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The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume IX NOVEMBER, 1911 Number 2

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The Wisconsin Magazine
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Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

Vol. IX. NOVEMBER, 1911 No. 2

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume IX Number 2

Editorial

LET US BE TRULY THANKFUL

NOWHERE is there a higher expression of manhood or womanhood than that exhibited in a reverential heart. We pause at the sight of Millet's "Angelus," not because of the peasant youth and maid, but because of the bowed heads. A thankful heart is the envy of the world. Where greed and passion for wealth predominate there a contrite heart of a thankful soul seems like an inspiration sent from another world. This divine and most precious characteristic of man has been exhibited throughout the ages, but somehow this commercial era has lost the charms of those older days when the people of the town and the village *ensemble* knelt in worship and in thanksgiving on certain days of the year. There still is a desire among men to unite large groups of people in one body for the purpose of giving thanks on different occasions, but today the day of thanks—special thanks—is largely only a people's holiday, not necessarily a day of worship.

It was the Hebrew feast of tabernacles or feast of ingathering at the end of the year which first suggested Thanksgiving. A day of thanksgiving was set aside in 1575, in Leyden, Holland, in commemoration of the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from siege. In 1621, Governor Bradford of the Plymouth colonly sent "men a-fowling" that a feast might accompany the ceremony. In 1623, a day of feast and prayer was appointed on account of drought. In 1631 a thanksgiving was celebrated on account of the arrival of supplies from Ireland. In 1632, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, Governor Winthrop issued a proclamation for a thanksgiving on account of action of the British Parliament favorable to the colonies. This public thanksgiving was observed by the other New England col-

onies and was introduced into several middle states during the revolution. It did not become a national institution before 1863.

Today we are accustomed to wait for the yearly return of a Thanksgiving day, but it means little to us—certainly not nearly so much as it meant to the older colonists who spontaneously demanded a public offering of thanks. The giving of thanks is not a mechanical thing. It is real and vital. It must come from the heart. None of us knows what it is to be really thankful unless we have learned the lesson from Evangeline. This heroine, created by Longfellow, groped for years in the darkness of primeval forests, she followed the streams and the prairies, and all this for the man she loved—for the man she found dying at the end of her search. Still she was thankful. What did she say as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom and as she meekly bowed her own?—"Father, I thank thee." What a noble soul. Could we but feel her life and learn from her how to be truly thankful.

OUR ARTIFICIAL CITY

"ARTIFICIAL strife lives in these touches, livelier than life." Is this not true of our own university life? We have just emerged from the city, the town and the village where for several months we have been steeped in a life, once almost ideal, but alas, now one full of conventionalities, disinterestedness and monotonousness. Truly, university life is an adventure in a wonderland set in the midst of actual human experience. Here is a life of mental activity; there, in the home community, mostly mental apathy. Here is an environment making for the height of physical perfection; there, too often, one of temptatious allurements, dangerous to bodily health. Here is a common bond of good fellowship; and there, what cold indifference! Here is friendly competition; there one that slashes with a two-edged sword. Here the campus resounds with words of approbation; there even the clamor of millions cannot drown ill words of condemnation. Alas, we know not where we are. Soon, too soon, we must return again to the real city and face a world that even did draw tears from our own Mark Twain, and often, too. Truly, this is an artificial city, livelier and more ideal than life itself. However, its ideals need not be confined within the limits of our campus. Wise and judicious are the privileged guests of this artificial city who endeavor to fathom that mysterious circumstance that makes for an ideal city. Prudent are those who will here decide that the real city is in need of some of the benign influence in operation in this artificial city. A little while and we shall be called upon to serve in the home community. What shall it be? High aritficial strife made real, or cold reality devoid of the graces that bind us in one eternal brotherhood?

A WORK OF ART

IT GIVES us great pleasure to refer our readers to the poem in this number entitled "A Voice in the Sunset." We regard it a privilege and duty to say a good word for this production. Not only is the poem written by Mr. Obata, but the drawing expressive of the poem is his work also. Mr. Obata is a junior in the college of letters and science. This is his fifth year in the country. For a Japanese student to produce verse in the English tongue after so short a period of actual training is almost phenomenal. We have known Mr. Obata for some time, and we believe that we have solved the mystery of his truly exceptional talents. His ready knowledge of the English language is, of course, due to his serious application to English in all its branches, but the real merits of his poetry can be explained only by attributing to him real, genuine, sympathetic feeling that comes from a sincere heart. We expect great things from Mr. Obata. We ourselves feel miserably abashed and ashamed when we compare our work with that of this Japanese, who even in this country, is still financially handicapped, and consequently cannot make the very best use of his time in studies.

THE FOREIGN STUDENT

WE HAVE noticed very recently a great influx of foreign students into the colleges of the middle west. Often we wonder why. There are no climatic comforts to attract them, nor are there social brilliancies to lure them here, in this section of America. We may be only guessing, but after all the guess is justifiable, when we say that while the extreme west has not outgrown entirely its frontier life, and the extreme east, with its unnatural social selection, is fast developing aristocratic fads and notions, that here, in this section, there can be found a true expression of Americanism and a healthy growth of democracy. The institutions of learning in the middle west are responding to the demands of the people. The foreign student makes certain demands. Is it then not fair to assume that he will choose the colleges where his demands will be best satisfied?

Naturally, we sympathize with the students of other lands. We realize that they must struggle here with unfamiliar customs and a yet unmastered language. We wish them success, one and all. The notion, held in former years, that the foreign students are a distinct class, without any vital relation with the main student body, is absurd and happily fast dying out. It must be admitted that foreigners as well as Americans were to blame for those conditions. Now we are anxious to see the foreign students mingle freely with Americans both socially and intellectually. Naturally, the International Club fills a certain need in the lives of the foreign student, but there are numerous other organizations and activities which are equally valuable. All these activities are open to them. By participating in them they can get an insight into our life, and we can get a glimpse at their life. No one ought to hesitate in bringing about a closer affiliation between the foreign student and the American student. Wisconsin is a world-wide institution. Here lives the spirit of universal sociality.

NEW WISCONSIN SONGS

THE song contest for the fourth edition of the Wisconsin songbook, published by the U. W. club of Chicago, opened on November 1. The conditions of the contest are as follows:

"The U. W. Club of Chicago desires to announce that, in order to encourage the production of songs that will be suitable for future editions of the songbook entitled, 'U. W. Songs,' two prizes are to be offered for new songs, the first prize being $50, and the second $25. The conditions under which these prizes are to be awarded are as follows:

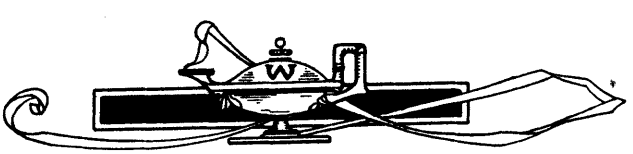
1. All those who have been or who are students at the University of Wisconsin are eligible for these prizes. However, there is no objection to a competitor cooperating with some one who has not attended the university.

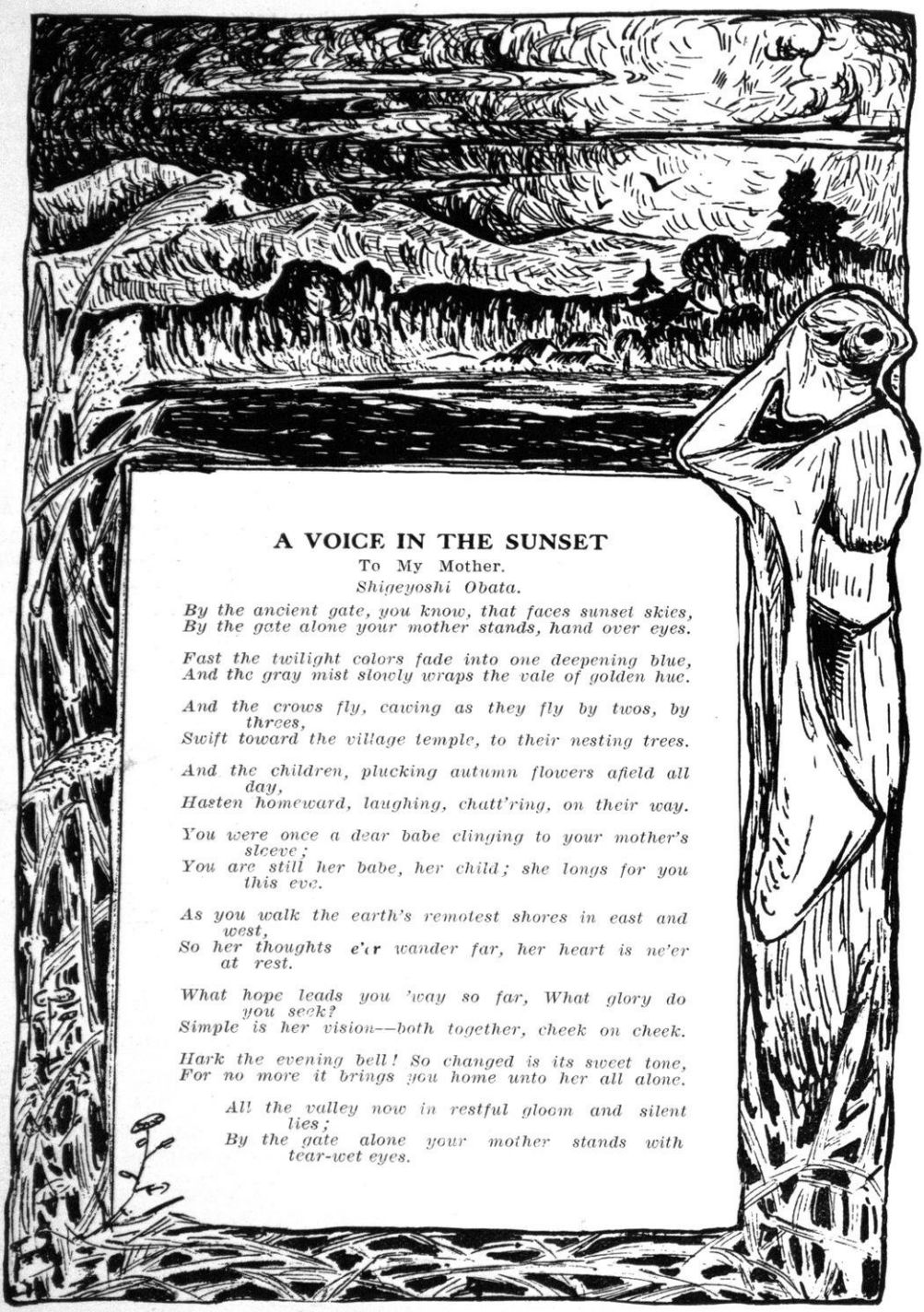
2. Songs, in which the words only are new, may be entered, but in deciding on the merits of the songs offered, greater consideration will be given to those with original music and words.

3. The right is reserved to publish any or all songs submitted in future editions of the songbook, without compensation to those not awarded prizes.

4. This contest is open until it is time to arrange for the publication of the next edition.

5. All songs shall be sent to Mr. J. G. Wray, secretary and treasurer of the U. W. club, 230 W. Washington street, Chicago, Ill. The songs should not be marked in any way to show the identity of its author, but this information should be sent by letter accompanying the song."





A VOICE IN THE SUNSET

To My Mother.

Shigeyoshi Obata.

By the ancient gate, you know, that faces sunset skies,
By the gate alone your mother stands, hand over eyes.

Fast the twilight colors fade into one deepening blue,
And the gray mist slowly wraps the vale of golden hue.

And the crows fly, cawing as they fly by twos, by threes,
Swift toward the village temple, to their nesting trees.

And the children, plucking autumn flowers afield all day,
Hasten homeward, laughing, chatt'ring, on their way.

You were once a dear babe clinging to your mother's sleeve;
You are still her babe, her child; she longs for you this eve.

As you walk the earth's remotest shores in east and west,
So her thoughts e'er wander far, her heart is ne'er at rest.

What hope leads you 'way so far, What glory do you seek?
Simple is her vision—both together, cheek on cheek.

Hark the evening bell! So changed is its sweet tone,
For no more it brings you home unto her all alone.

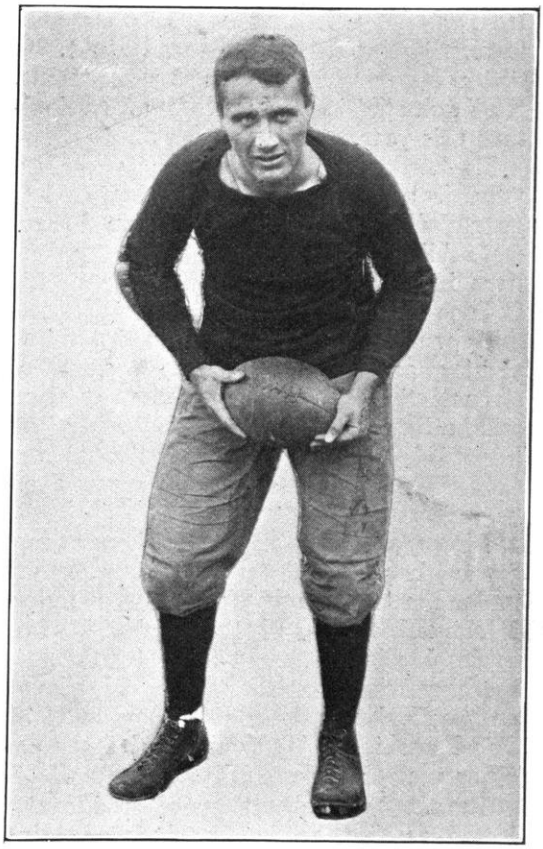
All the valley now in restful gloom and silent lies;
By the gate alone your mother stands with tear-wet eyes.

WHO'S WHO ON THE GRIDIRON

C. C. Chambers

IT WAS a sight, unique in the recent history of Camp Randall, to see two Wisconsin teams trot out on the field for signal practice before the Lawrence game, the first of the nineteen eleven season. In their bright new cardinal jerseys and stockings one eleven looked as formidable as the other, and speculation was rife in the bleachers as to which was to start the game. Veterans of last year were recognized in each lineup, and there was little difference in the smooth execution of the plays by each team. Then from the training quarters came a goodly aggregation of substitutes, and as they took their places on the bench and wrapped themselves up in flaming cardinal blankets they seemed as husky and as capable looking as the men out on the field.

For the first time in years Wisconsin was able to present a creditable showing before the first game. A week before the opening of college twenty-eight men had reported to Coach Richards, all but two of them eligible to play and every one of them in first class physical condition. Registration day saw a squad of thirty-eight men practicing at Camp Randall. Twice a day until lectures began the coaches drilled them in the rudiments of football. It was assumed that none of the squad had ever played the game before and each man had to demonstrate that he understood the fundamental principles, such as falling on the ball, tackling the dummy, blocking, starting, passing, etc., before he was drilled in any of the more advanced play. Then came signal practice, and with it a constant shifting of men to find the smoothest running combination. Guards were put at end, fullbacks went into the line, ends were tried out as halfbacks, and heavy tackles were shifted to the back field. The games with Lawrence and Ripon served as further tryouts and nearly every likely candidate on the squad was given a chance in them.



Captain Alfred Buser *McKillop*

Now that the period of trials has passed each man has been assigned to the position for which he seems most fitted and more attention is being payed to instruction in the fine points of individual and team play. Plays are being built up around

some one man or some combination of men, and they are run off with the smoothness and effectiveness of a well-oiled machine. The coaches are well acquainted by this time with the peculiarities in the style of play of each man, and these are being utilized in perfecting a scoring machine that will work smoothly and tirelessly in the big games at the close of the season.

Many familiar faces may be noticed from the side lines at practice every afternoon. Nine "W" men are on the squad.

Captain Buser is holding down his old position at right tackle, where he won a place on the All-Western eleven last year. "Al" came from the Madison High school. He played tackle on the 1912 Freshman team, right guard on the varsity in 1909, and this is his second year at right tackle. He graduates in the College of Agriculture this year.

Mackmillar, who played left tackle last year, is back in his old position at left guard, where he won a place on Eckersall's All-Western eleven in 1909. "Mack" lives in Ashland, and is a senior in the College of Agriculture.

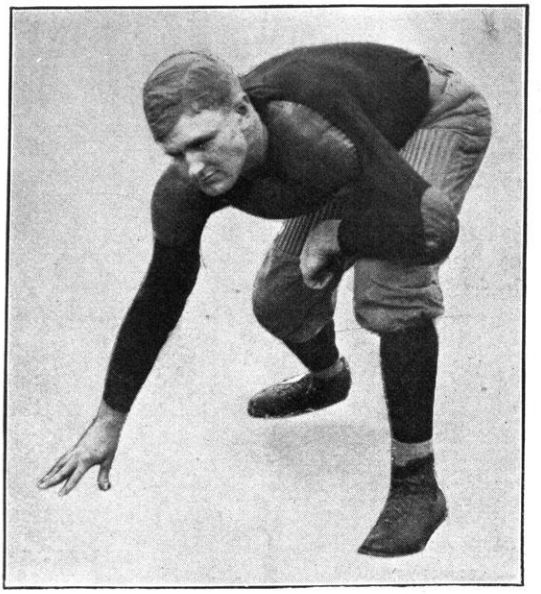
Neprud is playing his second year at right guard. "Sammy" was a tower of strength in the Chicago game last year, and he has shown no indications of letting up this season. He is a senior in the Commerce Course, and comes from Westby, Wisconsin.

Pierce, who was seen at left guard last season, has been shifted to center, where under the tutelage of "Germany" Schulty, Michigan's famous pivot man, he bids fair to develop into a world beater. "Pete" is the biggest man on the squad. He played on the freshman team at Illinois in 1908. His home is in Madison and he has another year to play.

Branstad played at guard and center last year and he is capable of holding down most any position in the line. "Brandie" starred in the Minnesota game, and sweet will be his revenge when the Gophers journey to Madison on November eighteenth. Branstad is president of the senior class, and will receive his degree next June in engineering.

Hoeffel, crack end on Driver's 1913 freshman team, is playing his second year at left end. "Joe" is one of the deadliest tacklers on the squad, and boxes a tackle better than many men of twice his weight. Green Bay is his home, and he will be with us again next year.

Moll is the best little "comebacker" at Wisconsin. As a quarterback on the Madison High school team of 1906 "Keckie" was the equal of half the college quarter-



"Rip" Roberts *McKillop*

backs in the west. In his freshman year he ran all around the varsity, and in 1908 he had no competitor for the varsity. Rheumatism laid him low in 1909, but he stuck gamely at it until the end of the season. Last year he was out of college and now he has returned full of his old time "pep" and ready to give the best of them a race for "All-Western" quarter. "Keckie" is a brilliant open field runner, a splendid field general, and a reliable drop kicker.

Gillette, at left half, is the hardest worker on the squad. "Eddie" is the only man whom the coach has to tell not to overdo himself. He is fast as chain lightning and a clever dodger. This is his second year on the team. His forty-yard run through the whole Chicago team last year was the sensation of last season. He lives in Aurora, Illinois, and is a Senior Engineer.

Samp played a strong game at fullback last year. He has been handicapped with a bad knee since the Lawrence game, but before the season is over "Eddie" will be right there with some of his old time line plunging. He is a junior on the Hill and hails from Cecil, Wisconsin.

Three "W. A. A." men from last year are on the squad.

Gilbert, at halfback, is the lightest man on the squad, but he is all nerve. "Charley" made some splendid gains last year against Indiana and Northwestern, and it will be his lack of weight alone that will keep his out of any of the games this fall. He is a junior on the Hill and lives in Burlington, Iowa.

Wernicke did some good work at full last season, but a stiff knee has kept him out of scrimmage much of the time this year. He hits the line low and hard and is powerful in smashing up plays through guard and center. "Gus" calls Fond du Lac his home. He will graduate on the Hill this year.

Chambers was an understudy at end last year. "Cal" lives in Little Rock, Arkansas, and has one more year of eligibility.

Others of the 1913 squad are Castle, Dickelmann, and Davis.

Castle played end on Driver's 1913 freshman team, but has been switched to quarterback where he is proving an able understudy to "Keckie" Moll. "Lew" is a former West Division, Milwaukee, star, and a junior in the Commerce Course.

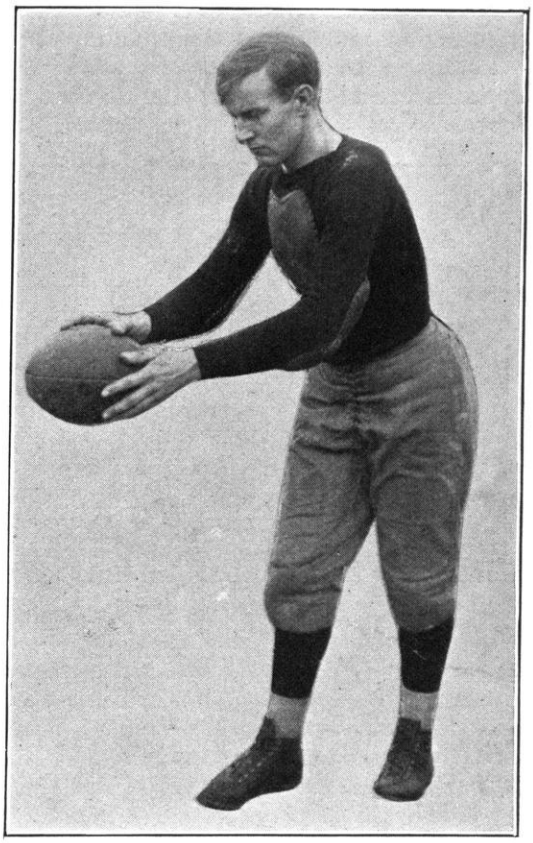
"Diek" has been showing up strong at guard in scrimmages this fall. He comes from Horicon, Wisconsin, and this is his last year in college.

Davis played tackle on the 1913 freshman and on the varsity squad last year, but this season he is being worked at end. "Opie" comes from La Crosse and is a junior on the Hill.

Bright, who is playing left half, was a star on the 1913 freshman team, but last year the "con squad" claimed him. "Moose" is the best punter on the squad, and runs back kicks like a race horse. His home is in Minneapolis, and he will be here another year.

Pollock, at right half, is a former star on the Fargo College team in North Dakota. "Charley" is a ground gainer of the first water, and his stiff arm is like a blow from a sledge hammer. He hits the line like a battering ram and as an interferer he has few equals. This will be his last year of intercollegiate athletics, as he takes his degree on the Hill in June, returning for work in the Law School.

Roberts played at Ripon before coming to the university. In the freshman-sophomore game last fall he made toys of the heavy 1914 linemen, and he is doing the same with the freshman team this year. Next to Pierce, he is the biggest man on the squad, and he has a reach long enough to gather in a whole back field of interferers. He is stationed at left tackle. "Rip" lives in Fox Lake and he will finish on the Hill next June.



"Keckie" Moll *McKillop*

McHugh is a junior Agric who is out for the first time. He is being used at guard. "Red" lives in Aberdeen, S. D.

Hayes played fullback in 1909, but a broken leg forced him to retire from the squad early in the season. He is working at half and is proving himself one of the most consistent ground gainers on the team. He follows his interference closely and is a slippery man to tackle. "Tex" was responsible for three touchdowns against Ripon. He is a senior Agric and lives in Kaukauna, Wisconsin.

Seventeen men from Driver's freshman team of last year are on the squad.

Powell, at center, has done some great work in breaking through the freshman line in the Wednesday night scrimmages. He is a product of Reedsburg, Wisconsin.

Mehlig is a Madison boy who has been switched from tackle to center.

Van Ghent played end last year, but he is being used at guard. He is one of the fastest men on the squad for all of his 190 pounds. Water on the knee kept him out of the game nearly all the first part of the season. He comes from Ottumwa, Iowa.

Butler has been acting as understudy for Captain Buser at right tackle, but he is so speedy that he will likely be used at end in some of the games. His home is in Glen Ridge, N. J.

Wood is a first rate tackle, who has already won his "W" in crew. "Mit" lives in Oak Park, Illlinois.

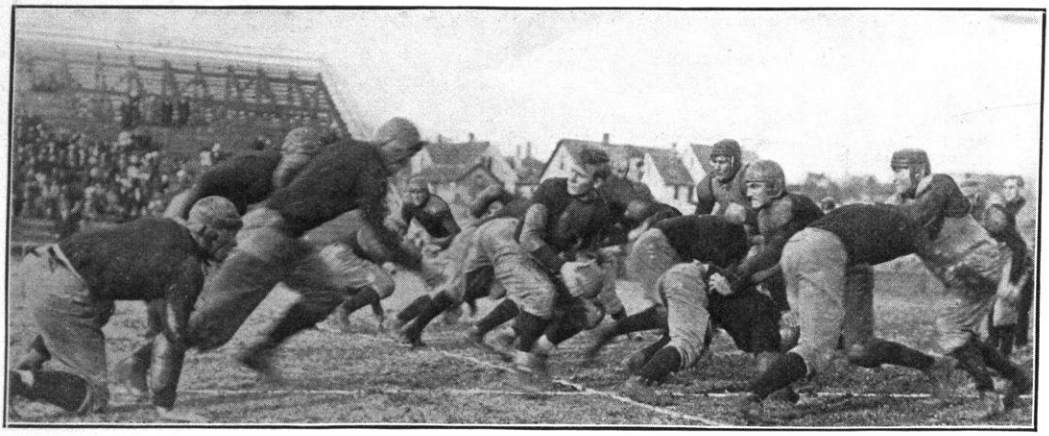
Wild is the lightest lineman on the squad, but he breaks up a lot of plays behind the opponent's line. He lives in Butte, Montana, the old stamping ground of Coach Richards.

Yunger from Ashland and Zinke from Milwaukee are being used in the line at guard and tackle respectively.

On the ends there are Ofstie, Lang, Skinner and Heymann.

Ofstie was the find of the season, but in the Ripon game a blow on the side put him out, and he is still nursing the sore spot. He is a deadly tackler and good at boxing a tackle. He lives in Eau Claire.

Lang succeeded Ofstie, only to fracture his shoulder three days later. He plays a steady game and should develop into a crackerjack end. He was a teammate of Ofstie at Eau Claire.



Wisconsin, 25—Colorado, 0 *McKillop*

Skinner is the lightest of the end candidates, but like Gilbert, he is all nerve. He tackles well and gets down under punts in good shape. He is a product of the Madison High school.

Heymann is a former Wendal Phillips sprinter who tackles like a veteran and breaks up interference in great shape.

Van Riper is being used at end and halfback. As fullback on the freshman team last year he was the one man the sophomores could not hurt. He is a powerful runner and a sure tackler. "Van" calls St. Louis his home.

Alexander is a "pony back" who is mighty hard to stop. He played at Exeter before entering Wisconsin. He is a very capable understudy for Pollock.

Tormey, of Madison High fame, did

not get out for the freshman team last year, and the rest seems to have given him more "pep" than ever. He works at quarter or halfback in a very finished style. "Al" should give a mighty good account of himself before he leaves the University.

Rusch was out of the game for a time with a fractured collarbone, but he is back now as quarterback on the "scrubs." He is speedy and a heady field general. He is a fellow townsman of Pollock in Fargo.

Termansen joined the squad a couple of weeks late, but he is showing well at fullback. His home is in Sawyer, Wis.

With thirty-seven eligible men on the field, all of them of varsity caliber, Wisconsin stands the best chance in years of winning the western championship.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN BASCOM

The funeral of Dr. Bascom occurred on October 5 at Williamstown, Mass. The University was represented by Dean E. A. Birge, who spoke as follows:

NEIGHBORS and friends of John Bascom, among whom he spent the last quarter century of his long and fortunate life, I am not here to express your private grief, or mine, or to lament the public loss occasioned by his death. I am present as the representative of the institution to which thirteen years of his life were devoted. In some sense I represent the commonwealth whose university—largely through him of whose life we speak today—has become at once the most important single influence upon its common life and the highest expression of that life. I come to express the gratitude of university and state for those years of high service, and, I hope, a little of their deep affection for the man who rendered it.

Dr. Bascom gave us the central years of his long life; years of ripened wisdom, matured powers, and fullest vigor. In this strength he came to an infant university, hardly as yet developed into a college; a university full of hope and courage, but crude, without high educational standards and without a leader. He brought to his place prompt and efficient executive powers; a leadership at once masterful and reasonable; a policy dominated by transparent sincerity and concern for the public good. He gave an administration under which no private ambitions or personal aims could find place for development. The university found in him an unrivalled teacher. He had no exceptional ability in formal instruction, nor had he that temper which presents the outlines of a subject widely and broadly in the dry light of reason. But in the classroom he revealed to successive generations of students all the high qualities of a great intellectual life and inspired in his students both thought and wisdom. Student and faculty alike found him a president in whose powers they could trust; in whose purpose they could confide; and to whose leadership they might safely commit their labors and their fortunes. So for thirteen years, as executive and teacher, he wrought into form the growing university and gave it inner strength.

But as I look back through the perspective of twenty-four years to see the center of Dr. Bascom's influence upon the university, I should place it elsewhere than in the matters of which I have spoken. He disclosed to us the strength and power of the spiritual life. No "light

half-believer of a casual creed," he drew the strength of his life from the common Christian faith in the goodness of God. He had a faith so clear that it did not need to be based on tradition; unwavering, but ever changing as passing years disclosed more and more of the "future's broadening way." The invisible things of the world were clearly seen by him—those things which, being unseen, are eternal, were present with him. They were not present to remove him from common life into a splendid spiritual isolation. He walked with us and was of us. His vision saw, his practice embodied our daily life—our college life—carried out to its normal spiritual end. Student and teacher alike saw in him the life of every day, raised and glorified by forces which might be theirs as well as his. The spiritual life which he disclosed was by no means a narrowly religious one; still less was it pietistic. His was the intellectual life, the life of thought, the life of letters—all that the college means—wrought together with faith into the life toward God.

Nor was this all. The spiritual life was with him no mere personal possession; not merely the bond which unites the human soul to its father God. It was also the bond of common union among men. He had the prophet's vision of the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming out of heaven from God, to be among men. He saw the city that lieth four-square, founded in righteousness, walled with justice; the kingdom of God among men. This was no dream of the future or city of cloudland, but the realizable ideal of our civic life, our modern civilization; an ideal realizable bit by bit; to be patiently wrought out by social service. Toward that social end he would lead us together. Not alone would he be saved and not alone would he have us seek salvation. So with faith and courage he helped the feeble, encouraged the wavering, strengthened the strong, inspired the spiritual. With a sure instinct he saw the way for them all to move together through the darkness and confusion of the world

"On, to the bounds of the waste,
On, to the city of God."

"So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands."

Therefore, the University of Wisconsin has sent me here to render thanks to God for his great gift to her in John Bascom. I bring the tribute of gratitude to his memory from the university, whose youthful life was shaped and inspired by his, and whose later years have been not wholly "disobedient to the heavenly vision" received through him. I bring also the gratitude of the state, whose common life has been raised and ennobled through his influence.

THE FACE IN THE MURK

Edward C. Quick

Illustrated by the Writer

A GAS jet flared smokily from a cracked globe, lighting up the cluttered room and the faces of the three men. One lay on a bed and stared at the ceiling; the others sat by his side, saying little. Another bed, on the other side of the room, was empty, for Hinchcliffe, the racer, was dead.

Was there anything the matter with him?"

The injured man said nothing for a long time. At last he muttered, "I don't know."

"You've been his mechanic for two years," answered the other, "and roomed with him most of the time. You ought to know as well as anybody."

For a time all was silent. Then the man on the bed began slowly speaking, "Hinch was my partner, and I wouldn't say anything to make you think he wasn't

"It came nearer and nearer."

The man on the bed moved uneasily and cursed his luck. His face was pale; its lines were sensitive, a little reckless, and a little sad. One of his companions took the cigarette from his lips and said slowly, "All of us get it sometimes." Then, after a pause, "They say Hinchcliffe didn't act right the day of the race. all right. But if he was crazy I was too, so it doesn't make any difference. Maybe I was dreaming, but I'll tell you this, and if it sounds queer, it's because I'm knocked silly—that's all.

"I guess I knew Hinch as well as anybody, being with him so much—two years. The night before the race I went to the

shop after quitting time, and found him sitting in the big eighty, with his head drooped over on the wheel. He looked up when I came in, and I asked him what the matter was. 'Nothing,' he said. Then after a while he asked me if I had ever been up on a high place and felt as if I had to jump off. I told him yes—I guess everybody's had that feeling sometime—and asked him what that had to do with his looking so glum. He didn't answer for a while, and then he said, 'Maybe I ought not to tell you this, off a high place. And today my brother wrote that she was dead, and just before she died she looked up and called to me.'

"Then Hinch swore at himself for a fool, and cranked the car, and stood with his arms over the radiator, watching the engine run. 'I took my choice,' he said. 'The car's my sweetheart now. Hear her purr to me'."

The narrator stopped a moment, and the racer's eagerness was in his eyes when he continued: "We drew fourth place in the ten-mile, on the mile track. We

"Then I felt something strike."

Charley; it would be the last of me if it got out, but I'll trust you to keep it dark. After you hear it you don't need to ride with me anymore, if you don't want to. Before I got into the racing game I was engaged to a girl; a good girl; and I believe she loved me, but she didn't want me to race. Wouldn't marry me if I did. Well, I had the chance to race, and wanted to take it; the money looked good—and I didn't think she really meant what she said. I haven't seen her for years. But once when I couldn't see the track for the dust of the car ahead, I thought I saw her eyes, far away in the murk, looking at me. They made me feel like letting go everything and floating away; just like wanting to jump

passed number three on the fourth mile. Coming down the last stretch of the fifth, with number two right ahead, and nothing in sight but dust and smoke and a little of the fence, I noticed Hinch, and he seemed to be looking up at something. I looked up too; I couldn't help it. I don't claim this is true; what Hinch said must have made me nervous—but I saw a pair of eyes, and then a face—a girl's face—looking at Hinch. I never saw so alluring a face before; dark, loving eyes, a little sad—I'd have given the world to have them look at me that way. I forgot the jolt of the car and the roar of the engine, and watched the face come closer, closer to Hinch, till my eye caught the

glint of the throttle lever—it was set wide open—the jolt and the roar came back to me, and I jerked the wheel away from Hinch just in time. On the next stretch I yelled to him to watch the track, and I tried not to look up, but I couldn't help it. The face was there, clearer, more beautiful than before, looking at Hinch. It came nearer and nearer, and smiled. I could see her dark hair, with the shadows under it; her dark eyes, the curve of her lips, and the outline of her face, framed in the flying dust. Then suddenly she looked at me. I seemed to be floating in space, alone with those deep lustrous eyes, looking into mine. She turned back to Hinch and smiled again, so close he could have touched her—and I saw him reach out his arms to her. Then I felt something strike me, and I seemed falling—falling forever.

"When I woke up a doctor was working over me, and I could see them pulling Hinch out from under the car, his darling that had carried him to so many victories—his sweetheart that had killed him when he looked at another."

The man stopped; his eyes burned, and his lean face seemed a little paler. A gust of wind coming through the window blew from its hangings a little leather case in which Hinchcliffe had kept his letters. One of the men stooped to gather them up, stopped suddenly, and handed a photograph to the man on the bed. He started, and the picture shook in his weakened hand, but he looked a long time at it. Softly, almost reverently, he said, "I wonder if Hinch is with her now."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A JOINER

By Himself

I HATE to talk about myself but my name is Percival T. Knock. T., I may say, stands for Talisman, my middle name, which is old Arabic for "charm." Merely a personal touch; get me? Yes, I am a senior; you thought I was a soph, now didn't you? Get back on the main line: I have the biggest junior annual summary of any man in the senior class. But to hark back, it is all this way.

I am a joiner. J-o-i-n-e-r.

No, no, not a carpenter, nor a minister. My single hobby, my only eccentricity, my sole peculiarity, is my mad, boundless passion to join organizations and to wear pins. How I dote on pins! I am a kleptomaniac without the "klepto.' It can't be helped. I inherited the craze. My father was a plumber and joined pipes, likewise at an early age he joined the Universal Order of Pelicans. My mother was a Daughter of the War With Spain, inasmuch as she could trace her ancestry by aid of some marvelous process, back to a third cousin who worked in a canning factory that put up the salt horse that was sent to the troops that fought at San Juan hill. My eldest sister joined the church. My kid brother belonged to the toughest gang in our section of town, which was none too refined. And so can you blame me, can you blame me? I am a chip from the old block all right but have gone the old man one better. I never realized my latent powers, however, until I struck our state university. Then, I went to it.

I had been in town almost two hours and a half and hadn't joined anything

and was beginning to feel real down in the mouth. At this rate I would never amount to anything and the home papers would run short of live stuff. Suddenly there loomed before my eyes a canvas with the legend:

JOIN THE CO-OP NOW!

It was a life-saver and I took a chance. Steve Brodie did. It was steep but I paid the price. How thrilled when I received my certificate of *life* membership, and the fountain-pen which was to be my badge. O, cruel irony of fate! The pen leaked in one of its joints!

And the first time I crossed the campus I instantly became popular. I received a score of invitations to join trade organizations. I was fated to be a marked man. The rates and the rebates were so good on some, however, that I joined without hesitation. Among these, if I remember aright, were the Y. M. C. A. dining hall, the Fast-Flying-Furious Laundry, and the College Shinorium.

I attended classes for a whole week without joining anything. Nothing seemed to want a member although I walked the streets wearing my freshman cap with *aplomb* and carrying a check book in my hand, just aching to pay somebody or anything an initiation fee. Surely I was eligible, wasn't my father a Pelican and didn't he plumb joints better than any man in the state? I was getting desperate.

Finally, when I was about ready to join the police force a nice looking chap induced me to buy a ticket for a series of six convocations and for three bones more agreed to throw in a pin. As far as I can learn it was lost in the mail. Thanksgiving came and I had joined but three minor societies in the interim; those were parlous times. As a last resort I inserted an ad. in The Daily Magenta, something to this effect:

WANTED—By a nice young man an invitation to join some society whose members distinguish themselves by wearing a pin. A society that makes the initiates pay for a banquet preferred.

P. TALISMAN KNOCK.

It is needless to say that such a delicately worded notice received many answers. In the words of the poet: True merit often gets what is coming to it. There were bids (I had been by this time learned the meaning of this highly technical word) from clubs and fraternities of every description. The best to my mind seemed to be from an honorary fraternity. At least the description of their pin was most pleasing. I accepted. The fraternity was devoted exclusively to students in the Sanskrit department. I was not studying Sanskrit, but they needed the money. Thus I got my start.

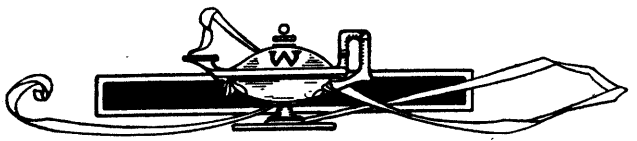
I joined the collegiate branch of the American Vaudeville Association and the Harmonica Club in quick succession. Of course I could not play the difficult harmonica, but it would all look well in the Chipmunk, our junior annual. As the philosopher says: Anything looks well in print. Besides I needed the pins.

Now I have arrived at the estate of a senior. My record is both remarkable and unsurpassed. But there is still room for three pins on the left hand side of my vest. I languish for Phi Beta Kappa, and perhaps——

I still have one chance left—the Afghanistan Students' Club. There has been some discussion as to my eligibility as I have never been any nearer the Afghans than Walla Walla, Wash., but since reading Stoddart's lectures on the subject all the objections have been removed. I shall have obtained my highest ideal and entered the most exclusive society in our university, for there is only one student from dear old Afghanistan.

When I leave college I am going in the jewelry business.

Do you get me, Stephen?



A PLAYLET

C. F. G. Wernicke

GEIHO SAN murmured to herself in the garden and looked often toward the room where slept the American man. She fed the gold fishes, but she did not laugh at them as before. She was smiling to herself tenderly, and looking toward the American man's room. Beyond the fountain she saw two little saplings on opposite sides of the path and she laughed and ran toward them, her little sandals clicking on the pebbles. With a gentle caress she named the taller one "Sidney," and then, turning, she briefly dubbed the other "Geiho San." She took off the ribbon on her arm and standing on tiptoe tied the tops of the saplings together. Now would the god's see and she would pass under the arch with Sidney, which would be very good play and he would not understand.

"Here little Geiho San o' mine, what are you doing there," boomed out a hearty boyish voice, and turning, Geiho San saw, on the pretty porch, the American man.

"See, I make an arch over the path. Come under with me." Her voice was like the splash of the fountain where the gold fish swam.

"Sure, I'll come under with you. It looks like a wedding arch, doesn't it?" And Geiho San laughed and told herself it was play.

Later on he sat with her in a little summer house in the garden. "I heard last night, Geiho San, that I must go home this week." And she did not laugh.

"Home," she said, and looked toward the arch she had made. "Why?"

So he told her, and she went into the house and helped him make ready; for the steamer was leaving in the morning and they must make haste. She saw that his boxes and trunk were carried down to the wharves and went down with him to say good-bye.

Under the shade of the wharves he took her in his arms. "Little Geiho San o' mine. Let me take you home with me. Come with me and be my wife." She kissed him and then shook her head.

When the steamer disappeared over the horizon and the smoke could no longer be seen, Geiho San stretched her arms toward the east and said softly, "Sayonara." And she went home and cut apart the arch and told herself it all was play, and she did not laugh.

DREAMLAND

Roger D. Wolcott

Far east of the Morning's brilliant skies,
West, west past the Sunset's golden glow,
Floats a fairy isle, ah many a mile
From earthly care, and grief, and woe.
So come now, close your weary eyes,
We'll speed our flight by the Dipper's light,
And glide 'neath the Rainbow's radiant arc
Through a surging maze of silvery haze,
Till on Dreamland's shore we disembark,
And, carefree, roam the Elysian Night,
And live, and love, and flee the toilsome strife,
Till Morning brings us back to mundane Life.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS—ROME, ITALY —*Cosmopolitan Students*

Three Wisconsin men, M. C. Otto, '06; Louis P. Lochner, '09, and Albert H. Ochsner, '11, attended.

AN INTERESTING INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

ROME, Italy, was the scene of an interesting international meeting September 1-7, when the *Federation Internationale des Etudiants "Corda Fratres"* convened to hold its seventh biennial congress. Among the representatives of student organizations all over the world were men from Hungary, Holland, Italy, Germany, Chile, Argentine, Brazil, Malta, and the United States.

Corda Fratres aims chiefly to promote friendship and brotherhood between the students of all nations. To carry out this object, the members are asked to correspond with each other, to assist each other when visiting in a foreign country, and by all means within their power to remove prejudices which render nations mutually hostile. The biennial congresses are a great aid to making the students understand each other better.

The Italian government co-operated generously with the committee in charge of the congress. The minister of public instruction acted as honorary president. Free admission was granted to all public museums, art galleries, monuments, and expositions. In the case of Turin, Tivoli, Capri and Rome, the municipality and the mayor joined in tendering the delegates receptions and banquets. At Portici the authorities of the agricultural college arranged for a lawn tennis tournament in honor of the congressists. At Naples, a special gala performance was given at the theater to honor the foreign guests. Turin gayly lighted its streets to do honor to the occasion. Count Angelo Gubernatis and Professor Guiseppe Sergi spoke at the opening meeting in behalf of the University of Rome, and Mayor Nathan in behalf of the Eternal City. In short, the naturally hospitable Italians outdid themselves in demonstrating to the foreign delegates their sentiments of international fraternity and world brotherhood.

To Wisconsin men and women the congress is especially interesting because of the fact that three of the four American delegates were Wisconsin men: M. C. Otto, '06, Louis P. Lochner, '09, and Albert H. Ochsner, '11. They acted as representatives of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, which has chapters in twenty-six universities, and of which the Wisconsin International Club is a member.

Wisconsin with its broad world outlook and its international men of the Van Hise, Reinsch, Ross, and Ely type has been a leader also in the international students' movement. The oldest member of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs is the Wisconsin branch. The first convention of that association was held in Madison in 1907, and Louis P. Lochner, now general secretary of the association, elected its first president. Arthur R. Seymour, '94, now of the University of Illinois, became the fourth president in 1910. The second *Annual* of the organization was published under the direction of the Wisconsin chapter. When in 1909 relations were entered into with the *Federation Internationale des Etudiants "Corda Fratres,"* Messrs. Lochner and Ochsner were members of the delegation of three that was sent to The Hague, Holland, to attend the sixth international congress of Corda Fratres, and were elected members of the international central committee.

BACK TO ALMA MATER

C. C. Chambers

THE movement which is now on foot for a big Alumni Homecoming at the time of the Minnesota game on November eighteenth should result in the establishment of a tradition at the University that will do more toward stimulating Wisconsin spirit among the undergraduates and alumni than any which we now have.

A university is known by the type of men it turns out, by the loyalty of these men, and by the manner in which they speak of and regard the institution. Their loyalty and affection is bound to be noticed by people with whom they come in contact. The wonderful spirit of old and venerable Yale and Harvard men is the greatest asset these institutions have. When these rival universities meet on the gridiron each fall the old grads flock back by the hundreds, and their presence is an example which cannot but impress the undergraduates and make them better Yale and Harvard men. Of course it is easier for alumni in the east to keep in close touch with their universities on account of the more congested population and better transportation facilities, but graduates of western universities should not be declared lacking in loyalty on this account. Their loyalty is only waiting for an opportunity to express itself. And that opportunity is now at hand for alumni of the University of Wisconsin.

At Illinois last year they tried the plan of an alumni homecoming for the first time. It was a great success. It was held at the time of the game with Chicago. More alumni returned to Champaign than at any time in the previous history of the university. Their presence spurred the Illinois team on to win from their old rivals, 3 to 0. Elaborate plans were made for the entertainment of the alumni. The annual freshman-sophomore class scrap was postponed until that time. A baseball game was arranged, numerous organizations held reunions and banquets, the merchants decorated the business section of the city in Illinois colors, and the whole university was turned over to the old fellows. The same plan will be carried out again this year at the time of the Illinois-Minnesota game.

The esprit-de-corps of the University of Wisconsin has always been conceded to be the best of any western university. The undergraduate body has been tested many times and has always proven itself, but the alumni as a whole have never been called upon to demonstrate their spirit. The time has come when an appeal is to be made for manifestation of their interest and loyalty.

The football team has shown promise of best that has represented the University for a number of years. Its success may be directly attributed to Coaches Richards and Driver. For no mere mercenary gain have these men labored with the men, both on the field this fall and in the class room last spring when the question of eligibility was being settled. They have labored as Winsconsin alumni and a winning team is their offering to their Alma Mater. The knowledge that their efforts are appreciated will be greater compensation to them than the checks they will receive from the Regents. It is easy for the undergraduates to express *their* appreciation in mass meetings, in the Cardinal, and in the cheering sections. The alumni can express *their* appreciation by coming back for the Homecoming.

Their presence will put a fight into the team that will make them invincible. Wisconsin will mean more to every undergraduate for his having come in touch with the men of past generations. In turn each alumnus will assimilate a great deal of enthusiasm and more modern college spirit from contact with the active life of the University. He will go back to his business prouder of his association with Wisconsin and more likely to return for other athletic contests and alumni gatherings. Many of the old fellows will be amazed at the wonderful growth and development since their student days. They probably do not fully realize that there is being built in Madison one of the greatest educational institutions in the world. But once they get back here and see the new buildings and hear of the plans for more new buildings and for greater equipment they will wake up to the fact that it is a mighty big thing to be an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin.

This Homecoming means a lot to the undergraduate body. It is the first attempt and it will take a lot of work to carry it off successfully. Great credit will be theirs when it is all over and the tradition is permanently established of an Annual Alumni Homecoming.

STUDENT DAYS

By a Member of the Faculty

IF ANY student reads these rather intimate reminiscences, I hope he will regard them primarily as a grateful tribute to the worth of the intellectual life, and to the benevolence of those forces in our American culture which establish and conserve it. This is a simple story of a boy's passion for scholarship and of the timely helpfulness of certain high spirits who believed in that passion.

In the middle of my Junior year in a high school near the middle Atlantic coast, my parents removed to Wilton,* a small farming community among the New England hills. I had to leave excellent teachers and a number of comrades, boys and girls, intellectually companionable in and out of the school room, for a neighborhood, as such, without scholarly interests among either young or old. There was the Village Doctor, who sold postage stamps and Cherry Pectoral and loaned me copies of the "Medical Record"; there was the young Principal (constituting the entire faculty) of the so-called high school, who floundered the first time I asked him for assistance in a passage of Cicero, and who spent his leisure flirting or fishing or complaining—ultimately dismissed through the ethical activities of the Baptist deacon for desperately smoking a cigarette; there was the Village Atheist, who tinkered with an amateur telephone apparatus before the days of the rural systems and explained on the post-office steps, while waiting for the evening mail-coach,

errantem lunam solisque labores,

as well as

unde imber et ignes,

to bystanders who still planted their crops according to the Almanac and dug their wells by divining rods; there was the Village Blacksmith, a Scotchman from Nova Scotia, who had an untutored, but

*Most names in this article are fictitious.

sound admiration for Burns; and there was old Graves, fat, remote, mysterious, who peddled junk around the county, a philosopher with a most astonishing verbal memory, who knew in a cynical way Pope's "Essay on Man" and Pollock's "Course of Time" by heart, and a collector of queer books, from whose shop I purchased Kame's "Elements of Criticism"—but fate and whiskey removed him before long to an environment, I hope, more congenial to his erratic, but extraordinary, talents.

The one man, however, of broad and thorough culture was the aged Dr. Black, born in 1800, a graduate of Bowdoin five years before Longfellow, sometime Abolitionist, Unitarian clergyman, contributor to "The Dial," the friend of Emerson, Whittier, and Hawthorne, whose reminiscences went back to old veterans of the Continental Army, to the battle of Waterloo, and to the burning of Washington, and who, when I first met him, at ninety-three, was reading Homer in the Greek for the twenty-fifth time since his seventy-fifth birthday. He was living in a vine-covered cottage with a widow daughter and grandchild across the way from "the parsonage"; and scarcely a week passed that I didn't spend an afternoon listening to his whimsical humor, his quiet philosophy, and his rich experience with men and books. At that time there were no young people in the village who cared for anything besides public dances, bean suppers, or straw-rides.

Thus I was thrown chiefly upon my own resources. The immediate ambition was to keep up in school work with friends down in Fieldtown, accompanied by a vague hope, first conceived in grammar school days, of somehow going to college and sometime becoming a college professor. I unpacked my books and arranged my intellectual workshop. Every Saturday night I made out a written schedule for each study hour of each day for the following week, from 5 a. m. to 3 p. m., and from 7 to 9 in the evening, and pinned it on the door. Often enough I didn't succeed in following it; and lapses troubled me then more than they would now. Yet on the whole it served as a practical pedagogic device. In somewhat less than two years, I had read and reviewed in Latin the whole of the "Aeneid," begun in high school, and my first inspiration to scholarship and poetry, as it is still the delight of my maturity, four or five of the "Eclogues," the last three books of Caesar's "Gallic War," twelve "Orations" of Cicero, a "Satire" of Juvenal, and some "Odes" of Horace; and in Greek, with the few months' start before coming to Wilton, the seven books of "Anabasis" and a book of Homer. I had already acquired the valuable trick of reading foreign languages without translating any but the most puzzling passages. I also wrote out twice all the exercises in my text-books of Greek and Latin Prose Composition. I taught myself to read French prose, with an accent, however, as I learned years after in Paris, fearfully and wonderfully made. I began by reading Guizot's "Life of William the Conqueror," the meaning unfolding itself more quickly as I went along. "Dosia," I think, came next. I learned the grammar, like the vocabulary, as I needed it to explain the text. Wentworth's "Plane Geometry," I read through twice, pronouncing it in the critical journals I kept in those days "obvious, frivolous, and dull." In science I studied the text-books used in my old high school on Physics and Astromony, with the celebrated essays and books by Huxley, Darwin, and Helmholz, and in Philosophy Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy," and the greater part of Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic System."

A favorite theological work was a seventeenth century tome on "First, Middle, and Last Things," by a Scottish Calvinist, two chapters, "Heaven's Happiness," and "Hell's Horror," satisfying especially my sense both of the alliterative and the imaginative in literature. I was never of the elect, and I can not remember the day that I ever believed a word of the traditional Christian Plan of Salvation: I read theology, in spite of Bacon, primarily to confute, and, later, when a student in an orthodox denominational college, I was regarded by more than one lugubrious brother as a vessel of wrath.

Biography, the doings of men and women, their unfolding characters, their individual answers through living to the puzzle of human life, was, and is still, to me a fascination. I read with particular zeal accounts of scholars and thinkers, especially of their earlier years, often priding myself that I was in my own development keeping intellectual pace with them in those years, and deducing from this observation an hypothesis touching my own future greatness (since proven empiracally to have been quite worthless). The biographies of Dr. Johnson, Macaulay, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher were favorites—but the entire list would include a hundred, some of them, like the autobiography of Frederick Douglas, off the beaten track.

Yet by far my most extensive studies were in English literature. Byron was my first and continued to be for several years my dominant passion: his energy, willfulness, self-consciousness, and disappointment always speak mightily to restive and ambitious youth that is trying to find itself, and spoke especially to me in the quite real though trivial isolation of those days. I had gone through him, notes and all, two or three times before college days, while "Childe Harold" I knew practically by heart. Allusions in his pages or in the Byron Biographies, all of which I read and reread, led me back to Pope, Dryden, and Milton and forward to Shelley and Keats, and, of course, to his earlier contemporaries, Wordsworth and Coleridge. When I entered college, I had read certainly more in English Literature and about English Literature than is required for the undergraduate major in many of our universities. To be sure, I had read often without full understanding, and often out of ambitious conceit rather than out of a pure love of great things. The impulses to achieve are mixed, and are justified or not by the outcome; the time came when more wisdom came and more objectivity in the delight.

Some books I borrowed from Dr. Black, and some from the Village Library, which, owing to the earlier ministers who had served on the board, contained much philosophy, science, and literature. Beside the books mentioned, during this period I was reading all sorts of odds and ends: history, medicine, and sentimental fiction—Amelia Barr, Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, Edna Lyall, Laura Jean Libbey, and E. P. Roe (no relative, I understand, of our honored colleague). A boy's tastes are imperfectly integrated.

I was also preparing myself for the apostolic succession of great writers, exercising myself at prose in voluminous letters and in my copious journals, and at verse through translations of Vergil, or original musings on my own Lost Hopes, the Battle of Marathon, the Decay of the Age, etc. I regret that I can communicate no item of pedagogic significance to the professors of composition in the English Department. I had no "Handbook," friend Woolley, and affected no "Models of Composition." I had merely the "cacoethes scribendi," and scratched it assiduously; yet my prose was subconsciously after Macaulay, as the verse was after Byron. Neighbors began to pity me, thinking that an injudicious parent drove me to my work.

Apart from study and reading, during those two years I did a deal of swimming and skating, and tramped the magnificent hills and pine woods, especially at sunset or under the harvest moon, and idled around the store, post-office, blacksmith shop, or hayfield; or made canvas canoes for the neighbors' youngsters.

The peculiar circumstances of this college preparatory course in Wilton were not without their peculiar influences: the isolation developed an introspection, a melancholy, and a conceit that long years among men and affairs scarcely eradicated; but it brought me home to the beauty and charm of nature, a phase of the story that I am passing over as in a sense irrelevant to the special purposes of these pages, and it gave me some intellectual self-reliance and the vision of knowledge for its own sake. As a collegian, I could thus never make the pitiful mistake of supposing that one was forever shut off from a given subject because the catalogue "offered no course" upon it, or that the aim of the intellectual life was either

high marks in college or practical efficiency in the market-place thereafter.

Meantime my old high school friends had graduated, and the autumn was coming on when most of them would be going to college. I saw nothing ahead. The slender support of a country clergyman's family had already sacrificed much in giving me two years' freedom from shop or farm or office, even as it was destined to sacrifice much more in future years by continuing me in freedom. I was never resourceful or aggressive in turning a penny, and my seclusion had rendered me abnormally timid. To earn my way through college was a constitutional impossibility. I read with wonder and a certain envy of those brave lads who waited on table, canvassed books, or reported for newspapers. Besides, the intellectual passion so dominated me that I begrudged any time spent on what was, to me at least, the miserable distraction of money-getting. Such was the situation of my small affairs in the middle of September, 18—.

(To be continued.)

ON ENVY

Norman Lindau

Oh the creaking of the harness and the beat of horses' hoofs
Is a melancholy sound to those that walk,
And the brightness of the flower that is fresh and just in bloom.
Pains the faded one that droops upon the stalk.
But—what's the diff? Oh, what's the diff?
Those who can will go a' riding just the same;
And the man who strides along,
Hearty, healthy, bluff and strong,
Will not hobble just because his neighbor's lame.

Oh, the rustling of the satin in the wealthy lady's gown
Makes the woman clad in calico feel sad,
And the blue smoke curling upward from the gentleman's cigar
Makes the stogie of the workman doubly bad.
But—what's the diff? Oh, what's the diff, etc.

Friend, Oh, what's the use of envying what other people have?
Things have been so since our earth's been moving 'round,
And e'en if you were once able to go riding out in state,
Someone else would still be walking on the ground,
So—what's the diff? Oh, what's the diff? etc.

THE LITTLE GAME OF RUSHING

By a Landlady Who Knows

"So they drew on towards the house and when they came to the door, they heard a great talk in the house."
—Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

NOW, Mrs. Carter, just tell me what you think of rushing. Uh-huh, me too! If I had a daughter, I wouldn't allow her to go near one. No! They just wear themselves out. First dinner at one place, formal supper at another, picnic out in the cold, damp woods somewheres, an' there's no end on it.

Maisie, my brother's little girl from up near London, came here to get her edication this year, an' I says to her:

"Maisie," I says, "Don't you go and make no dates with one of them society sisterhoods," I says, "You'll ruin yourself for the first week of study," I says. But Maisie, she says it looked such fun to go riding 'round in one of them red fire-wagons we call 'em, and I says to her:

"Nothin' of the kind, Maisie," I says. "It's just as much fun riding behind Jake, an' it's heaps safer. Them high wagons are pos'tively dangerous," I says. Mrs. Smith says she saw one of the ladies go to get out of one an' she caught her heel on the tape of her skirt, an' if she hadn't of fell into a young man's arms that were waiting there for that very purpose, she'd have broke her neck, not to mention getting mud all over her dress.

Why, one of them ladies what's doing the rushing, she says to me, she says, "Mrs. Kelly," she says, "you don't know how glad we'ell be when this is all over," she says. "We've worked so hard to have a good time," she says, "that we're all too tired to enjoy it. Two of our girls," she says, "is so played out that they have to go home for the first week of school, to rest up. We'll all be glad when it's over," she says.

An' I said that all us ladies that kep roomers would be glad too. The girls keep a movin' in an' a movin' out, and half the time we don't know whether we've got a room to rent or not. Yesterday one of my girls come to me and says, "Mrs. Kelly," she says, "Me and Miss Bunkus decided we couldn't stay here no longer," she says, "We're going to move to a *house.*"

Now, Mrs. Carter, for land's sakes tell me, if *this* aint a *house,* I'd like to know. For these last fifty years I've had a sneakin' notion that I lived in a house. And I says to the girl, I says, "Say, Miss Bright, what do you find the matter with my place. Aint this a house, an' aint it a good place to live?"

And Miss Bright, she says, "Well, Mrs. Kelly," she says, "Me an' Miss Bunkus thought it over, and we thought we'd better go and live at the house—the sisterhood house," she says. "We find its more agreeable, an' we can have callers any night o' the week," she says. "We'd meet more people over there—we don't get a chance to meet many people here," she says.

So then I knew right away what she was drivin' at, and I says, "I know Miss Bright, it's the callers you want. An' I don't blame you none. But this place is right near the court; you can see the Raven boarding place from your back window. An' you can see the men goin' in an' out all the time. There's a extra lot just now, too. Them Dukes, as they call 'em, hasn't got a cook, an' they're all eatin' at Miss Raven's place," I says, grandlike, as if I was hired special by the Dukes to announce their doin's.

"Oh, yes," says Miss Bright, "I heard it." An' then Miss Bunkus laughed an' said it was time to go, and off they went, and here I am with a room empty. They said they have to do it because the others do. What say? No, don't go yet. I want to tell you this. Oh, it's your right ear. I thought you were deaf in the left.

You know that little Pennington girl that was here the first of the week? Well, they came for her morning, noon an' night—three different sets of them, and there was only one set that could get her. They wouldn't let the others have a chance at all. An' they took her to that house where Sam Peck's girl Mary waited on table; you remember, don't you? And they wouldn't let her wait on the door too, because she was so pretty the fellows all went crazy about her. What? No, they didn't keep the Pennington girl. After they rushed her for a week, and kep her away from those other two bunches, they dropped her like a hot potato, and she took it hard. But Mary Sawyer, who played baseball when she was just so high, spoke right up to her an' told her she was just as good as any queen. The chappy boys said sweet things to, an' maybe she wasn't the mold of fashion and the glass of form, but the lake was just as blue, an' the campus just as green, an' the toboggan-slide just as slippery, an' the real things just as glowing for her, and then some!

An' I found out later that all they had against Miss Pennington was that her grandfather had a brother that wasn't just right—a Socialist or something.

An' that girl that came up with my brother's girl Maisie, she was one of those girls who was used to havin' every thing done for her, an' she came up here just to get into one of those societies, so she told Maisie. An' they didn't seem to pay no attention to her at all. She was a smart girl, too, and pretty and stylish, but nobody paid no attention to her, an' at the end of the week she went home disgusted. Maisie told her not to go home, an' that if she stayed she could get into a literary society that was just as good. But the girl says no, if these style-societies wouldn't invite her, no other society would. An' Maisie said that wasn't so; that she heard of a litery society where anyone that wanted to be real litery and was in dead earnest about it could join without bein' asked. But the girl couldn't see it that way an' went home.

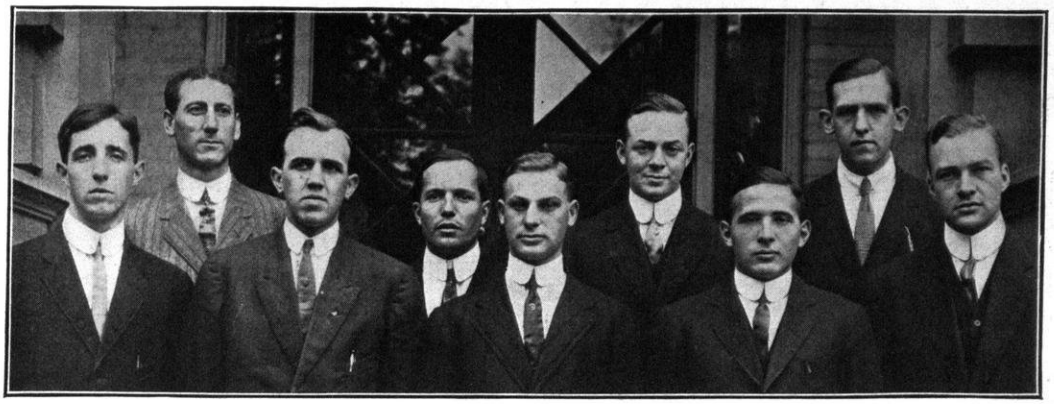
An' Maisie met a man over to the Raven's boarding place that told her not to care about those societies, because if she ever got into one, she couldn't ever be president of her class because the society girls, he says, all knife each other when it comes to runnin' after an office. An' Maisie, she just laughed an' said she hadn't thought about bein' president of her class. She thought she'd just study a little, she says, and maybe go to a few dances. But Maisie, she could of got in with one bunch. They took her to ride in one of their red wagons, an' she told it to her boy friend over to the Raven's Eating House, an' he said if he was her, he wouldn't go with that crowd, because a few years ago there was an awful scandal, he says and as for his part, he thought a girl could be as good whether she joined a society or not An' Maisie said she thought maybe they could.

What say, Mrs. Carter? No! Maisie aint livin' with me. No relatives, I says, no relatives livin' in *my* house. She'd be hangin' around the kitchen all day, wantin' to iron and so forth. No, she's at the Ladies Hall, an' I'm glad of it. It's the best place for a girl to be. An' Maisie, she likes it too. She was sorry at first that one of them societies that didn't have any scandal didn't invite her, (an' they do say that there are some that don't have any scandal), but now, she's glad, cause she says the girls know her by her own name, she says, not just by her society-name. She says she'd rather be called *Maisie O'Connell* anytime than *that pie bite girl*, cause *that pie bite girl* might be any one of thirty, and *Maisie O'Connell* can only be one person.

Well, Mrs. Carter, I'm glad this rushin's nearly over, an' I hope I can rent my other room anyhow. Land sakes, Mrs. Carter, you better go home quick! Your front bedroom curtain is on fire. It's too bad you decided to keep boys this year, instead of girls!

THE WISCONSIN UNION

McKillop, Photographer



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

1, Clarence R. Cleveland, '12; 2, Frank H. West, Northwestern, '02; 3, William Aberg, '12, 4, Addison M. Bleyer, '11; 5, Halbert L. Kadish, '12; 6, Geo. B. Welser, Jr., '13; 7, Howard A. Davis, '13; 8, Albert H. Ochsner, '11; 9, Chester C. Wells, '13; 10, Vilas H. Whaley, L, '12

PERHAPS it's a smoker given for the freshmen, it may be football returns at the gym, or it might be the annual vaudeville that first causes the student body, especially the newer men, to realize that there is such a thing as the Wisconsin Union. More likely you used the reading room, or the games, or the piano, or the billiard rooms, or met a friend, or attended a society in the first floor of the Y. M. C. A. building, and learned that you were the guests of the Wisconsin Union, and thereby your own hosts, for every male student is by virtue of his matriculation, a member of the Union.

The Wisconsin Union has no dues. It rents the first floor of the Y. M. C. A., and pays its bills out of the proceeds of the billiard room and the candy counter, and perhaps one or two of the entertainments it sponsors. It gives smokers and dances at cost, and what profit there is goes back into the next affair. It draws no social distinctions, every one is equally welcome at any Union function. In short, the Union is the social center of the men of the university.

A board governs it, composed of three seniors, two juniors, a sophomore, a law student, and the president and secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The latter two are ex-officio members. The others are elected in this way; during the year tryouts are conducted by the various committees, in the course of which those who wish to, are given work to do for the Union. In May of each year, the two most efficient candidates for each vacancy are nominated by the board and sent to the student conference, and from each couplet, the conference elects one, filling the vacancy.

Each year the Union has occupied a fuller place in the social life of the university. Each year the need of a new Union building has become more and more a "crying" one. At its past session hopes were entertained that the legislature would appropriate for a new Union building, one that would stand equal at least to Lathrop hall; that would furnish rooms for university organizations, dance halls, an adequate theater, and most of all, an eating "commons." The legislature thought it saw better use for its money, but nevertheless the place of the Union in student life is greater than ever before, and this year's work is necessarily more elaborate and more expansive. Plans are but yet in the forming, which are to make this year for the Wisconsin Union a notable one, indeed.

THE COMBINATION IMPREGNABLE

Arthur Hallam

"THAT was certainly a fine order you gave me, Mr. Holbrook." Then the salesman grew confidential. "But I'm getting a little tired of this order business. The fact is that I'm looking forward to the time when I can go into business for myself."

"I can understand your point of view, all right," was the reply. "But I never had any idea that you thought that way about it. How long have you been possessed with the ambition?"

"As far back as I can remember. I believe it was your training and example constantly before me that did it. But for you, I would still have been a clerk, I guess. I've tried to show you how much I appreciate all you have done for me. My highest aim has always been to repay my obligation to you. My second is to own a store which, no matter how small it is, will be all my own."

"Yes, you have been a good boy, Bob, and have meant as much to me as one of my own. When the times comes for you to have that store, how would you like to get on my string?"

"Would you consider that? It would be fine for me, all right. I'd do my best to carry my end. Well, I must be getting on. I'll see you again in two weeks."

Robert Elmore, the salesman, did not see Mr. Holbrook in two weeks, for within four days after the conversation the latter was dead. Weak heart was the only explanation the doctors could give for his sudden taking off. The string of grocery stores extending throughout the country, operating under the name of the Holbrook Grocery Company, did not, however, become insolvent, or even show signs of doing so. Charles Holbrook, junior, aged twenty-five, trained in business by his far-seeing father, had inherited the latter's shrewdness. The eastern creditors became reassured; the business appeared on examination to be as sound as a new sea craft. Holbrook and Company continued as Holbrook and Company. Superficial observers, therefore, gave slight thought to the point that Holbrook had left no will. The father, not expecting death, had evidently postponed the provision until it was too late. It seemed clear to the minds of those concerned that a will would not have been so worded as to alter the standing arrangement of the firm.

The mislaying of an important fire insurance policy led Charles Holbrook, one day about six months after the reorganization of the business, to the family writing desk at his home. A search through a mass of irrelevant paper finally uncovered the document. Opening the paper, he read:

"Under oath, and in my right mind, I do hereby bequeath the entire property that stands in my name, i. e., the syndicate of stores known as the Holbrook Grocery Company, located in ————, and all other property belonging thereto to Robert Henry Elmore."

So this was the will. Practical assurance as to its probable contents had forestalled extended search, and consequent discovery. Was this genuine? There could be no doubt about it. What did it mean? It was witnessed by a lawyer who had left the town a year previous for California. What was to be done? A revelation of the terms meant everything. In the six months that had passed since the father's death no one had suspected the existence of the fatal document. Why should anyone ever know otherwise? The witnessing lawyer was far away. In case any word reached him regarding existing conditions he would dismiss the matter

with the thought that a new will had been made. What right did his father have to give away the property, anyway? Should he not, as a son, perpetuate what his father had fostered and cherished? * * * Yet the will was there. Did he lack the strength to make it known? Was it not cowardly to defy the will of a dead man? Was this to be the result of his training toward uprightness and honor in all dealings? He would be a common thief! Yet how easily he could burn that will. As he sat, he gazed before him into the open fire which beckoned with its lapping flames to tempt him to the deed. He would see to it that Elmore was well taken care of, for the salesman had probably done his father some favor which the latter had wished to repay. But that was not reasonable. Why had he chosen to do it in this way? He must have been mentally unbalanced by some hidden disease which had terminated in his sudden death. A sharp blast struck the house. The paper dropped from Charles' trembling hands. He was slipping—— But the tempter's knife struck the iron core and stopped. No, he could not. No matter what happened, he would be honorable. During the course of years when he and Elmore had grown up together from the age of overalls and bare feet, more than once had they vowed with each other to be true till eternity.

So a will had been discovered. An odd coincidence, indeed, that it should be found and made public by the son himself, who was discovered to be the chief sufferer from its peculiar provisions. Indeed, the young man showed a most commendable fortitude.

One of the most surprised persons, however, was Robert Henry Elmore himself. He had been brought up with the best of care through the formative years by Holbrook, who had been his foster father in the absence of a real one. Never dreaming that Holbrook was under any obligation to him, he had wished to get on his own resources as soon as possible. Young Charles was almost his twin brother. Their relations were so close, that they never dreamed of concealing anything from one another. Under any other circumstances the peculiar situation involved would undoubtedly have had a different outcome.

"Billy," said Elmore, as soon as they were alone, together, "I don't understand this, and what's more, I don't want to. Why it should be so is beyond me But I positively cannot accept things as they stand, and I will not. This business is rightfully yours, and you have proven yourself the man for the place a thousand times over, old man. Therefore, since fortune has seen fit to give me a voice in the matter, I hereby appoint you general manager of the business. Things will go on just as before without the turning of a hair. What I will do remains to be decided, because I don't know myself. Will you do it?"

The two men grasped hands in mutual reverence. Their boyhood vows, presented in a new light, broader and deeper than their youthful minds had been able to comprehend, took on fresh power and strength in this crisis. The significant silence was broken by the announcement of a caller. Charley read the card. It bore the name of Frederick Gilman, El Paso, Texas.

"Why, that's the lawyer that attested my father's will. I have a feeling that matters are about to be explained in some way."

Mr. Gilman, a pleasant-looking lawyer of fifty, betrayed his legal temperament by getting at once to business. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am most pleased to see you both again. Only four days ago did I learn of the death of the estimable Charles Holbrook, one of my most cherished friends. Since that time I have also heard that the provisions of the will have been agreed upon. You consider these terms exceedingly peculiar,—in fact, mysterious. An explanation is therefore due you. It is to give it that I have come all the way from Texas in person.

"Thirty years ago, when Bob was a baby, and Charley not yet born, Bob's father and old Charley embarked in the grocery business together, in this very store. Elmore furnished what capital there was—there was not much,—while Holbrook contributed the natural shrewdness and push. Within a year Elmore died. However, soon after they had

started business, the two had made an agreement that as long as Holbrook lived, he should own the capital. After his death, which at that time was not anticipated for some years, the property should pass to young Bob, who, it was believed, would be by that time capable of handling it. As you can see, old Charley's push and organization made the busines expand rapidly.

"Why old Charley never told young Bob of this agreement I never knew. He very probably believed that a revelation of the truth would spoil Bob, discourage any real efforts on the part of his own son, and cause unfortunate feelings between the two, which was the last thing that he desired. This explains his care of Bob and his educating the boy in the grocery business. When he bent his efforts to foster the friendship between you two, I feel confident that he hoped it would lead to some satisfactory arrangement between you for the management of the business. For he was too honorable to break his word with a dead man, and he felt that you two together could carry out an organization that was beyond his physical powers. Remember that when he gave his word he had no son of his own. Gentlemen, I will leave you for the present, for I know you will have matters to discuss wherein my presence would be superfluous. I will see you again."

As the whole story fully explained sank deep into the thoughts of the two men, they grasped each other again by the hand. Their understanding was now perfect.

THE TRIANGULAR AFFAIR

J. Lombard Hubbard

THERE was great excitement in the select sewing circles of Holton one hot day in June, over the recent arrival of a tall, good-looking youth in town, who had come to attend the well-known mining college situated there. The members of the sewing circles, in fact, had gotten so excited about it, that Margorie and her bosom friend had quarreled about the color of his eyes and had failed to walk home together that night, a thing never before heard of. But then, you must know that Holton is very small and news travels fast, both over the party telephone and the front gates, and such a thing as a handsome, distinguished-looking stranger was apt to upset the social equilibrium to some extent. While the curtains discreetly hid curious faces at the windows, and vines screened groups of white-clad girls standing whispering on the porches, the new student walked with long strides to and from classes along the shaded street unconscious of everything and everybody.

He was tall, well-built, handsome, and had a distinguished, beaming characteristic way of holding his head high and looking straight ahead of him. His hair was dark brown and was brushed straight back from his forehead, with just enough of a wave to keep it from sticking up without the aid of much water and a brush. His eyes were brown, too, and very clear; that clearness which means honesty and frankness. His face was very sunburned, the kind of burn that comes from constant exposure to the sun and wind, and not the

kind that is acquired in a day on the water, and peels off the next. There was no suggestion of undue pride or snobbishness in his way of holding his head high—one could see that his bearing was as natural to him and as unaffected as the broad shoulders and well-shaped head. And as he went to and from his classes with a long, easy stride, day in and day out for almost a week before any member of the sewing circles had been able to learn his name, from where he came, or how long he was to honor their town with his presence. To those at his boarding house he never spoke unless addressed, but then he answered in deep, emphatic tones, which gave evidence of thought, intelligence and rather reserved spontaneity. His fellow-students were afraid to tackle this seemingly conservative proposition at first, but finally athletics paved the way to better acquaintance. Such a physique proclaimed the athlete, and the baseball captain cornered him one day and made such alarming discoveries as to his pitching propensities that he was made the pitcher of the team after the first tryout. As the boys got to know the stranger better, they found an iron will and the stubbornness of a mule behind the quiet exterior—also a temper and much sarcastic wit. "He was brutally frank," as one put it, and never failed to say what he thought when the occasion demanded it, always ready to prove his point in personal combat if necessary. For this quality and his biting sarcasm he made many enemies among the fellows, and at the same time a couple of very warm friends. He never chummed with his college mates outside of the occasions which athletics necessitated, and kept very much to himself at all times. This distressed the feminine element of Holton greatly, for each had set her heart upon winning him, and keeping him as a steady admirer of herself. They had learned that his name was Arnold Bruce, and that he was the thirteenth descendant of the elder Bruce, and that he lived in New York. That was enough added to his personal attractions to make it worth while any girl's greatest endeavors. And so they did everything in their power to make him recognize their presence, but while he doffed his cap politely when they almost bumped into him on the street, or when he picked up their glove or handkerchief, the expression on his face never changed from that of the impersonal courtesy and polite indifference. But one evening Arnold Bruce of New York City actually noticed a girl. The whisper ran excitedly around the group of girls collected on a neighboring veranda, and they watched the proceeding with great interest and not a little envy. On a tennis court adjoining the broad street, a girl in white duck skirt and jumper was playing doubles with three boys. She was a fairly large and well-proportioned girl with energy radiating from each step, each movement of her body, each deep-voiced score call, which came ringing across the evening air. She was sunburned and had a jolly smile, and a rather brusque manner which nobody minded because a whole-souled, ringing laugh always followed each sharp remark. It was easy to see that the spectators were all on the side of Frances, and that she felt perfectly at home with them by the "jolly" and teasing which passed between them each play. It was her serve. "Forty-fifteen-simply have to have this, Bill," and with a broad, swift, well-calculated swing the racket whizzed through the air and bingo—one went over, just escaping the net by a couple of inches. Arnold had approached the outer fence railing, a little aside from the crowd, and was leaning upon it watching the game with intense interest and the girl who seemed so different from the other girls he had seen in the little town. For, although Arnold had seemed unobserving, he certainly hadn't been indifferent to the fair sex of the town. This was not the first time that he had seen this girl, but it was the first time he had had an opportunity to observe her at leisure, for the glimpses that he had had of her on horseback and far down behind the wheel of a car, were fleeting.

"Game-set. Well, I guess *we* can play tennis," and Frances walked briskly up to the net with her companion to shake hands with their opponents. "Now, we'll even up tomorrow—don't forget the rubber, Bill."

And then the little assembly broke up

into laughing, chattering groups which wended their ways in different directions from the court. Arnold walked slowly home alone, having refused several offers of a game of billiards or bridge from the fellows who passed him on their way down town. "Queer fellow that," remarked one of the boys. "Seems to be a lot to him, and yet I can't help thinking maybe its all hot air. He seemed to enjoy Fran's playing. She's the only girl he's noticed. Gee, but Sis will be wild. She's been setting her trap for him since the day he landed, and she gets after me every time I come into the house to bring him over. It's as much as my life is worth to go home these days." And with a laugh, the group passed down the avenue.

Chapter II.

The train was carrying Frances Blair at a great speed over the last hundred miles of her journey. She was on her way home from the eastern college for summer vacation, and, as she sat in her seat, head titled back against the cushions and her eyes half closed watching the scenery fly by the window, she reviewed in her mind the events connected with her acquaintance with Arnold Bruce. She remembered having seen the stranger and of hearing him talked about on all sides, but to her the sight of him meant much less than to the other girls, for she had spent six years in the east among boys of the same type and he was not new or unusual to her. But because of his eccentricities she had taken enough interest to feel highly complimented when one of her boy friends had telephoned shortly after the tennis game and announced that upon request he was going to bring Arnold Bruce to call. He met her with undisguised pleasure and a hearty hand-shake, which won Frances' heart on the spot. They had many likes and dislikes in common, and found much to talk about. Arnold was a frequent caller and opened up amazingly under her influence. But the crowning event of his career that summer had been when he took Frances to the annual college hop. How gossiping tongues wagged and how many eyes followed the well-matched, splendidly-suited couple, as they walked through the rooms between dances. Arnold was without doubt more heroic and graceful on the football field and the diamond than on the dance floor, but so distinguished was his bearing, anyway, and so attractive his smile, that the girls forgave him immediately for his faulty dancing and the punch he spilled upon their party gowns occasionally. Arnold's and Fran's attitude toward one another had been but good friendship with assurances of a wholesome intimacy to be gained through constant association the coming summer. Frances had been looking forward to knowing the boy better, because she liked him sincerely. In spite of the criticism from the majority of college boys who did not like him she stood by Arnold all that last summer and frankly showed her partiality. It was the first time in her life that she had ignored the judgment of boys in her choice of friends, and had depended entirely upon her own intuition. But she believed in Arnold with all her heart, and whereas there had been no thought of caring for him enough to marry him eventually; she had a deep regard for him and for what he wished to make out of the still undeveloped boy in him. Fran had never thought what Arnold's attitude towards her must be, except that he preferred her very plainly to the other girls in Holton, and this she explained to herself in a few words. Arnold was athletic and not socially inclined, and as she was the only real ahtletic girl in the town and the only girl who scorned social activity except on rare occasions, she was the magnet toward which he felt himself drawn. The few boy friends he had made were Frances' good friends—hence the common ties. "Very naturally," Fran had often said to herself, and then dismissed the subject from her mind. During all the winter that she had been away at college, the two had corresponded—her letters full of the news of college doings, and his very much the same with a few bits of gossip that he had picked up at his boarding house. But towards spring he had mentioned that he had seen a good deal of Helene Hope, a girl who roomed across the hall from him at the boarding house. They had played bridge together often, a game which he used to hate, but which he quite liked

now; he had taken her to several dances and had seen her every day at table. Of course she was engaged, but she seemed to have no scruples and was dependent on men for her good times; he had been sorry for her and tried to be kind. She had had an awfully unfortunate life and seemed to be quite lonesome most of the time. Fran had read all of these parts with more or less amusement, for behind all the manifest indifference and matter-of-factness she discovered something which rarely escapes feminine intuition. She was not the least upset or envious of his attitude toward Helene, for she felt sure that with the foundation of good sense to his make-up he'd land on his feet eventually. She knew only *of* this girl—Helene. Her mother was in the insane asylum and her father was a confirmed drunkard. The girl, indeed, had had a sad life. She had been forced to board alone and to live on a very scanty allowance furnished her by her father in his soberer moments. She was a very attractive girl—the simple, sweet alluring kind to all appearances, with but the subtle, trained arts and devices of a sophisticated woman underneath. She had nearly all of the college men at her feet, who waited upon her when they could, notwithstanding the fact that she was supposed to be engaged to a graduate student who was making his way in the West. Because of her popularity and her absolute independence, Helene had fallen into disrepute among the older people, and a good deal among the girls of her own age as well. There had been mention made of the way she entertained the boys in her one room by cards, eating, drinking and how late she let them stay. Fran did not believe for one second that Helene was bad—only indiscreet. But who should judge a girl, practically an orphan, on the same basis with the girls who had had watchful and careful parents to regulate their behavior? To Fran it seemed that the people of Holton were very narrow and uncharitable to criticize a girl so harshly and yet make no attempt to help her. It was very evident to her that Arnold had fallen before Helene, as very many had, and frankly, she was sorry, for Arnold was very susceptible and had had little experience with girls in spite of all the other experience he had had. What influence came into his life now was going to hold his whole future, and Fran, in her motherly and protective way, hoped for something good rather than questionable, (for she could not help feeling that Helene's mind was not entirely wholesome, taking into consideration her family and her mode of living). But this fact did not hinder her from being sorry for Helene and still having faith in what the girl might be underneath and behind all the outer appearances. All these things Fran ran through her mind as the train sped onward nearer and nearer to its destination. She was both curious and anxious to see if and how Arnold might have changed during the past year, and the fun of appearing suddenly before him when he did not know she was coming added to the excitement of getting home. She was almost thrilled.

Chapter III.

Fran greeted the beaming chauffeur with a smile and a hearty hand-shake. "How do you do, Nelson—how's the old car? It's so good to be home. Here are my checks."

While Nelson attended to the trunks, Fran examined the car, noting changes and repairs, then jumped into her accustomed seat behind the wheel, impatient to be off. Nelson and she talked mechanics and automobiles until they began to come into the vicinity of the college, when Fran became suddenly absorbed in watching the people on the street. In was noon time and boys were all coming from the campus bound for their various boarding houses, laughing, talking and whistling.

"Well, dog'on it, if there isn't Fran Blair. Hi, Fran!"

Fran, attracted by the call, brought the throbbing car to a graceful stop at the curb. She was immediately besieged by a crowd of laughing, enthusiastic boys who fired question after question at her and talked altogether until Fran raised her hands in bewilderment. At that second she glanced up the street and saw coming toward her—Arnold Bruce, with the same long stride and high-held head. The boys parted as he approached, and left her with a "See you later, Fran," or "How about a

game of tennis soon?" that Arnold might have the field.

"Well, Fran, will you please tell me when *you* hit town? Why didn't you let me know?" Arnold spoke as if hurt.

"I wanted to surprise you, Arnold. I came about a quarter of an hour ago. Are you glad to see me?" Fran laughed happily.

"Glad to see you? You're just as good looking as ever, too, aren't you, Fran? May I come over this evening? I want to talk to you."

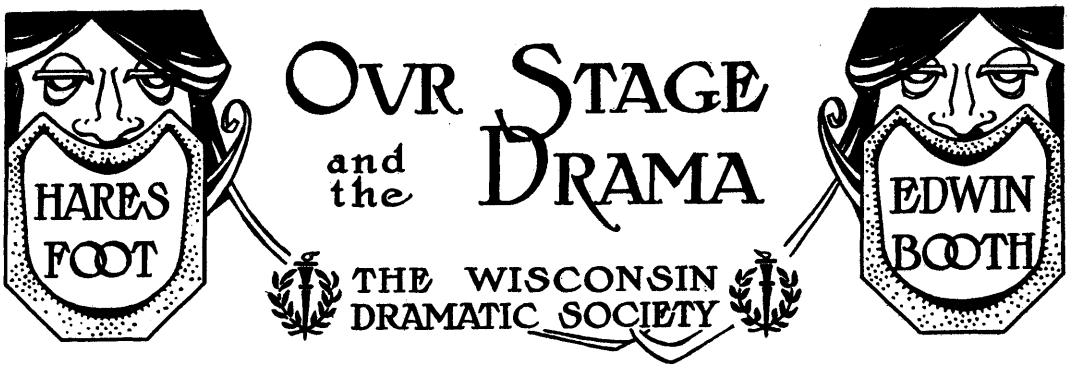
"Yes, but come to supper, too, at six." Fran loosened the brake and shifted gears.

"Until then," said Arnold, raising his cap.

The big car rolled up the street. Fran gave the wheel to the chauffeur and sat lost in thought the rest of the way to the beautiful house on the hill where a mother and sister were anxiously waiting her arrival. Changed?—she thought to herself with a catch in her throat. Oh, how changed! He's not the same spontaneous, open-souled boy he used to be, not the same frank honest-eyed Arnold of last year. What can it be that has changed him so? She was almost on the verge of tears, but caught herself quickly and tried to forget for the sake of the happiness which her home-coming was going to be to her mother.

Chapter IV.

Arnold filled his pipe for the third time. Blowing a cloud of smoke from his mouth and settling back into his chair by the window, he became lost in thought for the second time. It was late in the evening of the same day, the day Fran had come home, and he had returned but a short time ago from seeing her. The window by his side was open, and a soft breeze fanned his face as he sat there gazing intently into the far-off. Some one was playing a violin in the neighborhood and the soothing sound came clearly through the night air, but it disturbed him for he wanted absolute quiet just now. With a final sobbing note the violinist stopped his playing, and Arnold, with a sigh of relief settled farther down into his chair. How good it had been to see Fran again. She was so wholesome, so bright, so natural that her personality seemed to have made him glow all over, to feel more alive than he had for a long time. Her healthy interest in what he had been doing, her solicitation over his illness, her fresh and enlivening conversation about things outside his present sphere had brought him out of himself, had awakened something indefinable within him which ached for expression. He wanted to go out, stretch his arms wide under the great heavens and shout. He wanted to run away and run and run until he could run no more and fell exhausted to the ground. He wanted—but why dwell upon what he wanted, Fran had said he was different, had changed. She said he was no longer natural, frank and wholesome as he used to be. She was disappointed in him, he saw plainly, and it hurt. He had changed? He hadn't noticed the change in himself. It was Fran who had changed—not he. That was the trouble, but had she changed? She was just the same spontaneous and hearty person, as ever, she did seem the same. Well, it must be he who was different, after all. But what had brought about that change? He pulled hard at his pipe and frowned. Helene! His talk with her after he had come from Fran's that evening when he had explained where he had been, and shown her his enthusiasm over seeing Fran again, came back to him with unpleasant force. She had greeted him coldly and had spoken rather tartly of his attitude toward Fran and the way he had left her without a word about the matter, or about where he was going. She didn't think he should have gone under the circumstances. *Under the circumstances? What* circumstances? Hadn't she just broken her engagement on his account; hadn't he given her to understand that he was in love with her—though surely he had not spoken yet—hadn't she——? But at this point she burst into hysterical weeping and Arnold left the room without a word.



*THE JAPANESE THEATRE

THE dramatic plays of Japan developed from an affiliation with the old musical comedies which grew out of the religious choral productions and which remind one of the Chinese drama. Dramatic literature can scarcely be said to be extant, although there have come to our knowledge the titles of various plays. The public theatres—they are still called "Greens" (Schiba-i), because in the early days plays were produced in the meadows and orchards until, according to one source, a certain Saruwaka Kanzaburo in Yedo opened the first playhouse in the year 1624, while according to another source, Mrs. Oknei Kabuki opened the first stage in Kiyoto in 1467—hence to attend the public theatres is a violation of good etiquette. The aristocratic gentlemen require the comedians to come to their own homes and perform there. For the masses, the attending of theatrical performances is one of the most important sources of enjoyment and is relished very patiently, for the performance lasts from "the hour of the rabbit until the hour of the monkey," i. e., from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. The plays themselves are but a loosely connected series of dramatical pictures; scenery received more close attention in the sixteenth century. Since the performances and the dialogues of these plays are frequently interspersed with music, song and dance, one can speak of the drama of the Japanese very properly as melodrama or simply opera. The Japanese designate them by Nô, and the history of their literature records that the Japanese operas are a thousand years older than those of the European nations, for even as early as the year 568 (after Christ) the poet and musician Hada Kawakatsu in Japan wrote not less than thirty-three musical plays. The Nô, by the way, differs from other dramatic writings in that it primarily offers short mythological sketches. Among the old lyrical-dramatical productions Takasagono Utai ranks the highest. The poetess Quo-no-Otsu portrayed in the sixteenth century, the romantic adventures of the hero, Yoschi-Tsune. The play Hashi-no Ki (Dwarfed Trees) from the seventeenth century, wherein the chorus narrates the stories that unite the scenes, was subjected to devotional hospitality.

It is true that the characters are frequently sharply drawn, and that single scenes are of realistic faithfulness and gripping power; it is also true that in the vaudeville a healthy natural humor does proclaim its privileges, but most frequently, an inartistic superficiality of the treatment of the material remains. Wherever the pathetical element enters, it appears artificial, manufactured. There is lacking the dramatic nerve of genuine pathos. Largely only dramatized pictures are offered from the most popular novels, and as in theme they are filled with deception,

***Editor's note. This is the second of a series of articles translated by the editor from *Scherr's Geschichte der Weltlitteratur*. The next translation will treat on the Drama of India.**

robbery, murder and harakiri. Besides the noble and uplifting elements, much freedom is given to the horrible and the obscene.

In the year 1868, after a furious civil war, that party was victorious which opened an entrance in the country for western culture. What effects the adoption of foreign elements will have on Japanese literature can scarcely be predicted now. Following the victory over China in 1896, the important influence up to this time of Chinese literature will grow less in proportion to that of the European influence. Numerous translations from occidental writings have enlarged the intellectual view and the realm of material. It is true that while modern narrators, Bakkin, Tsubouchi, (Shoseikatagi, student characters), Tamenaga, Rijo adhered only in a more or less degree to the affected style of the seventeenth century, Ozaki and with him a number of others, particularly in their imitation of the older Soikaku, adhered to this style. Other writers, however, embodied in their writings the language of the people, as particularly Jamada Taketaro in the novel, "Butterflies," which deals with material from the thirteenth century and with narratives from present life. Aside from poetry in the older classical verse forms, there exists, of course, not recognized in higher circles, the national poetry which treats on the late occurrences of the day. Story writers, in recent times have endeavored to construct their work on critical foundations. Really important, new productions of national stamp have not yet been developed out of the new spirit, although in most modern Japan there is great activity in poetic composition and literary authorship. In the year 1896 alone there appeared some 27,000 new books, among these, 982 of poetry, 462 romances and novels, the remaining treating on literature, critical writings, arts and sciences.

THE RIDERS TO THE SEA

Evincing the spirit of progressiveness which has characterized it from its beginning a little over a year ago, the Wisconsin Dramatic Society appeared first on the stage and formally opened the university season, Thursday afternoon, October 19. "The Riders to to Sea," a one-act play of Irish life by the late John Millington Synge of Dublin, was given on that date by the Milwaukee branch of the society. Strictly speaking, it was not a university production, but for that matter the Madison branch is not confined to students. The relations of the two branches are so intimate, their ideals are so nearly alike, and they are both so close to the inspiration of Professor Thomas Dickinson, who, by the way, is responsible for their inception and subsequent success, that the recent production was a matter of considerable student interest.

"The Riders to the Sea" was warmly received, again proving the popularity of the "cost drama." The cast of Milwaukeeans was entirely adequate, doing full justice to the rich lines of the Irish dramatist.

Similar performances will be given from time to time throughout the year and it is planned to have exchange performances between the Madison and Milwaukee branches. Rostand's "The Romancers," Villier's "De l'Isle," and others will be given.

The society has extended an invitation to those interested to join reading groups of from six to eight for the purpose of reading standard modern plays. The work will be in charge of Miss Margaret Ashmun of the university English department.

GERMANISTICHE-GESELLSCHAFT

THE dramatic work of the Germanistische Gesellschaft will start the early part of November with a reading of Schoenherr's "Glaube and Heimath," in which members of the German faculty will take part. Playlets, puppet shows and other forms of entertainment will be given from time to time later in the year.

The Germanistische Gesellschaft does for the German department what the Romance Language Club does for the French, in that it gives the student an opportunity to appreciate to much greater

extent the possibilities of German comedy and drama than he would by merely reading the text. Not only do the department dramatics enable the student to gain a better appreciation of the productions of the authors in which he is interested, but he loses for the moment the viewpoint of the scholar and as one of an interested audience, he enters into the spirit of the play as he could in no other way.

Those who attended the meetings of the Gesellschaft last year are looking forward with pleasure to this year's programme, and rightly, for the offerings of the society promise to be of the same high grade as of former years.

Japanese Theatre—The Stage, from Scherr's Weltlitteratur

RED DOMINO

FOLLOWING its custom of previous years the Red Domino society will produce a play this year, the merits of which have been fully tested on the professional stage. In the present instance it will be the late Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way," successfully acted on the metropolitan stage by Miss Maxine Elliott. "Her Own Way" is a glimpse of New York society through Mr. Fitch's opera glasses, and offers unusual opportunities for the member of Red Domino fortunate enough —or unfortunate—to secure the part originally played by Miss Elliott.

This announcement is of signal importance to the university dramatic world, for not only is it an addition to an already promising list of scheduled productions, but it is an assurance of a highly artistic performance.

"Her Own Way" will be the first independent production of the society since 1909. Last year Red Domino played jointly with the Edwin Booth society, giving Sutherland and Dix's romantic comedy, "The Road to Yesterday." Nineteen-ten was a year of idleness, while in 1909 was given Clyde Fitch's "Cousin Kate."

The success of the latter and its general adaptibility to the needs of the society have induced the members to use another Fitch play this year.

Rumor has it that Red Domino has told Edwin Booth to go to the "Dickens." Whether or no, it is expected that Miss Elliott will have to look close to her laurels.

EDWIN BOOTH

DUE TO unforeseen circumstances the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club will not present Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," as was originally announced. It seems that Martin Harvey, the English actor, has been given sole acting rights for the present season and that all outstanding manuscripts have been called in. "The Only Way," as this play is called, was acted some years ago by Henry Miller and with considerable success. Its revival is no doubt due to the coming Dickens' celebration.

The Edwin Booth Club is determined, however, not to be outdone in its ambition to revere the memory of the English novelist, and so has decided upon "Tom Pinch," a dramatization of the well known story of "Oliver Twist." It is thought that this will prove equally as good a vehicle as "The Only Way."

The first of a series of tryouts was held late in October.

The Junior Play Committee has announced a prize of $100 for the most acceptable manuscript for the Prom time show. All manuscripts must be in by November 16.

Herbert P. Stothart, director and composer of the Haresfoot operas, spent the major portion of October in New York in conference with Horatio G. Winslow, '04, author of this year's show. It is needless to say he returned brimful of ideas for dances and properties.

Japanese Theatre—The Parquet—Scherr's Weltlitteratur

ENTRE NOUS

STORY writers are reminded that The William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Contest closes on December 3. The conditions of this contest were fully set forth in the October number. Several stories have already been submitted, but we believe that a large number of them are still in the writing. To all contestants we wish good luck. The manuscripts will be returned to writers, provided specifically requested. A large number of stories have been contributed to the regular number of the magazine, and we wish to thank all contributors. If the stories are not used, we shall return them. We wish to emphasize the "shortness" of the short story. This publication is limited in its number of pages and it can readily be seen that a "long" short story, although of exceptional merit, cannot be seriously considered. A story of five typewritten pages is most desirable.

The Globe Theatre, London, built 1594
According to a modern drawing in the British Museum, London

PAN

Glenn Ward Dresbach

Why will you say that Pan is dead,
With his reed pipes scattered and torn?
I heard him play, where willows sway
By a stream of song that lilts away,
A melody made in the morn;
And he played of love and the sweets of a smile,
And of dreams come true in the Afterwhile,
Of the rose that hides the thorn.

Why will you say that Pan is dead,
With his reed pipes lost in the years?
I heard him weep with the winds that keep
Toll of the hearts o'er the land and the deep,
And he played with the drop of his tears
A melody made of the cries of the street,
Of the heavy throb of the passing feet,
Of the dead dreams and the fears.

Why will you say that Pan is dead,
With his reed pipes blown apart?
Even today you must hear him play,
Nor Gold nor Hell can drive him away
From the Fields of the Sun and the Mart,
Listen awhile! Ah, is he dead?
Each day he has come as the years have fled,
And piped the song in your heart.

WHEN I WAS at COLLEGE

"Geringes ist die Wiege des Grossen"

FACULTY LIGHTS

PROFESSOR M. V. O'SHEA, B.L. Cornell University, 1892. Activities in the university: debating society work, senior class orator, editor Cornell magazine, captain in the military department. "If I were to attend college again I would cultivate as broad an acquaintanceship with fellow students as possible. I would give a part of every day to some kind of athletics in the form of games. I would plan to work seven or eight hours every day without distraction of any kind, and then give the remainder of the waking hours to things I could get the most rest and recreation from. I would go in for studies that would interpret the laws of the intellectual, social and physical world about me, and I would pass up all subjects designed merely for 'discipline' or 'self-improvement.' I would try to map out a program of work calculated to train for efficiency, instead of simply to give static knowledge."

Published works are "Aspects of Mental Economy," "Education As Adjustment," "Dynamic Factors in Education," "Linguistic Development and Education," "Every-Day Problems in Teaching" (in press). Has edited "Home and School Classics" in ten volumes, is editor of the "Wisconsin Journal of Education," and associate editor of three national educational magazines.

PROFESSOR CARL RUSSELL FISH, A. B. Brown University, 1897. Took no part in athletics, music, journalism, dramatics or forensics. If he were to take his college course over again, however, he would take up canoeing, cross-country running, dramatics and work on the Badger. "I was class historian, active in my fraternity, took part in class meetings, attended all college productions, but took no part except on the cheering line. I devoted considerable time to study outside the class work, and was in nearly everything of that kind. I probably would have gone in for journalism if I had been pushed."

Professor Fish has published "Civil Service and the Patronage," "Guide to Materials for American History in Roman and Other Italian Archives," "Syllabus of Lectures on American History," and numerous articles on history and traveling in magazines and publications of learned societies.

PROFESSOR E. B. SKINNER, Ohio University, A.B. 1888. Took part in all the musical activities that were going, and was editor-in-chief of the college paper one year. Did his part as a member of one of the college literary societies. "If I were to attend college again I would seek some institution (not necessarily a large one) which afforded better opportunities for extended work along certain lines. I would choose one line and devote at least one-third of my time to it, not neglecting the things that give one a knowledge of the world.

"Educational conditions in the small institutions were wholly different twenty-five years ago from what they are now in our larger institutions." Published works, "Teniary Monomial Substitution Groups,"

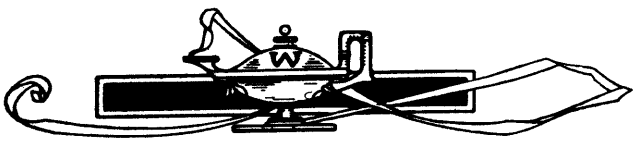
"Determination of the Value of the Right of Way of Wisconsin Railways," "High School Course in Mathematics," and articles in various educational journals.

PROFESSOR T. H. DICKINSON, Ohio University, 1899, Ph.B. Wrote for the college paper, and was representative of the city paper in the university. Took part in dramatics, won state oratorical contest, and took second place in the interstate-central oratorical contest.

"What I have to say applies to myself alone and not to other people necessarily. It seems to me that if I had to do it over again I would plan my work more systematically. It took me many years to learn any particular thing I was interested in. In this respect my college course was not a success. I wish now that I had worked harder on certain definite things. However, I was always busy, and perhaps my activities paid, although I saw few results. I got my best results out of work outside of college; I didn't take full advantage of collegiate opportunities."

PROFESSOR F. W. ROE, Wesleyan University, A.B. 1897; Columbia University, A. M. 1904, Ph.D. 1909. Professor Roe was business manager of the baseball team, and president of the Republican club. "I would, if I were an undergraduate again, take a broad liberal course of study, though it might not include exactly the same studies as were included in the old course. I would take part also in college activities." Professor Roe has published "Thomas Carlyle As a Critic of Literature"; has edited Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," and was joint editor with Professor T. H. Dickinson of "Nineteenth Century Prose."

PROFESSOR F. L. PAXSON, Pennsylvania, B.A. 1898, Ph.D. 1903. Harvard M. A. 1902. Professor Paxson took no active part in outside activities, and would do about the same things if he were to take his college course over again. His works are "The Independence of the South American Republics," in 1903; "The Last American Frontier," in 1910; "The Civil War," in 1911.



The University of Wisconsin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Special Courses in the College of Letters and Science

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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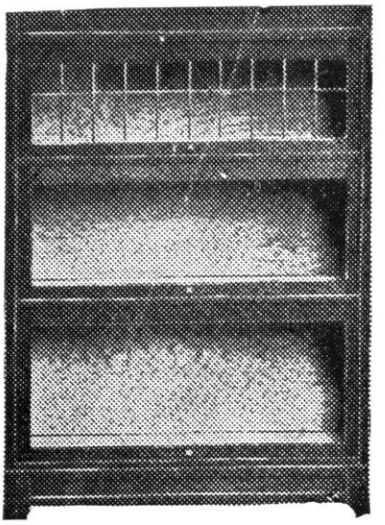

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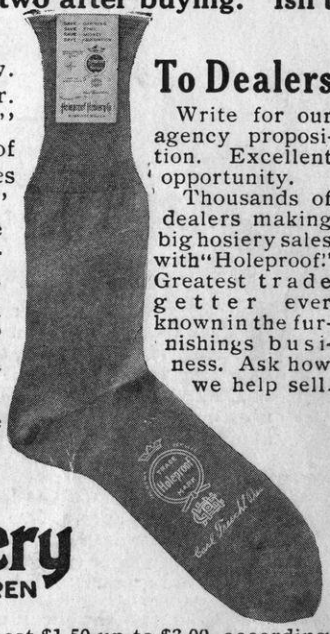

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