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The  
Wisconsin  
Literary Magazine



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# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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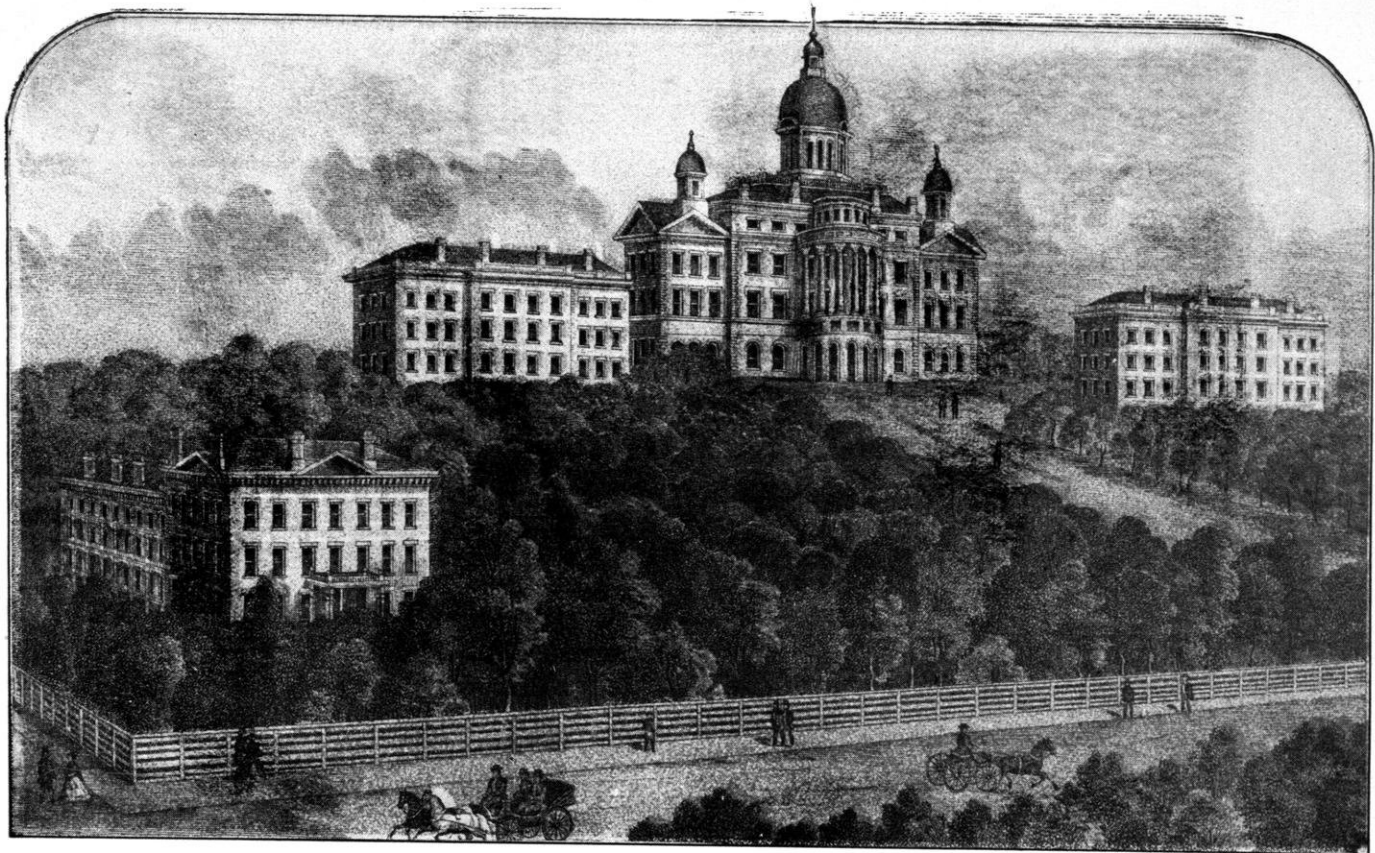
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*Oldest Known Cut of University—1871*

# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume VI

JANUARY, 1909

Number IV

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## THE ANCIENT LINE

EMIL C. BLANKENAGEL



WARREN scratched his head in perplexity. He was thinking, a luxury in which he rarely indulged, and it gave him a curious feeling. He was thinking what a wonderful people the Japanese are. Men of wisdom have thought the same and with excellent reason. Warren's appreciation of the Japanese, however, came from the truly consummate way in which Nogi Satsuma could unravel the tangled threads of differential calculus. It was admirable—very admirable. The fraternity was well off to have such a man. Warren felt that he had no patience with those narrow-minded American egotists who scoff at foreigners.

There was Frank Dunn. Frank was all right, of course, but he was too infernally prosaic. He thought only of business and of what he was going to do when he got out of school. Frank did not care for Japs. Frank, Warren decided, was very small in soul.



Now look at Nogi Satsuma. There was a prince of a man. He could trace his ancestry back—back to the time when Charlemagne was putting Europe on the map. He didn't get cocky about it either. He had graduated from Columbia University. Even that did not seem to have hurt him. With all his education and polish he remained as simple and unaffected as a child. As simple and unaffected as a child. What a neat phrase! Warren repeated it to himself with deep satisfaction. After a while he remembered that a Physics examination impended. He went up to see Nogi about it. It was getting to be a habit with him,—going to see Nogi about it.

Nogi greeted him cordially and in an astonishingly short time Warren began to see some sense in Physics. This speaks volumes for the ability of the Japanese. In the hour that followed Warren learned more than he had in the previous six weeks.

"Warren," said Satsuma, when they had closed their books and lighted cigarettes, "the women of this country are wonderful."

"Are they," answered Warren, with the satisfying sense of superiority which every young man feels when speaking on this topic. "I hadn't noticed it."

"Yes, they are wonderful,—they are glorious. They are too fine for the men,—for most of the men, I mean. Your sister, Miss Carroll,—is she not magnificent?"

"Flo? Magnificent? Oh, no. Not magnificent. Flo's a good kid, but she's not by any means magnificent. You don't know her very well, Nogi."

"Not as well as I should like to," said the Japanese. Warren, studying his impassive face, wondered,—then jumped to a conclusion. And for once the conclusion which Warren Carroll drew was not altogether wrong.

"Warren," said Satsuma, after a pause, "I have spent five years here in your country, and I have learned a great deal. But all the time I have been a stranger. I have had acquaintances with many young men. Some of them I have known

well—at school—away from their homes. Their other sides I know nothing about. What are their homes like? What are their families like? I don't know. To all that I have been a stranger."

"Say, Nogi," said Warren suddenly, "can't you come home with me this Thanksgiving? There won't be anyone there but just our own family. Of course, I suppose Frank Dunn will be hanging around a good deal. He generally is. That don't make any difference though, does it? I'd like mighty well to have you come. Think you can?" he finished eagerly.

"Thank you very much, Warren," answered Satsuma. "Yes, I can come. I shall be very glad to come,—if others of the family wish it also."

"Sure they do, Nogi. Sure they do. Mother'll be delighted to have you. She's always glad to see my friends. Helen, she's my younger sister, will like you, too; she can't help it."

"And you think Miss Carroll—?"

"Oh, Flo? *Sure*, she'll be glad to have you, too. I know she will. Frank will probably take up a good deal of her time, anyhow. Now, say, let's get this thing fixed up. You go with us tomorrow afternoon on the one o'clock train. Is that all right?"

"That will be very agreeable to me."

"All right," said Warren, delighted at the success of his plan. "We'll all go down together. I'll tell Sis about it."

The train was crowded. Warren considered himself lucky to get two seats in the parlor car. As he entered he saw that his sister, Florence, and Frank Dunn were sitting near the other end, engaged in lively conversation. He frowned, for just then he felt very solicitous for the feelings of Satsuma. He wanted to show him all he could of that other side of American life. Nogi, however, did not appear to notice anything. He and Warren took seats by them and all four chatted pleasantly together for some time. Florence was cordial, but when she had politely inquired of Satsuma where he intended to spend Thanksgiving, even the well controlled eyebrows of that

individual rose perceptibly. After a time Frank suggested that the men retire to the smoking-room for an interval. Warren lingered to explain matters to Florence.

"Flo," he said, "That was an awful break you made a while ago. Mr. Satsuma is going to spend Thanksgiving at our house."

"He is!" exclaimed the girl. "Who invited him?"

"I did."

"Oh, Warren, I wish you would be more careful."

"More careful! That's a nice way to talk about my guest, Flo. What do you know about Nogi?"

"Nothing, except that he's a Japanese."

"What if he is? He's a prince all the same—a real prince. He's one of the royal family, and he's got a line of ancestors going back I don't know how far. Besides, he's brilliant. He has a great education; he knows no end of things. Why, he can tell you more in an hour than Frank could learn in two weeks."

Florence smiled slightly at her brother's enthusiasm. "I'm afraid I couldn't interest him then," she said.

"But you do, Flo. He told me you did. You just ought to know him. He'll open your eyes. You've gone around so much with Frank that you don't know anything about anyone else. Frank is all right in his way, but wait till you get acquainted with Nogi. Anyhow, he's my guest, and you've got to be nice to him."

"You don't need to be worked up over it, Warren. Of course I'll be nice to him. I would anyway. At first it seemed queer to think of having him at our house, but now I see that it is all right. If he is worth while I certainly want to know him."

"You'll find he's worth while all right," said Warren, pleased with his sister's attitude. "He's worth a good deal of money, too. It's partly my fault that you made that break. I ought to have told you he was coming. I meant to, but I didn't get time. You introduce him to mother and Helen, will you?"

"Doesn't mother even know he's coming?" asked Florence, aghast.

"No, I just asked him yesterday. There wasn't time to get an answer to a letter, so it wasn't any use to write her."

"Warren, you are the limit."

"Oh, what's the difference? Mother thinks whatever you do is all right anyhow. If you introduce him she'll never think anything about it. You do it. We don't want any friction," he added, touching her weak spot with remarkable accuracy.

"Well, I'll do it," she answered reluctantly. "But the next time you ask mother or me before you invite anyone."

So it was settled, and Warren felt a pleasant sense of self-satisfaction as he joined the other men. He found Frank and Nogi absorbed in a discussion of the commercial possibilities of the orient. Frank scarcely noticed him when he entered, but Nogi smiled a welcome and proffered his cigarette case. Commercial possibilities bored Warren to extinction; he was glad when Frank abruptly closed the conversation, threw aside his cigar, and left the compartment.

"Frank thinks of nothing but business," he said, half apologetically.

"In that respect he is the typical American young man," replied Satsuma. "Everywhere I go I find it so. It is all you Americans think of—business—business—business."

"Oh, not all of us," protested Warren. "I hardly ever think of it myself. I know if I went to Japan I could find something that would interest me more than business."

"Why don't you come with me when I go back next June?" asked Nogi.

"I'd like to. Gee! how I would like to, but I'm afraid I couldn't afford it. You know, Nogi, there are some things about your country that I'm just crazy to see."

"What in particular?" asked Nogi, smiling.

"The girls. I've read that they are great. Little black-haired, black-eyed dolls. Not like American girls. Do just what you tell 'em to. Is it straight about the girls, Nogi?"

"Well," said Nogi, "we look at what you call the girl question differently in Japan. You would, too, if you were there and knew the girls. They are not like the girls you have known,—not at all like them. They are—easier—I suppose you would say. Some of them we marry, but the most of them we just—live with. They are very pleasant company. After a while they become tiresome. Then we change. It is easy. To one in my position it is especially so.

"Gee! that sounds good to me, Nogi?" said Warren. "I'll sure go with you if I can possibly raise the money. It would do me lots more good than a year in school."

"It would do many of you Americans good," answered Satsuma, rising. "Shall we go back to your sister?"

They went back, though to tell the truth, Warren would have preferred to linger o'er the imaged beauties of Japan.

In spite of a certain inborn prejudice, Florence could not deny that Satsuma interested her greatly. He was clever, witty, facile. In his lighter moods he was delightful. She caught herself wondering what he would be like when he was serious. And if he were as nice when he was serious? She did not care to answer that question; not yet, at least. By comparison Frank was undeniably dull. Still, she had known Frank a long while, and he had never disappointed her—unless perhaps now.

The fresh, crisp wind from the lake was blowing through the long train-shed when they alighted. All of the party had been put in good humor by the wit and brilliancy of the Jap,—except Frank, from whom good humor on this occasion was, perhaps, hardly to be expected. Florence was in particularly high spirits. As she kissed Helen, who had come to the station to meet them, she whispered, "Oh, Helen, Warren and I have brought a man home with us,—and he's just a dandy."

Helen said that her mother expected Frank to come with the others to their home for dinner. Florence and Frank went with her in the family trap, which Helen was proud to drive,

while Nogi and Warren elected to walk the short distance to the Carroll home.

Though prepared by Florence, Mrs. Carroll was somewhat startled at the appearance of Warren's guest. She had not been expecting company, but she rose to the occasion and organized a box party at the Colonial, where a noted actor was that week appearing. Frank, to his disappointment, found that it devolved upon him to accompany Helen to a Thanksgiving ball, given for the younger set. For once he regretted the intimacy which placed him at the beck and call of every member of the family. Nogi escorted Florence; Warren, Mrs. Carroll. Just before the curtain rose, Warren turned in his chair.

"I say, Flo, what is this play anyway? I heard it was going to be good, but I don't know what it's about."

"I don't know either," said Florence, "but Vera Harrison says that she saw it in Chicago last week, and that the leading man is grand."

Warren made a hopeless little gesture.

"There's the feminine of it, Nogi, 'The leading man is grand.'"

At the end of the first act Nogi turned to Florence.

"The art of your people,—it is a strange thing. Always striving for truth and the reality of life,—striving hard to portray it faithfully and well, and doing it with admirable success. But I have often wondered what the good of it all is. We know that men are not what they ought to be; that they give way to passions that they should, by every law, restrain, but—what good does it do to blazon these things abroad for all men to see. No one will heed the lesson. No one will be satisfied until to his own satisfaction he has found that things are as they are. Then he will believe and be content. Do you not think so?"

Florence was surprised to hear such a speech from a Japanese. It was what she herself thought, but what she said was:

"But isn't truth a great thing, Mr. Sutsuma? Isn't it fine to show so noble a thing to men that they may admire it?"

No matter what dress Truth may wear, I think she is always worth seeing."

But Nogi had studied her face while he had been talking and knew that what she said was not what she thought.

"Yes," he said. The word was pronounced in a peculiarly colorless voice. No white man could have said it in just that way or conveyed the meaning he conveyed. He changed the subject and they talked of the University of Columbia, which was the setting of the play, and of the acting and the actors, until the curtain rose for the second act.

While Nogi had been talking Florence forgot that he was Japanese. He spoke as educated white men speak. His face was expressive and mobile; his eyes lost the inscrutable oriental look. During the progress of the act she watched him furtively as he looked intently at the stage. His face had lost its frankness; his eyes were beady and expressionless; his look and attitude were altogether inscrutable, oriental, but indicative of a strength and wisdom strange to the other men she knew. When the climax occurred on the stage she felt something very closely related to admiring fear for the calm, emotionless foreigner beside her.

"I wonder how it will all end," he said as the curtain fell after the last encore. "A white girl and a man of another race, but the son of kings and in every way the equal of his white brothers! Yes, I wonder how it will all end,—I wonder how it will end."

"Oh, they marry and live happy ever after," said Florence lightly. "They always do, you know."

Nogi smiled, but made no direct answer to her speech, and began to talk of other things, but his face remained as it had been while he was watching the second act.

At the end of the third, he lost his impassivity and became as light and hopeful as Warren always was, and Florence was again surprised at his eminently Caucasian view of things. But when they rose at the end of the play the fire was dead in his eyes, the hopeful ring gone from his voice. As he helped

her with her cloak he said,

“So they did not marry and live happily ever after, did they?”

“But this is an artistic play,” she replied lightly, and dismissed the subject.

Mrs. Carroll complained of a headache and insisted that Warren take her home as soon as the play ended, but Nogi and Florence went for supper to one of the nearby restaurants. They sat at a table directly opposite a painting of a German peasant girl. The artist had shown a purely material, healthy girl, radiant with life and the joy of living, with apparently no other thoughts than those concerned with the mere fact of living and doing it joyously. Florence looked at the painting thoughtfully.

“What a happy life such as she must live while they are young! What is the good of educating them to things that they may never have? We only give them a hunger and then deny them the food to satisfy it. See, how happy she is! Beyond eating and drinking and smiling she has no care,—and there is always enough to eat and drink and smile at.”

Nogi smiled.

“Yes, but is it not our duty to spread light even if the knowledge of it be only a curse to the possessor. If they are educated they will at least, if they should ever see it, know the light. That is worth something. All of us,—peasant and priest and prince,—live in that which to us is the dark, although to those beneath us it may seem to be the light. We live in the dark, die in it, go into a deeper darkness, and then awake in the light, we hope! But I am boring you. Give the waiter the blame; he is very slow.”

“No, I’ll thank him. But what would you have done, Mr. Satsuma, if you had written Strongheart?”

“If I had written Strongheart? If I had taken an Indian such as Strongheart was,—a chief and as strong and wise as he, and made him love the sister of his friend, and made the girl love him,—I would have married them at the last. They



would have lived happily ever after, I am sure, and the audience would have been much better pleased, perhaps." He said these words lightly but for the rest of the time that they were in the restaurant he avoided the subject of the play.

As they drove slowly homeward, Nogi talked of Japan, of her art and her craft, her strength and her glory. For once in her life Florence was perfectly content to listen. It was quite dark in the cab,—the voice of the Japanese was soft and gentle; there was an undercurrent of weary hopelessness in it, although he was talking of the country he loved, of the people of whom he was so proud, of the little dark soldiers who made the Christian peoples look to their navies. He told her that he was going back to Japan in June; his father was dead and he was the eldest son. He had been called home, but he was sorry to leave. America had been good to him,—her men had been as brothers and her knowledge had been laid before him to pick and choose from. He loved America and Americans, but his duty lay yonder with his people, the people of his father and his father's father, and of generations of Satsumas. He must go back and do for them what he might,—it was his duty. But even when he barely suggested the age and power of his family the weariness never left his voice, nor did the gentleness, nor the hopelessness. The shadow of the last word of the play, "Alone," was heavy on his soul, and for once he lacked the heart to fight for what he desired, although he was fighting hard at the time, and with better success than he was aware of, for the love of the girl so near him there in the dark,—and so far away. Only the narrow line between one color and another, but how broad it seemed in the afterglow of the tragedy of Strongheart.

As they neared the Carroll home he changed the conversation to Lafcadio Hearn, and Florence remembered a volume of Hearn's in their library, illustrated by a Japanese artist. She mentioned the wonderful delicacy of the work and he expressed a desire to see it. When they arrived at the house they went to the library, and after a somewhat prolonged search

Florence found the book. They looked at the illustrations together and the girl came very near him as they did so. The subtle charm of her presence went to his head and for once in his life he acted against his better judgment. He had been among white men too long. He pointed to a beautiful cherry blossom landscape, and although his heart was beating so fast that the blood seemed to sing in his ears, he said:

"How would you like to go out there among the cherry blossoms and the green rice fields and the happy little people,—my people?"

"I would like nothing better. I think I shall go there some day. It must be a beautiful country,—your country!"

"Do you think you would care to stay there long?"

"If it is as fair as it is painted I think I could stay there forever."

"Listen! My country is fairer than it is painted; my people are greater than they are known to be; I rule half an island and know. Will you go over there with me, Florence? Will you look at the cherry blossoms and admire the green of the rice fields with me? Come with me in June, Florence; come with me."

The girl did not move from his side nor did she raise her head. She continued to look at the page before her. Caressingly she passed her hand over the picture and slowly began to close the book, but opened it again before she lost sight of the landscape. She looked at it for another second; it seemed like a century to the man; then turned towards him with a happy smile on her lips, raised her head and saw—Warren standing in the doorway.

"Yes," he said, in answer to her inquiring look, "I heard."

The girl turned from him and toward Nogi, but before she could speak Warren broke out:

"There is no fellow I like better than this man who is not of our race. He is great in his own country; he is as true and as square as anyone can be; he will be famous some day. He

is as good, and better, than any white man I have ever known, but he isn't white, Flo; he isn't white."

"But this is my affair, Warren—"

"It is mine also. I am your brother and only a boy, but I am more than a boy just now. Have you heard or read of the Japanese women, Flo? Do you know what women are in Japan? Think! When you go to this man's country you will be of his people; you will be counted as their women are over there. Their customs will bind you and you will be considered—"

In spite of the flush under his dark skin, Nogi interrupted calmly,

"I thought you were my friend."

"I am your friend. I would do anything for you—give you anything—but not this. Anyway she wouldn't go with you now." Nogi turned swiftly to the girl.

Will you listen to him? When Columbus was a boy we were an old race. I can give you wealth, splendor, power—and a love as pure and great as any man can give. I am lord of no small territory, a baron of the court, the last of an ancient line. Come!"

The girl interrupted him gently. "An ancient line! It would not weigh in this. There is a line more ancient than yours, as old as the race of men, the line between the white—and the others. No matter how much I would wish to, I could not cross that line!"

He read irrevocable defeat in her gentleness, and with the certainty of having lost his battle the fatalism of his race came to his aid. With inscrutable eyes and face he held out his hand and she took it. Then he turned to Warren.

"Goodbye, friend, I will not wait until June, I go now to my own land, as the Indian did, alone."

They shook hands silently, and as Nogi Satsuma went out of the door he vaguely heard a boy trying to comfort a sobbing girl with broken words.

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

---

H. M. '11

A rustle of silks at the stairway,  
A snatch of a waltz at the door,  
An outburst of laughter that followed  
The best Christmas jest of a score.  
A chorus of wishes respoken  
With a bit of some time-honored lore;  
Goodnights—then the slam of a doorway,  
Quick footsteps—and silence once more.

All hushed was the room when the dancers  
Were gone. Gone the glare, and instead,  
In the grate burned a few, half cold embers  
Of a fire whose life spirit had fled.  
But its rays strayed and caught in the meshes  
Of a cloud of soft hair, and its tone  
Was reflected within the recesses  
Of a pair of grey eyes, where it shone.

Cold hands clasped a sprig of red berries  
(Their redness seemed tamed. On the floor  
Lay the white ones, half withered, low-fallen  
From the heights where they ruled it no more.)  
And still was the laughter and music,  
All gone with the noise and the glare,  
With the smiles that society painted  
On the masks that her priestesses wear.

That fan—was it Grace's, the fair-haired?  
 (She appeared cold and slim in the dusk.)  
 That glove—was it light-hearted Dian's?  
 A white rose—the one Fanny wore?—  
 But the prince had forgotten his token  
 And it lay—with the rest—on the floor.

Yes, her prince had forgotten. (The embers  
 Burned low.) She had let him.—Ah well,  
 In the course of the years who remembers  
 What sorrows at twenty befell?  
 In the course of long years—down their vista,  
 Far down to the—Ah was it true  
 That the Spirit of Christmas could answer  
 But the wishes and prayers of a few?

All was empty,—She turned at a rustle  
 Of curtains. Those ghosts—where were they?  
 Have they fled from the warmth of a handclasp,  
 Whose realness forbade them to stay?  
 The fire seemed to leap as if startled  
 By some deep buried glow, till it blazed.  
 Did the holly grow redder when mingled  
 With the white berries tenderly raised?

What was that? The wild fire-light made shadows  
 That moved in the folds on the wall.  
 Or—was it the Spirit of Christmas  
 Come to answer the last Christmas call?

## COMPULSORY ATHLETICS

---

EDWARD B. COCHEMS

### INTRODUCTION

The idea of compulsory athletics which Mr. Cochems writes about in his article meets my hearty approval. I cannot agree perhaps with the details of Mr. Cochems' plans but the central idea of a broader standpoint in all our athletic work is an ideal for which I have been working for years. At the opening of the football season the plan of compulsory outdoor athletics was discussed, and I have written a letter to the Regents upon the matter and hope it will soon be taken up. It will take a very few hundred dollars indeed to keep an immense space cleared on the ice for hockey this winter. We have an immense gymnasium on the ice which we have never used to any great extent. I believe that every man in school ought to be compelled to take up some form of out door athletics. I do not think that the gymnasium fills the bill at all. I believe that instead of having a couple of boats for men who row that we ought to have a crew for every class, and I would like to see every fraternity also have crews. Of course this work could be made to count in place of gymnasium work.

It was Mr. Cochems who called my attention first to the idea of compulsory athletics on a broader scale. Wisconsin leads the country in many things, and I believe if some similar plan is adopted here, that Wisconsin will lead the whole country in athletic policy.

C. MCCARTHY.

The value of athletics as a supplementary training to a regular college course is no longer contradicted. This fact being admitted, the paramount question remains, how can the faculty best subserve these interests? For the past four or five years the collegiate trinity of importance; the faculty, alumni and student body, have been beset by misunderstandings over this problem which have often led to open warfare. Each in a measure has accused the other not alone of ignorance but frequently of bad faith. Indeed, there are extremists whose advocacy of certain athletic principles approach the absurd, and these men are not necessarily corrupt, malicious or ignorant—they are usually ultra enthusiasts and can see nothing but from their point of view. These men have their value, and should be ignored on some matters but never abused. It is my firm belief that ninety-nine out of every hundred men of the above mentioned bodies are honest in their conviction and wish prosperity for Wisconsin. They are single in this desire; and only differ in regard to method.

A university is a great work-shop and its obligations reach the three divisions, faculty, students and alumni. Each body has a well defined sphere of work. They must influence but not interfere with each other; they must cooperate but not obstruct. A perfect understanding can only be accomplished by some interest which they hold in common. This interest is athletic activities.

Instead of an indifferent recognition of physical culture as a regular department of collegiate curriculum, it should be considered the base on which the intellectual shaft of education must be founded. When this idea is thoroughly understood and officially recognized, the first step in the solution of collegiate athletic activities and intercollegiate competition will be made.

In order to outline a system that will develop the physical needs of the entire student body without encroaching on the scholastic hours of labor, we are compelled to consider first, the question of administration, and secondly the value of the prin-

ciples of incentive and compulsion. All who have thoughtfully considered this question believe that the athletic scope should be widened so as to include every student, both male and female. Even President Elliott believes in this idea. But how can it be accomplished? The following suggestions, I hope, will help to relieve the college world of this mooted problem. The present system of inter-collegiate competition and local gymnastic exercises are inadequate.

The question of administration is a mere matter of mathematical detail. It concerns itself with the mere schedules of study hours for all classes and can readily be accommodated to the athletic needs. The other problem of incentive and compulsion is of a psychological nature. It deals with physical capacity, the disposition, the desires and temperaments of the student body. In the past it could not be solved, and up to the present is still beyond solution. If every student had the capacity and the desire to develop himself, there would be no problem. The question does not concern itself with such students, it deals with the weak. When one is physically infirm he is indeed a problem. He usually does not wish to help himself and needs an especial incentive to impel him to work for his own benefit.

The problem in a nutshell is this: to widen the field of voluntary activities by widening the scope of incentive so that the zone of compulsory exercises will be practically narrowed to the few who are matured and to the infirm who need special or corrective exercises. The value of free over forced effort is self apparent.

At the present time the outlet and opportunity for the physical expenditure of energy is so limited that the great mass of students are mere spectators. In fact these very students are the ones that need the exercise rather than the favored few who are now occupying the stage as heroes. Conditions, however, are now reversed, so that when one considers the question fully it is small wonder that the far-seeing members of the faculty



are so stubbornly opposed to the existing system of athletics. Some will defer to this statement and declare that most students do exercise and that is true, but these same persons must confess that the exercise is spontaneous and desultory.

Not only are conditions of collegiate athletics inverted, but collegiate education as well. Everything that money and the sacrifice of under-paid professors can do has really been done to give a mental and moral education to the student body, but always with indifference to his physical welfare. The present system of education is a travesty on common sense, for it treats with passing attention the fundamental need—a sound body—in which alone the higher capabilities may be developed. There may be apparent exceptions to this rule, but scrutinize each case carefully and you will learn that somewhere and at some time physical work was done although it may have been in other generations. From the laboring mass talent and genius flow; from the idle and the rich vice and ignorance; from kings and nobles degeneracy. When the Sophists bore the thought of Attica from the fields and gymnasia, the intellectual supremacy of Greece declined.

In a brief article of this kind it is practically impossible to present a comprehensive plan for the amelioration of the present unsatisfactory conditions. It will be enough if I can advance a few general suggestions on which as a base a regular system can be evolved that will be adaptable to the University's local needs.

Fortunately, Wisconsin is situated most admirably for the operation of a liberal and symmetrical application of this system. With its lakes, woods, hills and rural surroundings it scarcely lacks one essential. In order to scientifically arrange the various activities so that each of the topographical features can best be utilized it is necessary to have a complete grasp of the entire needs of the whole student body. The study periods, the division of all into classes, by means of individual examination regarding the bodily needs; the strain or test each is capable of and the self supporting unit, can be quickly and scien-

tifically ascertained. After this labor is thoroughly performed and necessarily this will be done each year, a comprehensive classification will have been accomplished. With this as a basis each class or division can be given certain exercises during the different periods of the college year and course so that at the end the mass as well as the favored individuals will have received a symmetrical, all-around physical development. And, I believe that this can be done best of all through incentive, although some of the exercises will be compulsory at the beginning. Up to the present writing it seems as though the University's splendid surroundings have never been studied with regard to their value as a physical training camp. Its lakes, rural environment and woods offer fields for every form of athletic exercise and diversion.

Under the operation of the mass idea an ideal system of advancement, honor, or the survival of the fittest can be brought about. The finished athlete will naturally rise to the surface and be honored as the university's special representative in the great major sports of intercollegiate competition. It will eliminate forever the proselyting methods of unscrupulous trainers. Each exercise will be specially designed to lead up to this desired result.

Let us consider the value of the lake as an adjunct of this system. Instead of having two or three crews, every student of the freshman and possibly other classes should be out rowing in the fall or in the spring. Classification could be made according to age or weight. Class races, would furnish the incentive. From this great body of four hundred freshmen a splendid number of superior oarsmen could be developed and the best advanced until they would sit in the varsity shell. Such a flotilla of two, four, six and eight oared shells, gigs and barges, would be a wonderful sight and inspiration to the most infirm to get out and row. Water carnivals and the like would enhance the aquatic incentive. Of course a practical operation of this one department would unfold other possibilities.

Swimming should be made compulsory. Skating, hockey,

and ice sports generally could be introduced as diversions and intercollegiate and class contests be established.

Now let us consider the running possibilities. Regular obstacle races scientifically arranged to bring out the highest physical attainment, over official courses so that records could be permanently secured, would aid the weaker classification to become stronger. It would be a sane, and pleasant sight to witness two or three hundred students start from the gymnasium at the crack of the pistol and run over an official course of two or three miles or so and come back steaming from their exertions. Lake Monona, with its ten-mile circuit and Dead Lake with its six mile shore could be marked out officially for the novices who would walk these distances, and Lake Mendota's twenty-five-mile shore line could be used as a great Marathon course. An especially productive course could be secured about these lakes owing to the hills and woods. Records could and should be kept of these performances and medals given for records. Relay races could likewise be worked out around these lakes.

Great strength test competitions could be arranged in which five hundred to one thousand or two thousand to three thousand students might compete at one time. This would show which university had the stronger men in the aggregate. One hundred mile relay races with a great number of contestants entered would also give the students an ambition to do things.

Basketball, baseball, track, handball and football could be worked as at present and medals and ribbons given for excellence in these branches. All these exercises and competitions could be scientifically arranged so that from the mass the finished individual would arise and become part of the varsity's intercollegiate competitive forces. Each exercise would lead naturally to this desired end. The different exercises could be mapped out according to climatic and topographical conditions and the various classifications or aggregations could have the work outlined for a four years' course with the ultimate end in view of a symmetrically developed body.

## WANDERING FIRES

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WALTHER BUCHEN

Ralph Winman was talking. There was nothing unusual in this for Ralph loved to talk and could talk. But this night in June his talk was as bitter as the waters of Mara, and that was unusual. The cause of it all was that he had come to the end of his four years in no small university, and when he examined himself as to what he had learned he was forced to confess that instead of having progressed he had retrograded—instead of having trained himself to be of the fit he had become of the unfit. Four years of majoring in English had clouded his insight, curbed the assertion of his intuitions and all but destroyed his faith in himself.

“It is this way, Bill,” he was saying to his roommate, “when I came here I could send my stuff to some magazine and get real money for it seven times out of ten. Now I get little printed slips with ‘Unfitted to our purposes, et cetera’ on them ten times out of ten. And I got an Ex. out of English too!”

Bill had secured a position, worth a hundred dollars a month to him, a few days ago and was inclined to be comforting. Bill was a civil engineer and Art and her various aspects did not impress him appreciably, for he was the utilitarian product of an utilitarian college and if someone had offered him the Goddess of Art herself his first question would have been, “What can I make out of her?” Beyond cultivating a style of imaginative letter writing that brought him money from home whenever he needed it his efforts toward the mastery of written English had been nil.

"Cheer up, Ralph," he said, "What you had will all come back to you when you get outside and away from the influences that kick around so freely in these parts!"

"But all the stuff I used to write is just the kind that appears in every magazine today—and for the life of me I couldn't write it now. I would think that I was false to the true and the truly ideal if I did. Up there on the Hill they have taught me that Art and Truth are swathed in many veils, but who of all the people who read have time to penetrate those veils? They want to see without being put to the trouble, and therefore I get little slips of 'Returned with thanks.' If I had stayed on as a reporter I would be a newspaper man of sorts by this time. Now I can go and teach English and Literature in some two by four high school for fifty dollars a month. Oh, it's a sweet prospect and a fine education I've got. Damned fine education—damned fine."

There was a knock at the door and without waiting for the bellowed "Come in" of the engineer, Chelmsworth, Ralph's English instructor in his junior and senior years, walked in.

"I am going to leave for Germany tomorrow, Winman, and came in to say goodbye—and to wish you luck."

Ralph pointed to a frame containing a number of little slips not quite the size of a check.

"That's been my luck in the last three months, Chelmsworth. Seventeen of them! Pardon me for asking, but does your stuff sell?"

"I write reviews for Current Literature every month for which they pay me a reasonable sum."

"But you write stories also. Do they sell?"

"Very seldom. The standard of the more current publications is not nearly what it should be and—

"But isn't the standard—the standard—of excellence that which will sell? What good is the rest for no one will ever read it and it will be void of all influence."

"That is the materialistic standard of a penny-a-liner but not that of an artist and a gentleman—at least so I have always be-

lieved. Some day when I mark the last C on my last Freshman theme, it will be my pride that I have always stood for something beyond the mere material view of writing—for the higher art, in fact. My eyes have never been turned aside from its fire.”

“I am inclined to think that it is a wandering fire, for you cannot live by following it—unless you act as a guide to it for others. When it comes to the final analysis with most of us our board bill is a more vital thing than all the fires of art that ever burned.

“‘But man does not live by bread alone’, as the greatest masterpiece of them all remarks, Winman. Well, I must go. Good bye, and as I said before, good luck. I am sure it will come to you. You are the best student the department has had in the last five years.”

“Thank you. Good luck to you and a good voyage.”

They shook hands cordially for Ralph liked him. He was honest and sincere and a brave gentleman.

After Chelmsworth had said goodbye to Bill—that prosaic soul had been smoking the blackest pipe in his collection during the conversation—Winman walked to the head of the stairs with him. When he came back Bill opened his mouth, without removing the pipe, and spoke,

“Got a good education, Ralph?”

“I know all about English literature and a deal about the French, German and Spanish—”

“Spanish! Good! Can you hold a transit rod straight and keep a time-book over a gang of dago surfacers?”

“I think I can.”

“That’s all you’ve got to know to make good. Come with me and you’ll get sixty dollars a month and your board and God’s sky to sleep under down on the Mexican Central extension in Chihuahua. What say?”

“I’ll come.”

Ralph Winman turned to the wall and tore down his banners and photographs, his seventeen “Returned with thanks”

slips, gathered his steins and other lars and penates and threw them into his trunk. He sat down on the lid to close it and then locked it slowly—as slowly as if he were burying something—as he was. He was burying four lost years.

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## WINDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEA

GLENN W. DRESBACH

### I.

Winds of the southern sea,  
Sweet with a rare perfume,  
Breathe o'er our northern leas  
And soothe their withered bloom.  
Prince of the hearts found true,  
With that sweet voice of thine,  
O linger, while I woo,  
Near this rare love of mine.

### II.

Then the holly of Christmas time  
Will be sweet as the rose of June,  
And lips will move in rhyme,  
With the heartstrings all in tune.  
Then softly breathe and blow,  
O winds of the southern sea,  
Hide in the northern mistletoe,  
And win my love with me.

## HER GUARDIAN ANGEL

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BEATRICE SEAVER

Mr. A. D. Nat, a rheumatic old lawyer, was considered by Mrs. Adam Worth to be a most proper gentleman for the guardian of her niece, Miss Jane Worth. Jane was an orphan with a small fortune, and Mr. Nat was given the right to look after her. He well knew how to appear in the company of ladies. He had studied at Cambridge, England, and could tell about his conspicuous life while moving in the circle of English elite. He knew how to practice his rules of etiquette superfluously, and would often give to others the chance of having them explained.

When Jane Worth entered the room where Mr. Nat was seated she could not help feeling in his presence that his polish was but a covering which had won family favor. He never looked her in the eye. He busied himself making the necessary bows in response to her remarks. One evening when Jane was alone Mr. Nat came, bowed his way in as usual, and seated himself near the grate fire. Jane decided to please him this once by smiling at his jokes and being interested in law. At the end of the conversation he snatched her hand and declared that she would make a nice little lawyer's—," but checked himself as she exclaimed suddenly, "Mr. Nat! No one can ever be civil to you without your going too far. Most men I know can stand decent treatment without making themselves ridiculous."

This incurred his anger and he was no longer a man of smiles and bows. He started out of his chair declaring that Miss Worth could take the choice of losing her money or taking



him. As he left she felt the need of someone who would be like a guardian angel to her.

She sat with her face in her hands gazing into the fire for some minutes, when three distinct knocks came at the dining room door. She opened it and in came Jerry Tyler, her old friend and steward of their former home in England, who had come to this country with the last cargo which landed at Boston Harbor. He had, before living in the hall of Lord Worth, been a leader of masques and revels and was well skilled in the art of making up. Happily for all concerned he had brought with him a trunk filled with many lively colored costumes.

He left his hat in the dining room, came in through a passage way to the old parlor, and took a seat by the fire near Jane. Giving her hands several pats with his own, he asked her how she fared this evening, and he found she was not inclined to speak cheerfully. After the two had talked together for some time an account of the past visit was related to Jerry. He listened to the end with sympathy. After remaining silent for many seconds he slapped his knee, and Jane knew he had some new idea with which to assist her.

"I 'ave it!" he exclaimed. "The people of Salem are superstitious to the back bone and I shall give them cause. Tomorro' I'll give some of those h-old cronies a chance to see a witch of the first arder."

"Why, Jerry what do you mean by that?"

"Do you remember my red Mephistopheles suit?"

"Well I'm a-goin' to chase the jack-a-lantern ta-night through the marsh. There's an h-old sack of gossip who lives near this 'ere marsh and there's nary a tell-tale like him."

"You mean Mr. Middlebrook?"

"Yes, h-old Gozzeleye, I call 'im."

"But Jerry, suppose the jack-a-lantern does not appear to-night."

"An Hinglishman niver's the man ta mistake the night. Did ye no' see the fog, or was ye out?"

"No Jerry, not to-night, but I can't see the reason of your

doing all this. Suppose you are caught, then what would come of it but a hanging for witch craft."

"Tut-tut-tut! You don't see the p'int. I'll lead them a merry chase ta-night and we'll bag the fox, that is, if you're willin'?"

"I—, Jerry!"

"'Ere it is in a nut shell. I'll be leadin' the chase ta-night and ta-morro' night, and as I say ye'll find h-old Gozzeleye and his companions on the scent tow'rt the first cock crow, and they'll be arter a lively one in the red suit with 'orns. Now arter these three ganders have been a-seeing a sight for a couple of nights then you must do the rest."

"And what may that be?"

"Visit h-old mother Tulliver and her da'ghter on yon farm, he said raising his right thumb over his shoulder. "Ask the good dame if she objects ta merrymakin' sech as we're used ta in Old Hingland. The blunt of the matter I'm savin' till last, and this it is—; that you invite the *honorable* A. D. Nat."

"What! as my guest?"

"Most sartin', that's what I'm a-drivin' h-at. I'm a-guessin' 'e'll be summat of an 'ero for a night. Oh, 'e'll feel right smart in the masque I assign 'im, I warrant you."

"Oh Indeed! So you will have this a masque?"

"Sartin', a mask of 'igh arder. You must do the invitin' though, and giv' 'im a special arder ta dress as a Mephisto, or the game is up, and I'm no devil ta-night."

"Oh Jerry, can it be that you are to breed the suspicion and he is the tool with which you clear yourself? Jerry, the devil will be to pay I'm thinking."

"Yes, and it will take two of 'em ta clear you," said Jerry, rising and brushing back his long curls.

As the firelight cast its ruddy glow over his well outlined face one might have thought that he was the real Mephisto, and the fire back of him a small piece of his realm. Jane, somewhat taken with the plot he had laid open, felt like a conspirator and said, "I wish our enterprise might thrive."

'Be sudden for we fear prevention,' Jerry replied as he made for the dining room door.

"But why such haste about it all? Have you no time to sup with me?"

"Thank ye kindly, but it seems I heard a footfall outside. Give me a lantern for I must be gon'."

Jane lighted it and Jerry gave a peculiar elfish laugh as he took it. "Ye've niver been in a consperacy before?" he asked, blowing it out.

"Never," was the reply.

"Do yer best this time. Good-night to ye," he said, and disappeared before she had time to answer.

"Evidently the devil will be my guardian angel," she said to herself as Jerry was darting over the hill.

In a short time the house could no longer be seen because of the fog. Jerry sped on his way to the room where he kept his costumes, slipped on the red suit, and entered the marsh. The jack-o-lantern was gleaming in its accustomed place, but Jerry thought it needed assistance to attract the attention of old Middlebrook, so he struck a match and lighted the lantern down among the cat-tails. He thrust it up over his head and stole on. He found a forked stick, so he hung the lantern at the end and made it appear as though he were chasing the light. Now and then he cast his eye over the marsh to see if Middlebrook was looking, but only the light from his window could be seen shining dimly through the fog. He stopped and whirled the lantern in his hand. The light in the house was extinguished, so Jerry put forth his best efforts to accomplish his end. To be sure Middlebrook would soon notify his friends of the coming of the devil to the marsh. Jerry kept up his capering for a quarter of an hour. Suddenly he stopped short, and listened.

"There he goes," said a voice which Jerry recognized to be Middlebrook's. "Collar him! Trip him up! Git arter 'im H-inglethorne!"

Jerry observed that Middlebrook had hidden down behind a

bush in order that he might not be seen. So Mephistopheles neared the bush, and no more voices were heard, only the rustle of dry grass. Jerry took the shady side of the meadow leading from the marsh, and crept toward the spot. He managed to overhear some of their conversation. Inglethorne was talking in his high keen voice to Middlebrook.

"Egad! he's the devil sure 'nough. I saw his 'orns. Did you notice his eyes? They shone like burning coals in the dark. I'd have need of my legs if he took arter me."

Pinchem could see the fear which both men had shone although Middlebrook had spoken words of daring from his dark hiding place.

"Ye oughter be as brave as yer spokesman over there," said Pinchem pointing to Middlebrook. He's the man to show his bravery."

Just then a pair of horns appeared from behind the tree a few feet from Middlebrook, and he took to his heels crying. "Save me! Save me!"

The figure was now only a few feet behind Middlebrook and the two men in the back ground watched the flight. They listened. A shriek issued forth from Middlebrook and then a splash was heard. The two crept on, Pinchem with a dead branch he had snatched from the ground, and Inglethorne hiding down behind him. They came near the water and there sat Middlebrook on the bank with his teeth chattering. After peeping about for some few moments Pinchem came near his brave friend. "Did you collar him?" he asked sarcastically.

"He's the devil or I'd 'ave 'ad 'im. I warned 'im I'd be tellin' on 'im of it. But 'e was gon' with a bound. Why did'nt you come when I 'ollered?"

"Holler yu did right well. But we better be off. Be you for watching to-morrow?"

"I'll tell yu after," groaned Middlebrook as he rubbed his knee.

Mephisto was nearing home when the watchers dispersed. Daylight would soon put an end to this night's mystery.

The next night the watchers came, but they stood afar off to see the evil spirit. Jerry lighted the lantern and played with it as before, but he only bothered to keep up his game for half an hour, and then went to see Jane. She was sitting in the parlor near the window so he tapped lightly three times on the pane and she came outside.

"You've escaped," she whispered, shaking his hand.

"I've done the business. 'Ow is it with you?"

"It's all right with me. I've won the heart of Mrs. Tulliver. I'm to have the masque there. But Jerry, you must be there."

"Oh yes, I won't be missing even though I can't play leading role. 'Ow's our 'ero?"

"He can't find a Mephistopheles suit and he would have me assist him. You see, Jerry, I flattered him by making him think I wanted him to wear that suit so that I would be able to know him and be with him during the evening."

"You're a right smart lass ye've proven. Now the gist o' the job I must look to. I'll give ye my suit in the morning."

"Yes, but Jerry, how about capturing—"

"I'll catch him upon the hip' if I do it myself."

"But you must keep your suit. I'll make one for our hero."

"As you say. I'll get the hounds on the scent so they can catch the fox. But you must sally out with him. Ye've got the stuff in ye ta make two consperators."

"Thank you Jerry. I hope the suit will fit." Jerry only laughed and scratched his head. "What is it Jerry? I'm not such a bad seamstress, am I?"

"Tut, tut, I'm thinking it will fit him well, don't yu know. I mean the 'orns," said Jerry as he turned on his heel. The elfish laugh was heard in an instant some distance from the spot.

The next evening Mephistopheles had his hands full, for the mob of Salem people collected rapidly and he had to use his wing'ed feet to keep from being caught as he came through town. Evidently Middlebrook and his two friends had informed the persecutors of their discovery, and it was Jerry's fear that the

fox himself might hear the confusion. If he himself escaped all was clear sailing. The people followed for a distance with stones and clubs in their hands, but the greater part of them sickened in the chase as they neared the out-skirts of the village. Jerry made his way to the home of Mrs. Tulliver. The dancers had finished the Virginia reel. Some one in blue was about to start on a walk with the Mephisto of the masque. Here, thought Jerry, was a point in the conspiracy which had been overlooked. Which one was Jane? He gave three whistles and the girl in blue excused herself from Mr. Nat and came toward him.

"Go on with your walk," whispered Jerry near the rose-bush, "now I know who you are. The people are coming."

Jane walked with her partner toward the grove. Here they met the persecutors led by Cotton Mather of Boston, and Nat, the lawyer, fell into the net.

He spent the night in prison whether he claimed to be Nat, the lawyer, or not. The people took him for an evil spirit claiming to be some one of the town. They had captured the real Prince of Darkness so often heard of, and were glad to hold him in tow. He resisted of course, but his efforts were in vain. Jerry laughed to himself as he heard these words—

"I'm not a witch. I swear I'm lawyer Nat."

The trial was to be on the following day but Jerry cared not if it came that night. He did not follow the crowd. He came back to Jane to talk over their success. Jane did not care to have the trial a fatal one, if such a thing could be avoided, for she could hardly be that cruel even to her bitterest enemy.

"'E'll only need ta swim ta-morro' in the red suit and they'll be convinced," said Jerry. They've got the right one this time and its a bully thing."

"O don't have him killed Jerry," said Jane with a slight tremolo in her voice. Let them frighten him but not kill him."

"Hang the beast. He deserves h-all that. We can connive at it all."

"No Jerry, we must prevent it. We caused his imprisonment and now we must help him."

“Well, I’ll see ta that.”

Next morning was a sunny one, and nearly all the people from and round about Salem stood on the hill to witness the trial. A shout arose as the persecutors dragged Mr. Nat forth. There on the hill he was asked a few questions before the frenzied people concerning his beliefs, and not much was taken for the truth as they looked at his red covering. The people finally decided to try the sink or swim method, so he was placed in a boat, taken out into Salem harbor, and thrown overboard. He could swim. Thereby he proved himself a spirit ready for execution. A huge fire was built on shore by those most profound believers while Mr. Nat was bound. He called out for help from Cotton Mather, but Cotton Mather did not heed his cry. Just as the fire was well started and Mr. Nat ready for his roast, he fell on his knees and in pathetic tone called, “Cotton Mather! Cotton Mather! Come forth.” Up from the woods that stretched along behind the bank leapt another red imp with face and horns and all like those of Mr. Nat’s. The figure stood before the fire and solemnly said, “I am Cotton Mather. What would you?”

The people were amazed and looked from one to the other. They fled to left and right lest the two devils would make havoc on them, but a few braves stood to see what would come of it. Mr. Nat saw the trick which had been played, and his wits rose to meet the occasion. As he saw the remaining fanatics he said to Jerry, “Bring forth Will Phipps, Sam Sewell, and the rest.” But there were no more devils needed.

The leading persecutors scattered and Jerry after them. When dusk came again all there was left to tell the tale was the red garment lying on the ground. Mr. Nat had shed his devil skin and it was told for many years that another man, corresponding somewhat in form and feature to old A. D. Nat, walked the streets of Salem.

## THE PRICE

WALTHER BUCHEN

I sit by my own fire in a room that's mine alone,  
And I do not dream but only think, for the dreaming time is  
gone.

She might be sitting by me near a fire as warm as this—  
But I traded the chance of that for the world's cold Midas-  
kiss.

Traded! I've always traded—and got the worst of the trade,  
But I've wrenched what I needed from men and have not been  
afraid.

'The lonely runner is fleetest', that was my chosen creed,  
But now that I've reached the goal—will the fleetness help my  
need?

Never a hand to clasp and never a voice to cheer,  
Never a mouth to kiss and never a fear or tear.  
When the last comes to the last—I must go my way alone!  
I can go, oh yes, I can go, and—I almost wish I were gone.

A master of mine once told me, "Lad, you've a soul of mud—  
Blue clay with diamonds in it—I know your father's blood,  
You'll sell the diamonds fast and a good price you will get."  
The price they paid me was fair and its fruits are with me yet.

But it's never Christmas at all for the men who waste, alone,  
Their dreary wearisome lives in snarling over a bone;  
And when you're looking as I, at a sky unlighted and gray,  
It's the twenty-fifth of December—but it isn't Christmas Day.



## ONE, TWO AND THE BONE

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AFFA HUBBEL

People would persist in taking the twins seriously; why, no one knew, not even the twins themselves. They gazed solemnly at each other and said, "I wonder!" whenever the question occurred to them. Their course in primary and grammar schools was a big joke for them, but the teachers and parents thought it otherwise. It was, indeed, remarkable that no one but the twins should possess enough sense of humor to appreciate the acrobatic feats of the very nervous teacher who found a very lively mouse in her desk. When they asked about it at home they were severely punished, and told that the teacher had "nerves." What were "nerves?" The puzzled mother explained to the twins that nerves were the centers of feeling, and that was why it hurt to stick a pin into one's self.

"I wonder?" said One.

"I wonder!" said Two.

"We didn't stick a pin into her!" said One.

"No, we just put a mouse in her desk!" said Two.

"That's different!" said One.

"Lots," assented Two.

Nothing more was said about the matter, but One was not surprised to meet Two the next day sticking a pin into the back of the teacher's chair. One grinned and produced another pin. "I'll put this in the cloth she erases with," he said.

They found out conclusively that the teacher had nerves, and they also discovered a few in themselves after their father had heard of their physiological experiment.

"I don't think I like nerves," said One.

"I'm sure I don't," said Two.

Time passed and still people persisted in taking the twins seriously. This was a great misfortune for it interfered with their enjoyment of life. There wasn't any fun in Hallowe'en, especially when their father questioned them next morning about their pranks. It never occurred to the twins to lie, for each desired the other's good opinion.

They went through high school, each shirking the same amount of work. As no one could tell them apart, substitutions were easy. One hated Latin, Two hated Mathematics. Because of their more than resemblance they were assigned to different classes. One's first two hours ran—Latin, Mathematics; Two's ran Mathematics, Latin. When no hitch occurred it was very easy to change places, One scoring two perfect Mathematics recitations, with Two scoring two perfect Latin recitations. Finally, however, since they were wise twins, they gave up this plan save on rare occasions.

At last, having joked their way through high school, they decided to go to college. There they won the nicknames by which they were afterwards known. It happened in this way. A night or two after their arrival, a very gentlemanly young man was ushered to their room. He introduced himself as Dick Dudley, and began to chat pleasantly with them. After a while—

“Fond of vaudeville?” he asked.

“Very,” said the twins, winking and grinning at each other.

“Come on, then,” said their new friend, “I'll stand treat for some tonight. There's several mighty good stunts on the program.” He led the way down stairs, followed closely by the twins who looked intelligently at each other. Several fellows were waiting outside.

“Hello, Dudley, who are these?”

“Two freshmen,” answered Dudley. “See, they're just the same shade of green.” At that several other men made their appearance and stood gazing at the twins.

“Freshmen!” murmured one with awe. “How strange!”

“How very, very strange!” came the chorus.

One grinned. Two grinned.

"Well," said One, "Any vaudeville specialties you want? We're terribly fond of it."

"The young ladies like it," said Dudley. "Come on, fellows, we'll go over to the Hall. Don't let them get away."

For some time there was silence; then a large sophomore said with a grin, "Mamma know you're out?"

"No," said One, "She thinks we begin studying as soon as we get here."

"One on you, Tom Barrett," said another.

"They need training," growled Tom. "Now, freshmen, this stately edifice is Chadbourne Hall. On the porches are gathered the coy damsels whom you are to entertain. What are your names?"

"John and James Horton."

"Age?"

"Twenty."

"Come out of it!"

"We are," declared One. "The teachers used to think we flunked exams on purpose."

"Take off your hats to the ladies. That's right. Now, how did they bow at your dancing school? Oh, fellows, isn't that awful? Come, Dudley, show 'em how to do it."

Dudley stepped forward and performed a wonderful bow. "Do the same, freshmen. When you have it well learned we will proceed. There, that will do. They learn very well, Tom. They will be a credit to us, I am sure. Now, deliver your high school oration—you."

"I didn't give any," said One.

"What?"

"I didn't give any. Neither did he. I got let off, and then he went to see about it and cinched it—and then—" with a grin "—the principal couldn't tell which one had been excused, so we both got off."

"Speak a piece then."

"Alone or together?"

"What do you mean?"

"James learns the first part of the lines," said Two, "and I, John, learn the other part."

"Say it your own way."

"All right," said One, "Here goes."

"Bow first, freshmen."

One—(bowing)—" 'Tis midnight and—

Two—(bowing)—the setting sun

One—Is slowly rising—

Two—in the west.

One—The rapid rivers—

Two—slowly run;

One—The frog is on—

Two—his downy nest.

One—The Pensive Goat—

Two—and Sportive Cow—

One—Hilarious leap—

Two—from bough to bough.

"Say," declared Tom, "that ain't bad, is it, fellows? Where did you get it?"

"Punch," said the twins. "We liked it and realized its possibilities. We were on a literary program once in high school, and were set down for a dialogue business that the English teacher got up. It was too long for us to remember so we gave this thing. It made a hit with everyone but the English teacher."

The sophomores grinned, "Well, don't try any shins on us, freshies. Let's let the Goat and the Cow depart to their stable now, fellows," said Dudley.

After that One (James) became the Goat, and Two (John) was dubbed the Cow. "The only trouble is," said Dudley in all seriousness one day, "It's almost impossible to tell the Goat from the Cow." He wondered why his hearers laughed until Tom said "And you an Agric, Dudley."

No one seemed to take the twins seriously here; even the professors smiled at the pranks the two played. No one ever

knew why no claimant appeared for the two barber's poles which decorated their room. "I didn't beg, borrow, buy or steal mine," said the Goat. "I didn't beg, borrow, buy or steal mine," said the Cow.

The facts of the case were, that the Goat had stolen and finally paid for the Cow's pole, and the Cow had done the same for the Goat.

A short while after the episode of the poles the Goat and the Cow wrote home. Among other things they said, "John has a pet cow in the rooms here, and James has a pet Goat. Another fellow has some white rats, and another one has a parrot. The landlady has a cat and a dog. Quite a menagerie isn't it?"

Then came the misfortune of being taken seriously. Their literal-minded father came to visit them and was, of course indignant at the trick played upon him. It was manifestly his fault. They had not invited him to visit them. No one could say they had. They had told the truth for they had capitalized Goat and Cow. They couldn't help it if he had taken them seriously.

At last they fell in love. Since they were a unit they fell in love with the same girl. Then for the first time did the Goat and the Cow separate. They stopped rooming together. Of course they could not change houses, for parents have suspicions. Freshman year came to an end. The two went home to live in estrangement all summer. Both corresponded with the same girl. Amused friends began to call her the Bone of Contention—shortened to the Bone. The Cow called her the Bone because it angered the Goat, and the Goat called her the Bone because it angered the Cow.

Sophomore year passed slowly and the estrangement was not healed. They called on the Bone at regular intervals but neither seemed to exceed the other in her good graces.

The climax came at a dance. The Cow proposed to the Bone and was accepted. Shortly afterward, the Goat claimed her for a waltz, which he did not dance. Instead, he led her to

the porch where he found a secluded seat. "You really love me?" he began.

"Of course," she answered in surprise. "Do I need to prove it?"

Still later the Goat sought out the Cow. "See here, old fellow, there's no use in our quarreling. Miss Latimer has accepted me—"

"She accepted me," interrupted the Cow.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Goat, "Let's ask her."

They found her after a while and took her to the secluded spot on the porch.

"Which of us did you accept?" demanded the Goat.

She looked bewildered.

"You took me," said the Cow.

"You took me," said the Goat.

She looked more and more bewildered. "I—I'm sure I don't know," she said.

"You can have her," said the Goat generously, "I want a wife who can tell me from my brother."

"You can have her," said the Cow.

"You'll neither have her," declared the Bone of Contention walking away.

"There! it's settled," said One.

It's settled," said Two.

And it was. No doubt about it.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

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G. M. S.

A college with but two buildings, North Hall and South Hall; only seven professors including the chancellor, some hundred students, no co-eds, no fraternities, and with a campus surrounded by a split rail fence and densely shaded by oaks and elms; such was the University of Wisconsin some fifty years ago. Then you would undoubtedly have studied Latin, Greek, Mental or Natural Philosophy. Perhaps you would also have enrolled in French or German and played practical jokes on that amiable foreigner, Dr. Kursteiner, who taught those subjects. Or if you ever intended to teach, the normal department with its Didactics might have claimed your attention. But you couldn't have been an engineer, a sociologist or a law; that trinity is an innovation of our later, more degenerate days.

In the latter part of September you would have left home for the university, probably against the best advice of the wise ones of the town, who would have recommended you to attend Milton Academy, Albion Academy or possibly Beloit, for little institutions which we now consider insignificant then overshadowed the University. When you reached Madison, quite a pretentious village at that time, a representative of Hesperia, Athenæ, Polymnia or The Thousand and Two's might have helped you in finding a place to board and room, if possible a situation where both could be paid for by work. The great proportion of students fifty years ago were in some part self supporting. It is even said that there were not a dozen young men of that day who did not work their way in some degree.

As there were no accredited high schools then everybody took an entrance examination.

The next day you might have breakfasted together with the professors and their families at the Boarding Department in South Hall, and while the board was good it cost only seventy-five dollars for the whole year of ten months. All other necessities were proportionately cheap. Room rent for a term of fourteen weeks was listed at four dollars, wood in the winter-time and extra three dollars, and tuition per term four dollars. Washing cost at the rate of forty-four cents a dozen.

After breakfast the University bell would ring out the summons for chapel, which everybody was required to attend. A verse would be read from the Bible, followed by the singing of some hymn, after which there would be a long prayer, perhaps by the chancellor, and while he was praying one of the professors would be noting down the names of the absentees. But these chapel exercises were not always as staid and decorous as we might expect them to be. One day the students flocked into chapel to find a badly frightened calf tied to the pulpit, and tradition says that the late Colonel William F. Vilas, Professor J. B. Parkinson of our own faculty and Colonel George W. Bird, a venerable member of the Madison bar, were concerned in the scrape.

Classes lasted all day until five o'clock in the afternoon. Then if you wanted to exercise you could go up on the hill where Main Hall now stands and play wicket. There were two wicket clubs, the Olympics and the Mendotas, and an account of one of their matches is still preserved. The only gymnastic apparatus that the University possessed was a big rope stretched between two oaks, and on this the students performed all sorts of acrobatic feats.

In the evening, as there were no co-eds, the best you could do was to make a call on some town girl and tell her how all the fellows longed for the establishment of co-education. Though regular week end dances were not given there were numerous parties, and even a masked ball is recorded. One of the stu-



dents of those days has left a lively account in the *Miscellany*, the first student paper, of an unsuccessful attempt to masquerade in hoop-skirts at one of these social functions. From the same source we quote the narrative of a serenade sung on Langdon Street in 1857:

“On one of the few delightful May evenings, when Luna looked down from her celestial throne, glowing with reciprocating splendor and surrounded with starry gems of light, six amateur vocalists, *Basso*, *Plato*, *Virtuso*, *Simplex*, *Ventosus* and *To On*, filled with delight and enthusiasm, met to pour forth in sympathetic song the exuberance of the poetry and music of their nature. In concert long they sang, till now the swift and invisible messenger, darting across the ethereal space which separated them from their loved ones, whispered in their ears the thoughts and desires of the sleeping maidens:—‘Let us away to the lattices of our beloved, and arouse them by our melody, to a realization of their happy dreams, and the enjoyment of these beautiful moonlight scenes with us.’ Then leaving in silence the seclusion of University hall and grove, and lighted on by the warm yellow glow of the moon, they turned their steps toward the sleeping places of beauty and of love.

‘That’s her window,’ says *To On*, as the serenaders approached the dwelling where his anamorata was sleeping, ‘but confound the dog, how he yelps.’ Here *Simplex*, coax him off, give him a dog button, send him to Pluto, anything—what a shame—to disturb the slumbers of my Angelica in this way—she’ll die of terror unless we can quiet this infernal noise.’

‘Let’s sing,’ says *Basso*. ‘Music hath charms to soothe the—you know. What could not an Orpheus do, that less may we.’

“Then sounds of gushing melody broke forth; the dog was mute, and to his kennel fled; the air of evening caught up the strains laden with love, and bore them to the delighted maiden; then the light of a taper gleamed through the lattice. ‘She’s awake and recognizes us,’ says *Ventosus*. The blinds are thrown open by a delicate hand, and *To On* snatches off his hat to catch the expected bouquet. A face surrounded by a

white frill is protruded from the window, and *To On* almost unconsciously kisses his hand to it, when he and all the company are transixed with horror at the words which followed:

'Arrah, ye spalpeens, and wad ye be wakin me at this time o' night wid yer blatherin an scramein? It's a blessed thing for ye that I haven't some hot wather to scald yer mitherable crakeing bodies.'

"Down went the window and away went the chop-fallen six; the dog barked spitefully behind them; *Plato* laughed; *Simplex* snickered; *To On* thought there must be some mistake; *Basso* thought that Bridget was only obeying Angelica, while *Ventousus* slyly hinted that it was the voice of Angelica herself, at which they all laughed except *To On*, whose thoughts were too deep for utterance."

If the new student was over bumptious and self-important he was hazed, not alone by the sophomores but by all the upper-classmen. And this hazing did not consist of singing on a sorority house porch or some equally puerile act. Often the freshman was compelled to run the gamut of "stunts" with a rope around his neck. Sometimes he was tied fast to a tree in the grove where Science Hall now stands and, after being "scalped and tortured according to the most modern methods," was left until early morning "in order that his freshness might have time to effervesce." Tradition says that the captives "came out of the ordeal like a new edition of an old book, much revised and improved." The lake was seldom considered the court of last resort that it is now.

After the student had settled down to university work his principal activities, outside of study, took place in the debating societies. They were the life of the University, and as athletics and social life did not then exist for the student body, a man was judged by his pre-eminence in oratory and debate. There were but two societies then, *Hesperia* and *Athenae*. They met in opposite corners of North Hall and debated and harangued by the light of tallow candles. In an address by Professor Daniel Read of the Department of Mental Phil-

osophy, delivered September 30, 1857, we find a strong recognition of their influence:

“Let me but know the condition of the literary societies here, or in any institution of learning, and I have a sufficient test of determining the condition of the institution itself. If the societies are of little interest, barely kept up, if they are languishing and with small influence, I know that in that institution there is not much of high, manly, independent effort. Were I required to determine who of a body of students are in the future to be the men of mark, to be leaders among the people, to be legislators and orators, I would say: Show me those who in your society halls are the men of mark, show me those who carry the literary societies in college, and I will show you those who will hereafter carry legislatures, courts and assemblies of the people.”

Another force of that date which is of much less importance at the present time was the influence of the classics. There is hardly an article in the *Miscellany* that does not contain some allusion to the Odes of Horace, tragedies of Greece, or mythology sacred and profane. Editorials and criticisms teem with Latin quotations. And when a student got in the rhyming mood and produced some doggerel, it resembled this specimen:

“Tres fratres stolidi  
Took a boat for Niagri.  
Magnum frothum surgebat,  
Et botum overturnebat.  
Omnes drowndiderunt,  
Qui swimmere non potuerunt.”

Even the ceremony of riding the goat was called “bestriding the Trojan steed and charging the elusive shadows of Pergama.” This classical training, however, seems to have brought men to a high state of efficiency, even in the business world.

But perhaps the most important phase of the University fifty years ago was its struggle for existence. There were several colleges then having a larger attendance or more prestige than the University, Milton Academy, Beloit, Albion Acad-

emy, Appleton and Carroll colleges. Each of these institutions was jealous of the University and fought it long and bitterly. They attempted to have the University land grant divided among them, and nearly succeeded in their attempt. The entire University used to dread every session of the legislature, because the state institution was sure to be attacked. The representatives of the districts in which the denominational colleges were situated were always to be depended upon to stir up opposition to the University on some question or other. It was not until the alumni began to be of influence in the state and to take seats in the legislature that the permanence of the institution was assured. We find this opposition well illustrated by some of the editorials in the *Miscellany* written by the late Colonel William F. Vilas. In May of '58 he writes:

“The annual attack upon our university by some members of the legislature, which of late years, it appears, must be regularly expected, has been opened. Since the commencement of active operations by our institution, it has been made the devoted object of every species of vituperation, calumny and falsehood, which disappointed ambition, partizan opposition and sectarian rivalry and malice could invent. Charges of extravagance, and useless expenditure of its income, without the slightest foundation in fact as the authors thereof well know, have every year been bruited through the legislature, and thence among the people, sufficient, had there been even the shadow of truth in them, to have utterly destroyed its very existence.”

School held through ten months of the year, commencement taking place in the fourth week of July. But examination week was as short as the school year was long. Only two days were set apart for examinations and, like prom, those days were “an occasion.” Madison residents used to visit the University at that time and consider it a sort of intellectual treat. We are not told what view the students took of the privilege. And in one respect, at least, the condition of the Uni-

versity was ideal. Chancellor Lathrop knew all of the students individually; every one in turn had the greatest respect for him. Through the Boarding Department and other influences adapted to comparatively small numbers, students and faculty took on the aspect of a single big family, earnestly endeavoring to secure a high, thorough, liberal education.

## EDITORIAL

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### A PROM ONCE MORE

About the most sensible thing the Student Conference Committee has ever done was its co-operation with the faculty in the re-establishment of a prom that Wisconsin could be proud of. The amicable solution of this social problem is an indication that the faculty and students are acting together in a spirit of harmony that is a credit to each. While the opposition to the old style prom was not justified by the character or success of last year's innovation, it seems to us that re-establishment of the old social function was not a step backward. For the changes of a few details in the stunts authorized by custom for the occasion will doubtless lessen whatever unnecessary extravagance there may have been connected with proms of the past. There must always be some extravagance connected with the prom; some of it gives that institution its distinctive character. As for any other evils which can be classed as serious, we don't believe they exist. Let' be glad that we have a prom once more.

### CASTE AT WISCONSIN

At the initial smoker of the Wisconsin Union in the Union rooms Wednesday, December 9, Dr. McCarthy made a strong appeal for the retention of democracy in university life. He deplored, as every thinking man must deplore, the tendency toward caste distinctions in the nation and in every part of the nation's life, and pointed out that the University of Wisconsin's skirts, deemed altogether immaculate by most of us, were not entirely without some small stains of the prevalent pollu-

tion. He dwelt at some length on the insidious threat to the political health and to the manhood of the nation that lay in the establishing of rigid lines of social cleavage and the planting of the seed of social distinction.

We believe with Dr. McCarthy in the subtle menace of the things he spoke of, but it is also our conviction that, contrary to the universally accepted belief, over one-half of the height of the barrier between the two so-called social classes at this university is due to the efforts of those who think themselves the lower class. Nowhere are distinctions more talked of and more rigidly emphasized than among them, nowhere is class partisanship more rabid and intolerant.

#### APOLOGIES TO HOARD'S DAIRYMAN

In *Hoard's Dairyman* for November the thirteenth there appeared a ranting article attacking our magazine, which because of the fact that it was squeezed between a manure spreader and a dairy wagon advertisement, we infer to have been intended as an editorial. And the editor of this periodical is no other than ex-Governor W. D. Hoard, president of the board of regents of our university, a man who should possess a breadth of view and understanding of the meaning of the English language which the ill-natured misrepresentation of our editorial, *Does U. W. Spell Cow*, leads us to disbelieve. However, the article in the *Dairyman* lacks so much of the genial ex-Governor's sound common sense and is composed in such a spirit of prejudice for and contempt of higher education, that we are led to believe that it was written by the *Dairyman's* office boy. Our editorial admitted the fact that the College of Agriculture seems to have acquired greater prominence throughout the country than other departments of the university. But we in no way attacked that college; we expressed the wish that other departments of the university, and particularly that concerned with literature, might reach the position of prominence that the College of Agriculture had already attained. And we hold the

same view now as we did when we wrote the misrepresented editorial in the October number of the "Lit".

### NORMAN HAPGOOD

The recent visit to the University of Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of Collier's Weekly, was a treat to the student interested in practical journalism. Mr. Hapgood's talk at the University was interesting and instructive to no small degree, dealing as it did with problems and difficulties which are ever present in the life of a newspaper or magazine writer. We quote that part of it which refers particularly to the necessity of a collegiate training for success in journalism:

"The relation of journalism to education and educated men has changed notably in the last fifteen years. To-day in New York City it is very difficult to secure a position, even that of cub reporter, unless you are from one of the universities. It is not easy unless you come well prepared in English composition to succeed in New York, and more and more in other places a very liberal education is necessary. No accumulation of concrete facts is going to take the place of wide culture. You may get this kind of training out of science, history or literature. It is not what you study but the manner in which you study it. I was much pleased to find one foreign language compulsory for the course of journalism here at Wisconsin because of the emphasis it gave to the general cultural side of the training. Young men working their way up in the world may easily overlook the importance of getting this breadth of education which is absolutely necessary if one is to speak to the world. Nothing takes the place of a mastery of English composition. The journalist without thorough training in English and English composition is like the physician without a knowledge of surgery. You must have your knowledge of facts, but that can only be made eloquent to other people through the medium of a pure and strong English style."



