight up many feet, and pulled himself up on a limb. The woman sprang too, but her burden made her awkward and she fell short. Again she tried and as she failed, into the little open space where they had been, rushed a great bull mastodon gone mad. With a scream the woman tried once more, and her terror-born strength carried her up to the limb. For an instant she clung there, slipping, clawing the limb and then fell limply to the ground. Brandt dropped from the tree and picking up the woman started to run into the thicket. Roaring, the huge beast charged, and with a crash Brandt and his burden were hurled against a tree, the mastodon rushing on blindly. Brandt, bleeding and unconscious, lay across the body of the woman. Her brains had been dashed out.

The scene faded and Brandt found himself back at the table and Professor Smith addressing him. He answered and then slipped again into the primeval.

This time he was again on the edge of the great marsh, and near him lay the huge, flat sacrificial stone. Then with the beating of poms-poms wound from the woods a procession of skin-clothed men and women, who arranged themselves around him. Suddenly from among them

sprang a woman, clothed in a filmy cloth and wound in her hair was a tiny sprig of mistletoe. The pom-poms stopped and without a sound she danced. Her gleaming white body whirled, first slow and then faster and faster in a mad dance around the stone. Her golden hair floated free, and, weaving, twisting, gliding, she seemed a living marble cast in sharp outline against the gray oaks on the edge of the knoll. Now she advanced toward Brandt, flaming with the cold passion of war, and then she whirled away in a very frenzy of hate and anger. She changed her dance and glided along, crouching as if watching for danger in the woods, then she sprang up as in fear, ran a short ways and then, writhing, her face twisted in pain, she screamed shrill, loud and terrifying. She stood still, her hair flying in the wind for a moment and she began a swooping, waving dance of revenge, going swifter—swifter until suddenly she struck her uplifted hands flat on the rock. As she did this, a boar was brought, and placed, bound, on it. Picking up a stone axe, her face set and stern she raised it and then brought it down on the beast's head. As the red blood spurted forth she turned and presenting the bloody, gleaming weapon to Brandt, chanted, "Here is the Hammer of Thor, thy father, the weapon of vengeance, whose lightning stroke shall avenge our tribe. Thou shalt eat of the Killer's flesh, but his death shall be with thine."

Brandt turned and faced the plain. With a mad rage he swung the great hammer down upon the rock and cried, "I will eat of him." He gazed a moment out across the plain and as if challenging his boast, the great gray back of the Killer swung through the reeds toward the opposite woods, and he plunged down the slope after him.

Now again the table came between him and the dream, but only a moment and vaguely. He was unnoticed by the crowd, who were absorbed in a discussion of the probable antiquity of the flesh.

He pushed swiftly through the tall marsh grass, his eyes blazing with hate and excitement. He came upon the trail of the Killer, thick grass, trodden down by the great mastodon making an easy path. Crouching, Brandt ran swiftly, relent-

lessly along the great tracks, until far ahead, just on the edge of the woods, he saw the great hulk, swaying to and fro, looking back along the trail.

There was no fear in Brandt now, simply a great absorbing fury. The desire for blood made him keep on in his crouching, steady run. The mastodon saw him and advanced toward him, trumpeting, scenting battle, but the man did not hesitate. The Killer stopped and swaying, waited for the man to come on. Straight up to the animal he came and struck with all the rage in him, but only grazed the Killer's horny hide, ripping the skin to the bare muscle. Then he was swung high in the air and fell thirty feet away, the huge mammoth following.

Brandt sprang to his feet and circled, but the moving grass betrayed his ruse to the beast. Brandt ran for the trampled open space and there waited by the edge of the open grass, his great club poised. The massive head thrust through the reeds, the little red eyes gleaming wickedly around. With a guttural shout Brandt hurled the great hammer. It whirled over and over, flashing in the sun, and then buried its head just above the little red eyes.

The Killer paused, tottered and fell, its huge body crashing to the earth like a falling tower. There was a grinding roar and then the sucking rush of long imprisoned muck, and together Brandt and the mastodon were swallowed in the marsh. The crust of ice, rotted by the long summer, had been strained too far, and the cold black ooze closed over them to freeze in the winter following. In the thaws of the centuries long after, the body of the man was washed out, but the warmth had not penetrated to the deeper buried, hairy body of the mastodon.

Brandt looked stealthily around the table. Some of the men across from him were watching him curiously, and he smiled half dazedly as one just awake.

"It's quite a surprise to find yourself eating mastodon, isn't it Brandt?" said one of them.

"Oh, no," said he seriously, "you know I've—I've always wanted to eat of this one," and one of the men tapped his glass significantly.

Sanderson's Lawyer

WILLIAM B. KEMP

"No, sir, it don't do no man good t' get mixed with lawyers," said Ralph Kenyon with conviction, glancing at his companion as he spoke. Then he went on talking to himself with bitterness, "They branded me, an' God knows I'm straighter than them that done it. It isn't square, it isn't fair to a man, the way they treat him." He paused to look again more sharply at the man on the other broncho. Keenly he noted the new hunting boots and the little, unsoiled slouch hat, then broke forth again with something of irritation:

"Why don't you say nothin'? Old Sanderson told me to bring out the town fellow that got off. You act like you might be one of them quiet lawyers yourself, but then, you're mighty handy on the bronc——"

He paused abruptly, startled. He had recognized the other man. More sharply than ever Ralph scrutinized him. First he paled, then his face flushed, his lips quivered and finally formed a frown. The other man looked about, but by this time Ralph's features were as impassive as ever. There was no sign of recognition on the lawyer's face. Kenyon began to fear that he would be recognized, but he hoped that his beard would serve as sufficient disguise. He turned his face away, from pretended interest in something which had just occurred at the side of the trail. A loose rock, disengaged by his horse's foot went bounding down the slope. This frightened a pair of partridges which flew rapidly out of sight with a loud purring of wings.

"Are there lots of them about?" asked the lawyer, noticing the direction of the other man's eyes.

"Lots of—Oh, yes, the partridges. Sure, lots of them and bigger game, too."

"Grizzly? Can you find grizzlies?"

"Sure, back in the mountains."

All the time Ralph kept his eyes down the slope. The lawyer began to wonder what he saw, so guided his horse nearer to the edge and looked down. He could see nothing extraordinary. Instead of saying anything, however, he rode on in silence for some rods, then as if the subject had just come to him he spoke:

"Did you ever hear Sanderson mention Paul Dodd, my man?"

The lawyer was riding abreast, but his eyes were upon the road ahead. He did not notice Kenyon wince at the name.

"Sanderson's lawyer he called me," went on the man of the bar, when the question was not answered, "because I won a suit for him. It was about a worthless piece of mining property which he had bought on the strength of an Indian tale. It was an easy case, but Sanderson took it terribly to heart. A little bit doted, I think."

"Yes, he's off," agreed Kenyon.

"Too bad," said the lawyer.

"Mighty tough," responded the other.

"I'm that same Dodd," said the lawyer after a while as if he felt sure Kenyon had not understood.

"So you say," returned Kenyon.

Dodd said no more. Evidently the recent speech about lawyers was rankling in his companion's mind. He did not feel it his place to break in upon the reflections whatever they might be. Besides, he wished to review in his own mind the Sanderson case, for he felt sure the old man would talk about it. They rode on in silence. Dodd did not yet suspect that his companion's complaint had been aimed unwittingly at himself. How should he suspect that this man was one of those whom he had prosecuted? With Kenyon,

however, it was different. He would never forget the face of the lawyer who prosecuted him; who was the means, so he felt, of sending him to prison; who had placed upon him the stigma of prison stripes, that stigma which it seemed would follow him to his last day. The law had pardoned his offense, but the world did not forget the stripes. The thoughts of the lawyer were very different from those of Kenyon as they rode onward.

Sanderson came to the door with a smile which his white beard did not hide.

"Welcome, sir," he said, "come into Sanderson's shanty. Sanderson's lawyer, Ralph, you've heard me tell of Sanderson's lawyer. Sanderson isn't the man to forget a good turn, Mr. Dodd. Here's mountains an' game for you an' fresh air." He looked off at the mountains in silence for a moment, then spoke again to Kenyon:

"Stable the horses, Ralph, I'll take Mr. Dodd into the house."

Ralph looked sulkily off as the lawyer's name was spoken, but quickly turned and ran the horses to the log stable, a low, well-built structure close under the steep slope of the mountain.

In the morning, after Ralph had started off into the mountains with Paul Dodd for several days of hunting, Sanderson's daughter, Margaret, stood for some time looking down the valley at the trail where they had disappeared. Then she gazed at the mountain peaks and glanced along the crooked street of the little town of shacks. In the midst of it a gaunt hound sat with nose raised high while he belled forth all the woe a chained hound can express. From time to time he sprang up, strained at his chain with claws buried deep in the earth, then sprang in an attempt to break it until he was tired out. With long ears flapping about his nose he would then walk about until he was able to commence howling once more.

"Poor old fellow," said Margaret as she looked at him, "it's too bad to leave him behind."

Suddenly with a great effort the dog snapped the chain near the collar. A moment he paused, shook himself so that the short bit of chain switched about his

throat, then with a great leap he was off down the trail, his nose just low enough to catch the scent.

"Good," said Margaret impulsively, as he disappeared, "now he'll find them. It's better to have him with them."

Her father came slowly from the stable. He gazed intently at the mountain directly across the valley.

"Gold under the three pine mountain," he muttered to himself, "gold, gold."

"Father," said the young woman, as he came near enough to hear her, "what makes the village so quiet this morning?"

"It is early," answered the old man, "and many of the men are away."

"I know, but it is more quiet than usual. There is something foreboding about it."

"No, daughter. I'll warrant it is loneliness. You are thinking of the east. This man has reminded you." He seated himself upon a bench outside the door and rested his head upon one hand. For a time he remained so, then he looked up and motioned to the young woman who was quietly watching him.

"Gold, Margaret, gold. I must find the gold. Come, girl, and sit beside me." As she seated herself a change came over him. He looked less wild. "Margaret, do you like the man?"

"Yes, I—What do you mean, daddy?" Absently she rolled her apron with her hands, while she gazed at the pines and rocks of the mountain side, then she glanced quickly at the old man.

"Listen," he went on somewhat peevishly, "he is a lawyer and rich. He can give you the music and the art, girl. I must find the gold, gold, I tell you, gold." His eyes shone with excitement. "It is here. You must not stay here. Margaret, you must go. You are longing for that life. He will take you to it and I—I will find my gold."

"Oh, daddy, no. I have searched with you. I could not leave you now. What matter if I do not have things? When we find the—"

"Yes, yes, girl," he interrupted, "when I find the gold, then we can go back. When I find the gold. It is here, gold,

gold, gold!" He reached out with his hand into the air as if to grasp it.

"Now, daddy, dear, forget those foolish things you have been saying. I do not want to go yet, daddy."

She sprang up playfully and ran into the house leaving him alone.

The hunters returned after six days with scarcely anything to show. The lawyer brought a sack full of stones, and Ralph had killed a bear of which he brought the hide and a part of the meat. Dodd was completely tired out. He decided to remain in the village for a few days. In the evening Sanderson walked out with "his lawyer." Ralph sat down upon the bench outside and waited quietly in the darkness until he heard the other men coming back, then he stole into a dark corner close to the house.

"Yes," he heard the lawyer say as they approached, "it is rich, no doubt it is rich when you can locate it."

"Gold, gold," mumbled the old man, "I will find it."

"Yes, you can find it, or we can," reassured the lawyer, "but where is the chart?"

"Oh, yes, the chart, the squaw's chart, the chart, the chart. The chart of the Indian gold. Come in. We will find it."

They passed into the house. Ralph got up, muttered something about lawyers and tried to overhear the conversation. He did not, however, get much of it. They sat up very late. Once he heard the lawyer say:

"Yes, yes, the three pines."

"The three pines." Immediately the expression called something to Ralph's memory which he had been pondering on for days. Oh, yes, he had it. That chart had something to do with the three giant pines on the mountain side above the place where he had seen the lawyer picking up rocks. He had lost Dodd and the dog had guided him until he came in sight of the lawyer. As he approached nearer, however, Dodd had mounted his horse and had ridden out to meet him. Ralph had felt that there was something of mystery about these actions. He heard another portion of the conversation.

"Never fear," Dodd was saying in a

loud, reassuring tone, "we'll look it over. We'll try to find it. The three pines you know will mark it. Done, let's—but I wish you could find that chart."

Ralph could hear no more. The lamp was soon extinguished. He tried to read meaning into the fragments of the conversation which he had heard. Was Dodd trying to deceive the old man? That he knew the three pines Ralph did not at all doubt. His suspicion was aroused. Why did not Dodd tell the old man of his findings? Ralph determined to watch the lawyer.

In the morning Dodd looked around as if to reassure himself that Sanderson was not looking, then handed Ralph a folded slip of paper and some money:

"Here my man," said he, "get this to the telegraph line as soon as you can. Be sure the agent sends it right out."

"Does Sanderson know about this?" asked Ralph directly, watching the lawyer very closely.

"If it's any of his business he probably does, otherwise not," answered Dodd, and strode off toward the general store and postoffice.

Ralph was not satisfied. When he got well out on the trail, he stopped and took the message from his pocket. It was addressed to Dodd's own law firm. The body of the message was written in the symbols of the telegraph code.

"Well, now, that was very wise," chuckled Ralph to himself, "a man of the mountains is not supposed to read such stuff, but——"

He read aloud as if it were typed copy:

"Have found good deposit already if I can judge ore. Send up Nichols at once. The old man as I expected is somewhat doted.

(Signed) PAUL DODD."

So this was the scheme? Ralph thought that he saw the entire plot. He decided that the lawyer needed to be closely watched.

"Well, old man," he muttered to himself as he rode on, "you're pretty smart, but I know a trick or two myself.

Again his feelings broke forth a few miles farther down the trail.

"Before I let that lawyer rob Margaret's

dad, I'll shoot him. His message must go, but before this scheme goes into effect I'll prosecute him with mountain law."

He spurred rapidly on to the railroad where the message was soon transmitted. On the way back, Ralph thought out every possible way he could to thwart the plot. By the time he got home he had a pretty well marked course mapped out. Margaret was alone in the house. Sanderson and Dodd were in plain sight a short way up the mountain side. Ralph could see Sanderson motioning and pointing. They were gazing at something far off in the distance.

Ralph took the broncho to the stable, then went quickly to the house. Here he sat for a time in deep thought. Should he tell Margaret Sanderson what were his suspicions? Would she believe him? How else could his purpose be carried out? He needed her help. She knew where the chart was and the chart must be removed. The lawyer had recognized him. Had he told of the past? How long would it be before the whole truth came out? Margaret must help him to gain possession of the chart. He must tell the young woman of his past before the lawyer could do so. His whole hope of success lay here. He must trust her.

Ralph rose abruptly and went out of doors to a place from which he could observe the two men on the mountain side. His upturned features tense and eyelids nearly closed he gazed with that expression which a man assumes when in a crisis he estimates great distances. Suddenly he wheeled about and hurried into the house.

"Margaret, Margaret Sanderson," he said with quiet earnestness. His tone carried an undisguisable load of appeal.

"Yes, Mr. Kenyon, what is it?" she replied, turning from her work. As she noticed his pale, determined face a blush spread over her cheeks and she became very serious.

"Margaret, you must help me." He reached out blindly, grasped the back of a chair and thus supported a part of his weight. "We must save your father's chance. I cannot see *your* father's gold

taken from his very fingers—the gold of which he dreams day and night. I tell you we have serious business on hand. Margaret, you long ago guessed that I am no mountaineer. I could not help noticing it in your manner. It has been a terrible strain to appear one. Like yourself my sensibilities are too acute for this kind of life. First I sympathized with you in our common separation from society; then I loved you. Today I love you as none of these rude miners love, and yet I can never ask you to become my wife. No, I could never expose you to the taunts of the world. If there were some one to put me back upon my feet, but all pull me down and reject me from their midst. Margaret, listen:

"I spent ten years of my life in prison. The law forgave me, but not the world. I have been so long condemned by men that the very mountains condemn me. I am a coward. You knew that I suffered, but from what you could not know. Margaret, you are trembling, sit down in that chair. You have seen my love, but why I never spoke has been kept from you. I must tell you that never can I ask any woman to share the ban of the ex prisoner. Some women I could leave, but you have understood me too well, all but the suffering of one who flees from the world. A sensitive man should never have to remain in prison.

"I must save your father's gold to him, then go to some more completely isolated part of the mountains. The burden grows constantly heavier. True, I was guilty, but why should I be made to suffer so?"

"This Dodd in the beginning hung the curse about my neck. Now he will tell your father and your father will command me to leave the premises. Then the lawyer may leisurely rob an old man of his gold. He will not tell how the law pardoned and the world would not forget, only a picture of the stripes will he draw. He will not tell that I was a tool in the hands of others, only that I bear the stigma of prison. Here at last I thought to escape and forget, but there is no escape from memory.

"This lawyer has your father in his power. Do not look frightened, Margaret,

we can overthrow his plot. There is a chart which this man is trying to get, a chart which locates exactly the deposit. This I have overheard.

"We must thwart him, Margaret. Give me that chart. You know where it is kept. I will guard it from this lawyer at any cost. Hurry, Margaret, they may return at any moment. That lawyer must never see the chart. Quickly, before they can come!"

Margaret looked at him, dazed. Her eyes were wide open and very lustrous. Her cheeks were deeply flushed. She did not move to obtain the package.

"Hurry, Margaret—quickly de—If you knew how vital— There, that's it." As Margaret opened a cabinet on the wall and produced from its corner a package. "Quickly, give it to me."

Margaret staggered toward him as he advanced across the floor. He first snatched the little package from her hand, then caught her weight and assisted her to a chair beside the table. She sank down upon the chair and looked about with a dazed expression.

Ralph closed the cabinet, which she had left open, then turned to leave the house.

"Good bye, Margaret," he said in a low tone, "I must forget and you will forget."

At the door he encountered Sanderson and halted.

Sanderson's eye swept round the room. The old man was greatly excited. He noticed Margaret, who now sat bent over the table with her face buried on her arms. Then his eye fell upon the defiant straightness of Ralph's posture.

"Get out of here, you prison bird," he shouted. "How did I endure you? What have you been saying to my daughter? You prison dog, how do you dare?"

Ralph stepped quietly past him to the door and passed out.

Margaret straightened herself up and looked about at her father.

"He's no prison dog, daddy," she said very quietly. "Daddy, you will regret being so harsh."

"Regret? Margaret, that man has been in prison. Mr. Dodd himself prosecuted him. I have found out what he is."

Margaret's head sank down again and indistinctly her protest came to her father.

"No, daddy, you're wrong."

Then for a minute all was silent until Dodd stepped briskly into the room.

"Well, Mr. Sanderson, I've got it all straightened out. Lucky for you that I thought of taking my outing up here. Hello, what's this?" he said as he noticed Margaret's posture. "I fear Sanderson——"

"Yes, Mr. Dodd, that man has been talking to her."

"Miss Sanderson, I wish to——" began Dodd, but he caught himself and turned to her father. "As I said, you are lucky to have had me come when I did. The gang in this camp had almost reached the point of gaining your property. It is practically settled now and when we can locate that mountain on the chart we can get at the gold. Where is the chart? With Kenyon's help we can easily clear up everything. We are all right as long as we have him to rely upon. He is a man who will not fail us, for he is interested very much in your welfare."

"What, that jail bird," muttered Sanderson, "that jail bird, prison dog? I'll not have a prison dog about."

"But I tell you he can be depended upon. We condemned him in court. Mr. Sanderson, because we could do nothing else with the evidence, but a truer man never suffered at the hands of the law. I am going to help him back to the place in the world which he once held."

"A prison dog, he's a prison dog," mumbled Sanderson, incoherently. "A prison dog is always a prison dog. He'll steal my gold."

"Be still, daddy," said Margaret, as she cast a piercing glance at the lawyer. "Are you in earnest, Mr. Dodd? Do you mean that?" She was unable altogether to suppress her eagerness.

"Every word of it, Miss Sanderson. He has been soured, but he is still true. I do not know a surer man to trust."

"Must you have that chart?" she asked, still watching intently every change of his expression.

"Yes, and we must have *him*."

"Wait, then. Daddy you have found your gold; be calm. I'll overtake him."

Margaret was by this time satisfied of the lawyer's true interest in her father's affairs. She hurried out of doors and started for the log stable to get a horse, but before she had gone half way, Ralph led his pony from the door and deliberately mounted. When he saw her, he started to spur his horse, but her look stopped him and he slid to the ground beside her.

"Quick, Ralph, give me the chart and come. Daddy must have you."

"Is that lawyer in there?"

"Yes, Ralph, but daddy must have you, You must show daddy what sort of man you really are. Come, Ralph, we must

erase some things from our memories. You must save daddy's mind. He is raving again about his gold. He thinks you will take it. Hurry, Ralph, I never can leave these mountains until he is satisfied. You must not search for another hiding place. With daddy's gold we can all go back. I cannot let you go away. Come, Ralph."

There was a subtle appeal about her final command and a depth of trust shown in the way she started into the house without looking back to make sure he was following, which Ralph could not resist. His hand dropped from the bridle to his side where it hung limp. Trembling like a man in a fever he followed her into the house.

The Intervention of the Comet

WILLIAM A. FREEHOFF

After an all day's absence in the forest, Ahmes stumbled into a group of warriors who were practicing with their different weapons, in the gathering dusk, near the camp. The largest and most ferocious of them all he recognized as Iyawk, the bully and terror of the tribe.

Iyawk greeted him with a contemptuous challenge.

"Come, try a joust with me," he taunted. "I promise not to kill you until the day of the great festival, three moons distant."

Ahmes shrugged his shoulders, but it could be plainly seen that his refusal was the result more of indifference than of fear.

"Not today," he replied, evenly. "I care naught for your fights. And when the festival comes, I shall not dispute with you for any maiden in the camp, for I shall be far away from the sight of all strife and bloodshed."

As Ahmes walked away from Iyawk and the other tormentors, his movements

were wonderfully graceful; his eyes clear and bold. Whatever the life he had led, it at least had not transformed him into the likeness of bold and malignant beasts like Iyawk, on whom the law of tooth and fang had left its brutalizing stamp.

Before Ahmes entered his father's tent, he raised his eyes aloft and gazed for a minute at a brilliant star which had just risen in the evening sky, and his lips moved as if addressing homage to the heavenly beacon.

It was ages and ages ago, when men still lived like the wild animals. Ahmes' people, encamped on the edge of the forest, had need of all their energies to ward off ever present dangers from ferocious enemies and the no less deadly famine.

Each year a festival was held, wherein the men engaged in feats of strength and skill for the favor of the women; each year the victor, as was the law, had chosen as his wife whomsoever he pleased, the tribe protecting him in his right. And the others, who escaped from the tourna-

ment alive, chose according to the rank they had achieved in mock or mortal combat.

Ahmes was not like other men of the time. In the twenty years of his life he had never inflicted the slightest pain on any living creature; he carried neither bow nor arrows and subsisted entirely on the nuts, grains and wild fruits he was able to pluck in the forest. The birds and the squirrels and all living things in the woods knew him as their friend, only the men of his own tribe despised him as a coward and would have killed him but for a wonderful star after which he was named.

This star had been the one passion of his life; when but an infant in the cradle he had stretched his hands out towards the star; as he grew into manhood he spent long hours gazing at its friendly beams. Ahmes had the soul of a mild dreamer within his slender body.

The next morning, as Ahmes was wandering along his favorite forest stream, the episode of the evening before already forgotten, he saw a maiden glide out from among a clump of trees along the banks and dart into the woods. Ahmes saw her for but a second, still in that fleeting glance he perceived that she was fair beyond any woman he had ever seen.

For an instant, Ahmes had gazed with fascinated delight as the vision disappeared, a million sensations tingling in his veins, sensations the like of which he had never felt before.

It was Ahwan; and the second time that Ahmes met her he caught her entirely by surprise. There was a high cliff by the lake at the edge of the forest, with a narrow path leading to a little nook by the shore. On the other three sides the walls of rock frowned grimly. Ahmes unexpectedly discovered Ahwan in this retreat. She was seated upon the sand near the water, regarding her reflection earnestly.

She jumped up hastily, ready for instant flight. To all sides were the sheer cliffs, before her the path with Ahmes blocking the way. Across the path the lake was shining in the sunlight.

Ahwan retreated against the walls of

granite. The slightest movement on the part of Ahmes would have sent her plunging headlong into the water. Thus they gazed at each other; the one eager, passionate; the other doubtful, frightened.

They stood thus for several seconds. Then Ahmes, raising both hands to indicate that his intentions were peaceful, advanced a few steps. Ahwan crouched closer against the rocks, never letting her eyes wander from his face for an instant.

A shadow fell upon the water and both turned in dismay. Iyawk, with a gnarled club in his hands, blocked the path.

Ahmes faced the intruder, unarmed. He was no fighter but the thought of flight never once entered his mind. Every faculty was alert as he waited the next move of his opponent, but the light of the beast of bay was in his eyes.

Lines of contempt and hate for Ahmes were upon Iyawk's face. He raised his club and advanced a step.

Without a moment's hesitation Ahwan plunged into the lake and drew away from danger with lusty strokes.

Iyawk, unprepared for this sudden move, turned away, growling his disappointment. He disappeared around the cliff, deigning not even one glance behind.

Now commenced a long pursuit of Ahwan by both Ahmes and Iyawk. She would allow neither to approach, however, for she detested Iyawk, and of all the men of the tribe, Ahmes was notorious among the women as one to be shunned and despised.

Not only had Ahmes never brought a beast of the forest into the village, slain by his prowess, but his voice was never heard in the council. The war parties knew him not, for his services were never offered. All that Ahmes had ever done was to wander aimlessly in the forest, coming into the camp only when driven by hunger, and spent long portions of the night gazing into the sky, and especially at his favorite star.

Ahwan kept Ahmes long at bay, but about a month after the episode in the retreat by the cliff, he saw her glide into the forest, following the stream as she went along. Ahmes determined to keep her in sight.

Ahwan traveled very fast, thus he experienced difficulty in following her. After several miles had been traversed, the brook made a sharp bend and Ahwan disappeared from view. Ahmes rapidly increased his pace in his eagerness to re-discover her.

Before he had gone a hundred feet, piercing screams thrilled him through and through. He recognized the voice as Ahwan's; he would have known it under any circumstances. Redoubling his speed, Ahmes dashed along, coming into an open clearing at the next few steps.

The scene which confronted his horrified gaze caused his heart to throb wildly. A lone warrior, from the tribe which had ever been deadly enemies to the villagers among whom Ahmes dwelt, had seized Ahwan and was dragging her away. The agonized Ahwan shrieked loudly in spite of her assailant's endeavors to silence her.

Ahmes, as usual, was weaponless. So crazed with fear for Ahwan was he, however, that he rushed forward, unarmed as he was, to cast himself upon her tormentor. All his horror of bloodshed was forgotten. As he ran, he stumbled over a heavy stone; while picking himself up, badly bruised, a sudden idea came to him.

Taking the stone in both hands, he raised it aloft, and hurled it upon the enemy with crushing force. Neither Ahwan nor her assailant had noticed his approach.

For the first time Ahwan did not flee from Ahmes. His one act of desperation had proved his mettle and after she had recovered from her fright, she listened while he pleaded his impassioned suit.

Lower and lower descended the sun, darker and darker grew the twilight, and still Ahwan and Ahmes waited in the forest, the dead warrior lying near. A casual glance at him recalled Ahmes.

"Come," he said, "let us go home. It is already dusk and there may be more of his fellows around."

Ahwan shuddered, and assented. When they arrived at the camp, chatting so pleasantly together, Iyawk, who was sitting before the fire, leered darkly into the flames as they passed.

Ahmes and Ahwan met often after that.

Their favorite trysting place was the nook by the lake and cliffs. They were careful to guard against a surprise from Iyawk.

A wonderful transformation was slowly coming over Ahmes. There had been a time when all thoughts of blood were abhorrent to him, but that was when bloodshed meant nothing more than food or protection to himself. Now the fate of one he loved more dearly than his own existence depended upon his prowess. Unless he could fight the savage Iyawk he was doomed to lose the beautiful Ahwan and submit to have her die of a broken heart.

Ahmes spent long days practicing with the weapons used annually at the great lists, now not so far away. Several of the old men of the tribe began to look kindly upon him at this and even taught him tricks of combat when Iyawk was not around. Iyawk, however, surprised them at work several times, and laughed harshly.

In spite of all his efforts, he could not help but feel that Iyawk would easily overpower him on the eventful day. A great rebellion began to surge in his soul, a rebellion against his fellowmen for their idolatrous worship of brute strength and force, a rebellion against the way of the gods, who let might make right. His whole spirit chafed at the inexorable law of the tribe which stood between Ahwan and himself.

He knew that Ahwan would never submit to become Iyawk's bride. Either she would droop away and die or else she would seek refuge in the depths of the dark forest. She had told him so, many, many times.

One evening, after an unusually disagreeable encounter with Iyawk, he felt especially discouraged.

"Go, my beautiful," he said, "while I commune in the woods with my star. It will give me strength and courage for the morrow. I will then come to you again."

He threw himself under a giant tree, through whose branches he had been wont to gaze at his star.

A plan had been forming in his mind, a plan so contrary to the ethics of the tribe, so daring in its conception, as to

amaze even himself. But before he would attempt its execution, he must seek counsel of his favorite star. Tonight, in some unaccountable manner, its beams seemed more friendly than ever before. The spirit of hope dwelt in its rays.

Ahmes was much encouraged.

"Give me but a favorable omen," he breathed, "a token that the gods are not angry with me, for I will now go to the beautiful Ahwan. Together we will speed far from Iyawk and his fellows."

Even as the unspoken prayer had formed within his heart, he let his glance wander over the firmament.

And then a wonderful thing had happened! A comet was in the evening sky, a livid streak rushing dizzily through the celestial space.

"The gods approve."

With a gladsome cry Ahmes bowed his head in honor of the miracle and gave thanks to his star. When he raised his eyes again, the comet was still speeding towards the western horizon, in the same place it had been before, while above him, clear and undimmed, the star was radiating encouragement.

Quickly arising, he crept silently into the village. Everybody was in a violent hubbub. The wonderful comet had been discovered and deadly was the fear in the hearts of all. In those primitive times men had not learned to read the heavens aright, as Ahmes had. Theirs was not the soul of the dreamer, for the elements were worshipped as deities of dread.

Amidst all this confusion, Ahmes remained unnoticed. He knew where to find the weeping Ahwan. Putting his hands on her shoulders, he told her of his new resolve and of the approval of the gods.

Together, hand in hand, they skirted the lake and fled into the dark forest. All night they traveled and far into the next before they rested. Then they pressed on again. For food, they plucked wild fruits and nuts. And ever the comet shone in the evening sky.

On the fifth night Iyawk and his followers overtook them. Iyawk had lost all his fear of the comet in his rage at the flight of his rival with Ahwan, and had set out in swift pursuit.

He swung a huge battle axe aloft in his hands, his eyes glinted savagely. The long race had maddened him.

The fatal blow did not fall, as a dozen forms threw themselves upon Iyawk.

"You will not slay him thus," his followers replied to his savage curses. "If you want Ahwan as your bride you will have to kill your rival according to the law."

Swiftly a small place was cleared and weapons were thrust into Ahmes' hands. Ahwan, who had seized a knife from a warrior, rushed at Iyawk, but was frustrated in her attempt upon his life. Then she was with difficulty restrained from plunging the blade into her own bosom. Tied hand and foot, she was forced to witness the preparations for the unequal combat.

It was already almost dark. Two of the most powerful of Ahmes' captors, heavily armed, were detailed to see fair play. The others stood near, eager for the fray. They never doubted but that Iyawk would be an easy victor, only the law had to be fulfilled.

Ahmes gazed aloft and there his star was already twinkling in the twilight, while, brighter than ever, the comet still hung over the western horizon.

Strangely reassured, he grasped his battle axe more firmly. He had been taught its most effective use by the old men of the tribe, he felt that the gods would not let him die. Iyawk noted the sudden look of determination in his opponent's eyes, saw the steady poise of the sheltering shield. He felt something akin to fear for the first time in his life.

Both combatants sparred carefully for an advantage, Iyawk not carrying out his purpose to rush his man and end the tourney in short order. The unexpected boldness of Ahmes had made him strangely timid.

Finally he swung, not only once but twice, in rapid succession. Ahmes, catching both blows fairly on his shield, with difficulty evaded a mortal thrust. He staggered and almost fell, giving Iyawk the opening he desired. His battle axe was upraised for the third time, poised an instant, when a chorus of detaining cries startled him.

Gleaming and glowing in the sky, myriads of strange lights were flashing. It seemed as if the whole heavens were being set on fire.

Ahmes fell prostrate in honor of the intervention. When he rose again, his enemies had fled. Ahwan still lay bound on the grass. Triumphantly twinkling in the silent dome overhead was the kindly

star, while the glowing lights were brighter than ever. •

"Come," said Ahwan, upon being released from her bonds. "What fairer spot than this could we find. Let us stay here. Iyawk will never come to this place again. Here we will make our home, our star blessing us."

The Rejected Manuscript

WILLIAM A. FREEHOFF

Hubert Eidermueller turned expectantly in his study chair as the postman rang.

Almost immediately there was a rustle of skirts below and light steps came tripping upstairs. His wife entered with an armful of mail.

"Goodness, Hubert," she panted, throwing her burden in a heap on the table. "The poor carrier was fairly swamped with your truck this morning. If this keeps up he ought to have his salary raised. But I think Saturday is just about the worst day for him here."

Good spirits fairly radiated from her, yet it seemed as if her gait came with an effort. From the covert manner in which she watched her husband it could be seen that she was not altogether at ease.

Hubert's face had lighted up at his wife's cheery entrance, but it darkened again instantly, as he spied a long, full envelope, legal size, bearing three red stamps and addressed in a great, sprawling hand.

"So it has come back, Margaret?"

His words came heavily, every intonation of the voice expressing the most utter discouragement.

"It seems so," was the subdued reply. "I will open it, however, for perhaps the editor returned it with directions to change it slightly in some respects."

But Hubert's wife, taught by months of disappointment, did not believe a word

she said. Thus, when, instead of a courteous note, the stereotyped printed rejection slip was unfolded from among the sheets of the enclosed manuscript, she was not surprised. From sheer habit she read the formal, non-committal, perfectly polite words once, and then let the slip float gently towards the direction of the waste paper basket.

Meanwhile, her husband had been paying but scant attention to what she was doing.

"It's the same old story," he was repeating to himself, in a sort of monotone. "They all come back, work and rework them as I will. No use trying any more, I simply can not write, and the sooner I will admit it to myself and forget these fanciful castles in the air I have been spinning, the better for all concerned. Well—there's to keep on teaching always as the alternative."

His wife glanced keenly at him as she caught the last sentence or two, then stepped forward quickly, and placed her hands upon his shoulders.

That is not talking like the Hubert Eidemueller I married five years ago," she cried, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkling with animation.

"Don't you remember the young man, fresh from the university, full of the visions of all that he was to accomplish, who led me to the altar. But he is a

young man no longer, for because in five years he has found the great editorial sanctums closed to him, he is old and decrepit, and counts himself out as a failure. Thirty years old, and a failure. Thirty years of boundless opportunity still open before him, and he considers himself a failure!"

Margaret Eidemueller did not speak either scornfully or angrily, but with intense earnestness. Her effort was inspiring, for at her second sentence the light began to return to her husband's countenance. He lifted his head and looked deeply into her brilliant eyes, and did not withdraw his gaze until long after she had finished speaking.

"You have made me ashamed of myself," he exclaimed. "Thirty, yes fifty, years still before me, and I was ready to turn coward and give up the struggle because I had lost a few small skirmishes. We will yet win the decisive battle. From now on we will labor together, for today has shown me that under your inspiration I feel the skill of a dozen geniuses coursing through my veins."

They took up the returned manuscript, and cheek to cheek, read it through, slowly and carefully, the odor of burning meat being wafted up unheeded from below. Twenty minutes passed without a sound, save once, when the cuckoo mantle clock warbled his cheery note ten times, and retreated behind his wall again. At last Hubert dropped the twentieth sheet to the floor, among its fellows.

"Doesn't it read differently to you than it has ever done before, Margaret?" he asked eagerly. "It positively has left a bad taste in my mouth, a thing it has never done before. Do you feel the difference, too?"

"Yes," was the excited response. "It does not ring true. O Hubert, I believe we will yet see what is the matter with this story, and don't you see that if we know the disease, there must be a remedy not so very far at hand."

"Yes, yes," replied her husband, trembling.

"I think I see a rift of light. Do you know the mood I was in just a moment ago, willing to rest oars with fifty

years of endeavor yet before me. Well, it seems to me that is the mood of my story; it gives the reader the impression that life is one great tragedy, of strife and combat for the right, only to meet with defeat. But in reality, joy and hope have not left the earth, the good will ever triumph over the evil, there are latent powers within a man which enable him to overcome every obstacle. I will yet write the story that will not only sell, but *live!*"

The smell of burnt meat was very insistent now, however, and forced a recognition.

"Goodness, Hubert," cried Margaret Eidemueller, swiftly disengaging herself from her husband. "If I didn't run off and forget that roast."

She dashed lightly out through the study door, gaily throwing back a kiss as she fled.

Hubert stared ardently after his wife until the rustle of her petticoats gradually grew fainter and finally ceased. Then he picked his discarded manuscript from the floor again.

"Where was it that I read," he murmured, to himself, "that a man is master of his fate, that he can make of himself what he wishes, that the powers that are within him are greater than all the physical or mental conditions that lie between him and the goal he has in view. Thank God for the wife who has inspired me to the best within myself!"

Once more he read his story through, pondering deeply at the end of every sentence, every paragraph. When he had finished he sat silent for a long time, his face transformed into wondrous brightness as he lived in that new ideal world with his story characters.

He never heard the cuckoo chime the hour of noon, nor saw his wife steal gently to the door, only to glide away again without disturbing him.

Another hour of meditation passed as the first, and then Hubert Eidemueller triumphantly raised a panel in his desk and drew forth a typewriter. Click after click, with almost unbroken monotony, followed, and the noon day sun had sped more than half the distance between the zenith and the western horizon, before

Hubert, with an expression of boundless satisfaction, drew the last sheet from his machine.

"This is better than the other," he exulted. "I must let Margaret read it at once."

He swept the pages together with the one stroke, and passed swiftly down the stairs into the kitchen, where he supposed his wife to be still working over the dinner. His eyes were sparkling with triumph.

But the fire in the kitchen had burned low, no steaming viands were on the stove, and Margaret was not there, Hubert recovered from his trance with a start, gazing incredulously at the kitchen clock, which was just delivering four strident, brassy strokes.

Then he entered the living room. Margaret was sitting by the open grate, a book on her lap.

"Goodness, Hubert, what a man you are," she bantered him. "I believe the carpet under your desk could have caught fire and burned the shoes off your feet, and you would have never noticed it.—Well!"

"It is done," he exclaimed. "I have here a story that is a story. Something seems to tell me that it is the best I have ever done. Come, you have a splendid voice, read it aloud to me."

He handed the manuscript to her and settled into an easy chair. His close mental application had tired him more than he knew, so he was glad to relax.

Margaret turned so as to face the light to the best advantage, and eagerly began to read. She was intensely anxious about the new draft of the rejected story, her eyes glowing as she pronounced sentence after sentence.

Margaret was dressed in some plain, white, washable goods, such as women who do their own housework, wear. Her back was turned towards the window, through which the dying sun shone with a subdued and mellow light upon her splendid, jet black hair. Her feet were stretched upon a stool, displaying an exquisitely formed ankle and just the tiniest gleam of shimmering petticoat. Radiant life flowed from her deep black eyes, her

breast rose and fell with her breathing. As she read on, almost forgetting the presence of her husband, in her absorption, her red lips looked never so enticing to Hubert, and her teeth were pearly white, with not a trace of gold to be seen anywhere in them.

Unconsciously, she invested the story with a new life and a new meaning with her finely trained voice. The syllables flowed on in well modulated cadence, holding her husband as if under a spell.

He breathed sharply when the last sheet dropped from her hands.

Margaret looked up, a soft light in her eyes. Then she rose and placed her hands upon Hubert's forehead.

"It is wonderful," she said, simply, "the change you wrought in the story in one day. But it does not yet seem real. There is still something indefinable about it that you will have to change. What if this story is not good enough, you are master of your destiny, you have but to draw still deeper on your inherent powers!"

Hubert hardly heard her, for, as she stood there, beaming down upon him with such an expression of love and confidence, he wished, for the second time within an hour, that he possessed the power to paint the soul of a face upon imperishable canvas.

He pulled himself together with an effort.

"I, too, felt that there was something lacking, but I was so absorbed in listening to your voice that I almost lost sight of the words you read. As I sat there, listening, and watching you, I gradually became possessed with the idea that I really knew very little of the world, after all, and that until I get a more extended view of life, I can never touch a real responsive chord in any human breast. So tomorrow I will resign forever from the teaching profession, and go back to my first love, journalism, and, among the teeming thousands of our city learn to know life as I have never known it before, to find something really worth while to write about! Will you let me go, Margaret?"

Editorial

THE STUDENT COURT

The recent decision of the student court on the hazing incident must be upheld by all students who at all care to lend dignity to the court. The court has been existing for three semesters, and never have the rights or powers of the court been questioned. Can it be that the students of this university have been ignorant of the workings of our court? If so, the hazing incident accomplished a two-fold principle. First the real strength of the court has been tested, and secondly the student body had its eyes opened. Whether the procedure within the court itself has or has not been in accordance with judicial practices is another question and only an incident of this kind can bring out the methods of correct or incorrect procedure. However, so far as the rights of the court under the existing conditions were concerned, there is only one answer and that is the court had unlimited rights. We had made no provisions for a prosecuting attorney, we merely laid down a few governing rules. The issue is whether the court acted in accordance with the established rules. We think it did. However hard the consequences, the court established a precedent which is admirable in its boldness and fearlessness.

LANGUAGE REQUIREMENTS

Apropos of the discussion on language requirements in the University of Wisconsin the Wisconsin Magazine desires to go on record as favoring any system which would increase rather than decrease the required number of fifths of foreign languages for graduation. We appreciate the argument that a disgruntled student derives little or no benefit at all from the study of languages, but our friends on the opposition evidently go on the assumption that a college or university curriculum is designed to satisfy the whims and fancies of individual students. This is not the case. The educational world lives up to an unwritten law which demands certain qual-

ifications for the degree of baccalaureus artium or its equivalent. Of course, if the students of the University of Wisconsin look upon the degree as immaterial then the whole question of language requirements takes on a different form. Then the issue revolves about the question whether or not a student should have his own and free choice in the selection of his studies. Wisconsin, however, still recognizes the academic degree as the deciding factor in the studies prerequisite to graduation. Take away the degree and we shall come dangerously near to the question of college or self-training. We agree with the opponents of foreign languages that the student who absolutely refuses to study languages will derive no good therefrom, but we disagree with them on the question as to whether Wisconsin shall lower her standing in the scholastic world just because some students object to the full dose of the medicine.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

With this issue the Magazine ends its course under the present management. The next issue will appear next semester, and we expect great things of it.

During the time of our management we have done our best to make the magazine of greater and more general appeal. We have worked to make it a magazine worth while. You have read the issues and have your own opinions of our work. We are willing to let the matter rest with the old words of justice: "By their works ye shall know them."

With the satisfaction of earnest endeavor toward a worthy and somewhat nearer Ideal, the present board of editors turns the publication over to the new board which has elected Theo. R. Hoyer, editor-in-chief, and Robert Earl Coleman assistant editor.

We sincerely believe that the Magazine will flourish under their direction, and be worthy of your co-operation and your interest. It is Wisconsin's Own!

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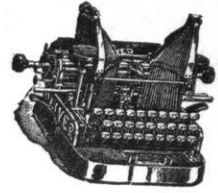
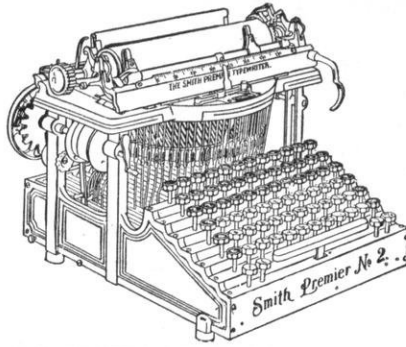
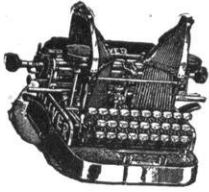
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The College of Mechanics and Engineering offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

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

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

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

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

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

Special Courses in the College of Letters and Science

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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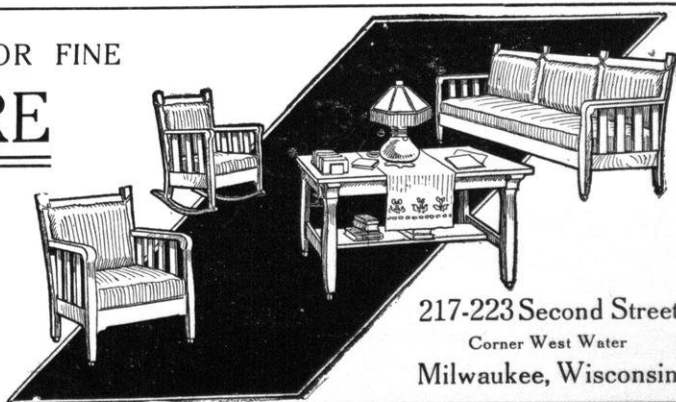
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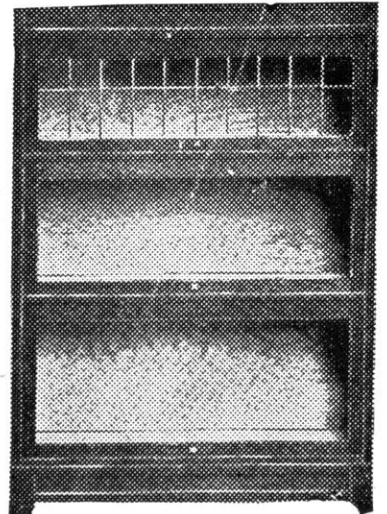
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