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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume XIII April, 1916 Number 7

GIFTS

What can be more acceptable than a picture ?

There is always a superfluity of cheap, light-weight, silver and a scarcity of pictures among presents.

A picture is never used up, never thrown aside, but is always a pleasant reminder.

And pictures are not always costly. A good subject, framed appropriately and tastefully, may be had for the price of an undesirable and cheap piece of glass or silver.

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THE

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WHY? WHAT? AND HOW

Why are we ashamed in this day to be proud of our country? Why is patriotism no longer fashionable? Why do we feel that other great nations are fully as great as ours, that other cultures are, in some ways, superior to ours, that other people are free from certain rawnesses, certain bad habits and manners which we possess? Why—there's a bit of truth to these suspicions.

Whatever the reason, this state of the public mind will, in the long run, tonic our national system. Heretofore we have been too vain-glorious. The adult population, no less than the juvenile, were obsessed with the grammar school history-book doctrine, and with the old-style patriotic declamatory theme, to-wit, that this country led the world in size, wealth, strength, goodness, virtue, and principle. The Spanish war boosted our boasts. We avoided and avoided that war; our statesmen dreaded it. But Spain fell quickly and fell hard; fell so quickly in fact, that we contracted national big-feelings of a worse form than we had had before. And in the last ten years we have reacted. The baseball race each summer, the football games in fall, and the new dances in winter have claimed our thoughts.

Now comes the Great War. It is so stupendous, so gigantically organized, so awfully destructive, that we are non-plussed. We hesitate when one set of men shout at us to "prepare" and another set plead with us to remain "calm." We know that in the event of a conflict with one of the European war-powers we would be terribly out-classed with our present fighting equipment,—an equipment which has barely met the test of a "punitive expedition" into Mexico.

But we must set our house in order. Not in contemplation of war. For this nation will be called upon to help arrange peace. To win back our own self-respect more than anything else, it will be wise, even necessary, for us to pull ourselves together.

How to do that. By insisting upon a thorough overhauling of our forces of defense. Our contribution, here in the university, will be a strong support of the military department, a cordial support of the new volunteer officers' company. Beyond the university, it will be a sane attitude, an attention to the public business, a support not of preparedness for war, but of a business-like reconstruction in army and navy.

That may mean fighting against local selfishness which prevents a Congressman yielding, when the federal government wishes to abandon a useless and costly "military" post in his district in favar of an efficient arrangement of our defensive forces.

A. W. M.

The
WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

VOL. XIII APRIL, 1916 NUMBER 7

WILL THERE BE AN AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE?

AN INTERVIEW WITH PROF. THOMAS DICKINSON

By Wyatt Rushton

"WE won't know the American Shakespeare when he comes," said Professor Thomas Dickinson, when one afternoon I spoke to him on that theme. "He will be dead before we realize that he has lived. It took a long time to 'discover' Shakespeare himself.

"After all, it is dangerous to prophesy and—well, he may be D. W. Griffith for all we know."

Professor Dickinson, of the English department, is a deep student of the contemporary drama. He sees in the social movements of the day a great flowering of American art and literature in the near future. "This art," he says, "may not express itself through the conventional stage as we are familiar with it. It may possibly come through village activities, community pageants and the like. There are great possibilities for the drama in something spectacular—in something which will focus incidents from a wide range of facts and which will appeal to the eye as well as to the ear."

"The American Shakespeare, if he comes, continued Professor Dickinson," will be a popular playwright. He may be a great producer like Craig or Bakst or even Percy Mackaye. He will undoubtedly be a great success financially and in other ways. Perhaps he will write plays—just what kind we have no idea. Poetry in the drama does not take now as it did in the Elizabethan days. We have to build our plays about an artistic design as well as about the written word. The stage has developed so far now as never to have to return to the primitive equipment of Shakespeare's own time.

"But, as I have said before, the great American theatrical genius—the American Shakespeare, if you will—will break through most of the dramatic conventionalities which have been growing up around the American stage during the last generation or more. The Anglo-Saxon is not happy in writing plays on the French model. The real dramatic genius of the future will take great themes and will handle them with a free hand. He will break through the canons and conventions of art of the period preceding him as did Shakespeare. He will treat his themes romantically, no doubt, though it will be a different kind of romanticism from the kind we are accustomed to think about. I am inclined to think that it will be an airy, fairy kind of romanticism something like that in Barrie's 'Peter Pan.'"

"No"—this in answer to a question —"I have not seen Belasco's 'Van Der Decken', which David Warfield is playing in Chicago. I know that he is trying to bring in romantic incidents on the stage, but I don't believe that he quite has the idea I am expressing. For myself I am very much impressed with Griffith's 'Birth of a Nation'. The moving picture is hardly what we are driving at but that is a wonderful production and well illustrates a tendency.

"Of course, we should rather expect the American Shakespeare to take historical themes. But they would not necessarily be from American sources. He might get them anywhere, you know, and work over the material for his own purposes."

In response to another question he replied:

"I would say that his imagination would be as much in his design and in the pageant features of his play as in anything else. It would be something very much like a ballet or a masque—in which every element makes for interpretation."

Professor Thos. Dickinson's ideas on the American drama are more completely expressed in a recent book "The Case of the American Drama" which has received quite a good deal of favorable comment.

Professor Dickinson is careful, however, not to place himself in the position of a prophet. In anything which he may say on the subject of the American drama or indirectly suggest in the way of a great American dramatic genius, like a Shakespeare, he wishes to stand purely upon a study of current tendencies. In the final chapter of his book he says:

"Lest it be thought that the purpose of this book, and particularly of this chapter, is the foretelling of future events, a final word of explanation may be permitted. Much that passes as prophecy is a bootless occupation. But if by prophecy is meant the study of present tendencies, to discover their

outcome in the light of their principles and past history, then we are willing to accept the task of prophecy."

Following his ideas through this work, we find that he predicts that the American drama of the future instead of being nurtured at one national center will grow up in our local communities. He says: "How much the art of the world is in truth the art of small and coherent provinces is perhaps not recognized until one studies the history of art in the light of social history."

We may fairly infer then that the American Shakespeare, (if there is to be such), instead of haunting the theaters of New York or Chicago, will remain at home and even attain his national developments in a provincial town.

Professor Dickinson dismisses with half-praise the influence of the moving-picture on the dramatic art that is to be. He says:

"From these points of view the motion-picture entertainment hardly satisfies the requirements of naturalness and social constructiveness that were laid down in the preceding chapter. But when all has been said, it still remains that the motion-picture show represents a veritable expression of present-day society and is within its scope serving a useful social function."

Following this he promises a greater opportunity to the aspiring American playwright in the vaudeville stage. He observes that:

"Then, too, there are some respects in which the vaudeville theatre offers to sincere artists of the stage better opportunity for the pursuit of his own ideals of dramatic art.....On the side of artistry, where the vaudeville theatre touches art at all, it is not unlikely to give an encouraging reception to the genuine, the simple, and the good-natured. Here is no room for the falsehood of sentiment and of intellectualism. And in encouraging the one-act play the vaudeville theatre has been fortunately in accord with the trend of events in dramatic writing."

In describing the open-air theatre, which is already maintained in many places in California, he points out very definitely a place for the American Shakespeare. He delivers his opinion of it in these words:

"The open-air theatre is not made for fine psychological effects delivered to the intelligence. But it is an open door to the soul of the senses. Anything that appeals to the sensibilities, whether in the finer spiritual or in the more sensuous zones, finds a place there. For this reason the financial, the symbolic, the fantastic, the pantomimic, even horse-play and pretty romping, are at home on its stage. Harlequin and Columbine, Punchinello and Pickle Herring, Pastor Fido and Aminta, Jacques and Audrey and Bottom and Theseus, and their modern counterparts belong to the open-air theatre."

But it is in the necessities of the pageant as Mr. Dickinson sees them that we may find the greatest opportunities for the American Shakespeare. In its essentials the Shakespearian drama was history in which only the dramatic incidents of the story—those which would appeal to the multitude—were used. There were none of the "unities" so-called, which would have limited the play as on our present stage to one short period of time, to places fairly near together and to incidents of plots which are closely inter-

woven. Two or three quotations will serve to show how closely the modern pageant which Mr. Dickinson describes will resemble a play of this "romantic" type.

"All idea of unity of time is, of course, dismissed from the pageant. But every pageant depends upon a clear time-schedule which of itself provides some sense of time-unity. It is difficult to imagine a pageant in which the different scenes do not represent successive episodes in a chain of history."

The historical content of the material is brought out as follows:

"The following are suggested as the material of pageantry:

1. *Historical fact.* It may be agreed that every pageant is composed of social material which may be identified by reference to history. The material usually centers around certain definite events or outstanding or significant persons. The great majority of pageants of all kinds contain such substance.

2. *Ceremonial and form.* These differ from historical fact in that they are the ordered expression of past social practices, the ornate dress of social activities, the symbols of dignities and classes.

3. *Folk-activities and folk-lore.* These are the out-growth of the primitive imaginations of men. But primitive imagination belongs no more to early than to late times. The primitive imagination is always at work. It is the task of the pageant master to prepetuate the past and to formulate for art the more recent. The stories and dances of all times, the heroic and comic figures of distant and near mythology are materials of pageantry.

4. *Community life and spirit.....* Whether the theme be the history of the district, or of some distant historical epoch, the spirit that gives present vitality is that of the active community.

But here, lest one may be misled by the precept of concreteness, as many are, and suppose that a pageant may be made of any series of historical events, however selected, another word of warning must be spoken. All scenes of a pageant should have some impelling force within. This impelling force may come from the clash of contending forces; it may come from the sympathy aroused in the audience by the associations of a famous historical episode, either of heroism, of sacrifice or of portent; it may come from scenes which involve a great deal of ceremony and color and grace in display; or it may be evoked by the appropriate use of stirring music.

He then would supply an original element to the material of the pageant which would be quite Shakespearian, since,

"Aside from the salient plot there is the contributory plot, and this must be clearly distinguished from the salient plot. The contributory plot, or, as it may be called, the "containing plot" is comprised of all the actions which are necessary to explain and unite the main plot into a coherent whole. The contributory plot is composed of prologue and epilogue, link passages, explanatory and narrative passages, and interludes. The convention of the containing plot has not been worked out in modern times."

Suggestions for themes, he thinks, might be found, in our early annals:

(Continued on page 35.)

THE TRIFLER

By Harold R. Weiben

Our hero was of that blond type who are not really good looking but who may wear their hair parted in the center and yet escape condemnation. He had been at the University for three terms and had always found a little time for study, so the faculty allowed him to return again in the fall.

There also returned that fall the girl with whom he had danced a number of times. For some reason or other she had not previously taken as kindly to him as did the rest, and it worried him considerably. But this year he was prepared for the slaughter,—his wardrobe was convincing testimony. She received his advances cordially. "And it happened that they were thrown constantly together."

Each week our hero wrote two letters home. One went to his parents, the other to—well, I might as well tell you now that her name was Lois, and that they were engaged. Of late, however, this latter fact was making little difference with our hero, except on Sundays when he used the perfumed stationery she had given him. But he enjoyed the life. So did the two leading ladies. By the way, the other one's name was Myrtle; and his was Orville.

He enjoyed his duplico life, as I said. But when spring came, and he had broken two paddles, things began to change. He began to feel that he was the party that was in for the killing, for, although a confirmed heart-breaker, he was loyal. Lois, at home, was his first consideration, and he knew it. But he nevertheless felt himself being drawn more and more towards Myrtle. Those picnics on the Point did not allow matters to relax. She *was* good looking, and as she sat before him, clothed in white, he began to feel that he had made a grave mistake. But he said nothing to Myrtle.

That evening he brought out the box of letter paper which Lois had given him. There was only one sheet and one envelope left. That last sheet seemed to assure him that the step he was about to take was the working of Destiny. After an hour, he put the result of his labors into the last of the envelopes. With bothersome exactness, he placed the stamp in its corner; and he unconsciously kissed the envelope before he slipped it into a pocket of his coat where he might find it in the morning.

It was a week later that he again pushed the canoe over the smooth waters of Mendota. Picnic point was in the surrendering grip of one of June's most enticing days. He had not heard from Lois since that night. He tried hard to forget her, and gazed fixedly over the prow of the canoe. Myrtle had been watching him with a wistful look, and was on the point of offering him a penny for his thoughts when their eyes met. Myrtle smiled her sweetest smile.

It was the day, he thought. Today of all days: she simply could not refuse. The air, the water, the birds, the trees, —everything was in his favor. Only

the wording troubled him. It was a different day,—the circumstances were different when he asked Lois.

Lois! Why could he not put her out of mind,—especially today? A vision of her kept recurring in his memory, and he shook his head sharply as if to shake out those disturbing thoughts. Myrtle was watching him and wondering, but he was oblivious of the fact.

The prow of the boat grounded and called him back into the present. The girl stepped over the bow and he sprang after her.

"Myrtle!" he cried as he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

She gently removed his arms. Orville stepped back and hung his head. But on lifting his eyes and seeing that she was not angry, he advanced toward her.

"Orville," she said, "I thought I could trust you; and after four years, *this* has to happen."

But the youth again had her in his arms.

"Kiss me, dear," he cried. "I love you—Kiss me, and tell me that you love me too."

She turned her face away from his eager lips, and again quietly disengaged herself.

"I can't, Orville. I'm engaged. I thought you knew it, or I would never have allowed matters to go this far. If I hurt you, I'm sorry."

"But I love you dearly. I love you more than I ever loved—"

He checked himself. Lois again. There must be some reason for his ever recalling her. And then it dawned on him that he still loved Lois. Fool that he was for ever writing that letter! He kicked himself viciously.

Myrtle put her hand on his shoulder.

"We'll go back now, if you wish," she said.

"No! No! We'll stay here and have our picnic as you planned it. I've been a fool and I want to forget it."

"If I hurt you, I'm sorry. But, honest,—I thought all the time that you were engaged, too."

Engaged? Yes,—he *was*. That was what hurt. But he had spoiled it all with Lois now,—that is if she had received that letter. He considered a while. Had he sent it? he asked himself.

Myrtle was down at the canoe, getting matches from his coat pocket.

"You men," she called to him, "are the worst ones to forget. I'll bet, judging from the looks of it, that you carried this letter around for a month."

Orville ran to her, snatched the letter from her hand, and tore it exultantly into bits.

"Come on!" he cried with outstretched arms, "Come on and give us a kiss,—just to show you ain't mad at me for what I said before."

SOME ANTI-BELLUM GLIMPSES

By William Richards

The Stage.

I.

WITH the exception of thunder and lightning, the bright yellow stage-coach of the remote mountain-districts of Germany is probably the most noisy and most brilliant thing in Nature. It may transform even the gayest of purple meadows, blue cedars and emerald fields, where cuckoos are forever telling the time and where the ever-glad chirp of the lark is never hushed, excepting, of course in the winter-time, into a world of dancing colors. As this merry magician of landscapes approaches, the cuckoos begin to coo—with hysterical emphasis on the first of their couplet of notes—and the larks to swoop about in large circles over the road; a thin blue cloud of dust from the highway sweeps across the tops of the cedars, the clear flare of the postillion's bugle prepares the meadows, and then in a whirling streak of yellow led by a blur of black and white, the gay magician waltzes into the midst of his life-long friends, bowing, as he goes, to all sides and throwing, even to the most humble, favors of gorgeous hues. He chuckles to the accompaniment of his well trained quartette of sleek and frisky horses, the clap-a-dap-dap of whose solidly shod hoofs wakes up even the phlegmatic high road. The roar of the wheels as they courageously twirl along, trying to keep pace with the modern era; the bouncing and jarring of the cradle-shaped coach on the much-abused springs, the syncapations of the mail-bags and baby-carriages and bicycles on the roof; and the dull thuds of loosely fastened trunks on the long-extended rack in the rear—all these combine to make a thunder that might awaken to life the very dullest of modern Philistines. And too, what sounds will he not forget if he has forgotten the sharp crack of the driver's whip and the jingling of the harness as the van passes, and the final *"Gruess Gott"* greeting of the breathless passengers as they are hurried on to the expectant vales beyond!

II.

Through a Chocolate-House Window.

One of my favorite treats while living in a provincial German university town was to sneak into a very plebian chocolate-house on the main thorough-fare leading to the university, and taking a table by the little colored window, one of the panes of which was colorless, spend a half-hour there, reading, between sips and bites, in the Book of Life. It was literally, a historic pageant that passed my little pane. Not only were romantic velvet costumes—such as I imagine the streets of Padua to have known in the eleventh century, and Karlsbad pajama-suits, to be seen, but the various individualities of all ages came and went and mixed, and acted their little parts, leaving me flushed with interest and curiosity, and sometimes just a little conscience-stricken—as though I had seen too much.

By no means uninteresting to me

were the notebook-burdened lady-students, to whom, for the most part, a university career meant the utter neglect of all those graces with which women make the world less masculine. Here comes a metaphysician! For he passed the ladies, his eyes straight to the front (one sometimes envies him); there goes a short-stepped and near-sighted theologian! He glanced longingly at the sign over the door of my retreat. Two haughty "corps" brothers pass by at the same time, and seeing an elderly professor approaching on a bicycle they seize wildly at the vizors of their caps and swing them out to full arm-length. For a moment traffic is blocked, there is a general bowing of everybody to everybody else, several youngsters get tangled up among a group of disputing jurists, and my peep-hole becomes a patch in the back of a black Prince-Albert. I look about the room for consolation, and lo! lost in commentaries and cocoa, there sits the short-stepped theologian!

III.

Lilli

Lilli! A Rhemish maiden, with sentiment and girlish openness on every feature of her healthy rose-like face. Glowing gayety and *esprit* shown on this countenance like water-ripples, at every reaction. They were her heritage from the conquering French, yet her physique was Teutonic—buxom; built and kept robust and sane, for the sake of the new Fatherland.

But she had learned a few tricks of her enlightened (though far less happy) sisters, from that dreadful land where men have been seen a-wheeling baby-carriages. One of these was to swing her arms in walking as if she were accustomed to turn the world with them. Her hair had long rebelled against the pig-tail bonds; the silky meshes now enjoyed full play over the forehead—or if they didn't they were promptly set a-playing; and then she had shoes really smaller than men's; and clothes that, instead of resembling a bundle of rags tied in the middle, hung daintily, so that jealous folks said, "she must spend all her time at the tailors."

Still, you had only to see her when some one struck up one of those supreme German songs about the rapturous times of youth, to realize that these outward characteristics had nothing whatever to do with the romantic bent of her nature. "Come, children, we're living!" she would say as she took our hands. And if it chanced to be a melancholy song of parted lovers or broken rose-buds you would never have known that she wasn't just "acting" until you saw the tears. "Well this, too, is to live!" she might exclaim this time. Lilli lived from the heart, and if she ever thought, it was because the mind made, now and then, jealous sallies into an unguarded country.

As for being one of your sensible, early-to-bed girls, I never knew Lilli to come to a stop unless stopped. At Mardi-gras she danced three nights through without stopping for a single "sit-out". Youth was to her what it is to all Germans—the true heart of life. In it she "lived infinitely" like Werther, and "drank infinitely, made infinite poems and ate infinite sausages!"

IV.

Polenta

I tumbled into an Appenine village one rainy night in the early spring

time, tired enough to sleep in a woodshed and hungry enough to eat macaroni and snails. As I stood at the public well, looking about for the least hint of a meal, there came sifting across the steam and fog of the reeking cobblestones an odor which only one other that I had ever known, resembled—that of horse-chestnut blossoms during a spring shower. There was that in it which was so solidly sweet and so eloquent of satisfied desires that the smell alone was enough to make one believe he were consuming the source of it. I entered the low doorway through which I had spied a robust damsel stirring an enormous caldron, and asked whether I couldn't purchase a solid meal there. "Oh *Signore!* you are welcome, but we have only mush tonight."

It was mush! But not just mere, real mush. Mush made from delicate pink chestnuts, grown in Pan's own country, picked and shelled and boiled and stirred by one of Pan's own playmates!

I sat down at a heavy, oaken table, and soon my only concern in life was in the magic with which I made bowl after bowl of the peasant's supper vanish. To swallow the essence of spring with every spoonful, and feel the passionate warmth of the atmosphere that surrounds a moistened petal as it drops from leaf to leaf but never seems to reach the cold, damp ground; and then to strengthen it all into reality before parting, with some temperamental cottage-cheese (which I have never approached since, without yearning for spring-time and Italy), and finally to etherialize chestnuts and cheese and all the rest of life with a draught of of home-made *Chianti* before sinking into an aerial couch (of oak-boards) and dreaming of April showers at home, and rosy maidens, and polenta! —this is to taste of joys that come only to the young in heart and the vagabond.

THE FRIEND

I never say, "I love you dear,"
But everything I do
Is done more carefully and well
Because of you.

I need no words to pledge a love,
When soft I touch your hand,
More changeless than the ocean floor's
Unchanging sand.

—*G. Anundsen.*

SECOND SIGHT

By Harold Wengler

Second Part

THE early morning streets were a distinct novelty to him; he didn't recall having ever been on the streets at such an hour—at least if he had been, he had forgotten it. It was windy. At a street crossing his derby parted company and made a mad dash at a dispirited-looking, white bakery-horse. He was about to start on a quest of recapture when he decided it would look too ridiculous. So he stared after it.

Suddenly, however, from behind him, a man dashed across the street to where the hat had sought refuge against a sewer grating. The man picked up the hat, dusted it with his silk handkerchief, and approached Silas, smiling, the hat extended to him.

"Thanks," grunted Silas, automatically reaching into his vest pocket, and producing a dime. "Take this."

The young man looked at the dime in Silas' fingers; then he looked up at Silas' face, ejaculated "Well!" gleefully, and burst into ringing laughter. He whipped out his card.

As Silas took the very correctly engraved pasteboard, the young man wheeled 'round the corner. Silas read:

MR. HOWARD GREENLEAF CRAIG
Fort Madison, Indiana.

Silas was too surprised to say that he would be ——ed. He stood, tongue-ticd, with astonishment. Then he rushed around the corner where Craig had disappeared, to see him walking briskly down the next block. Silas followed, as fast as he could wabble, but he could not break down the young fellow's lead. Silas didn't have the vaguest idea why he was pursuing a stranger as he was, he didn't have any idea what he would say to him were he to have the good fortune of overtaking him. He merely followed; for there were only two points to his plan.

If Silas had been unobsessed by the desire of catching an unknown young man, he would have observed that he was getting away from his familiar ground and that he was among the more crowded and cosmopolitan quarters of the city. He jostled for room with shawled women making purchases from street carts. He threaded his way among men who talked in nasal tones and gesticulated profusely. The smell of vegetables, and of the Queen of Vegetabledom, the onion, predominating, altogether passed the olfactory notice of Silas. But suddenly he stopped. Craig, a block further, quite oblivious of Silas, had stopped and was buying vegetables of an ancient woman huckster, whose laden cart was a symphony of reds and greens and blues. The woman seemed to know him; for she was all smiles and conversation and motion. Craig, with the air of dilettantism, was asking prices, choosing something here and there, and joking between times. He, too, was all smiles

and conversation. Silas, surprised, was watching this from a short distance, his ear straining in vain for some of the talk between the extraordinary pair. He would have been still more surprised had he known that Craig was hearing from the woman about her little Fannie, aged four, who was just starting in kindergarten; of her big boy, Felix, aged thirteen, who was bringing in four dollars a week from selling newspapers; of her eight-months-old baby girl, whom the visiting nurse came and tended once a day. The landlord would come for the rent today, and unless business was very good, he would have to be asked for time. But that had been done before. Their neighbor's baby had died: not enough milk. The father had been out of work and the mother sick; so—what could one expect? Her *own* husband? Oh! he hadn't come home now for several weeks: when he had, the last time, she had given him fifty cents to go away. He would probably be back some day soon. She could easily get rid of him again,—the same way. He was fast disintegrating. Some day he would come home no more.

Craig was fascinated with the old-world stocism and fatalism of this old-world creature. Eagerly he questioned for further talk when she would leave off.

All this time Silas was coming to himself. As his attention became less and less fixed on Craig's adventure among the exiled things — both man and vegetable, — he became acutely aware of the unfamiliarity of his surroundings—and of their foreign unpleasantness. Surely philosophy and the social problem were not after his heart, and he began to think of a way out. But just then the young man, with a large yellow bag under his arm, took leave of the vendor. Silas, in a quandry, pretended not to see him. Craig looked inquiringly at Silas, not unreasonably surprised to see him standing irresolute in such a place. He smiled blandly; and going to Silas, asked, "Were you looking for me, Mr. Flipp?"

"How the devil did you know my name?" ejaculated Silas, his surprise even more overcoming his embarrassment at the question.

"Oh," laughed Craig, "merely one of the marvels of that branch of sociology known as communication. Have you ever studied sociology, Mr. Flipp?"

"No," grunted Silas.

"I thought possibly you did; having seen you at such sociologically interesting places, as at present."

The two walked about six blocks together; a strange pair they were, although not outwardly, for Craig's clothes were no less expensive than Silas's. Silas was ill at sea. He could not classify Craig. He had heard of bumptious upstarts, who aped culture, and were generally swindlers. Yet Craig had an air of genuineness which Silas could not shut his eyes to. If he were a waiter, why could he be buying vegetables? Clearly Silas realized that he was ——ed so far as an explanation was forthcoming.

Craig broke a lengthy silence. "How would you like to come up to my apartment for breakfast, Mr. Flipp? There's going to be some broiled lake-trout that was sulking around in a Berkshire lake even yesterday afternoon. It was sent me by a motor-party."

"Motor-party?" thought Silas, adding this fresh coincidence to his already

overflowing file of impressions. Then aloud, "Well, young man, I'd like to, only,—only,—in short, do you think the doctor would object to my eating trout?" he asked.

"To an innocent, inocuous, temperamental little lake trout, carefully broiled by my paragon of a darkey?" echoed Craig, with bombast. "Never!" No reasonably intelligent member of the profession, unless he had been deprived, by untold years of indigestion, or wife-torture, of the last drop of the milk of human kindness, would!" he said, with finality.

"I'll come then," said Silas, as though he had just been called upon to head a private philanthropical list with a hundred thousand.

"Fine!" rejoined Craig.

So breezy was the young man's conversation that before Silas realized it, they had come among places more nearly resembling Silas's own. Before the Mountjoy Terrace, an apartment of the most fastidious, Craig halted and with mock heroics pronounced. "Now, if the gracious Monsignor will tarry by the wayside, here is an hostelry that serveth the most delicious lake trout in all Castilia. A goodly welcome!"

Silas felt bad tempered—because he felt the last bit of his bad temper slipping uncontrollably away. He wanted to say "Shut up!" but he couldn't. He tired, but the nearest approach to severity he could marshall against Craig was "The Monsignor—or whatever-you-call-'em—accepts the Squire Knave's impudent proffered entertainments." And Silas laughed at his little speech, a good hearty laugh, straight from his now shaking and gurgling deeps. Silas hadn't been known to do that since he lost the second of his great fortunes in mining fiascos.

"Young man," said Silas, after he had got quite red in the face from his novel exertions, "you've made me laugh. Haven't done it before in twenty years. Take this," and with another hearty bellow, his face all wreathed in devilish mirth, he handed Craig a dime!

And Craig, taking it with a profound gesture, said, "Thanks," and led the way up to his rooms.

V.

If one of Silas's old enemies on Wall Street were to have seen him as he came from Howard Craig's apartment on that fine September morning, he would not have recognized him. Such a miraculous change had come over him, his face, his very bearing, as could hardly be believed. He chuckled softly to himself, he swung along down the street with an elasticity of step which made him look forty years younger. And he carried a polished teakwood cane with an ivory handle.

Had you, dear reader, noticed this in some moving-picture play, you would have laughed contemptuously and derided it as an incongruity. With superior perception, you would have said to your companion: "See there! He comes out with a cane. He didn't have a cane when he went in! *Some* direction, eh?" Or, in a disgruntled tone: "I *do* wish that the producers of films would not continue to insult our intelligences. With no explanation, no "leader," that idiot wears a cane making its first appearance coming out of

(Continued on page 37.)

THE WORTH OF A COLLEGE PUBLICATION

By William T. Walsh

THE chief advantage in working on a students' publication is that it enables a man to find himself. To accomplish this, I would give first choice to the daily paper. The freshman reporter should look for these three things in himself —initiative, the ability to think, and a managerial or business sense. The ability to write is a secondary matter. The man who can think clearly can always learn to write, and write well. The man who can merely "sling words" is going to be a failure as a writer. He may perhaps have the knack for turning out verse for dramatic or literary criticism. These should be fine arts. It is hardly necessary to state that today they are not. Therefore the man who can put together a number of smart sayings, without any particular co-ordination, in the field of criticism can make a respectable living, accompanied by the honor of being pointed out as a litterateur.

The men who rise to the top in the newspaper profession are usually abler men of affairs, abler managers, than they are writers. They are men who can better tell where to find an idea, how that idea should be put into shape, than actually they can do the work themselves. It is true there are many exceptions. But is is not wise to bank on exceptions. The man who enters the newspaper profession is pretty far out of touch with literature. He should understand from the first that he is going into a rather unromantic business. The star reporters, the editorial writers, are really doing routine work The pay is not high. It is the men who can do the vaudeville stunt, such as conducting a column, or who know how to direct the editorial forces that get the big salaries.

Hence, after you have worked a year or two on your college newspaper, you should analyze yourself in some such way as this: Do I know just a little bit better than the next man what is going on around me? Am I one of the first men, or am I away down the line, in learning what is going on in class politics? Have I an early knowledge of the probable make-up of the football team? The man who can answer such questions as these truthfully in the affirmative has discovered in himself the makings of an unusual reporter.

Do my ideas come quickly? Do I get a theme to hang them on? Are my conclusions quickly drawn and logical? If you have this additional ability, you are in a fair way some day to being an editorial writer or a city editor.

Lastly, if men turn to you for your opinion and if you take a natural—not through pull—leadership in fraternity, class, or athletic affairs, you evidently possess managerial ability.

If you have these three abilities, and if in addition heaven has dowered you with the power to express yourself a

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Walsh, a Wisconsin man, is managing editor and editor of The Illustrated World, a popular magazine, and what he has to say in this article, written especially for The Wisconsin Magazine, is well worth the reading.

little differently from other people, the highest place in the newspaper field ought to be yours.

The avowedly "literary" publication is chiefly of value in stimulating the student to develop his abilities as a writer of fiction, humor, etc. As a field for the article writer, it is hardly worth considering. Magazine articles today are merely high grade newspaper stuff put together by a man who has a little different viewpoint, who knows a theme when he sees it and, above all, who can think clearly. The pretty little essays affected by some college publications won't carry a man very far. This need not be the case at all. If these literary publications would permit freshness and brusqueness of the journalistic spirit to enter their pages they would serve a very valuable purpose as a medium of expression for men training themselves as article writers.

But most emphatically, even at their worst, these publications are of real value to the ambitious student writer of fiction.

As to the actual value of the training one gets either from the work on the student daily or on the editorial staff of a literary magazine — that is but little. The chief function of these publications, as I have tried to indicate in these few hasty lines, is to serve as a means whereby a man whose ambitions would lead him to engage in some phase of the publishing business other than the strictly commercial side, may find himself.

A FANTASY

Butterfly, flitting by,
O'er the fields of flowers;
Softly as the winds that sigh,
You live through sunny hours;
Pausing when your fancy pleases;
Fanning with your wings, light breezes;
How I wish that I were you,
Drinking fairie's sweetest dew.

Firefly, flitting by,
Lighting night's gray shades;
Flicker on the violets shy,
As you pass through forest glades;
Lighting up the fairies' court,
Or passing brownies in their sport;
How I wish that I were you,
To know the night-time as you do.

—Kathryn Morris.

NOW AND THEN

By Asher Hobson

IN the early sixties, the possession of a Kansas homestead was not considered the highest goal in life, since such possession was not believed necessary for the salvation of the soul, and in many instances lent very little assistance toward the maintenance of the body. In fact, a homestead in Kansas at that time was considered a wager in which the Government bet a full grown man one hundred and sixty acres of land that he could not live on the land five years. Numerous instances are recorded in which the full grown man lost the bet, and even to-day one hears wild rumors concerning the dilapidated condition of some of those who won. However a young Indianian, possessing a certain amount of sporting blood, started West with his wife to relieve the government of a quarter-section of land through the process of homesteading.

The couple had been married less than a year. Their material possessions consisted of a team of horses, one of which was of good physique and in his prime; the other one of which had been of good physique when he was in his prime, but now possessed no characteristic worthy of mention other than a tired feeling of a pronounced type. A new lumber wagon was purchased for the trip. In order to provide a vault for valuables a second floor was added to the wagon box. Sixty dollars in coin was concealed in mortised pockets between the floors. The rest of the equipment consisted of two or three chairs, a small extension table, a bed stead, cooking utensils, a few chickens and a cow. The cow was a wedding present.

This assortment was about equally distributed between the outside and the inside of the wagon, with the exception of the cow. She provided her own transportation.

A week's journey proved too much for the more aged member of the team; his tired feeling developed into a discontinuance of the breathing process, and as a result became of little use to the party. Not only did it cost the wedding cow and twelve dollars to replace this item of the equipment, but it also caused considerable inconvenience. The wagon had to be unloaded and the top floor taken up in order to get the twelve dollars with which to complete the replacement purchase.

At best substitutions are likely to cause slight difficulties, and this one was no exception. The new acquisition was an animal of determination. Most mules are. This propensity manifested itself at every hill of any considerable steepness. The mule's objections to pulling up hill, as nearly as they could be interpreted from his actions were that such conduct was not sanctioned by the union to which he belonged—or something to that effect. The result was that of numerous forced camps at the foot of those hills which could not be ascended with the combined strength of one horse, one man, and one woman before an audience of one absorbingly interested mule. These stops were of varying durations, depending entirely

upon the time elapsing until assistance arrived in the form of a passer-by accompanied by a non-union beast-of-burden. It was these impromptu stops, camps, and fresh starts, that accounted for seven days of delay in the journey which ended in the Marias des Cygene Valley near Ottawa.

In accordance with the optimistic principle that one should treat lightly of serious matters we will pass hurriedly over the first few years of life in the cute little cabin which consisted of four walls and a roof—when completed—only stopping this narrative long enough to enumerate some of the advantages accruing to the children who were reared on this Kansas homestead.

During the first few years the income from the land was not sufficient to maintain the family, so the husband followed the trade of a carpenter during the season of slack work upon the farm, at which times the agricultural activities were carried on by the wife. While she worked in the field the young Indianians — stable products of the homestead — were lariated on a blanket at the end of the field where they enjoyed ample opportunity to study Nature by observing the grasshopper in his home environment, a rapidly passing privilege in this age of insecticides.

Another advantage which the three older boys enjoyed was that of not having to wear starched clothes on Sunday. The only differentiation they made between their Sunday and week-day clothes was that Sunday was the day upon which they changed their week-day clothes. The two younger boys suffered the oppression of one suit of "store clothes" each during their youth. The annual choice of these suits was a liberal education in itself since it always gave rise to the ever re-occurring debate, stated in formal language: "Resolved that it is more pleasant to wear summer clothes in the winter time, than to wear winter clothes in the summer time." It is needless to say that the choice of each lad alternated each year.

Advantage number three was an environment conducive to frugal habits. Spending money was handed out in very small amounts and at long intervals, and then not until strict accountability was given as to the expenditure of the previous allowance. The smoking of a cigar was a luxury not to be indulged in by the sons except on occasions of note, and only then providing the lapse of time between the indulgence and the return home was sufficient to wipe out the possibility of detection.

In order to keep our promise and resume the action of the narrative, we will say no more of the early homestead, the homested of 1865. But what about some of its 1915 hardships? Felix, the youngest grandson of the grasshopper naturalists and the only one remaining on the old homestead, is doomed to carry on its modern burdens, for the other grandsons have farms of their own, and the "old folks," the grasshopper naturalists, have discontinued active farm life, and are living in comfortable retirement in town.

The full realization of his fettered condition dawned upon Grandson Felix one evening as he leaned indulgently against the generous hip of a contented Holstein, and mildly cursed three mechanical milkers because they milked only six cows at a time instead of thirty-four. Felix had a social engagement at eight o'clock. The girl,

a college junior, lived in an adjoining county, only eighteen miles away. Although it was nothing more than an evening call he liked to be prompt, and it rather hurried him to do the milking with only three machines, take a shower, make the necessary changes of clothing, and cover the required distance by eight o'clock.

At seven thirty-eight the noise of six cylinders and the smell of gasolene left the barnyard.

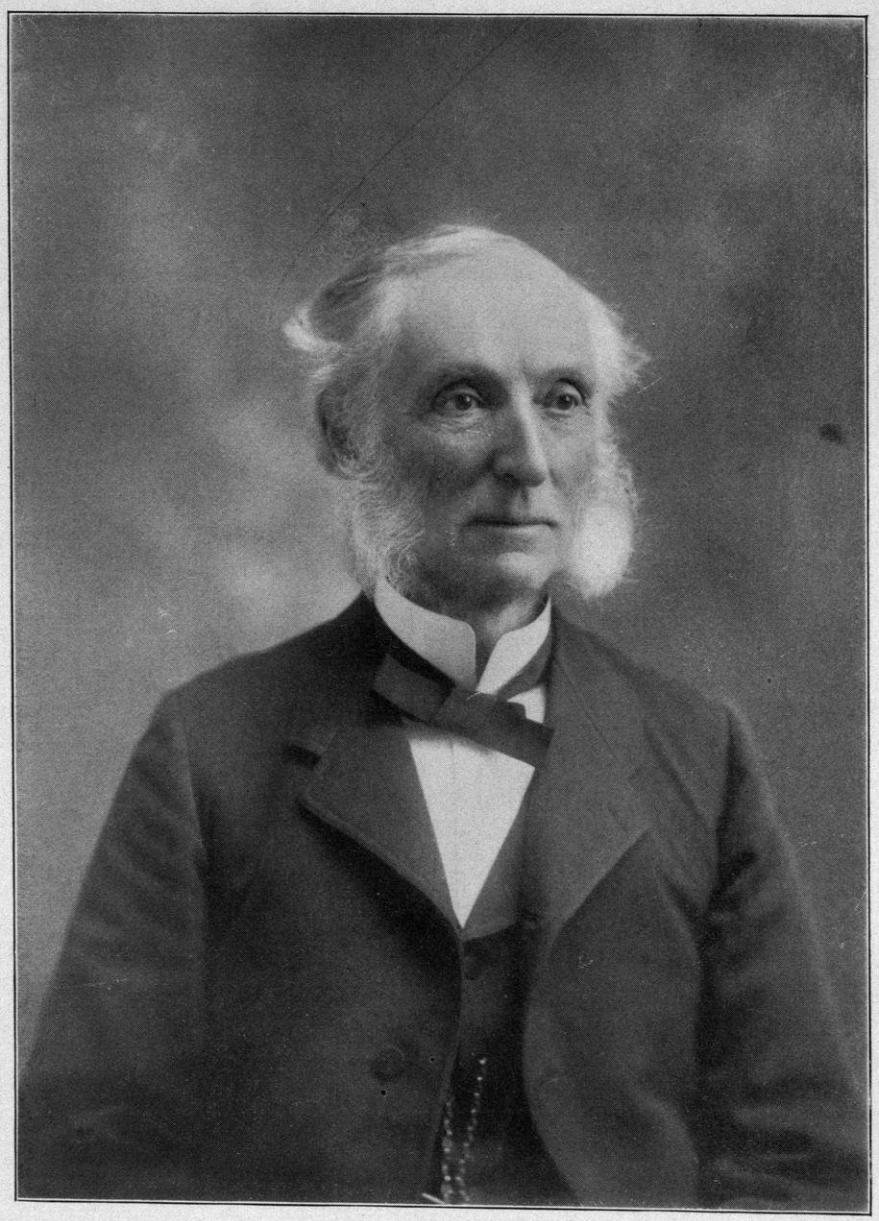
At seven forty-two Felix disgustedly backed down hill because his six cylinders refused—one at a time—to go up a certain hill on a certain gear. They were union cylinders perhaps. Anyway their driver rather incoherently likened them to a stubborn mule, a union mule, for instance. But the point is that this impromptu stopping, backing, and fresh starting, accounts for the seven minutes of delay in the journey which ended in the next county, before an electrically lighted country home.

THE LAUGHTER LOVING LADY

When we first became acquainted
She was very, very kind
Because she seemed to know I had
A mighty flimsy mind;
She always gave me lots of tips
On how to get along,
And smiled at me so sweetly
When I always did things wrong.
And so I learned to love her,
Which was natural, you see,
For this laughter loving lady
Seemed quite wonderful to me.

So we often went together
On some very pleasant walks,
And would sit beside the river
Where we had our friendly talks;
And she always seemed so hopeful
I would be a huge success
That I've always half believed it
From her thinking so, I guess.
That's the reason that I always
Am as kind as I can be
To this laughter loving lady
Who can love a son like me!

—*Ralph E. Nuzum.*



JOHN BASCOM.

WISCONSIN STUDENT LIFE 1873-1890

By S. D. Stephens

A NEW sort of student life came in with this period in Wisconsin history, a much more complex organization than had existed before, with the increasing superficial and aggressive influence of a certain element of the student body on one side, and the conservative influence of another portion of the students, aided by a great personality in the presidential chair, on the other. The new social spirit took form in the organization of a Greek letter fraternity in 1873, followed in 1875 by a sorority. At their organiaztion was begun a struggle which continued now openly, now under cover, but never entirely disappeared. The fraternity men, who were at once put on the defensive, strove in many ways to justify their position. In the class history written in 1874 one of the graduates speaks of himself as a member of a literary society and a fraternity, whereupon he proceeds to attempt a justification of his position as entirely reasonable, claiming that he could be faithful to both at the same time. Here was the collision. The literary societies had represented for a quarter of a century the organized intellectual element of the University, and they resisted bitterly the influence of what was, or at least what seemed to them to be, an organization of the students for trivial or unworthy ends. In the fall of 1875, after the fraternity group had, as it was alleged, stuffed a ballot box at a class election, an organization was started called the Anti-Secret Society Association, whose members were pledged to oppose fraternity influence. Prominent in the society were two freshmen who soon became commanding figures in student life and later in the life of the state and nation, "Charlie" Van Hise and "Bob" La Follette, as they were known to their classmates. The University Press was filled with letters from both factions, containing charges and counter-charges of all sorts. The literary society attitude is well represented by this extract: "The boy who comes to college with his pockets full of money, a *penchant* for girls, billiards and secret societies, must probably bear the curse of having caused the decline of literary societies." The influence of the president also was cast on the side of the non-fraternity men in a way that could not be misunderstood. Witness the following remarkable statement, "We object to secret societies in college.....because they give unfavorable conditions to individual culture, tending, with a decided balance of influence, to frivolous distinctions, actions and feelings" (Lecture on secret societies at Williams College).

In spite of the influence undoubtedly exerted on forensics by the new movements, oratory and debating were by no means in a sickly condition. One evidence of this is the continued agitation for new societies, though the ina-

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The next and final article will deal with the period since 1890, and the beginning of the Northern Oratorical League and Intercollegiate Debating.

bility of these societies to get on a firm foundation and exert an influence might seem to indicate that the men behind them were not so much interested in real literary society work as they imagined. Some of the societies were branches of Athenae or Hesperia; some were begun independently. Calliope grew out of both the old organizations in the fall of 1874, and in the next spring we find the first mention of Linonia. These two societies sought to make themselves social clubs, and the result was failure. In the spring of 1887 they dissolved simultaneously and a week later the members met and organized Adelphia, a society which had no better success, until in 1889 it died down, only to be revived again in 1890 and to eke out a few more years. During this period there were organized also several upper class societies at different times, a Senior society, an Engineers' 'Lit,' and various others, all of which soon disappeared or made material changes in their aims and purposes. One was organized during the latter part of this period, however, which, after a brave fight against the usual infantile diseases of a literary society, took its place among the other organizations and still proves a formidable rival,—the Philomathian society. The other societies were crowded, and so on September 20th, 1886, about twenty students met and formed Philomathia for work in oratory and debate, principally oratory. The new society had a hard time, but, after holding on to life tenaciously for six years, she was admitted to the Joint Debate League and was victorious. With her position once established she proceeded to make a brilliant record. Philomathia lacks the conservatism that marks the older organizations, which look upon the young society as too responsive to the demand for popularity, but she has proved a worthy competitor and her presence in the forensic field has done much for the good of oratory and debate.

New contests are further signs of increased interest. In the year 1874-5 the Junior Exhibition, which had not been held since before the war, was revived. In 1883 a Sophomore-Freshman contest was held, consisting of orations by the former and declamations by the latter, this constituting the inception of the present Freshman Declamatory and Sophomore open contests. The general quality of the contests was pronounced poor by the student newspapers. It is an interesting reflection on the demand of the freshman of that time for bombast that in 1884 two of them declaimed "Spartacus to the Gladiators," while a third gave a burlesque of it "The Address of Spottycus."

The women's societies were singularly successful in oratory, especially at the Junior Exhibition. It was not until prizes began to be given at these contests, and until they opened the way to greater honors, that the men became victorious. In 1889, when Athena's representative won the Junior Ex., the Aegis said this was the first time Athenae had ever been successful in an oratorical contest, a statement which is, of course, incorrect, but which shows how poor Athenae's showing must have been for some years previous, while the other men's societies were little, if any, better. The women's societies were also very successful in winning the Lewis Prize, an award given for the best commencement essay, made possi-

ble by the income from a fund established by James T. Lewis in 1886, which fund had become about $300.00 in 1875 when the prize was first given.

But the great oratorical institution of this period was the Inter-state contest, in which Wisconsin took part from 1875 to 1879. The contest was organized in the year 1873-4 by the Adelphia society of Knox college, to be held at that college in place of the lecture course which the society had been managing. Wisconsin sent no representative that year, but after the contest became a permanent thing she made arrangements to enter. The first contest was inter-collegiate, but plans were formed for an inter-state contest, the representatives to be chosen by inter-college contests within the several states participating. In May, 1874, J. C. Jones was chosen by a vote of the student body to represent the University in the state contest the next year, but in the meantime he became affiliated with the faculty and J. M. Mills took his place. Wisconsin had only moderate success until 1879, when La Follette went through the state into the interstate contest and won first place with his literary oration on Iago. This was the oration from which Lawrence Barrett, the Shakespearean actor, said he received two distinct elements in the conception of Iago which he afterwards incorporated in his acting, and in the Edwin Booth Library, now the property of the Players' Club of New York, is still to be found a copy of that oration, a gift from Lawrence Barrett to Edwin Booth.

There were several changes during this period in college journalism. The University Press continued to be the only student publication until 1881 when The Campus, a paper which gave greater attention to the social and athletic interests of the college, was begun. In December of 1881 the name was changed to The Badger, though the paper remaind the same. The Press then followed the lead of its rival and began to give more attention to current student life. In 1885 the two papers joined under the name of The University Press and Badger, which paper suspended a year later and was supplanted by an entirely new literary news weekly, called the Aegis, which remained the only student paper until the next decade when the Cardinal was begun and the Aegis changed to a literary magazine. The Badger year book also began during this period, first under the Greek name Trochos, but since Trochos means several other things besides Badger the English title was adopted. The book was, of course, much smaller and less pretentions than the Badger of these days, with fewer photographs and cruder drawings—in fact it was inferior to the modern Badger in almost every way, except possibly the humorous department. In that field we are as crude as they were.

The spirit of the student body during this period, and the real atmosphere which is the essence of a University can be understood only through an understanding of the great teacher, John Bascom. Probably no other man has ever exerted such an influence, both upon the University as an institution and the students individually, as did this wise man from the east. Coming to a University which was too liable to neglect the spiritual for the material, he brought conceptions like this: (Sermons and addresses, pp. 326-7.) "The

(Continued on page 40.)

A CONVERSION OF FATHER

AN OUT-OF-SEASON STORY

Eugene S. Guild, '18.

ONCE upon a time there was a Kid and his Dad. The Kid was going to college that fall, and Father was handing him the usual line of advice. It began with the straight and narrow path and worked on up to football. Now it is necessary to say a word about Father's career in the same college for which Sonny was appointed. Father had played on the Varsity team back in the days when life was real and life was earnest, when an eleven did not retire from battle until their casualty list amounted to sixty per cent of their total fighting force, and when the referee wore armor, or at least should have. In those days Papa had the reputation of being able to pull off more dirty work during five minutes than the rest of the team could during the entire game. But he changed when he got out of college, and was elected president of a bank, and got married. Especially when he got married. And there is nothing so thorough-going as a reformed roughneck. So this is the kind of talk which he gave his offspring:

"Now, my son, there is one thing more; I have reserved this until the last because it is very important. Under no conditions do I want you to play football or to be connected with football in any way, shape or manner. Football is a brutal game; it interferes with your studies, lowers your moral standard, and endangers your life and limb. Besides, your mother would go wild." There was much more to the same general effect, and Father wound up the oration with the threat that if he ever heard of Sonny's playing football he, Father, would take him, Sonny, out of school and put him to work emptying waste-baskets down at the bank.

Of course after Father had behaved that way there was just one thing for the Kid to do—go out for football, which he did just as soon as possible after registering. At the same time he began perfecting a system of keeping the dread news from filtering back to headquarters. By various means, ranging from graft to intimidation, he managed to stop up all channels except the Press, and he explained that by writing that the guy the paper mentioned was an entirely different lad who happened to have the same name. For the kid began to break into print about this time. He was holding down the job of halfback on the Frosh team, and when the yearlings, as the College Daily called them, scrimmaged the Varsity, he would often give the regulars a very bad quarter of an hour. He was a worker from way back, a demon for punishment, and as speedy and elusive as the well-known and justly famous greased pig. By the end of the season he had a berth on next year's Varsity as good as nailed.

Next fall he was right there with the old-time form. He did not get away with anything very melodrama-

tic, as the Coach was holding him in reserve, but he put in extra hard licks on the afternoons when the "Secret Practice" sign was hung up. But about this time there happened what by all known laws should have happened long before. Father became enlightened to the fact that Sonny was holding down a berth on the Varsity squad. His feelings can better be imagined than described. The following week occurred the annual Homecoming on the day of the Big Game, and Father went out to the seat of learning, disguised as an Alumnus, to learn if this thing were true.

On the afternoon of the game he arrived in the town that was blessed with having the Alma Mater in its midst, and found that the Kid was at the football field with the rest of the squad and was not to be seen. He determined to go out there anyhow; and on the way the crisp air, the blaring bands, and the crowds a-foot and a-motor, decorated with the school colors, began to get in their work. The germs of the football fever, which had always lain dormant in his blood, awoke and stirred with new life. Father decided to see the game and have it out with Sonny afterwards. And so we see him stiff and severe, with his heavy topcoat and his cane, walk into the grandstand, glaring straight ahead of him, and take a seat amid the cheering thousands.

The band played; the team came on the field, and the crowd went wild. Father looked for Sonny; yes, there he was, the young scamp. But dash it, somehow it looked good to see him in a football suit! Then, just at the kick-off, the crowd rose and sang the Varsity Hymn. Father began to lose some of his sang-froid.

The game was a hard, grilling battle between two well-matched teams. Both sides made a touch-down, but the visitors got within kicking distance of the home team's goal once, so that toward the end of the fourth quarter the score stood 10 to 7 in their favor, with the ball in the home team's possession, but in their own territory. Then the local aggregation got next to itself and pulled off a drive down the field that made the German try for Verdun look like an afternoon tea. They brought the ball to the enemy's ten yard line, and there they stuck for three downs. At this juncture the coach yanked out one of the linemen and sent in another fellow bearing orders to use a certain play which had been kept on ice for just such an occasion. Clearly then, this was the now-or-never moment, with victory shimmering elusively in the foreground.

And now glance at Father up in the packed and roaring stand. His coat is half off, and he has lost his cane and mashed his hat. His face is distorted, a wild light gleams in his eye, and he is uncorking both domestic and imported language in his endeavor to express his emotions. Here is a sketchy rendition of what he said during the next few second:

"Work this now, boys, if you never worked anything before! Gee, what a funny formation! Oh Hades, they're giving signals again! No, by Gosh, they're at it! Nail 'em, nail 'em! Where's the ball?—The Kid's got it! Look at him circle that end! You big Swede, you didn't get him! Go it, Kid, go! He's over, he's over! Wow! Wow-w-w-w-w!"

After the game, when the jubilant

team was in the locker-room, the happy Kid was informed that his father awaited him outside. If someone had thrown a bucket of ice-water over him, the effect would have been about the same. Visions of removal from school, of disownment, filled his head. He got into his street clothes and went out to meet Nemesis in the shape of an irate parent. Instead he found a raving lunatic. Father almost fell on his neck. Slapping his son on the back and wringing his hand, the proud parent exclaimed:

"Boy, I want to congratulate you! You did noble, my boy, noble, and so did the whole team. But Sonny, I've got one complaint to make. If you fellows were going to pull off something like that, why in the hot hereafter didn't you do it a little sooner and keep me from getting nervous prostration? T'aint right, my boy, t'aint right!"

WANTED-A REAL SELF GOVERNMENT

By Edward W. Moses, Law, '18.

For years believers in student self-government have hoped to make the Student Conference a real organ of self-government. They have defended and fought for the Conference, not so much because they thought it was all that could be desired, but because they hoped that it contained the germ of a real self-government.

But many of its warmest supporters have come to feel that the struggle is futile. The Conference has not made good. Except in rare flashes, it has not shown a constructive statesmanship nor a broad grasp of student affairs. It has attracted few able men to membership. It has not won the respect of the students. The membership is too large, and the powers too few and indefinite. The system is at fault.

The time has come for a radical change. Better abolish the Conference and create a frankly advisory body in its place. Or else—which would be much more desirable—create a new and logical system of self-government.

II.

The time is ripe for a change to a new system of self-government—a real self-government. Two great tendencies are becoming evident. The control of student activities is concentrating in fewer hands, and the activities are becoming interlinked and co-operate among themselves.

These two tendencies—the concentration of control and the interlinking of activities—have produced good results. They have brought better organization, more co-operation, and higher efficiency in handling student affairs. They are signs of the times. They are bound to grow stronger from year to year.

Why not create a self-government which is in line with these two great, resistless tendencies? Why not bind the activities even closer together? Why not increase the facilities for co-operation? Why not provide means for greater speed and efficiency in handling student affairs?

III.

There should be a central governing body of students, modelled on new and different lines. It might be called the Student Senate to distinguish it from the old Conference.

The Senate should have the power to investigate, supervise, and regulate outside activities. This would *centralize the activities.* It would be in line with the interlinking of activities and the concentration of control. However, the power of the Senate over activities should be a *latent power.* The Senate should not annoy and hamper the various boards and bodies in charge of activities, with constant interference. It should intervene only in cases of emergency, great need, or flagrant misconduct.

Besides this latent supreme power over the organized activities, the Senate would be the general legislative body of the male students. It would take over the few real powers the Conference now has, such as the supervision of elections, regulation of class finances, preservation of order in the student body, management of the Class Rush. Also, by co-operation with the S. G. A., the Senate could legislate on matters of general student concern.

This is a very brief sketch of the powers and duties of the Senate. What guarantee is there that it would exercise these broad powers well and wisely? The answer to this question depends on the kind of men who compose the Senate.

The Senate should be composed of *a smaller number of picked men* who have proved their ability,—say, fifteen. The presidents of the various boards over which the Senate would have power—such as the Cardinal, Union, Badger, Forensic, and Athletic Boards—could be given ex-officio membership on the Senate. This is only fair, if the Senate is to have power over these activities. Also, the class presidents might be given ex-officio membership.

In addition to these ex-officio members, there would be a number of members elected at large from the junior and senior classes. Places on such a powerful body as the Senate would be eagerly sought, and the ablest men in the classes would be elected. These, together with the ex-officio members, would constitute a membership that would guarantee efficiency in the Senate and would secure student respect for it.

IV.

Such is a brief sketch of the system. Space forbids a more detailed account. Suffice it to say that the possibilities of such a system are innumerable. A real self-government is sadly needed here. The proposed system is designed to meet this need.

It is a fluent system, one easily adapted to changing needs, one good for the future as well as the present.

It will provide a centralized student power, a focal point for student activities, a means for increased speed and efficiency in handling student affairs.

"SEAWORTHY"

By Helen B. Herbst

Elizabeth watched the door as it slowly and noiselessly closed. In her weak condition it was hard for her to draw her eyes from the spot, to move her hands from where Trent had fiercely placed them, to turn her body from the dullness of her position.

Outside she knew Trent was walking swiftly down the dim corridor, past the silent, efficient-looking nurses, past the grim old parlors, and out into the gay light of the street. Elizabeth realized with a sudden quickening that he was gone—irrevocably gone, like everything else of her life worth the having. In the white heat of her great renunciation but a little while ago she had scarcely realized what she was doing—at least she had not yet felt the pain of his loss. She had been keyed to a fine pitch of exaltation at her own sacrifice—she had been proving her strength and nothing else mattered. But now Trent was gone. There was only the red blotch of his flowers against the white wall to remind her that he had been there.

Elizabeth drew the covers closer about her with a nervous movement. Oh, she had done right; so right. She had sent Trent away because that day she had learned how little fit she would ever be to marry, to bring children into the world.

Trent was gone. Wearily Elizabeth turned her face toward the white wall. It seemed now as if everything in life worth while had escaped her. She had been prevented from getting her last year at college because her father had failed in business. She had taught school to earn enough to pay for her last year but had ended with broken health and very little saved. Then she had taken a business course and was holding a position as stenographer when one icy morning she had slipped and broken her wrist which ended her typewriting career for a time. After that she had gone West, thinking the climate would be good for her health. She had secured an excellent position as stenographer, was progressing famously and—above all—was engaged to Trent, when a seemingly slight pain led her to the doctor and so to the knowledge that an operation would be necessary and that even then she would probably never be well.

These thoughts moved sluggishly across Elizabeth's mind as she stared at the wall. It was so white—everything was so white—Oh why had she given up Thent? Why hadn't she kept something? What was the use of her life anyhow? With a low, restless cry Elizabeth twisted in the bed. If she could only get out of the white cot and away, away from the deadly purity of this room. White walls faced white walls. A white stand stood beside her bed. Clean enameled chairs were evenly placed about the room. In a little while Elizabeth knew that the nurse in her immaculate garb would bring her weak broth and tasteless toast which she would passively swallow. It was all so painfully clean and neat and right. Only there were Trent's roses—burning red—the heart of the

room. Elizabeth stared at them and shook her head feverishly.

"You mustn't stay," she whispered, "you mustn't stay; you're red and everything else is white. You're alive and everything else is dead....Oh!" and her voice rose in a wail so that the door opened quickly and Nurse Barnes appeared.

"Did you call, Miss Gale?" she inquired softly.

"Oh please," Elizabeth stammered, twisting her fingers and huddling her body under the white cover, "please take them away, the roses." She shuddered as the nurse looked at her questioningly. "Any where—give them to someone else; only take them away. I can't bear them. They're so red—so—so—awfuly red!"

"Certainly I'll remove them," the nurse answered soothingly. "Try to go to sleep, Miss Gale, you'll feel so much better."

"Sleep!—never!" thought Elizabeth. Her head was fiery hot, her hands icy cold, her whole body shaking. She twisted and turned in the bed, till at last, exhausted, she lay on her side with her face turned toward the window.

Out there was the bay, the whitecaps tumbling over each other, here and there a steamer slipping along. Elizabeth's eyes fastened on one little black, shabby tug that was wabbling along near the shore. It bobbed and turned and seemed on the point of capsizing but always righted itself as it moved slowly, adventurously out into the bay.

A puzzled look crept over Elizabeth's face—that little tug was like a friend—it reminded her of something she knew well but could not quite recall. She watched it dip and toss, gallantly, braving the waves. Ah, now she knew. It was Kipling's story of the ship that found herself. This little boat seemed like the one of the story, torn by the elements, tossed and battered, but eventually it would right itself and, seaworthy, sail out to greater adventure

She smiled whimsically as she watched the little boat. It had grown so much a friend to her. It amused her to think that it would feel proud when it finally ventured far out—proud at what it had weathered and at having found itself.

And with sudden illumination Elizabeth knew that she too would right herself and sail gallantly out to sea. Her gray eyes grew calm and serene and took on the misty lure of the sea. At last she turned her face back to the white room. "Miss Barnes,—Miss Barnes," she called softly. Then, when the nurse came to her bedside: "Miss Barnes, will you bring my roses back?"

CURRENT DOINGS IN DOGGEREL

It's nice to be out doors these days
When class rooms are so dreary,
And every guy with cuts to spare
Is loving up his dearie.
And even when the sun goes down,
Instead of pool and bowling,
Men exercise
Their arms and eyes
In quiet walks and strolling.

Prof. Billie Cairns was heard to make
The painful accusation
That English has been ruined by
New fangled conversation.
The boys are somewhat lax these days
On bucking Burke and Smollett,
But love to read
The hopeful creed
Of little Bob La Follette.

Al Fiedler has just organized
A sort of corporation
To make horse-radish for the world,—
Some strong association.
Mart Kloser as a base-ball man
Is very energetic,
And though he's weak
On stick technique,
His catching is aesthetic.

The law-shop bunch now sit outdoors
In raiments worn and sloppy,
And watch the pretty girls go past,
(Skyrocket Ed. please copy.)
Ed. Sweeny left for Mexico
To quiet its confusion;
The S. G. A.
Required more play
And changed their constitution.

Doc. Meanwell is the little dear
That made Wisconsin famous;
He made us champs again, and so

We love him—do you blame us?
Still swamped with work, the home-ec
girls
Keep plugging on quite bravely;
Their life must be
Devoid of glee;
They look at it so gravely.

The profs near had to punch the clock
Since Allen's wise polemic;
We've got to make them useful now
As well as academic.
Prof. P. G. Wrightson swells his chest
With military bearing,
And says that Pradt
Talks through his hat
About the sergeant's swearing.

Steve Gilman in his preachments says,
That from his observation
A man that lets his heels run down
Shows mental enervation.
The Gamma Phis have got a dress;
That black chiffon—oh mister!
It looks forlorn
For it's been worn
By every single sister.

—*Ralph E. Nuzum.*

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."—
TERENCE

ROLL OF HONOUR

"Aut mortem aut praemia laudis."—Catullus.

With the continual departure of students to serve their King and Country the ranks of the University are fast being thinned....Let our imagination fly over the wide expanse of ocean to the battlefields of Europe where our comrades are sacrificing their lives for us. Surely such a scene will come as an insistent—a commanding appeal—as though we heard again the words of the Athenian: "Go, every man of you, into the ranks."—From the Otago University Review, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Will The Wisconsin Magazine a year from now, five years from now, print such a leader as the above? Will it contain, as does the excellent Otago University Review, a list of eighteen men who have given their lives to their country since the last issue of the magazine? Will the list include three captains that if we do not supply ourselves geants, and five privates, or that ratio? Will it publish letters from the front, beautifully written letters with photographs of prominent Wisconsin students in the slaughter zone?

One school of thinkers still maintains that if we do not invest ourselves with fighting equipment the United States will not be drawn into a war. The other school pooh-poohs this idea, and carries on an energetic campaign to make public opinion favor arming, for when public opinion favors, then Congress is commanded. It has gone into our politics, this conflict of opinion over preparedness, and we are to see a vigorously-speaking former president make a fight for the presidency on the platform of a larger army and navy. He will run against the present executive who believes in a moderate overhauling and increase of the present fighting equipment, but chiefly in a discreet avoidance of trouble with a warlike power.

The Otago University Review gives us a feeling of sadness. Here, in a far distant corner of the world, the young men, who have been trained in arts and sciences to add to the value of living for all mankind, are giving their lives freely, even devoutedly—just as will the men of Wisconsin if the country becomes involved in another war, as they did so famously during the Civil war.

But, in almost the same mail with the Otago Review, bearing its sober, solemn reflections and its roll of honor, we have a letter from a friend in London,—London, only a few hours from the battlefield of Verdun.

The friend in London is a grand opera star. He writes that it is a never-ending source of surprise to him that the opera this winter is attended by record crowds; that while the streets are perfectly dark, the night crowds grope their way with no immediate thought of the Zeppelins which have so often dropped bombs near the theater.

The young men in New Zealand, the new country, place above everything else, what they deem the welfare of their mother country. The men of London, and the women, attend grand opera as of old.

Only the London papers (almost humorously, so seriously do they go about it) profess to find in the Wagner operas the germ of the German military spirit. Hence they prefer lighter pieces!

(Written April 1, 1916.)

A FOOL-KILLER

That there are many foolish young men, and a relatively smaller number of foolish young women, in the university, nobody would be foolish enough to deny. There is, just on the edge of the university grounds, the north edge, a most thorough fool-killer, and there is another one of these institutions on the southern border of the city. They do not kill all the fools, and they kill a great many who are unfortunate rather than foolish. But they are certain to exact toll, every year, decade after decade, from among those who do not know that a canoe is not an open water vessel, or, who knowing it, put the knowledge behind them because Lake Mendota looks inviting and the day is pretty. Every time a man cuts across the bay from Park street or the gym to Picnic Point, in a canoe, he proves himself a fool or fool-hardy. Even more so when he starts for Mendota, or Maple Bluff, by the straight-across cut. The canoe is a river-boat, and a shore-cruising lake-boat. Even the Indians will not start across any respectable body of water in the canoe. The "watery grave" does not appeal to their imaginations. Perhaps they are not so anxious to get to a picnic ground by the nearest route, or to steal away from all other human beings of a moonlight night, but the fact is, the canoe-skilled Indians will not take the chances in a canoe which so many students do each springtime—and most of these students, we dare say, are fellows who are not bred to the water, but who come from inland towns where there is no stream or pond larger than a shallow park lagoon.

The girl who stands up in a canoe while adjusting pillows, preparatory to leaving the dock, is not half so foolish as the girl wh permits a man to start across the lake with her in a canoe. For the girl who stands up near the dock, or while the canoe is still held to the dock, is not apt to get out far from shore, because she is likely to upset the boat right there, and to be pulled out perfectly safe, but thoroughly wet and mussed up, so that her outing must be delayed in favor of a change of clothing and a hair-drying process.

"FOLLOW ME, I LEAD THE WAY"

By Alfred Torchiani

Have you ever lost your foothold,
Felt the ground beneath you give;
Saw your hopes a-slipping from you,
All things gone for which to live?

And somehow, even though you knew it
You just didn't care a d———,
Wished you were a mile from nowhere,
Clear away from sight of man.

Just a-thirsting for a bracer
Which would help you through the night,
And after that—well have another,—
And another just for spite.

While all things around about you
Seemed to tumble on your head,
And you lay there very quiet
Just like unto you were dead.

Thoughts of love and wealth and riches
Scourging through your weary brain,
Things that might have been but weren't,—
After all, t'was just the same.

Till at once as if from nowhere
Way from out the murky night,
There appeared a face before you
Begging you to stick and fight.

Fight away your chains and shackles
Give yourself another chance.
Go and fight your battle bravely,
Save your soul the devil's dance.

And the figure there before you
Seemed to lift a guiding hand,
Pointing with her shapely fingers
To that distant promised land.

Oh, t'was then your heart was yearning
For a taste of love and "mint";
Things that come with work and labor
But were n'er yet found in drink.

Then the face before you faded
Silently as it had come.
Left you sitting there a-gaping,
Nerves a tingling, senses numb.

And a band as if of iron
Seemed to grip you by the heart,
Kind of tearing, straining, struggling,
Bidding you be up and start.

And you cast your eyes about you,
Saw your comrades drinking still,
Something kind of seemed to whisper
Telling you, you'd had your fill.

Drank enough, of wine and whiskey,
Felt too oft' the harlots touch,
Made yourself a fool sufficient,
Satisfied your lust too much.

Then it was, an' all a sudden
You just seemed to loathe the place,
Hated sight of every comrade,
Couldn't bear to see their face.

Grabbed your hat and reeled a-doorward,
Felt the night air hit your face,
Saw the stars above you shining
Dimly through the foggy space.

Shouted loud for them to hear you
Make your oath to God on high,
That you'd come to take up fighting,
That you'd make another try.

And again away from nowhere
Came that face as if to say,
'Lo, behold I am your witness.
Follow me. I lead the way.'

Oh t'was then that heaven blest you,
Gave you strength with which to fight;
Fight and win the way to honor,
Struggle up the path to light.

—*Alfred Torchiani.*

WILL THERE BE AN AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE?

(Continued from page 6.)

"In the rather drab background of our history the Indian legends, and the shifting civilizations of the red man and the whites, the Spaniards, the French, and the Anglo-Saxons, present the four touches of real color. But it is real color, and the pageant maker has not yet mixed his materials in such a way as to suggest its possibilities."

But we must remember that, as he says earlier,

"Shakespeare's plays were at the time they were written distinctively plays of Elizabethan England, no less Elizabethan plays because they were so often concerned with alien topics. The American Shakespeare must have the liberty of choosing foreign themes and treating them in an American way if he so wishes."

Shakespeare had little scenery for his plays. This, said Mr. Dickinson, will not be true of the new American dramatist. Electric lights in particular, which have meant so much in the development of the modern stages, will not be foregone. The idea and the spoken word will not constitute the whole effect. But the scenic effects, probably will not be so palpably artificial as on the present stage. In a few words of advice to pageant directors, of which we may legitimately expect the future Shakespeare to be one, Mr. Dickinson says:

"There are a few principles of scenery which can be summarized. First, whatever the background, whether of nature or buildings, use it to its fullest effectiveness for all scenes. Second, avoid as far as possible the necessity of erecting scenery for separate episodes. When the background needs supplementing, erect battlements and buildings of an ambiguous type as was done for the Oxford pageant. Third, as far as possible make scenery immovable and use it for different purposes. The writer is convinced that realistic painted scenery is a drawback to the pageant."

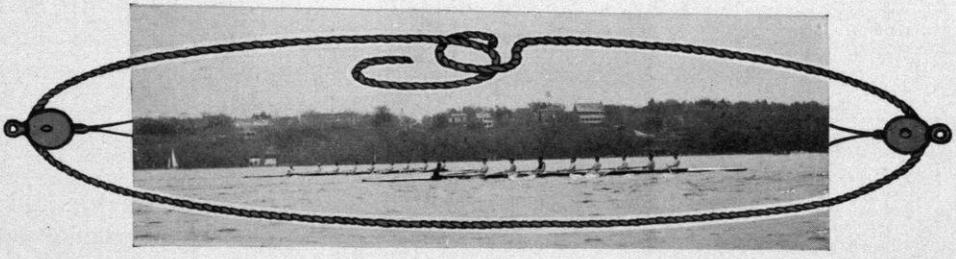
Should we care to go farther and insist that the American Shakespeare must be a poet, we may still find hope in Mr. Dickinson. For he says quite hopefully himself:

"No less American than the pageant, but more universal, the masque is coming to give new interpretation to those aspects of our life which in our hurry of living we have heretofore passed by, the secret springs of social conscience, the stern inspiration of duty and justice, the subtle call of beauty in common things. And with the masque will come the artist..... Let the poets of the nation once see their opportunity, let the pageant but plough the soil, and there will appear in new forms not yet dreamed of, utilizing the powers of electricity, of invention, of music, of the aeroplane, creative poetic concepts welded of all the arts and illuminating the harmony of our American life. The promise is at hand. It has even, here and there, as at St. Louis. found magnificent expression. The soil is now being tilled by those who go before."

But Mr. Dickinson will not and we can not expect him to go farther. In concluding he says:

"There would be no value in attempting to state the formula of the new technique. If we state its source and the motive that impels it, we will have done enough to indicate what its form must be. The motive may be the motive of the normal American village, expressed in the temper of the pioneer spirit. The cohering power of the play will lie in simple neighborliness, in crude hanging together; the temper of the play will be that laconic optimism, that sturdy imaginativeness that has marked the first settlers. As to whether the play will be short or long, plastic or ideal or intellectual, presented in large theatres or small, through comedy or tragedy, be broken into short acts and scenes or drawn out in a single growing unit, whether the play will be formalized in structure or rough and ready, I do not venture to suggest, because I do not know. These are matters of clothing in which styles change from time to time without touching the steady course of events."

It is enough that this careful student of the contemporary drama sees definitely tendencies which, given the man, would seem sure to give us an American Shakespeare. Probably our grandchildren will know him.



SECOND SIGHT

(Continued from page 14.)

a strange house. Really, this is an abomination. Don't they ever expect perceptive audiences?"

As a matter of fact that teakwood cane was one of Craig's most treasured possessions. Its handle had come out of the kingdom of Nowannugger, in British India; his father had himself hunted the elephant from whose tusk it had been made, in company with the reigning prince. The teakwood was from Siam.

But Craig had had no scruples, no regrets; when Silas had looked with interest upon it, had handled it, and had hinted for it in the most delicate manner imaginable by saying, "That cane is just the proper weight for me," Craig had offered it to him with all the calm of an Indian potentate.

If Silas had not, as I said before, been swinging down the street as he did when he was thirty-five, his curiosity might have prompted him to do what you, dear reader, and I shall presently do: look into Craig's front window.

He would have seen, with us, that Craig was sitting at his desk, writing with enormous speed upon sheet after sheet of large white paper. His expression was now that of a man deeply absorbed. He wrote indomitably until luncheon-time, when a buxom old negress wheeled in his repast on a tea-cart. As she was setting the food before him on the desk, she caught sight of the big yellow bag lying on the table. She looked into it with a puzzled expression, then at Craig, then a quizzical smile lit up her features, and she asked Craig tolerantly, "What was yo' goin' to do with all this-here?"

"Oh, that?" replied Craig absorbedly. "Well, Sallie, I haven't really got as far as to think about *that*. You can have them."

"Lord bless you, honey, *I* doan want them;—what for should *I* want all those carrots and turnips and 'sparagusses? Of course, *some* of this I can serve you-all for dinner, but gracious me! they'se enuff heah fo' forty Mister Craigses! Hee-hee!"

She went out snickering, bearing away the yellow bag.

Then Craig did something that will interest you. He walked over to the grand piano where a small silver picture-frame was lying face downward. He picked it up from its prostrate position, and set it properly on the piano top. It contained a photograph of Miss Clementine Flipp.

"Harold will perhaps thank me for that," he said enigmatically.

Having set this little matter to rights, he was reminded to write down on his engagement pad Mr. Flipp's address, and a date, removed from that morning about a week and a half.

VI.

Clementine was in her seventh heaven. Similarly situated was Mrs. Tweedy. And Harold. And Beverley Martin. And Billy. And even Grafton Thomas. This wonderful *Paradeisos* was a chain of lakes in Northern Ontario. I doubt whether the party, or any of its components severally, would have, if given the opportunity, exchanged their present situation for any tempting thing old St. Peter could have offered. Grafton Thomas owned a large island here, which was now empty of the usual crowd of guests from the city. The party would "have the run of it," and the use of Grafton's endless

supplies of fishing and motor boating paraphernalia.

The weather behaved wonderfully; more glorious late September had never brought a blush to verdant oak leaves, had never chased away the horrid gnats and carnivorous mosquitoes. These pine-clad islands, carpeted with the fragrant brown needles of balsam, surrounded by pleasant waters and other pine-clad islands, possessed a soothing quietness broken only by the play of wind through the leaves of oak and pine and birch, and the lapping of the lake upon reddish granite rocks and amber sands.

Clementine reveled in this place. She would run a space underneath the trees, her arms spread wide, her head back. It was her first experience in this witchful spot.

Harold watched the young woman, so carried away by exuberance and animal spirits, with a fascinated eye. And Beverley watched Harold, so carried away by Clementine's frolics. Beverley, poor dear, was not watched by anyone, in turn.

And then things happened. But before I tell you what happened, let me show you how the party was disposed on the third afternoon after their arrival. Mrs. Tweedy was reading on the porch, alone, except for the entrancing characters in the pages before her. It was the "Fallen Cherub's" latest novel, "The Girl Philippa." Beverley Martin and Billy were out in Grafton's hydroplane, which thundered its way into the distance and back at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Clementine and Harold had a canoe, and were headed for a little rushing river in the mainland where trout are caught. The French car was somewhere.

Then a breeze sprung up, a black cloud came over the lake and then it rained. It rained so hard and so suddenly that even Mrs. Tweedy, who had put her feet upon the porch railing, a la Americaine, got her pretty ankles wet before she had time to take them down.

The canoeists, who had gone about four miles from Grafton's island, suddenly found that they weren't near *any* island at all, and furthermore, that they weren't near any *land* at all; and cloudbursts have a remarkable way of filling canoes in no time.

(To be concluded in the May issue.)

A TRUE SPORTSMAN

By L. E. M., '19.

Pinkerton was easily the best middle-distance man in the conference. The promise he had shown in his freshman year was realized during his first season in varsity competition, and in his junior year it was a safe bet that he would go through the season with a clean slate in both the mile and the half.

It was not only the newspapers and the sporting public in general who knew Pinkereton's ability,—he realized it himself. He had the confidence, which he classed as his most valuable asset. Many a gruelling race he had won simply because he believed in himself, and his work was so uniformly good that this confidence became one

of the by-words of the sphere in which Pinky traveled. In fact, rival runners had come to reckon on seconds as the best places open to them, when Pinkerton ran.

Just one dual meet remained before the big conference classic. The state university men were coming, on the morrow, to invade the metropolis and match conclusions with the team captained by the great Pinkerton. It was a "sure win" for the latter team, and its greatest importance lay in the finishing touch it would give to the teams in preparation for the conference meet a week later.

A meet was something that held no more terrors for Pinky than a ten-round bout for a boxing champion. But he had never yet neglected his training; and, as usual, Friday evening found him in his room, with nothing to do but keep quiet and get tired enough to sleep.

The evening paper held his attention but a short time. The sporting page featured the Saturday meet, with the usual line of "dope," statements of coaches, and past performances of the two teams. Pinky noticed, out of the corner of his eye, that "Captain Pinkerton is a sure winner in both the mile and the eight-eighty. Carter, the State star, should beat the rest of the locals for second in the mile."

"Carter—that's his name," mused Pinkerton. It required no great stretch of imagination for the varsity star to see himself, on the stretch, stepping out from his favorite trailing the pole runner, to jump into the lead and sprint ahead to snap the tape a winner.

Tiring of the paper, Pinky picked up his old scrap-book, to idle away a little time thumbing over the well-worn pages. Even a varsity star, it is rumored, likes to think back once in a while, on what used to be said about him in his high school days, and a goodly section of Pinkerton's memory-book was devoted to snapshots and clippings of athletic contests in which he had figured three or four years previously.

"Carter!" Somewhere, on a double page of clippings, the name caught his eye. There it was: "Mile run—won by Pinkerton; second, Johnson; third, Carter. Time—4:43." And just above the summary of the meet in which this notation appeared, Pinky found this paragraph:

"The mile went to Pinkerton, after a pretty scrap on the stretch. It was obviously a frame-up to beat the favorite, but it failed. The two West Division milers boxed Pinkerton, who was running just inside of Carter, and it looked for a time like third for the man who was picked to win the event. But Carter was a true sportsman. He stepped aside, and it was an invitation to the best man to win. Pinkerton, Johnson and Carter flashed past the wire in the order named, in as pretty a finish as the meet produced."

It was a clipping that the varsity star had always cherished highly, but this time it appealed to him in a different light. "So that's the man I've got to beat tomorrow," he reflected. And, a little later—"Even if I don't beat him tomorrow, I can do it in the conference. Why not?"

* * *

For over half the meet, Pinkerton's men had run true to form, and not one first had the State athletes won. Few doubted that Pinkerton would turn in five points more in the mile, as he had

in the half. Not that the points were needed,—just for the sake of a "clean smash" in firsts.

At the starting tape, Pinkerton heard a half-hearted request from the State captain: "Beat Pinkerton; you can do it, Carter, old boy. We've got to get one first."

"I'm going after him," was Carter's rejoinder, no more confidently. "It's my last shot at my letter, you know."

In a flash, Pinkerton realized what that race meant—to the other fellow. And as he loped along in Carter's wake, for three laps, a lot of things besides the race were on Pinkerton's mind. For one thing, he could not forget what that other race had meant to him—the one in high school, which Carter had helped him to win.

Thus it was that, in the last lap, the sensation of the meet and of the season took place. Pinkerton, according to custom, edged outward on entering the stretch, and drew up gradually to Carter's shoulder. But, to the surprise of everyone, including Carter, it was Carter who broke the tape, and Pinkerton finished second in the only race in which he was distanced that year.

A broad, happy smile overspread Carter's face as he held out his hand to the man he had beaten. "I don't know why you let me do it," be blurted out. And a printed line flashed itself on Pinkerton's imagination:

"But Carter was a true sportsman."

His reply meant more than Carter could understand; more, in fact, than anyone could appreciate without seeing Pinky's old scrap-book. "If I have to lose, I like to lose to a man like you."

"Thanks. That gets me my letter," returned Carter, with a warm handshake.

WISCONSIN STUDENT LIFE

(Continued from page 23.)

world is to be perceptively studied on its physical side and interpreted on its spiritual side. If we neglect the first form of knowledge we are soon lost in the mists of speculation; if we neglect the second form of knowledge, the sun sinks below the horizon, and we are left to make what way we can among physical facts, half seen and half understood." Or again, speaking of the desire for specialization at the University: (Things Learned by Living, p. 66). "I had difficulty in retaining any psychology or ethics in the more practical courses of the University. An engineer was thought sufficiently furnished for his calling without the least exact knowledge of his own mental constitution. An extended mastery of the secondary laws of physics was regarded as of more moment than the comprehension of the primary laws of mind" and then he adds conclusively: "Such a conviction is not sound even under the most limited definition of success." It was this broad-minded man who came in 1874 to preside over the University, to associate with the students in the classroom and out of it, and to crystallize the craving for an education which was so strong in the new state. He made literature and philosophy vi-

tal, and the students discussed literature and philosophy with more intelligence than ever before or since. He taught the political duty of the scholar, and his students led in the political reforms which came a quarter of a century later. He was a student among students, so popular that his appearance in a group was a signal for a cheer. He laid the plans for the greater University, and prepared the institution for the expansion which began under such favorable auspices during his administration. But State University governing boards have small sympathy for a political reformer, especially if he be a strong man. President Bascom and his board never worked in harmony, for the scholar refused to act according to mere political expediency, and in 1887, after thirteen years of service, as he says, "I felt it wise to resign rather than to expose myself to those accidents which might make resignation compulsory." And once more a political ring had vindicated its ability to manage an educational institution.

THE ELLEN RICHARDS RESEARCH PRIZE.

The Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women hereby announces the offer of an eighth prize of *one thousand dollars* for the best thesis written by a woman, on a scientific subject. This thesis must embody new observations and new conclusions based on independent laboratory research in biological (including psychological), chemical, or physical science.

The theses offered in competition are to be presented to the Executive Committee of the Association and must be

in the hands of the Chairman of the Committee on the Prize, Dr. Lillian Welsh, Goucher College, Baltimore, Md., before February 25, 1917. The title page of each manuscript must bear an assumed name; and the writer must send with her manuscript, a sealed envelope containing her application blank and superscribed with her assumed name.

The Association reserves the right to withhold the prize, if the theses presented are not, in the judgment of the regularly appointed Board of Examiners, or by such specialists as they may choose, of adequate merit to deserve the award. The decision will be announced at the annual meeting in April 1917.

Board of Examiners, 1916—17: Biological Sciences—Dr. William H. Howell, Johns Hopkins Medical School; Chemical Sciences—Dr. Elmer P. Kohler, Harvard University; Physical Sciences—Dr. Henry Crew, Northwestern University.

Requests for application blanks should be addressed to the Secretary.

President, Florence M. Cushing, 8 Walnut Street, Boston Mass.; Secretary, Ada Wing Mead, (Mrs. A. D.), 283 Wayland Avenue, Providence R. I.

This April issue of The Wisconsin Magazine is late in making its appearance because of the fact that the business manager was compelled to make a complete readjustment of his staff, following scholastic misfortunes which befell the previous members. The "literary" or "editorial" work was done at the time of spring recess.

Mary had a little lamb,
It followed her to school.
She went to take a final and
She flunked it like a fool.
So Mary changed her plan, they say,
And took a bull one day.
And when she got her paper back,
She pulled a nice big A.

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