The Wisconsin magazine. Vol. VIII, No. 3 December 1910

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], December 1910

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE "STUDENTS MISCELLANY," FOUNDED IN 1849

Published Monthly from October to May, Inclusive, by the
Wisconsin Literary Magazine Association (*Inc.*)

Entered at the Post Office at Milwaukee, Wis., as second class mail matter.

VOLUME VIII. **DECEMBER, 1910** NUMBER 3

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Terms: $1.50 per year if paid before December 15th. $2.00 if paid after December 15th of the current year. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the front entrance to Main Hall, or contributions be mailed to the editor and subscriptions to the business manager. If the magazine is not delivered by the third of every month please phone the manager. The management is not responsible, however, for the non-delivery of the magazine if the address of the subscriber is changed without notice.

Entered at the Post Office, Milwaukee, Wis., as mail matter of the second class.

Published at 385 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis., by The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated.

Monthly from October to May, inclusive.

Branch Office, 521 N. Henry Street, Madison, Wis. Phone 1684.

The Problem of the Eleven

CHESTER C. WELLS

Can Wisconsin come back?

Is the athletic situation at Wisconsin such that we can never again hope to have a victorious football season; that we can never turn out the teams of old Phil King's day; that we must calmly relegate ourselves to the second rater shelf and see the smaller colleges leap past us and occupy the center of the football stage, as the ones with the only real football teams?

Many believe the answer is yes. It appears to them that Wisconsin must decide a momentous question, moral and scholastic, for the whole collegiate world. It seems that Wisconsin must sacrifice herself on the altar of public good; that she must give up her triumphant football career for many years and pass to the sidelines to vindicate the principles that dominate here.

There are those who affirm that unless Wisconsin recedes from her stand, scholastically, by lowering again the eligibility requirements, her days of football are over. They further declare that Wisconsin must resort to the same corrupt practices as do many other large universities in securing and keeping her athletics, or the only alternative is the ever continuance of such seasons as the one just closed.

Are they right?

Without conceding this viewpoint, let us review the situation. How does the fact that eastern schools may, or do, use cor-

rupt methods in maintaining athletic teams, affect Wisconsin. In the first place, Wisconsin may not play a single game with eastern teams, but we certainly may play with western teams that play eastern games, and so directly home to us comes the necessity of a team as strong as this or that college in the "cultured east." And again, do we not constantly lose valuable players to the eastern schools?

There is no question about the fact that a winning football team is the best advertisement a university can have. This fact was recognized even by Wisconsin in years gone by. Today, however, the student who looks for a college where his athletic ability will mean something, never hears of Wisconsin unless in a disparaging manner, but constantly are glowing pictures of this school and that school, with championship teams, thrust before him. Is it any wonder that Wisconsin suffers as a result?

The writer simply offers this argument. It was presented to him by a faculty man who voiced the sentiment of a large number of gridiron enthusiasts. But even the majority is generally wrong, we are told, and this analysis may be entirely "off side." Whether it be true or not, Wisconsin certainly does not want to back down now and say, "We were wrong. Our scholastic standardization was too high. Our methods of absolute squareness were not successful. Come on to Wisconsin if you weigh 200 pounds or over. If you promise to play football for all your are worth, we will see that you get your sheepskin. If you need financial assistance, we might find a job somewhere." Shame on Wisconsin if she ever utters a statement like that, or if her students ever expect it of her.

Wisconsin students will remain men. But we hasten to answer our own question. Wisconsin can certainly "come back." We have a mighty task ahead in developing a winning team next year, and a task in which every man has a distinct part.

In this necessarily pessimistic article there come few occasions for statements of the optimist, but, nevertheless, the horizon is not all black. Wisconsin will have a line exceeding an average of 180 to 190 pounds in weight next year, if she can keep her men eligible.

Eligibility. Of all the needs of Wisconsin's football, eligibility is the greatest. It is the bugaboo that hovers over the every act of the university athlete. It is primarily responsible, not only for the presence of so many desirable football men in the bleachers, but for the mighty influx of native-bred athletes to the universities of other states. It deprives us of teams, of victories, and of honor. Where rests the trouble? Other schools have eligibility problems, but they are infinitesimal beside the aspects assumed by the eligibility question at Wisconsin

It is patent that Wisconsin will not lower her standards, despite the fact that they are probably the highest of any in the country. Moveover, men must be eligible hereafter if Wisconsin ever hopes to continue her position, athletically, among her sister universities. The players surely do their best. The responsibility then shifts to the student body. If Wisconsin's best football men are not eligible next year the student body will be to blame. Within a short time a system is to be inaugurated by a student committee to work for eligibility. A plan that has been outlined by leading fans proposes to call for a volunteer committee. Everyone who is willing to devote a portion of his time to assisting athletes when they need a little help in getting their work will be asked to join the movement. It is by no means expected that man's work is to be done for him simply because he can play football, but many a time a five-minute talk over a difficult problem or passage of literature will give a man a whole new start in his course. This task student volunteers will be scheduled to perform It will be their business to keep thoroughly in touch with the work of their especial proteges as far as those men are willing.

Then, too, the faculty of the athletic department proposes to wage a ceaseless battle against ineligibility. When the season is over the coaches will begin immediately on their work for the succeeding year. Each week reports will be procured, detailing the progress of each player. When a man drops toward the danger

mark the athletic instructors will be immediately made aware of the condition, and in plenty of time to prevent disaster at the end of the semester.

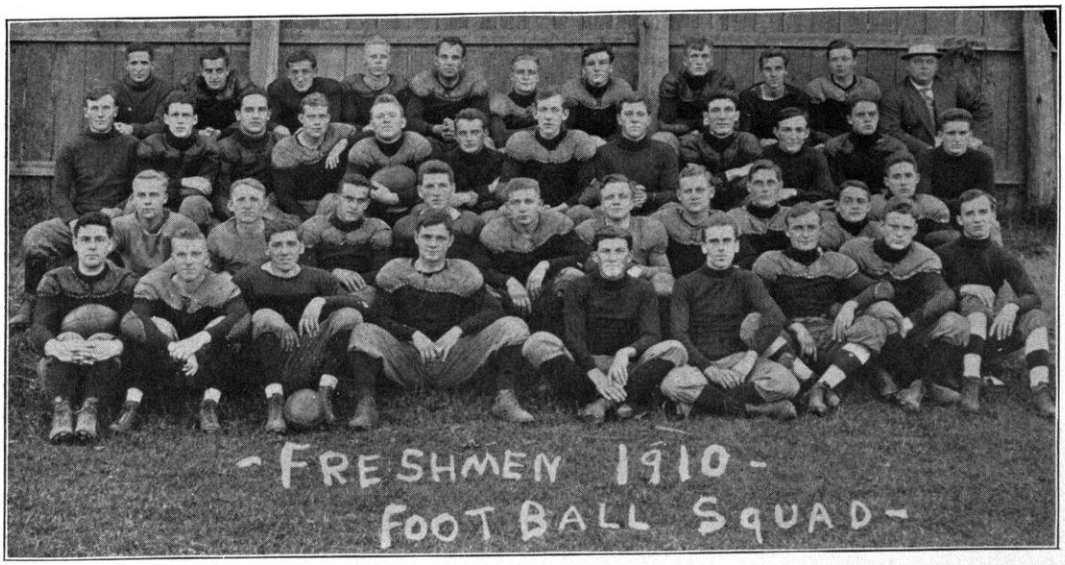
Just the same the direct responsibility falls back on the student body, and the student body of Wisconsin will respond to the appeal that may be made, and Wisconsin athletes will be eligible next year.

And then there is the seven game schedule. With all the best athletes on the Badger team it would be unfair to ask them to accomplish in five real, hard games, what their opponents are accomplishing in seven. That Wisconsin must have the seven game schedule is certain. That Wisconsin is entitled to the same opportunities her opponents have should be manifest. That the student body has shown that the question of the seven game schedule would not discommode classes or interfere with law and order on the Hill has been demonstrated by the conduct during the past season, for at no time when enthusiasm was out of place was it manifested. The leading professors of the university have practically promised the seven game schedule; the student body has vindicated itself from the charge that more games would mean greater upheaval and disruption of class work. Now let's have the seven game schedule.

What about the faculty attitude? Those who have analyzed the situation declare that the working out of the eligibility problem will dissipate forever the objections of any of the faculty members who may have resented football's interference with university work in the past, hence this problem need no longer worry anyone. Their argument is sound and logical.

But, one says, there is objection to the coaches, and to the physical training department, and to the athletic council, and to the administration of the department in general. A new management is on trial in Wisconsin athletics, with everything in its favor thus far. There may be just criticism, but it is more than counterbalanced by the good results that have been wrought. Give Director Ehler a fair chance to make good, and give Coach Barry your own heartiest co-operation from now on in the campaign for eligibility and the seven game schedule.

Wisconsin can "come back" and Wisconsin will. A bad season is past, but it has done us good. Something simply had to "break" in Wisconsin football, and the disaster is over for all. Wisconsin spirit and Wisconsin energy will combine, and that line of beef, brawn and muscle, averaging 185 pounds, will be as much a reality when the first whistle blows in 1911 as it is a prospect today.



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In the Gift-God's Praise

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

From the fields where the flocks of the Shepherds fed,
From the shores where the Fishermen's nets were spread,
From the frown of the Cross where the Master bled,
Have the shamed and the lost in the darkness cried:
"In our power we scorned thee, O Lord," and died.
And the tears and the blood on the shattered shrines,
And the lies and the lust of the golden days
Are as fresh and as sad as the prophet's lines
As we turn to the Lord in praise.

As in times of old
Lift the heights of the morn where the dawn-wind sings
Till the wares in the marts of the days are sold,
And the day lies cold
In the glint of the gold on the west wind's wings.
There are men with bitter sermons to preach
For their hearts are bitter and ill,
There are men with a song in the depths of the soul,
And the song will not be still.
There are fields of the grain and fields of the tares
By the world wide ways we tread
In the times that we live, and we take and we give,
And we profit by years that are dead.

But where are the gods that they knew of old,
The clean-limbed gods with their sun-kissed hair?
We look in the book where their tales are told;
They are only there.
But still it seems in the beat of rain,
The warm sweet rain from the sky-fount's mouth.
That we hear again
The gods' soft feet and the songs in the south.
But we live in the Real,
And dream the Ideal,
And the gods that are dead have left but One,
The Gift-God, the one God. His will be done!

Now the reapers have reaped where the seeds were sown,
And the Gift-God eyes have smiled on his Own.
From the frown of the cross came the pilgrim throng
To the gates of the west and they shouted a song;
And the new and the strong land has given them fruit,
And their hearts are of men and are less of the brute.
Now we know that the Proud in the darkness cried;
We have read that they called to the Lord, and died;
And we strike at the Ill till the whole world hears,
And the eyes are turned to the flag that swings
All its folds by the gloss of the Eagle's wings.
But the while all the ills of the yearning years
Are at strife in the heart and at play with tears;
And the starvelings cry in the market place,
And the weary and fallen have doubted Grace;
And a thousand wrongs and a million fears
We have left in their hells as we scanned the years.

"We are the Power," have said the hosts
Down the dim ages that reek with tears,
And they pass to the silence poor gaping ghosts!
What have we learned from the work of years?
What have we learned? Too little to praise,
Though we deem we have learned the world worn ways.
We have followed the sun and have marked the earth;
We have aided the powers of death and of birth;
We have sailed at last as the fleet birds sail;
We have wrapped the flag on the frozen pole,
And what can it all to the Land avail
If the flame of its Pride must burn its Soul?

From the hills of the morn where the dawn-wind sings,
From the glint of the gold on the west wind's wings,
Have we sowed, have we reaped as we have sowed,
And we turn at last down the sunset road;
And we lift our songs at the task of days
To the heights of the stars in the Gift-God's praise.
And out of the star-lands low on the sea
Answers the Voice as the night wind mourns,
"Love is the gift that I give to thee;
Love is the balm that healed in me
The wounds of the spear and thorns!"

Note: Printed with permission of La Follett's Weekly Magazine.

A Call From Afar

BELLE FLIGELMAN

The theater was over. The crowd in the great, dimly lighted opera house had gone, and the men in the orchestra were putting up their instruments. Carl Baer tenderly pulled his green felt bag over his cello and sat with both arms clasped about its bulky form and stared into the black emptiness of the pit.

"Aren't you coming, my friend?"

Baer started as he felt a light touch on his shoulder.

"Coming? Yes, yes—to be sure I'm coming. But where?"

"To Meinich's. All the boys are going to celebrate the successful performance. Don't you see they're all going? Ruehl Ernst and I waited for you."

"Kind of you—kind of you, Meyer. Yes—let us hurry."

Meyer glanced at him keenly.

"You don't want to go?" he asked kindly.

"Well, no. I tell you what. You and Ruehl come up to my room. There we can talk—alone—by ourselves."

"Good—I'd like that. Ruehl has never been up. It will do him good."

"Perhaps. Ruehl is so young. Boys can't make music. It takes a man to play. He has not yet learned to love his violin. He thinks he loves it, but look! He leaves it there in the case all night. Bah! the boy doesn't know what music is."

"Hush—here he comes. Ruehl, we're not going to Meinich's with the others. We're going up to Baer's room. You'll like it there."

"To be sure I'll like it. Can't I carry your cello for you, Herr Baer? It's pretty big."

Carl Baer looked up kindly at the tall young fellow.

"Thank you—no," he said. "I carry it myself—see?" and he picked it up and led the way out into the street.

They did not have far to go and they soon stopped for a moment before a little cobbler's shop, through the lighted window of which could be seen an old man still bending over a shoe, and beside him, sitting on a low stool, a beautiful young girl of perhaps sixteen years. She was dressed simply, and her wavy black hair was drawn loosely away from her exquisitely tinted face and coiled in a loose knot.

"Ah, she is lovely," Ruehl sighed, as they turned in at the next door and climbed up three flights of stairs.

"Yes," Meyer said, "she is lovely."

Baer said nothing, but led the way down a narrow hall and stopped before a door. Both his arms were around his green-covered cello, and he presented a picture that to Meyer seemed almost pathetic, but to Ruehl bordered on the ridiculous.

"Open the door, please, Ruehl," Baer said. "It isn't locked. Poor people don't need to lock their doors, because nobody thinks of coming in. That is one good thing about being poor," and he smiled.

"Poor?" said Ruehl, as he opened the door and allowed the two older men to go before him. "I consider that we're well paid. We're supposed to be the best paid orchestra in New York. Is it not so?"

"Some people are poor," Meyer volunteered, "even if they're well paid. If they delight in playing tricks on an old cobbler by dropping big checks over the transom when the old man has gone to bed, they can't be rich. It is great fun to watch the old man's surprise the next morning. Is it not so Baer? It makes a man poor, but he likes to have his little fun. *Nicht wahr?*"

Baer said nothing, but as he bent down and touched a match to the fireplace, his hand trembled slightly, and he drew back

to let the ruddy flame throw its light across the room.

"Be seated," he said abruptly, as he drew up the only three chairs in the large, barely furnished room. "And you will smoke—not those nasty cigarettes, Ruehl —but a pipe—*ja?*"

He offered matches from a queer little ivory box which he said he had picked up in Italy, and the three smoked in silence for some minutes. While the two older men stared at the fire, Ruehl let his glance wander about the room, for it was all new to him. The only picture was a portrait of a beautiful woman who Ruehl guessed at once was Baer's mother. She had the same kind eyes and the same wonderful expression about the mouth.

There was no carpet on the smooth brown floor—only a couple of soft, dull-colored rugs—and there were soft brown hangings at the windows. Everything about the room was soft and brown. The simplicity of the room at once put Ruehl at his ease, and yet aroused his interest.

It was Meyer who spoke first.

"You played hard tonight," was all he said.

"Yes, I played hard tonight," Baer repeated dreamily, and the silence continued.

Suddenly he got up and took the bag off his cello. He stood undecided for a moment and then drew his bow plaintively across the strings. A pitiful human cry seemed to come from the instrument, and the notes softened into the most wonderful strain Meyer had ever heard. The soft, soothing voice of the thing seemed to talk and tremble. Once it broke out into a loud wail, but died down again into a soft beautiful melody. When Baer had finished, tears were coursing down his wrinkled cheeks, and he sat down again with his arm around his cello.
hoarsely, *"wunderschoen!"*

Ruehl looked curiously at the two men so full of emotion. They seemed to have forgotten his very existence, and he was glad. He did not seem to have any place in the situation. He was a mere onlooker, and in the silence that followed, he felt painfully the lack of something in his nature—he knew not what—but it seemed to be a lack of sympathy, a lack of depth —he could not analyze it.

Finally Baer sat up and looked critically at his guests.

"Listen," he said, "I will tell you a story."

He leaned back again and stared at the fire for several seconds before he began. The firelight threw fitful shadows over his face, and emphasized the deep wrinkles across his forehead and thin cheeks.

"Once there was a little boy," he began. "Oh, not so very little, either—say twelve years old—and he lived in a little German town with his mother. The boy had ambition."

He looked hard at Ruehl for a moment and asked, "Do you know what ambition is, Boy?"

"Yes, Herr Baer, of course—"

"No—you don't. Some day you'll know, perhaps. Maybe you have ambition now—maybe you have—but you don't know it. You won't know it till someday. Then, perhaps you will know—perhaps.

"Well, this boy had ambition. He didn't know it, but he does now—" He paused awhile as if in deep thought and went on.

"He liked music, this boy, and he used to try to play on his—oh, say his—"

"Cello?" Ruehl suggested.

"Yes, Boy, his cello." Baer smiled his approval.

"One day his mother died." He paused again, and a wonderful tenderness crossed his face, "and the boy was taken by an old uncle, who taught him how to play on his cello. He lived with his uncle for eight years, and then his uncle died, leaving him without a relative in the world, but in the hands of the finest music master in Italy. Here he studied for seven more years, and the night before he was to leave Italy something happened."

Baer seemed to have forgotten his audience, and talked only to the fire, stroking his cello gently as he talked.

"That night he went to the concert hall with his master to hear a great singer. Ah, she was lovely! She was indeed lovely. She was young—oh, so very young to be singing there on the stage! She had raven hair, and a fair complexion. And

eyes! Ah, such eyes! They were brown —I have never seen such brown eyes. They were a warm, soulful brown—a *feeling* brown—what you would call here in America *a sympathetic* brown, yes?

"But the boy did not think of that till afterwards. It was her voice that night that seemed to wring his very heart. She was magnificent! And when the concert was over, the boy was exhausted with admiration.

"'You like her?' the master asked; 'I am to have her and some friends for an hour or so tonight to celebrate her success. Come—you shall meet her.'

"That night the boy lived in a dream. He was a boy no longer. He was a man—had grown to manhood in a few hours—and he had met the one woman he could ever love. He did not leave Italy the next day, as he had planned. Instead, he stayed on and on, and night after night he heard the woman sing. All Italy was going wild over her. She sang to the king, and he praised her. She had won the hearts of millions of people. And *she?* She told the boy she loved him, one night after a concert."

Baer's voice trembled, and the lines on his face seemed deeper than before, but he went on without stopping.

"She told him she would love him always, and only him. She told him that she had only one relative in the world and that was a brother—an older brother whom she had never remembered seeing, but who paid for her education. He had seriously objected to her going on the stage. He was not rich, but he had spent all he had for her happiness, and then when she at last went on the stage, she had sent him a message to America telling him of her success. But he evidently had never received the message, or else he did not want to spoil her career by inopportune advice. At any rate, she had never heard from his since, and he was lost to her.

"The strangest thing of all was that he did not seem to care. She had done her duty, she said, and she could do no more. The boy began to wonder at the woman who could have the heart of a nation, but who seemed to care so little about what had become of the brother who had bought her happiness for her. He could no longer admire her. But he still loved—ah, how he loved!

"Strange how a man can love a woman he does not admire! Perhaps it was her mere fascination that made him love her. Ah, she was superb! And finally the boy left Italy, and the woman promised she would marry him when he returned from his concert tour. *She would marry him!* My God, how I loved that woman, and how I worked to be worthy of her love! And when I returned to Italy—there was a message for me—she had married another man!"

Baer stopped, breathless, and a hard look gleamed in his eye.

"She gave no explanation, but hoped I'd soon forget.

"Forget! Forget! When I die, the heart of my ghost will cry out for her. I learned to *hate* her, yet all these years I have lived for her. A man has to have someone to live for—" his voice broke piteously, but after a few moments he went on calmly.

"Tonight she seemed very near to me—oh, so very near! I almost fancied she was calling me. That is why I played so hard tonight. That is why I could not go to Meinich's. *You* have seen her. Her name is Blumann!"

Both his listeners started. Blumann! Blumann! The most noted prima donna of the day. Who did not know Blumann? The world was still paying tribute to her, and had paid tribute to her for over thirty years.

Suddenly Baer sprang to his feet and began to draw his bow violently across the strings of his instrument. It was a fierce, wild cry that came forth—a piercing, passionate, bitter cry. Great drops of perspiration stood out on the little man's forehead, and he rocked to and fro in his emotion.

He stopped as suddenly as he had begun and he sat down with his arm still embracing his cello. He talked calmly now, and his eyes grew tender.

"You have seen her—this woman—both of you. You have sat in the pit with thousands of others and have loved her

too. But tell me, Meyer, does not the little black-haired girl downstairs remind you strangely of this woman? Something about her hair and eyes—her brown eyes. Was she not lovely as we looked in tonight? Sometimes I have a strange fancy —but it is mere fancy!"

A knock at the door startled all three of the men; and before anyone could answer, it opened and and the cobbler's granddaughter from downstairs stood before them. She was pale and trembling and beautiful, and her big brown eyes shone black in the firelight glow.

"Pardon, Herr Baer," she panted, "but would you please come down? It is late I know, but grandfather—he has had bad news. You are our only friend,—oh, please come quickly. He acts queerly, and I am so frightened."

The three men sprang up quickly and followed the girl down the dark stairs. Outside the newsboys were calling at the tops of their voices, "Extra—all about the death of the great singer!" But neither Baer nor Meyer nor Ruehl heard them. As they entered the little shop below, Meyer and Ruehl stopped at the doorway, while Baer and the girl went over to the silent, bowed man on the couch. At the sight of the two, the cobbler seemed to come out of his stupor. He put out his rough hand and touched Baer's face as the little old musician bent over him.

"Ah, you have a soul," the cobbler said. "You have loved and suffered. I know it because I have heard you play. I have suffered, too— My God, how I have suffered! Yes—and tonight—tonight she died—my sister—my little sister who never knew me."

The Love In Vain

PAUL MAHONE

The love in vain is like the thorn
Beside the red rose in its bloom,
Where sweet dews linger in the morn,
And night winds in the gloom.

And when the rose is blown at last
The thorn lifts to the wild gray sky—
When all the golden days are past
It waits, and cannot die.

It feels the beat of chilling rain,
It hears the sad winds sob a prayer,
But all the while it lives again
The days the rose was there.

Has Our Wisconsin Spirit a Mercenary Tendency?

THEO. R. HOYER

Much complaint has been made of late by leaders in students' activities and by faculty members, who are in close touch with student interests, that our so-called Wisconsin spirit does not possess genuineness, that in back of that spirit there is not that true sincerity which should be vital in the maintenance of any college spirit. One of our coaches who had been connected with other schools for many years was surprised to learn of the necessity of calling mass meetings in order to arouse the students' interest in coming events like that of football games.

The appearance of only fifteen students at the railroad station on a recent Sunday noon, at the time of the return of Wisconsin's defeated team from Indiana, caused considerable discussion and criticism on the part of those students who watch and study our college spirit in its reality.

Rooters have had few opportunities to witness the practices and scrimmages of our football teams this year, and still the attendance, when there was an open practice, was nothing at all out of the ordinary. Our team has not been victorious thus far, and the result has been that our spirit has waned. We have been accused of lying down. Cardinal communications from Dr. McCarthy were necessary to remind the student body of its duty in getting and remaining behind the football team regardless of defeats or victories. Editorials in the Daily Cardinal admitted that the spirit had not been kept alive and that Dr. McCarthy's communications were welcomed and deserving of attention. In short, it was felt by all those interested in the welfare of Wisconsin that this year particularly was not very satisfactory in so far as the display of our much-lauded Wisconsin spirit was concerned. In one literary society a student went so far as to call the election for student conference representatives an issue between "barb" and "frat." No wonder then that the question has been raised, "Why are conditions as they are? What's becoming of our Wisconsin spirit?"

Ever since the foundation of Harvard up to the present day, college men have asserted their claims to that peculiar "something," which they are pleased to call college spirit. The people of the country, and especially those in college towns, have received all sorts of demonstrations which they were very considerately told were true expressions of college spirit. Yes, almost every one from the most harmless bookworm up to the most violent rowdy has been accused of possessing college spirit. Truly, there must be a mark of identification somewhere. We ought to be able to tell with reasonable exactness just what true college spirit is and who possesses it.

College spirit is not a selfish act on the part of the student to gather the most from the school for his own benefit; neither is it rodyism, but it is that unselfish impulse which prompts a student to place the interest of his school before his own, to do always what is best for his alma mater. In this discussion the writer is dealing with the question of whether our college spirit shows mercenary tendencies. What is understood by mercenary tendency? This term should be understood to stand for that particular kind of a tendency which makes evident the fact that our college spirit must be inflamed every so often; that it must be prepared

by some few student leaders and dished out to the masses in meetings of the entire student body called together for that purpose. It is not the intention of the writer to use the word mercenary in the sense that pecuniary rewards must be realized in the end, but that victory or special honors must be the end of the Wisconsin spirit.

To some readers the very idea of thinking of our much reverenced spirit as becoming mercenary may be shocking, but let us get away from the world of delusion and deception and look at things as they are. Let us say with Burns, "O wad some power the giftie gee us to see ourselves as ithers see us." If our Wisconsin spirit does show mercenary tendencies, let us admit the fact and remedy the evil before the spirit really is mercenary.

The calling system which was instituted here last year for the sake of experiment has proved to be a failure. Only some one hundred and fifty letters of the many sent out have been returned by the upper classmen. By all appearances this system will not again be tried. The system aimed to benefit the school at large, to foster Wisconsin spirit, but evidently students were not very much interested in its success. There was no personal gain to be expected. On the contrary, calls meant sacrifice of some time. In inter-class athletics little interest and spirit is shown. Class numerals do not seem to have the attraction that a "W" has. The interclass cross country races this fall were not representative of the four classes. Eighteen men out of some thirty-five hundred male students participated in the run. This may have been due to the fact that interclass athletics never have reached a very high state of interest in our university.

Two hundred big bills and one thousand "dodgers" were distributed on the campus before the Minnesota game in order to make sure that students would hurry their lunch and give the team a demonstration of loyalty, their college spirit. In connection with that a Cardinal story and an editorial were provided in order to make perfectly certain that a turnout would be assured. A mass meeting was called shortly before the Indiana game and speakers provided so that the Wisconsin spirit might reach a high degree of intensity and fill the audience with enthusiasm. In spite of the fact that one of the speakers that night maintained that unless as many students would be at the station when the team returns as were then attending the meeting, "Our Wisconsin spirit would be all hot air," only fifteen students appeared at the station, among them being four coeds. Out of our large number of students attending the university, it is easy to pick a handful who are leaders in creating our college spirit. In fact, we have only one cheer leader. Those who maintain further that our spirit has a mercenary tendency point to the lack of enthusiasm among students this fall because of the defeats of our football team. "Knocking" of our athletic department has been given publicity in the western metropolitan papers, and the head of our physical training department has been accused of going after the scalps of coaches and assistants. The loss of some promising football material has been laid to the door of the faculty and the athletic council. A general discontent with the whole athletic situation has been given publicity by the whole student body.

From these facts it becomes evident that the question of the development of a mercenary spirit has actually arisen and is now a vital issue. Those who point towards this development should therefore receive attention, and Wisconsin students should hear their case with that open mind which becomes every true college man.

Opposing the ideas that our spirit is taking on mercenary forms, some "rooters" maintain that students have always reported promptly at mass meetings and that the spirit shown there was real and genuine. Students have wilfully sacrificed their studies in order to take part in the meetings. Yes, students have and do cut classes in order to go to the station with the team. At times the spirit ran so high that university authorities had to step in and check it. The good behavior of the students on the question of hazing has been held up as a typical example of the

Wisconsin spirit. The social life at Wisconsin, some maintain, makes for true college spirit, and we have it in great abundance here. Parties and dances are weekly events. Finally the student body as a whole protested against the uncalled for publicity that Madison papers give their university on every possible occasion when the university can be involved in a scandal. Suggestions have been made that in order to protect the fair name of Wisconsin, the Madison newspaper offices be cleaned out from top to bottom by the students themselves.

It is generally conceded that there are but few students who take the initiative in college affairs, and that comparatively few students are capable of leading a crowd. The reason that we have but one cheer leader is due to the fact that "Red" Parker is an extraordinary good leader, and many students feel that they would be unwelcomed by the rooters if they should attempt to try it. It is true that the administration had been attacked by all sides because of the loss of players, and the ineligibility of players, but this article is not concerned with that question, neither is it concerned with the excessive spirit shown, since most of that is rodyism and not college spirit at all. The cutting of classes is not for the best interest of the university and should not receive any attention in this discussion.

The abolishment of hazing at our university is certainly most commendable and no class deserves more credit than the class of 1913, but to attribute the class' refrainment from hazing solely to the possession of a Wisconsin spirit is not justifiable, since the class was requested to promise not to haze this year. The writer fully appreciates the noble spirit shown by the class of 1913, but the very fact that this spirit was forced upon the class and did not originate in the class proves the very thing with which this article deals, namely, that the spirit shown was more or less mercenary, and hence this question is not open to further discussion.

It seems then that we are vitally concerned with these points that bills and "dodgers" are necessary to create our spirit. The Daily Cardinal had announced the time of the leaving of our football team for Minneapolis, and besides any man interested in the team at all would go to the trouble of finding out just when the team does leave and return. However, the special committee appointed for this "send-off" demonstration felt that it was absolutely necessary to advertise the facts as extensively as possible, and not trusting to the innate spirit of every student, it scattered far and wide the hand bills, asking every student "to be there."

The return of the team from Indiana was not advertised and the result was that only fifteen students met the defeated football men. Many students knew that the team would return at 1 o'clock Sunday noon, but evidently their dinner was more important. Their own desire for immediate personal good was greater than the desire to do something for their team. The excuse is offered that many students did not know about the team's return, but that is the very admission of the fact that they did not care to know, or did not go to the trouble to find out. The return of the team from Minneapolis was well advertised and the result was that several hundred students at least were at the station to meet the players.

The asserion that students laid down this year because of an unvictorious team cannot be disputed, because there was a general murmuring of discontent throughout the student body. Coach Barry had been made the victim of repeated attacks, if not in public, still behind his back during students' discussions. All hopes of winning games this year were abandoned and it took the spirit of the stronger students to interfere with the general "knocking" system that seemed to have developed in our midst. The editor-in-chief of the Daily Cardinal, in an answer to Dr. McCarthy's communication, criticising the existing apathy, admits this when he says, "We are glad you spoke, 'Mack,' we had earned your rebuke."

Wisconsin's calling system has proved a failure. The chairman's records show that some one hundred and fifty students made the calls. The chance for displaying true spirit has been allowed to slip by

because the calls evidently took up too much time.

It is true that students always reported promptly at mass meetings, but the general consensus of opinion seems to be that this year's mass meetings lacked the spirit of similar meetings in former years. Mass meetings serve a purpose, but as a means of arousing spirit they are at best the very thing which this article is trying to establish, namely, that the spirit does not come from within, but that it must be hired, must come from without.

Social events at the school have been held forth as an example of college spirit, but honestly now, my friend, is it not the personal pleasure, the pleasant pastime for yourself that you desire when you go out into society? There should be social life in a university, but when this takes on largely the form of class society then one cannot say that the school at large, that our democratic University of Wisconsin is directly benefited by it, that ideal college spirit is shown.

Protests against our city papers in regard to publishing uncalled for university news should arise from the student body, but why must these protests be lauded as college spirit? Is it not the very course of action anyone would pursue when his name is directly or indirectly dragged through the mire of illicit publicity? College spirit would indeed be at a low ebb if newspapers could unmercifully slaughter the fair name of the University of Wisconsin without protests of some form from members of the university. It is not a question here of the amount of so-called college spirit, but of the tendency of that spirit to become mercenary.

College spirit does not consist altogether in external displays. Some of it goes on silently. It has just been proved that we cannot dispute the facts of those who see a mercenary tendency in our Wisconsin spirit, and it has also become evident that the silent display of spirit has not been attacked. The reason for this is, of course, the fact that the men who are at the bottom of all student movements are not driven on by external forces. It is the true Wisconsin spirit that drives them on. It is the ideal spirit that prompts them to use their late midnight hours for the sake of their school. The "hurrah" element is eliminated, and only hard application of energy is the reward for their loyalty to Wisconsin. It can truthfully be said that the "silent" type of men are the true guardians of our ideal Wisconsin spirit. When occasion demands an external display of their spirit, we can rest assured that these men will be among the first to exhibit it. These are the men who prepare the spirit for the remaining crowd.

It is not until the students of Wisconsin fully realize their obligations to the school that they can be said to possess a true Wisconsin spirit. The student who merely takes to the spirit when it is in the air is a hypocrite. He pretends to give vent to a spirit which he never possessed. It is not until our college spirit issues forth spontaneously that we are entitled to call it the Wisconsin spirit. So long as it must be hired, so long as we must be told to get behind our team, so long as we base our spirit on victory, on personal gains, or selfish rewards, so long are we not entitled to associate our spirit with Wisconsin. If we cannot take the initiative, if we must create an artificial atmosphere in order to stir up spirit within us, then let us not have it at all. It is at best the gravest form of hypocrisy.

The Fool

JOHN SMITH

The gray pool rippled restlessly,
The north wind blew so chill;
The thin leaves rustled on the tree
And horn and hound were still.

The fool and the king were all alone.
The king wore a purple cloak;
The fool wore green and a cap and bells
And the fool was grave and spoke.

"Oh, I am only a fool," he said,
"Oh, I am only a fool."
And he looked at the king and laughed aloud
There by the forest pool.

"You know what you are," said the king—
His voice was cold and deep—
"I cannot say be I king or fool,
Some nights when I try to sleep."

"I once had a love," said the fool,
And he hummed a snatch of song.
"All things pass," said the king and frowned,
But the fool laughed long.

"Why do you laugh, my fool?" said the king,
"Dead loves should make one sad."
"I thought of her love for another man
And how it drove her mad."

And the king said never a word
While the fool's laugh rang out shrill;
The north wind blew o'er the pool
And the waters lapped so chill.

The fool's gray eyes half-closed,
His fingers opened wide,
And he drew a dagger from his belt
And threw it far aside.

"I am the king," said the king.
He laid a hand on his sword.
The fool threw away his cap and bells.
He answered never a word.

The cold wind blew again——
It wailed an eerie note;
The fool's lean fingers opened wide.
And he leaped at the king's bare throat.

The gray pool rolled so restlessly,
The north wind blew so chill,
The thin leaves rustled in the tree
And horn and hound were still.

The Duty of a Trainer

I. BERNSTEIN, Trainer, University of Wisconsin

To the average person not in athletics the word "trainer" carries but little meaning with it, and if one were asked to define exactly what the trainer did and what his duties were, the person would either be up against it for an answer or would reply in a general way, "That he is the man with the grip who runs out on the field when time is taken out, to mop off a few dirty faces with the same sponge." And in a way the answer wouldn't be so very far from right either, but that is only one of the things that its trainer has to do and by far the least important of all.

Exactly then, just what are these many duties; where are they performed, and in what way? First of all, and most important, it is up to the trainer and to him alone to see that the men are in condition not only to play in the games before the cheering crowds, but he must also see to it that they are able to get around day after day to take part in the hard practices that alone will enable them to do their best when the real test comes; for unless a man can practice daily, at the same time feeling that he just can't get enough work, his value to the team is depreciated by half. And how is this condition attained? In no other way than by giving to each individual player all his time. Looking after the slightest bruise the minute it occurs so that it will not get worse, taking a man from the game when he shows the slightest sign of having an off day, making them eat only those things which will be of benefit to them, and seeing to it that they are getting the necessary amount of sleep, are the duties of a trainer. On the face of it not a very small task when, as you have in football, there are some twenty odd men who must be taken care of and treated in the same way.

In general then this is what is required of the trainer, but to particularize. After each practice every man has to be tended to in some way or another so that there will be no chance of any one getting away for over night with anything the matter with him. It is the trainer who has to decide whether or not it is necessary for a player to have a rub-down and what the nature of it shall be, to give the minor cases to the average rubber and to take charge personally of the ones that take more than ordinary skill to handle, while sending the real serious cases to the medical department. But even with this done and the gym cleared for the night, when everyone else is spending the evening as he finds it necessary, the trainer's work is but half over, for there is no telling when he will get a hurry call to take care of some man who keeps getting worse as the night comes on. After the doctor's work is over he may have to sit up half the night tending to the wants of the patient. So it goes, day in and night out, all during the season, with the reward of self-satisfaction in view at the end of the season that he has done his work well and done his duty to the boys.

So much for the physical part of the "trainer's" life. But as if that wasn't enough there comes another part which he must do and equally well if he would be counted as a success in his line, namely, the mental part. For not a little in the final success of the season depends upon the way the men are handled between practices and games, for unless the men have the right sort of spirit instilled into them and their hard work made light of, the best results never can be obtained. In short, the trainer must get the confidence of each man and have him know that a personal interest is being taken in him individually, for without this bad spirit and dissension is sure to follow. Together with

this the trainer must always wear the smile that won't come off no matter what his own feelings may be or how badly he may feel when things break wrong for the team. He must always be there with the right word and the encouraging slap on the back and be able to make the boys feel their best when things are going the worst. Not an easy task at times.

So the trainer works year by year, getting blamed when things go wrong and receiving little praise when the championship is won. But it is a pleasant life at that, and when entered into in the right spirit it is something that one never will want to give up.

BABY BERNSTEIN, FOOTBALL MASCOT

The Way of the World

MAXWELL HARRISON

He sat alone in his room before the dying fire and mused. The room was small, yet it served both for a study and bedroom, for he was poor and unable to provide better accommodations. Before him over the mantel hung a girl's picture in a simple brown frame. It was a shadow picture; the outline of the girl in her white gown showing indistinctly. The face, lit up, stood out, sweet, delicate, impassive. It was a pretty face, and years before, it had appealed to the man so strongly that he had given up every other thought for her. She was his ideal, his life, his ambition. For her he would have done anything.

This night he was thinking of this girl and of all the changes which time brings. At one time he thought only of her future. When they were together they talked of their future; of their little home, their books, their pleasant evenings by the fireside. They would plan; she about her extravagances, and how she would curb her tastes, how she would make her own clothes and do her own housework until they got a start, and he about his habits and his business; how he would work steadfastly and conscientiously so as to better provide for her. The days passed, and each was happiest when the other was there to talk to. Many enjoyable times they spent together in walks, drives, picnics and the like, and their evenings were spent in reading or conversation about the wondrous future. Both had the same air-castles; built of the same material and with the same ideas. They felt they were suited, and neither had the slightest thought that their future would not be shared together. Sometimes he would test her by little hints that another girl claimed his affection. When he spoke in that strain she would look down and seemed sad, and then he would convince her that such was not true; that she was the one and only.

One year passed in this way and summer separated them. Letters took the place of calls; their friendship never lessened. He wrote of his journey, of his interest in what she was doing, for his thoughts were constantly with her, and the letters always ended by his telling her of his love. She answered in the same spirit, never tiring of telling him to live right and do right for she believed in him, loved him and longed to see him. Finally the summer came to an end. They were again together. Nothing had changed. The same routine was taken up once more. He attended to his duties with a stouter heart and a firmer determination, and she busied herself with her various duties. Much of their time was spent together, when they rehearsed their plans all over again many times. Life was sweetest to them then. He was light-hearted, ambitious, and persevering. His pleasure was never complete without her, and she was happiest when he was near.

One night marked the turning point in their lives. It was in the spring, the night before he was leaving for his summer's vacation. He had looked forward to that night as the happiest and yet the saddest in his life. However, there was a question in his mind. For days he turned the matter over in his thoughts, and at last decided. He was a boy of twenty. It had been his purpose to marry the girl he loved, but only after he was absolutely sure that he was in love. He felt that furthermore no man has the right to ask a girl to marry him until he has a future and some prospects. What then should he do? He was twenty, in college, with no future until he graduated; yet he was in love. Of that he was sure. He knew that he could have the girl, for no one

had a place in her heart but him, just as in his heart there was no one but her.

It was during a walk on a beautiful moonlight night in June. They were strolling along the shore of the lake, feeling that life was nothing unless they were together, when he broke the silence into which they had drifted. He told her in a straightforward manner that since they were on the verge of a long separation, it was best that they should understand each other. He told her how much he cared for her, how much he loved her, how much she meant to him; but that they must wait before engagement. He was convinced that it was the best thing. She took it sweetly, with no apparent emotion, and agreed with him. He loved her the more for so doing because he felt that she had good sense and knew as well as he what was best. What her secret thoughts were, you can imagine. As he went home, he was elated with himself for having the strength to resist what he longed most to do. He felt that now he could get a start and that he could in the near future honestly and manfully ask the girl to become his wife.

However, that night did not have the same effect on the girl, for the next day when the two were together, she was plainly distant. When he asked the reason for her strangeness, she only murmured, "Do you really think you care as much as you did?" He was amazed. He thought that she was trying to tease him as she had in former instances, so he answered, "Well, dear, I don't know, but——" and he advanced towards her with outstretched arms, smiling. She withdrew at his approach, and tears came. She sobbed as if her heart would break, for she was not convinced of his love and she couldn't be calmed. Later, she was somewhat reassured and bid him good-bye. The parting was hard on both, but his struggle lasted. All the way home he fought with the *desire* to go back and ask her to become his and the *purpose* to wait until he had the right to ask her.

What that night was to him was only slight as compared to others that he spent. He would come home from a hard day's work, write a letter to her, reassuring her of his devotion and she would write back that he was no longer first, that others had taken his place. She was having wonderful times with many men whom she had met and that one was especially nice. He would go to bed broken-hearted; he couldn't sleep; he could only think; think of the good times that they had spent together; of their future; of her love which at one time had been so true and strong. He tried to reason out what had caused the change. She said, with her greatest pride, that it had come over her all of a sudden; that some day she would meet a man for whom she would care more, who was better suited to her. She couldn't explain. Night after night she was in his thoughts; he couldn't free himself. What he endured, only he himself knows. Months passed and he never failed to write to her regularly, and just as regularly did he receive a reply that made tears come to his eyes as he scanned the lines. More sleepless nights and terrible, torturing restlessness.

At last, stung by jealousy, with his heart rent by cruel words, with a body that had been reduced from health to weakness, he went away. No news of him was known at home. No letters passed between the two. It was in his little room in Paris that I found him, and in was before his meager fire that I heard his story. I asked him why he had chosen Paris for his refuge, and he answered, while a smile crept over his strong, handsome features, "Oh, there is so much life here. One can forget."

Dutton

FRANCES ELLSWORTH

After the meeting the directors of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railway lingered in groups about the room with their hats on their heads, or before them on the table, while they mechanically pulled on their gloves. All were perplexed, and one of the three or four nearest was saying:

"Yes, Dutton's the man to do it if it can be done; but, frankly, it looks to me if we'd have to pay neatly for running that tippling engineer, McGuire, so long. He ought to have been laid by some time ago, only for the fact that he can handle those fellows in the east and south wards so well. We shouldn't have got that land over there if it hadn't been for him."

"Dutton's as hard as nails, but by George! I don't see how he can win our case this time. Her father, old Judge Sheldon, was with her and saw the whole business. I happened to be at the station, too. McGuire stopped the train all right, and the judge got down. His daughter was just behind him on the steps, when in some devilish way McGuire gave the train a jerk and pitched the girl sideways in a wicked fall; and to make things worse, her foot caught. I leaped through the gate and helped to get her loose. The old judge recognized me, and said some amiable things about our service. Damn me, if *I* see our way out! But, as you say, Dutton will pull it through if anyone can.

That evening the young lawyer reached town, and in accordance with the directions of his telegram, appeared at the private office of the president of the railroad. There he was told the facts noted above, and asked to take the case.

"We are willing to pay the surgical expenses—glad to—if you can get rid of the "ten thousand damage suit."

Dutton's fine, keen eyes narrowed, and looked at nothing; his high, bulging forehead wrinkled in thought. After a bit he looked up and said:

"Yes, I'll take it. She lives at Mt. Vernon, you say? College town, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"The case comes on in November."

"And this is May——"

"Twelfth."

"I shall leave tomorrow, and if you write to me, use plain envelopes. I must not appear to be connected with your case in any way. I'll let you know if there is anything worth while. I think I'll be able to save you the biggest part of the damages."

"If you don't, it will be the first time you've failed us. We'll make it worth your time."

May fifteenth found Dutton comfortably settled as a student in a men's rooming house, and making daily excursions to the college law building. Though no one ever saw him in class, one could have noticed that he spent considerable time in the library. He made no comment about his work to his associates, and he was not a man whom people would quiz. The fellows all liked him in spite of his reticence, for he was a good, all-round sportsman. He could bowl and play ball that was worthy of their admiration.

One night several of the boys told him that The Judge, as they called Judge Sheldon, was having a social affair for the law students up at his home, and they told Dutton that he had better go with them. This was the first party the Judge had given since Alice was hurt—he had been so broken up over it.

"You've heard about it haven't you? Railroad accident—blunder of some kind; guess they can get pretty decent damages all right."

That evening Dutton met Judge Shel-

don and his daughter, Alice. He found her good to look upon, but not especially beautiful. Yet, in spite of his attempts, he could not get a word with her alone. He could not make out whether from chivalry or real fascination the men constantly surrounded her chair. Only when taking his departure he found a moment to say.

"Miss Sheldon, I have enjoyed being in your home this evening. Your misfortune has not changed your power to charm. Might I hope not to be forgotten, and to be allowed to come again."

"Why, surely, Mr. Dutton, I should be glad to see you. If you find enjoyment in a poor cripple, I am sure the cripple has reason to be glad."

"Do you ever drive out?"

"Oh, no! I should make such a display getting into a buggy. But if you care for reading, music, or cards, we might be able to forget old Father Time."

"Does he bore you a great deal?"

"Must I confess that he does?"

"Then let me come tomorrow evening. I have just received a translation of the much discussed play of Maralad's, and we could look it over together. I haven't had time, yet, to cut the leaves."

"Not tomorrow night, for father is going to have some stupid lawyers in to dinner; but the next evening I shall be glad to go over the play with you. How did you get it? I understood there was some difficulty about getting a translation published."

"A friend of mine sent it who knows Mr. Barnere, the translator, who gave him a couple of copies. They are not yet on the general market."

That evening, after Alice had gone to her room, of course she recalled Dutton and his polite interest in her; but in her thoughts she could not bring herself to praise him unreservedly. There was something in his face, or in his manner, or in something about his personality, that did not quite appeal to her. She thought him intellectual — gentlemanly; and yet, what was it she felt that repelled her?

"But," she reflected, "my close confinement has made me peevish; I have grown hypercritical. It is surely good of him, a stranger, to take pains to amuse me. I must not be ungracious."

One evening, several weeks later, after they had become quite friendly through tastes held in common, and through bantering disputes over ideas viewed in different lights, Dutton sat by the reading table, while Alice, reclining in the shadow of her chair, opposite, had been searching his face for the tangible expression that would account for her faint dislike of him. Suddenly he paused and glanced up, surprising her scrutiny. He laid down the book and drew his chair over to hers. Leaning forward to fix his fine compelling eyes upon her, he asked:

"What is it you are searching for in my face? I have felt your eyes upon me for the last ten minutes. Is it some inspiration for a new paintng you desire? If so, behold my massive brow, and my nose that would have been classical were it not for Harrison Fisher of the delicate nostril type—isn't it now?"

"No, it is not. It is a very good German nose that shows a great deal of determination and character."

"But that was not what you were looking at me for."

"Perhaps not."

"What was it? I shall have to ask a fee as they do for any other curiosity if you don't explain."

"I think I was looking to find wherein you are peculiar. Everyone is different from everyone else, you know—but you left the heroine lying on the sandy beach of an island, where the waves had washed her, after her old box-boat had tumbled her into the surf. Please let me allay my fears that the cannibals will serve her for dessert."

"Not until I ask you again something which you have previously given me to understand you will refuse. Yet I beg you will reconsider before you do, for your own pleasure as well as mine. Won't you let me bring a low buggy early tomorrow morning to take you for a drive? No one will observe your 'embarkment' if that is what you fear; and I found the loveliest bank, blue with violets a few miles out on the Spring Road. Do say you'll go.

You walked across the room yesterday with hardly any help from the crutches. I was just coming up the steps and you know that I saw you."

"Well, if you really insist."

"I do."

"And will you come early?"

"Five o'clock."

"Oh, no!—say eight."

"No, seven."

"All right; I said you had considerable determination in your character."

The early drive was repeated again and again; and one morning when they were on a beautiful smooth road through a stretch of timber, Alice ventured to wonder if she couldn't walk just a little way without any help. Immediately, Dutton helped her out, and left her with her crutches while he tied the horse. Then when he came back, she handed one to him and walked a little way with the other.

"Do you want to try it alone? I'll stay right close at hand, and you can press me into service if you feel the need of support."

Carefully she balanced herself while he took the other crutch. She took one step, and then another, very slowly and carefully, until she had kept on for several yards. Then, tired out, she tottered. Dutton dropped the wooden things, caught her, and carried her to the buggy.

"Famous! You did splendidly; you must have gone eight yards! Quite a pedestrian stunt for the first attempt!"

"It isn't quite the first attempt," she confessed. "I have tried a little in my room, but I am always too afraid to let go of things long."

"Well, let's try it often. We can always come round by this road, and I'll set up sticks to mark your progress from time to time. You're terribly tired"—noticing her pale face. "I'm not exactly a 'first aid to the injured,' but I have a little Port wine here if you will drink it in vulgar fashion from the bottle. I suppose it will sound like a bad impromptu story to say that I brought it for just such an emergency as this, but it is really true."

Thereupon he broke the seal, uncorked the bottle and put it to her lips.

"It does look bad. I wonder if a small wine glass would make my pockets bulge much? I know. Maybe I can get a metal one that will fold up. I'll see at once," he ran on in boyish enthusiasm.

"They don't grow on bushes," she remarked slyly, glancing round the woods.

"Oh, well, you are better at any rate, and that is all that matters this time."

Thus, morning after morning, when the weather permitted, the sun and the birds watched these two, walking very slowly side by side, farther and farther each time, until by the middle of June, she had gone a quarter of a mile and part way back. She insisted upon having her crutches when tired now. Only once had Dutton ventured to carry her as before. She had been so angry then that she had refused to go for three mornings, and consented again only after he had pledged his word of honor that he would let her do just as she pleased.

"You will be going soon," she remarked as they were returning one morning. He looked up in surprise.

"College closes the 18th, doesn't it?"

"Oh—Yes—So it does,—but I have decided to stay on through the summer. There is some extra work that I want to do by myself."

She glanced at him slyly out of the corner of her eye as she felt her color rising. But it settled soon, for the look on his face as he stared straight ahead was anything but lover-like. He was the picture of disgust, and she rightly conjectured that his summer's work was not so pleasant as she had at first thought it might be.

"You don't seem very willing to work through the summer. By the looks of your face I should judge that you hated the whole world in general."

"There are some things in it that are detestable. Did you ever know an honest lawyer?

"Why, how dare you! My father is a judge, and——"

I *beg* your pardon,—he was further from my thoughts. I had another man in mind, a young fellow, whom I roundly detest, and I was cursing the whole class."

"I thought it was only women who did that—I mean who generalize from indi-

vidual instances. Of course women never curse; they can control their tempers better."

"I have had little occasion to observe for myself, so I accept your word as authority. Are you at all glad that I shall stay?"

"Why, of course, I am. Don't I depend upon you for most of my enjoyment?"

"It's good of you to say so."

Thus the end of college did not interrupt their companionship, which had advanced to the footing of perfect comradship. Alice had improved wonderfully, and now not only walked along the smooth road, but also stepped in and out of the low buggy. She had told no one about it for some reason—perhaps because it seemed to belong to their bond of good-fellowship; and besides, it would be so tedious to explain over and over how she had been led on to accomplish it. She did not take any credit to herself, for she believed that she never should have done it had not Dutton insisted and encouraged her. She had entirely lost the feeling of distrust that she had felt at first. It had vanished. He was a different man in some little way. She knew that she had *not* simply grown accustomed to him. The evil feeling was actually gone.

But one thing did trouble her, though it had no connection in her mind with Dutton. Her father had filed her suit against the railroad upon the basis that she had been crippled for life, and she now foresaw that the grounds were false, and that in time she would be as well as ever. Several times she had been on the point of asking her father to withdraw it, and she knew that eventually she should do so, but she kept putting it off. There was plenty of time before November, and she dreaded to lay bare the enjoyment that had been all her own and Dutton's; to explain to all her friends the reason for not going on with the case.

But the event of one day in August decided the time of the revelation for her, with little volition on her part. The girls had got up a picnic, and since they knew that she could ride out, they begged that she would let Dutton bring her out to the woods for dinner. They would load her chair on to the "commissary" wagon, so that she could be as comfortable there as at home. She consented, as delighted as they. After dinner, as they were all lolling about on the grass under the trees, some one suggested that they have an old-fashioned quadrille. Bob Perkins always carried a mouth-organ—and many a joke he had had poked at him on account of it—so they arranged themselves into two sets to dance the "Lancers." But since they took it for granted that Alice could not dance, three couples were left out. Suddenly Dutton stepped over and said something under his breath to her. She looked up, half eager, half reluctant. It was so long since she had been in anything!

"You walked almost half a mile and nearly all the way back last Tuesday, you know," urged Dutton. After all, it must come soon, anyway. She stood up and said:

"We'll fill out the other set, if you'll go real slowly."

"You!" came in a chorus. Why Alice Sheldon, are you crazy!" and several of the girls ran up to push her gently back into her chair.

"No, girls. Listen," and she told them quickly of what she had been doing, and proved it by walking alone to her place in the set. At first they could hardly believe their eyes, and they had to stop and begin all over, they got so mixed up with watching her. But she did do it, almost as easily as any of them, and walked back to her chair on Dutton's arm when it was ever.

That night her mind was made up. She went into her father's study after dinner—walked in alone—slipped down by him, and told him all. At first he could not believe her words. She had to walk back and forth about the room to convince him that only a very, very slight limp altered her walk from what it had been before the accident. He was overjoyed and clasping her to him, he brushed his eyes surreptitiously as he kissed her fondly. But when she came to speak about the suit, he was not so easily moved.

"Serves them right to have to pay for their infernal carelessness. It was no fault

of theirs that you were not killed or crippled for life. No, I will not withdraw. Let 'em pay. They might have killed you, and it will teach them a lesson. Maybe it will save someone's life if they are taught to be careful.

"But father, the plea is to rest on the supposition that I was injured permanently, and I'm not."

"Well, you were injured enough. You suffered enough for the time it lasted. Let 'em pay. It's the least they can do, and they'll do that ungraciously enough, depend upon it." The old man remained obdurate—for was it not his only child that was concerned, that had so narrowly escaped death.

Alice was not the only one who was dissatisfied with her position in the pending trial. As often as Dutton recurred to his scheme for winning the case, he despised himself and hated his profession. He felt sure that he knew the grounds her lawyer would take, and in spite of all the evidence on their side, Dutton had calculated upon the sentimental plea, which he knew no lawyer would overlook, to be their undoing. To meet the melting picture her lawyer would draw of a young life suddenly snatched from all pleasures and forced into an isolated, pitied existence, he had collected tabulated records, well calculated to cause the jury to feel themselves duped by the sentimental plea of a scheming lawyer. His items read:

"May 31st. Alice Sheldon drove six miles with me.

June 15th. Alice Sheldon walked eight yards alone on the Spring Road where it runs through Sherman's woods.

June 20th. Alice Sheldon walked eight yards and back.

June 25th. Alice Sheldon walked eight yards and back.

July 25th. Alice Sheldon walked nearly half a mile and back.

Aug. 15th. Alice Sheldon danced a quadrille at a picnic."

When the theatrical season opened, he had planned to take her to plays, and in induce her to climb to the balcony by explaining that he could not afford the best seats on the first floor. And he calculated, not without reason, that in the light of such data, if he should offer on the part of the railroad to pay in full all expenses incurred by the accident, the jury would greatly modify the amount awarded to the plaintiff as damages. Yet now, he heartily hated his cunning, and despised himself for all kinds of a cad. He could easily return, give the information to a colleague, and wash his hands of the affair; but that would not help his self-respect. His influence had led Alice on to do the things that would lose her the case, and as a guest in her home, he had collected the evidence. He would be no less a sneak for turning it over to another; in fact, it would be but to write "coward" to the list of epithets which he already applied to himself. Yet he lingered on, charmed by Alice's pure bright mind, and dreading to miss her daily companionship. He had turned over and over in his mind the idea of asking her to marry him, but supposing that she should accept him, he did not feel sure that he should not make a mess of her happiness if he could conceive such baseness as he had planned to work out against her. He knew that she demanded a delicate sense of honor above all other requirements for her respect, and in the past he had worked out keen-sighted victories at some expense to his conscience. But he made up his mind to one thing, however it would all end—he would not appear with the evidence that he had collected. Take the case he had promised, and take it he would, but he would work honorably.

"Ting ling ling——" sang out his telephone at his elbow—he had moved to the hotel since college closed—

"Is this 2-6-8?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Dutton?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Sheldon."

"Come up, can you? I've just received the gift of something that pleases me very much, and I want to share it with someone. Can you?"

"Delighted; I'll be there in a jiffy."

Hastily picking up his hat, he slung out of the room and walked briskly up to the beautiful home of Judge Sheldon. Alice met him in the library, radiant.

"Today is my birthday," she burst out,

"and I made Dad promise to give me just one thing that I wanted, and that he could get, and what do you think I asked?"

"Another steed so that you can drive tandem?"

"No, no! You men are all stupid."

"Granted."

"At least Dad tumbled beautifully. I asked him to withdraw the suit against the railroad that is pending in November. I've been worried and disgusted about it for some time. We don't need any more money, and I don't think it is honorable to misrepresent things as Mr. Baldwin, father's lawyer, was going to. But Dad resented their carelessness and wanted to make them regret so nearly tumbling me off into oblivion; so he had refused my plea before. But why are you staring at me that way? It's the case I told you of, about my being hurt. Don't you remember?"

Indeed, he did remember, and he recalled a good many other things that made him ashamed and glad all at once. But clearly through all his confusion came the knowledge that he wanted Alice Sheldon now and always—and he was a strong man, with a good German nose that bespoke character and determination.

In Old Japan

SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

I.

Upon the hills,
Though the wind be cold,
Blow the snowy daffodils
So bold
With their hearts of gold.

II.

Frozen by winter's icy breath,
Though the silent pool be dead,
In the deep-laid, rock-built bed
Knows the rivulet no death,
But forever lives and throbs
The rivulet that sings and sobs.

III.

See the maiden sit
On the veranda by the warm sun lit.
A village maiden has she grown,
Of love but little has she known;
Naught has she been told,
Naught has she learned to sing,
But as she sits and hems
Fold after fold
Her crimson gown in golden seams—
'Tis for next spring—
She dreams, oh, so many dreams.

A Cattleboat Trip

ROBERT EARL

The cattleboat trip is understood by almost everyone to mean a cheap way of crossing the ocean, with a little hard work. Few, however, know the reality of this hard work nor the indulgence and patience that must be endured before the voyage is at an end.

We arrived early one Wednesday morning on the shipping dock, and after a monotonous wait of about three hours, were allowed to go aboard. During the three hours of wait, we went through that delightful operation of "signing on," which consisted of our answering a long string of questions and signing our names to the sheet signifying that we were telling the truth. When we had reached the top of the gangplank, we laughed at the sight before us. That part of our worthy band who had preceded us, was now huddled together like sheep on the forward deck of the boat. A big fellow was telling them to "stick" together right where they were put, until told to go elsewhere, and he also reminded them to keep a careful watch on their luggage. We found out later that the big fellow had spoken the truth, for a number of the fellows lost things. They were undoubtedly stolen by the seamen. The passengers came aboard later, and we looked on with envious eyes as we saw their friends bid them "Bon Voyage," and wave their handkerchiefs as a last fond farewell. However, we had chosen our course, and would pursue it without any regrets at the hardships or blows to our pride. With stout hearts, we followed the head cattleman as he led the way down into the hold of the ship, where we were to spend the next ten days. Going through the galley we experienced our first qualms, for the odor was something atrocious. I will spare you a description of it. Suffice to say, we did not go to the galley for any reasons, except the dire need of food. Further on, we came to some narrow steps which led to the under regions. Here the cattle were making various musical sounds, such as stamping, mooing and kicking the sides of their stalls. Our first thought was to act on the advice of the "boss," so Zas and I went to see the "Bosin." We got him for the meager sum of three shillings to take care of our grips. We now waited for the ship to set out. During the delay, we occupied our time in getting the cook "fixed" by bribes to give us food; in better getting acquainted with our fellow workers; and occasionally in engaging in conversation the crew, who were all Englishmen.

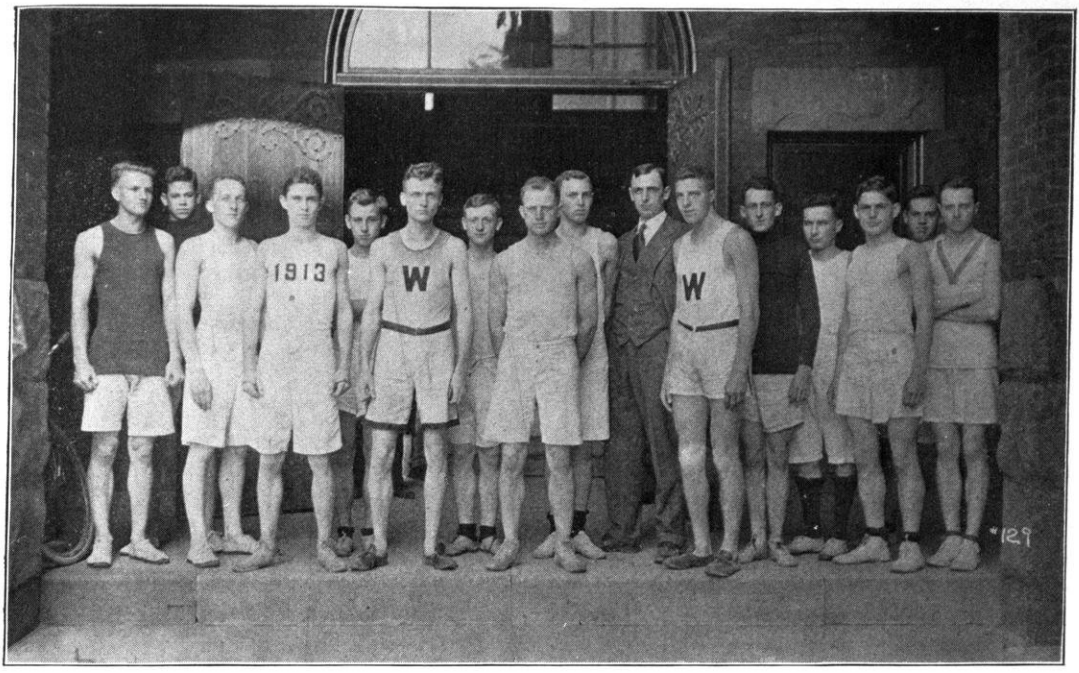
Our band was composed of about sixteen college men from various colleges, including Harvard, Yale, Minnesota, Amherst, Michigan and Wisconsin. The rest of the outfit were "down and outs," who were going back to England where things are cheaper. One fellow, whom we got to know better later, since he traveled with us, was the most interesting of the band. He had been around the world, and was an apt talker on all subjects. He spoke the languages well, and although an Englishman by birth, he was never slow to see a joke, or to appreciate one, even if it were at his expense. The passengers were exceedingly thoughtful of us, and daily sent down things for our comfort. Among the many gifts were a box of cigars, a box of cigarettes and some late popular novels. Fruit was in abundance. We tried to amuse the passengers, as well as ourselves, by nightly song-fests. Our harmony was sometimes close and sometimes not so close. Many games that we played drew a crowd of spectators from the upper decks. For a baseball we used an orange

or an apple; for a soccer football we used a pillow tied up in ropes, and for our running races, we used the whole rear deck. The characteristics which appealed the most to the passengers were our general light-heartedness and our nightly song-fests on the wheel-house.

I will detail a day's routine, so that you may have an idea of the work. Our toil began at about three-thirty when the night watchman dragged us from our beds of rough planks covered with straw. Our first duty was to water the steers, of which there were something like one hundred per man. We carried on an average three pailfuls to each, and some thirsty bulls drank as many as six. At five thirty, we had finished, and could get breakfast and sleep. We usually slept. I might say in this connection that the six of us who had fixed the cook were congratulating ourselves on our cleverness, for we couldn't have eaten the coarse "scouse" provided for the regular cattlemen. After breakfast, we had to feed grain and hay, which meant the hauling of hay on our backs for a distance of over a hundred yards. Imagine yourself going down a narrow aisle with a bail of hay on your back and the boat rolling under your feet! After dinner, we had our leisure until three-thirty. This time was usually spent in writing letters, reading, or in playing games. At the call of the head cattle-boss we jumped to our afternoon tasks of hauling up grain from the hold of the ship and in watering. It didn't seem possible that the cattle could drink so much, but we were soon assured of any doubt on this point. The aisles had to be swept down and then we were through. A good supper over, and we went to the wheelhouse to sing our praises that the work was done for the day and to enjoy the freedom that was ours. Hard work made all things palatable, but sometimes we had no complaint, as our menu included chicken and ice cream. Seven o'clock was the hour we had set as our bed time and when that hour arrived, only too soon sometimes, we went to bed and dropped on our bunks without removing a garment. Most of the fellows kept on their shoes from the time they left Boston until they reached Liverpool.

One evening the captain, at the urging of some of the kind-hearted passengers, invited us up to the dance. Most of the bunch thought that it was too much trouble to shave and dress, and also too great a loss of sleep, but a few, myself among them, took advantage of the opportunity, and were well repaid. The dance was truly delightful. The moon shed its soft light over the scene, and the dancers, attired in white, made a pretty picture. It was indeed a change for us—from grimy cattlemen, I might even say—dirty—to white flannels and pumps. So great was it that the captain did not recognize us when we appeared to pay our respects.

At the end of ten weary days filled with hard work and still many pleasures, and most of all, experience that only death can take from us, we arrived in Liverpool. At eleven-thirty the hotel was reached, and we immediately asked for a room, and bath. *Such a bath!* Our clothes, we left for whoever dared touch them, and our appearance in the dining-room a little later for our midnight farewell dinner was something striking. We felt that we were men again and most of all, we had our freedom.



WISCONSIN'S VICTORIOUS CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM, 1910

The Coloring of a Masterpiece

ALVIN H. KESSLER

"And tomorrow, my little Chicot, I shall finish the chef-d'oeuvre, and a grand painting it will be, Chicot—beautifully colored!" Marabot spoke in a dull and toneless voice. He was sitting on a little chair, head forward, his chin in the palm of his long-fingered hand, and his eyes seemed to fathom the shadows and dim outlines of the unseen. His pipe was out, and he was sinking his teeth into the hard rubber stem with spasmodic, nervous bites.

It was on the morrow, then, that I was to see the masterpiece. The product of those years of morbid fantasy I had always fancied would be an awful chaos of unholy scenes of devils and demons, of wavering gray fogs, and mists, of storm clouds and sullen breakers, of the vale of the shadow of death. For it was always "Noir, Chicot,"—"Plus noir,"—"Encore plus noir, Chicot,"—when I was sent to Monsieur Jouvenot who supplied the artists of the arrondissement with crayons, canvas, tubes of paint, and brushes. Had I ever spent a franc of Marabot's for carmine, or blue, or yellow? And yet, he now spoke of beautiful colors.

"Pardon, master, beautiful colors?"

"Yes, colors, and oh, such beautiful colors, Chicot! Paris will rave; France will rave; Europe will rave; the world will rave, Chicot, and I shall be a master!"

I threw aside my crayon sketch to study this paradox. For a long time he sat there, on his little chair, with head inclined and half-closed eyes which now seemed to penetrate into the world of weird, uncanny, phantasmagoric shapes and figures. Then suddenly, as if enlightened, and the mystery solved, he smiled sardonically and——

"My pipe is out, Chicot." I lighted the ill-smelling bowl. The dreamer resumed his former position, and dreamed on. The nights were the paradise in which he dreamed—the day was the inferno wherein he labored.

* * *

Whether it was the heavy air of the room, whether it was the idea of Marabot filling his palette with crimson, and gold and blue, whether it was the vision of the morbid painted, I do not know. But that night I lived a thousand years of agony.

I found myself in the Palais des Beaux Arts, wedged in a frenzied crowd which was applauding, and cheering and shouting, "Marabot!" "Marabot!" "Marabot!" Yes, far away at the end of the great salle, on the platform where other great masters had bowed to the praise of the crowd, stood Marabot, and on his lips was the same sardonic smile, which I knew so well. At his side was the painting, nothing more than a canvas bedaubed with black and gray, with gray and black.

"But the colors, master, the colors!" I madly shouted above the frenzied cheering of the crowd.

I awoke. I was wet with a cold sweat, my heart was thumping loudly, my breath coming quickly. The room was dark and silent. Was Marabot at work on the masterpiece? I trembled with fear that my shouting had disturbed him. The door of his studio creaked—he had heard me cry out in my mad dream.

"I am mixing the colors, Chicot. In an hour the colors will be added, the picture will be complete, and then I must watch for the dawn. I must live every minute of the day which brings my fame. I must see the first glow of the morning, and the last sombre shades of night!"

Was he mad? Apply the color, the soul of his masterpiece in an hour!

"And, Chicot, when the sun lights up this dingy hole in another hour, its golden

rays will be put to shame by the colors of Marabot." His dull and toneless voice sounded like some unearthly voice which haunts the sites of tombs and charnel houses.

He worked his way across the dark room to light his pipe. The blaze of the tinder lighted up his sallow, greasy countenance. The smile still played upon his lips, but he was not the Marabot I knew.

"Marabot," I cried, "you are mad! You are insane! Your hand is trembling; your eye is wild. For the love of the holy, don't touch the picture——." The tinder went out, and Marabot spoke out of the tomb-like darkness of the chamber.

"But, Chicot, a trembling hand paints wavy outlines, and besides my colors are ready. A stroke or two, and the picture will be finished." He stumbled across the room, the door of the studio creaked again. and he had gone back into his holy of holies to finish the chef-d'oeuvre.

I tried to sleep. Again, I found myself in the crowd of cheering demons. "Marabot, the master; Marabot, the master!" they now shouted. The canvas was there, this time a mass of fiery red. Yes, there were the wavy outlines which my master had painted with trembling hand, but where was the master? "Marabot, Marabot!" I shouted, my frenzied voice ringing above the cheers of the throng. Again I awoke.

Day was breaking, and a cool east wind came through the little patches of gray across the room, and gently stirred the dust-laden draperies. For a long time I lay quite still. The outlines of the casement grew clearer; soon the sun would be up and the dreadful night would be over. And on today Marabot would bring forth from his studio a painting which would make him a master. I thought of how, in after years when I became a great painter, with my pupils about my knee, I could say, "Oh, yes, mon petite Pierre, I studied under Marabot, the master of colors, for eight long years!"

Now the sun was up. Brilliant sunshine! But the colors of my master I knew were more beautiful. I had confidence in him—I worshipped this strange man. Unconsciously I repeated, "And when the sun lights up this dingy hole, Chicot, its golden rays will be put to shame by the colors of Marabot." And I remembered that he had said, "Paris will rave; France will rave; Europe will rave; the world will rave; I shall be a master."

There was a groan in the studio. Then a crash as if an easel had been carelessly pushed over. I grasped the sides of my cot, paralyzed with fear. Another groan. I leaped from the bed, rushed to the door of the studio, paused, and threw open the door——

Marabot had colored his masterpiece with the beautiful crimson of his veins. And he had done it—oh, so beautifully.

The Love of Mary

C. F. G. WERNICKE, JR.

I.

Mary's eyes, deep with tenderness, watched the long, low line of smoke steadily. With a little gesture of appeal, she murmured softly to the distant steamer, "Billie, Billie, I wish you were not going." Then with a little half sigh she turned and entered the waiting machine. "Home," she said briefly to the driver.

An hour before, Billie had been on the dock saying good-bye to Mary. They were alone in the shadow of a pile of trunks.

"Billie, why must you go?"

"Why, Mary, you know I promised the fellows——"

"I know, Billie, but somehow I am afraid. I feel——. Oh, Billie, don't ever forget to think of me. I can't give you up. Something tells me that this trip—that you won't be the same when you come back." Then pleadingly, "Billie don't go." And she clung to him fiercely as if to hold him by physical strength.

"How foolish of you," Billie commenced impatiently, and then, with a sudden understanding "Why, little Wildrose, you know better than that, and I'll be back in September." But as he kissed her she saw the fresh young eagerness to be off to new lands in his eyes and his kiss was the cool good-bye kiss of a child. And Mary knew.

"His isn't—real love," she said to herself, her eyes filling, "and mine——. Oh, if he could only understand how much I love him." Then her lips formed tenderly "Billie boy," and looking up with a brave little smile, she waved good-bye to him.

"Did Billie get off all right?" her mother asked in her kindly old way, as Mary passed her on her way through the sitting room.

"Yes—— all right," and Mary went to her room.

Her mother saw and understood. "Billie is too young," she said softly to herself. "Poor little girl; I was afraid." A tear dropped on her work, but she did not follow Mary. Such is the infinite mother love.

II.

Billie went directly to his state room, and after getting located went up on deck. Here he was joined by seven or eight other young fellows, and in their eager discussion of the trip ahead of them was no thought of those left behind. It could plainly be seen that Billie was the leader among them for they deferred every suggestion to him, and finally he good-naturedly brushed aside their plans and placed before them, with the air of knowing it would be accepted, a plan of his own.

"Here, that stuff is no good; how is this? Have one fellow take charge of the trip and none of the rest of us know where we are going next. You see then only one of us will have any work to do and we can change off taking the job." The result was that Billie was appointed to take charge of the trip.

When they dropped the pilot, Billie sent a hasty little note to Mary. As he handed it to the squat, weather beaten little man he heard the rustle of skirts and a girl hurried up with her last letter. Just as she handed it to the pilot a puff of wind caught it and whisked it toward the rail. Billie caught it before it could flutter to the water and, as he returned it and received her thanks, the easy introduction of the high seas was affected.

Nowhere in modern times and places does conventionality allow the elemental to appear as it does on board ship. Here, the lack of variety and ordinary occupations drives society to intensity of feeling

unusual on land. Likes and dislikes become friendships and enmities on board ship; throw two fresh young people together on board ship and you are bound by the law of things to have a romance.

Thus Billie and Dorothy Mason were thrown together, and their steady companionship rapidly develope a dangerous intimacy. Dorothy, whose ready smile was constantly dimpling out, was sighing now and then and her eyes were getting cloudy. Billy constantly went off into day dreams from which he would awake with a guilty little start and some uneasy remark.

They were leaning on the rail looking out across the moonlit water. The moon was very potent on the sea, and tomorrow they would be again in port.

"Where do you go from Liverpool?" Billie asked, with his usual abrupt disregard of former conversation.

"London," she answered promptly.

"Hump, so are we," Billie decided.

"Then I'll see you again," she said, looking at the moon-path.

"You—would care to?" The moonlight was in his voice. Startled, the girl turned to him.

"Why, of course I would like to see you again," she said, and her voice was matter-of-fact and cold, but a glint of the moon was in her eye and Billie saw it.

"You know what I mean," he said, taking her hand.

She looked out across the sea silently for a minute and then turned slowly to the boy. "Billy, I saw it coming. I should have told you before, but—— I am going to be married in the fall." Her hand dropped to her side, but she had not withdrawn it. Billie had let it go.

"I am engaged, too," he said, and seeing that she said nothing, went on, "I suppose you think I am a cad. I guess I am; only I forgot." And Billie turned away.

"Billie," she called softly, "I don't think so. I—— I understand!" And the thing called love had entered his soul and hers, and both knew and were helpless.

The weeks went on and in many places they met, but wholly through accident, for Billie stubbornly avoided her and this but fanned the flame.

Once in Paris he found her, lost in the multitude of small streets near the "Latin quarter."

"Oh, Billie, I am so glad you found me, and Frenchmen are hh-horrid," and the passing baker's boy stood gaping at the sight of a very pretty girl, sobbing out a tale of wandering for hours alone on the streets of Paris.

Again he met her in Venice and in Rome, and fate threw them together on the home steamer.

III.

"Say, old man, who is that over there by the palms?" Ralph Brooks, broker and club man, almost pointed in his interest.

"Mary Westforth," said his companion, with the blase indifference that sits well on men of his type. "Father's got money."

"Can you introduce me," said Brooks, overlooking the cynicism.

The other man lifted his eyebrows and nodded slightly. "Certainly." He looked curiously at Brooks.

"Oh, I know I am engaged, but with my fiance enjoying herself in Europe, I can't be expected to stagnate, you know."

"You have a guilty conscience, Brooks; I looked surprised because she is engaged to young Billie Hargreave. Come on, I'll introduce you, but on your own head be it. She has the reputation of being a heart-smasher, though they say she is really in love with Hargreave. I was in love with her myself before I married Bess."

It may be said to Brooks' credit that he had no idea that he was poaching on anothers preserves. It simply did not occur to him to consider Billie as a possibility. He thought of him, if he thought of him at all, much as a college boy thinks of his high school brother as potential rival, except in his case both were beyond the college age, he, in fact, ten years beyond. The thought that he was disloyal to his fiance never entered his head. Theirs had been a fore-ordained engagement, planned by their fathers before them, hence their affection was at the most but a strong and rather impersonal friendship.

He called on Mary often in the succeeding months and Mary, in her love for Billie, was blind to the growing tender-

ness and affection in the older man. Brooks, old in the ways of women, did not mistake her attitude. He recognized her indifference for all it was worth and set about overcoming it, with the sublime confidence which is inspired by real love. The thousand attentions which occur only to your true lover, were showered on Mary; new books, dainty bric-a-brac, flowers and many other little presents followed each other in rapid succession. One could not be feminine and not appreciate these things and show friendship in return. And Brooks mistook this friendship for awakening love.

IV.

Mary was waiting in New York when the steamer came in and on the docks Billie introduced her to Dorothy Maxon and her mother. Mr. Maxon was attending to the custom officials. Mary, with the quick intuition of love, knew that what she had feared when Billie started had occured; that Billie was—was not the same. Her face blanched and she involuntarily cast a look of dislike at Dorothy.

Billie saw the glance, and with a brave attempt at nonchalence said, "Dorothy is engaged to Mr. Ralph Brooks. Perhaps you know him."

"Yes, I've met him," said Mary, quietly, "but I did not know he was engaged. You are very lucky Miss Maxon to have such a fiance. He has been a very good friend to me."

Billie left Mary and Dorothy talking together and attended to his baggage. When he came back he found Dorothy about to leave with her father and mother, so after saying good-bye, he and Mary went directly to her house, where they had dinner. In spite of himself he could not assume his old time air of self-confidence and proprietorship. He was nervously aware that there was something in the air and he dreaded being left alone with Mary. But Mary's mother remained with them throughout the evening, and it was with a sigh of relief that Billie heard the door close behind him.

"I wish I could call it off," he muttered, but he knew he couldn't. He remembered vividly a talk they had had in the spring. Mary had been reading the paper, with Billie sitting carelessly on the floor at her feet.

"Here is another breach of promise suit, Billie. The man asked the girl to marry him and then ran off with another girl and the first girl sued him. I should think that she would be ashamed——."

"Ashamed nothing, little Wildrose. If a fellow breaks his promise to a girl the cad ought to be sued. If more girls sued such fellows there would be fewer broken promises. But come on and play a game of tennis. This is too nice a day to read about other people's love affairs. Come on."

Late into the night, after he had reached his own rooms, Billie sat thinking. He blew a last lungfull of smoke at the ceiling and rose wearily from his chair, tired of grappling with his problem. "The only thing to do," he said aloud, "is to forget Dot-o'-the-smiles and marry little Wildrose. I suppose Dot-o'-the-smiles will marry Brooks and he's a cad. Poor little Dot."

In the succeeding weeks Billie remained religiously away from Dorothy and devoted as much of his time to Mary as he could. And Mary strove pitifully to arouse in Billie the love that was not there. She knew it was hopeless and yet she struggled fiercely on. "I can't give him up," she would cry in her heart. And finally she thought she could see in his eyes what she sought. Billie, too, began to believe that he again loved her and succeeded in deluding himself into the belief that he no longer cared for Dorothy. And they were happy together again.

In society two persons of the same set cannot expect to go long without meeting. In spite of their endeavors Billie and Dorothy must have eventually met and fate arranged it that Billie, with Mary on his arm, came face to face with Brooks and Dorothy at a dance. An exchange of dances was unavoidable.

Mary preferred to sit out the dance, and with a smile at Brooks asked him to take her to some inconspicuous place. And Brooks, with the collossal conceit of a confident lover misinterpreted her smile. With the exquisite tact that distinguished him,

he arranged the pillows on a double chair and Mary found herself in a place entirely screened from the gaze of others, yet she could see everything that went on about her. She smiled gratefully at Brooks.

There was a passage of light talk between them and then both remained silent. Mary, unconscious of Brooks' strained expression—for a doubt was creeping into his mind and he felt more anxiety about the outcome of the words that were on his lips than he dared admit even to himself—looked abstractly out upon the dancers.

Suddenly she heard Billie's voice as if he was right next to her, and she realized that she was screened from the sight of others only. Then it occurred to her that Billie was talking very earnestly to someone, and without a thought of eavesdropping she listened; her face went white.

"Dot-o'-the-smiles," she heard him say, "I love you more than words can tell, but I—— we can not have anything to do with each other. You see, darling, I can't ——you wouldn't ask me to break my troth to Mary. Unless she releases me of her own accord I must marry her at the appointed time."

Dimly Mary became aware that Brooks was talking to her, and out of the haze the words came to her distinctly, "Mary, say you love me. Mine is no boyish regard, but the ripened love of a man. Don't—don't look so wild, Mary. Tell me you love me." And his was a lover's pleading.

"I—I don't understand," she said, dully.

"Don't keep me on the rack. Tell me you will marry me, Mary. Say yes."

"——*unless she releases me of her own accord*——." The words beat themselves on Mary's brain. "——unless she releases me of her own accord——."

Suddenly she turned to Brooks and with a little choking gasp said, "Yes——of——my own——accord."

Watchers of the Star

PAUL MAHONE

We look afar,
As shepherds on the flock-white heights of Night,
For one true star;
Our world-worn eyes are tired of flaming light.
Tonight we seek dream hills beneath the moon
With winds at prayers down isles of snow-hung pine
Where ice-bound waters pass with muffled croon,
And o'er it all we pray the star to shine.
Yet in these days when minted gold has turned
Our eyes into the mart, our hearts have yearned
To rest awhile and face the dream-sea's bar,
Though we have feared to say we seek a Star.

Our flocks are told;
The setting sun has swept the clear, free skies
With red and gold,
And touched snow castles for our child-wide eyes.
And we as shepherds wait upon the hill
The star to guide our humbled spirits Home;
And as of old our hearts awake and thrill
As through our dream-lands by the star we roam.
The words we say can never change our dreams,
This Chrismastide the Love Star glows and gleams
As bright as when the Watchers from afar
Read the sweet message of the Christ-Child's Star.

The Alien

B. I. KINNE

"Raymond! *Ra-a-ay*-mund!"

The call came through the doorway in a coarse, grating voice. A black-haired, rather frail, lanky youth, who had been day-dreaming on the steps, rose mechanically and walked into the house.

"Raymond!" The tone was sharp and showed impatience.

"I'm coming, mother." The boy quickened his step. He walked along a short, dark hall and entered the kitchen. A large, red-faced woman stood by a stove in the far corner. She was busy with a very hot and very noisy supper.

"G' over to Dougan's and get your pa his beer."

"Oh, mother, I don't see why you always make me do that, when you know how I hate to go and how they make fun of me."

"Look here, Raymond, I ain't going to have no more of this here fussing about going to a saloon. I guess if your pa goes and ain't hurt by it you can go. You ain't no better'n he is, not by a long sight."

"Oh, I know, but I don't say I'm any better than he. I just don't like to go. You know the way they jolly me always, and, and——well, I can't help it, I hate a place filthy with tobacco spit and swearing men. It's foolish, I know, but that doesn't help me any, gee, I'd rather——"

"You make me tired, Raymond," the woman walked over to the dining table, in the middle of the room and talked across it to the boy. Her face was hard, but the hardness was clearly acquired; underneath could still be seen lines pleasant and motherly.

"I don't for the life o' me know where you got such stuck up notions, Raymond. I can't understand it, honest I can't. What on earth ails a boy who acts like a baby about going into a saloon is more'n I can guess. You don't need to go, I'll send Fred."

She walked back to the stove and the boy crossed the hall to a dampish, musty room; he close the door.

There was no place in the world more unpleasant to Raymond Colwell than the parlor. It was an absolute type of parlor; musty, gloomy and cheerless. It was filled with multi-colored plush furniture. The walls were generously hung with cruelly distorted family portraits and everywhere were atrocities beyond description. In one corner stood an easel supporting a gaudy gilt frame; in the frame was a bunch of thoroughly unnatural wax flowers. On the mantel, which itself was calculated to produce groans from the most stolical, stood a miniature bride and groom, waxly expressionless, and holding hands, under a glass case. The center table bore the proverbial family bible, large beyond use; and the equally proverbial portrait album. The album was bright red and was decorated with an abnormally thick mirror. This collection of monstrosities almost caused the boy pain.

He was one of the rare children born alien to their own parents. He could not tell why his tastes were different, he only knew they were. He instinctively loved simplicity, things really beautiful, and his home was torture. He was really as unhappy as though he had actually fallen from his proper station. His father was a clerk, uneducated, coarse and unambitious. His mother was unrefined and as uneducated as her husband. Neither understood the boy. They would have talks, sometimes, after he had gone to bed. But they had not the slightest comprehension of the situation and, of course, made no attempt to explain or change.

Raymond's mind was constantly on beautiful things. He loved good music and pictures, he could explain neither, but he frequently visited the art galleries and

free concerts and got a deep pleasure from them. He would stand before the plaster casts of Mercury and the Hermes for hours. He wanted his home beautiful and wished for all the things that would make it so.

He curled up in a vicious-red upholstered great chair and thought. For some time a plan for leaving home had been growing in his brain. This evening it was more definite than ever before. He never thought of staying at home and trying to work the change he wished. The only thing to do, it seemed to him, was to leave. But when to leave? Always there he stopped. Of such a nature, he was a home boy, and what to do when he did leave always blocked his plan. He never had decided exactly when to leave.

* * *

Janet Clark was the one ever cheerful clerk in the Bankers' National Bank. She always smiled a bright good morning to everyone. Her happiest smile, however, was reserved for Raymond, invariably. She liked the boy sincerely and by unconscious encouragement had become the recipient of his daily little tales of woe. To Raymond she was the epitome of all he liked. She was well educated, knew all about sculpture and painting, painted dainty little water colors, and could tell him many interesting stories about the classics in literature. He dumbly worshipped her.

The next morning when she came into the office Raymond smiled a weak good morning and turned back to his work. A moment later she came over to his desk.

"What's the matter with Raymond this morning? He usually has a dandy greeting for me and all I get is a weak little smile."

"Nothing the matter, Miss Clark." But the tone spoke louder and clearer than his words and belied them.

"Yes there is, Bub. You come right into my office this minute and tell me everything you know. Then we can have a splendid, happy day."

Raymond laughed a pleased little laugh and rose from his desk. He followed Miss Clark into her office.

"Oh, you don't want to hear this, Miss Clark."

"Raymond Colwell! You come right over here and empty your head."

Raymond sat on the edge of her desk, facing her. He was embarrassed. It was one thing to plan leaving home, and another to tell someone else, particularly Janet Clark.

"Now what's the trouble, Raymond. Brooding over that dreadful parlor again?"

The boy was startled by her accurate surmise.

"Yes," he laughed sheepishly. It seemed such a tiny trouble when it really came out.

"But that isn't all," he continued. "I can't stand any of it, Miss Clark, honestly I can't. Mother's so cross and thinks I'm foolish and silly. Last night I had to beg again not to go to Dougan's. And mother and father quarrel so much and talk so loud, as do my brother and sisters. We haven't a pretty thing in our house; no pictures, no statues like your Mercury, nothing——but a lot of ugly chromos and furniture. I hate it all! And I'm going to run away, leave home." The last was defiant and in a tone meant to say that coaxing would be of no avail. Miss Clark laughed.

"Your dear, silly, old-fashioned little boy. So you'r going to run away from home cause you haven't a cast of Mercury? Well! Well! And what about your mother?"

"You see you're making fun of me, Miss Clark. You have everything I want. Of course you can't sympathize with me. I *really* am going to leave home." But he knew, and so did the girl, that again his imaginary determination had melted into its proper nothingness. The girl looked at Raymond soberly.

"Raymond," she said seriously, "I want you to do something for me. Listen! You think your mother doesn't care for you. You think she doesn't understand you. You think she doesn't like pretty things and wouldn't enjoy good music or pictures. Perhaps you think, too, that she really enjoys cooking and scrubbing. Well, she doesn't! You are the one who misunderstands. Instead of worrying your little head about the parlor, why not try to

make things pleasanter at home. The more you do for your mother, the happier you will be. Maybe she doesn't enjoy the things you enjoy, if not, it's because she hasn't had the chance to cultivate their acquaintance. While you're musing over Mercury or a picture, she's ironing your clothes for the next day."

"Oh, you don't understand," exclaimed the boy, dismayed.

"Not a word, young man. You do as I tell you. Offer to help at home, wipe dishes and run errands, yes, even to Dougan's. It'll not hurt you one mite, it may be hard, but do it anyhow. Give your mother a chance, ask her to go to an organ recital once in a while and take her to see the pictures."

"She wouldn't go, Miss Clark, why you don't know mother at all."

"Try! tonight, try. Suggest organ recital. Help when you get home and forget yourself. Ask your mother to hear the good music. Tell me in the morning what happened." Janet smiled.

Raymond walked slowly from her office and returned to his work.

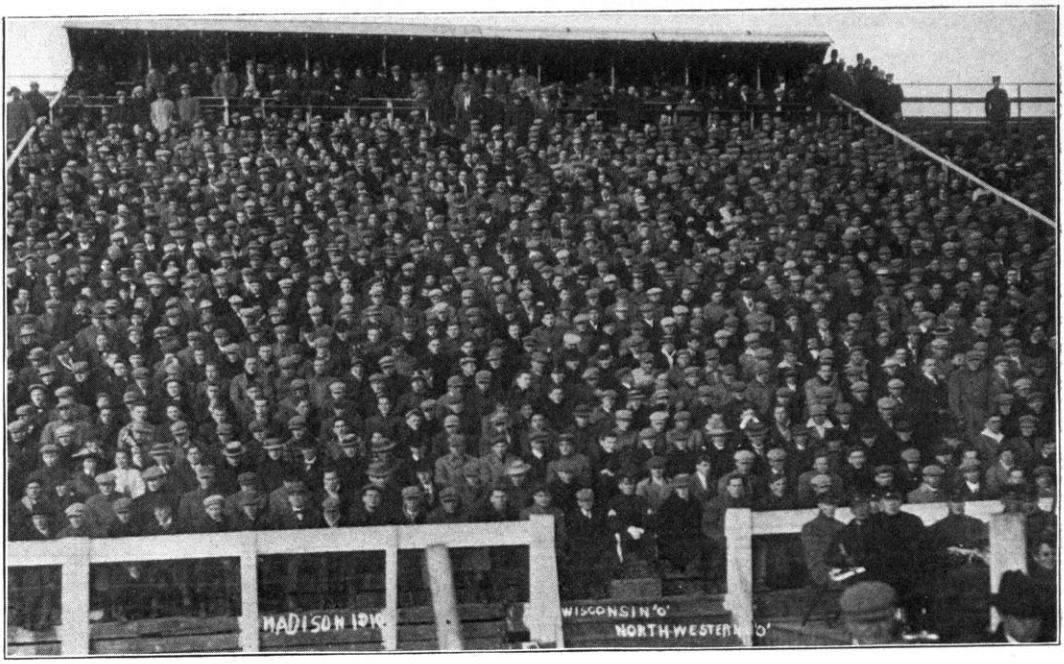
* * *

"Mother, I'm going to help you after supper if you'll go to the organ recital with me?" The tone was strange and hesitating. Mrs. Colwell turned, fork poised in mid-air over a pan of sputtering potatoes.

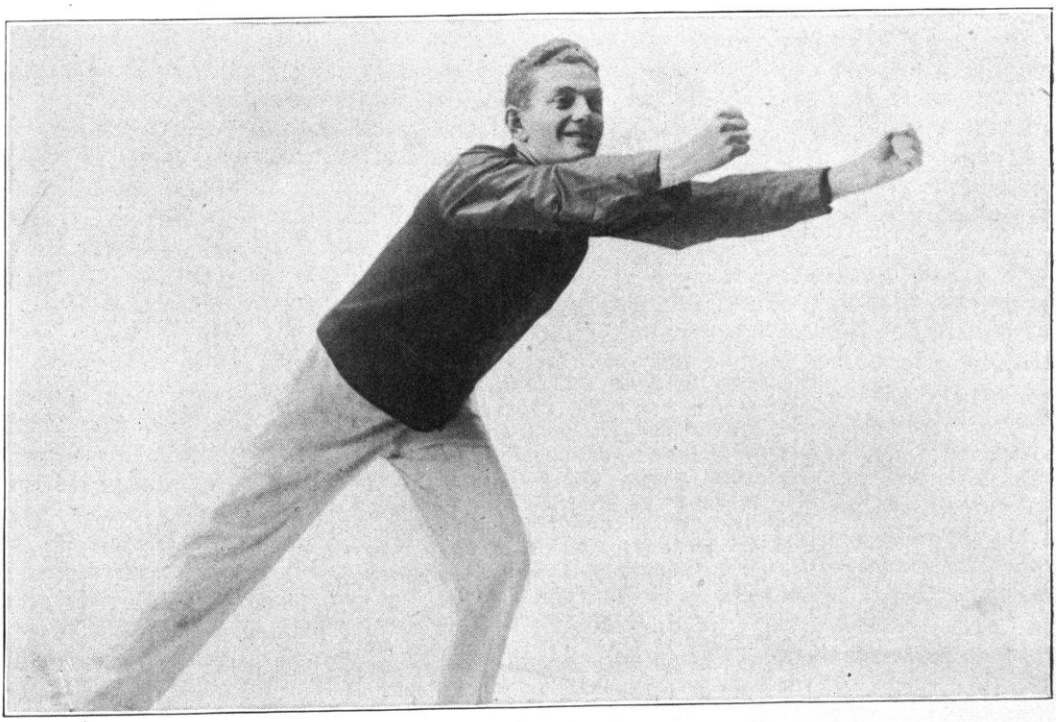
"Well, Raymond Colwell! I don't know anything about music, Raymond, I couldn't enjoy it. Anyhow I ain't no clothes, a woman has to dress nice."

"We don't care about clothes, mother, and we can go in and look at the pictures afterwards. And we can go to Reymers, too. Will you go?"

"My! I'll have to hurry supper. Yes, I'll go, I ain't been no place for so long that any place'll do. Tell Freddie to get my black silk out and lay it on the bed, carefully. Guess I won't make no dessert."



WAITING THE VICTORY



"RED" PARKER AT THE GAME

Duty

WILLIAM BACH

Now the master artist was old and gray,
But his heart was young and his art was true;
And the youths came to him from far away,
And he gave to each but a task to do.

And he passed the first with his task well done,
And the master was pleased with the work he saw.
"Now the task is Duty," he told each one,
"For its art has truth and its truth has law."

And he passed along and he came to one
At his work as still as his gods of stone,
Who had left the task of the day undone
In a dream of dreams that was all his own.

And the master stared at the work he saw,
At a face so fair that it turned his head;
And he saw Art's beauty and truth and law.
"What is Duty?" the master said.

Truth

WALTHER BUCHEN

We seem to think the face of Truth stone-hard,
And at her heart the gnawing of disease;
Her eyes a wanton's void of hope and ease
Barren of faith and altogether marred.
Her brow seems low, malignant, evil-starred—
Her hands great taloned claws our hopes to seize,
That never word came from her lips to please,
And all her body twisted, crooked, scarred.
We quite forget that Truth is many things,
That she is Faith, Hope, Sorrow, Joy and Pain,
Despair, Love, Hate, Delight, Desire and all.
Wailing and joyful are the songs she sings,
Hers is the sunshine and the rotting rain—
Shall we be still affrighted by her call?

Editorial

MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.

They say there is nothing new in the world, yet the Christmas spirit always seems new. There is a clear-eyed gladness about it. It is more frank and kind than our spirit of every day, and it seems new to us because we forget for a time our old worries and our old chains of convention, and act as we feel. Of course, we can get almost tearful thinking on Christmas eve of the hungry, shivering newsboy standing wide-eyed at a shop window, or of a little sister sleeping in a garret with tears frozen on her eyelashes, or in lamenting the fact that our little brown brother is a heathen.

But after all this mournful spirit does not make the objects of our pity happy, and it does make us miserable. However, we are often at fault in forgetting the needy all together in our happiness. We won't admit it perhaps, but something of the old Santa Claus dreams comes to us. We are waiting his gifts on the Christmas tree!

Yet some men say we are not free even at Christmas. They say on this one day of the year we are still bound to things of the world as they are about us as on all other days. Our dream imps bob up and almost choke the elves of our gladness. However this may be, there are some things we do not care to be free from. Who wants freedom from the charm of the mistletoe and holly, and the joy of giving and receiving and the ties of fellowship and love?

ON WISCONSIN.

Some men boast of their Wisconsin spirit, and the next moment laugh at Wisconsin's efforts in football, wagging their heads knowingly as they say, "Everything seems to be on Wisconsin." The real Wisconsin spirit knows, as in the victorious day, the cry, "On Wisconsin," and makes no variation.

"On Wisconsin" is the cry we need badly now. We can be honest in athletics and still be powerful. With favorable conditions (not cons for short) we can fight to a leading place in the conference. What we need is less excuse and theory and more practice. We do not need better men, but we must give our men a better chance to develop. First of all we need a seven game schedule. Our friends, the faculty, must realize how badly we need it. The reasons for the need have been mumbled in mournful tones and shouted in high-pitched, nervous tones for weeks. We all know the reasons. Our friends, the faculty, know them, too. And for the good of Wisconsin they will listen to reason and grant our needs.

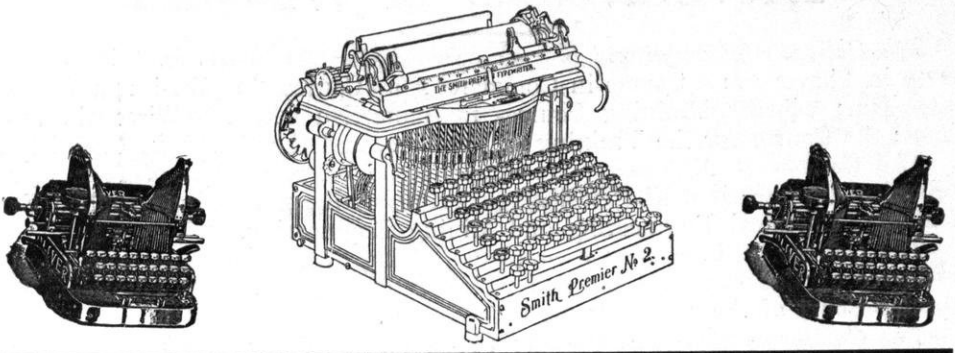
THE UNIVERSITY AND THE DRAMA.

The popular drama of today is going to the devil. We still say things are going to the devil, although some persons who are likely to go themselves do not approve. The popular drama is not a drama. It is chorus girls. The scenes are elaborate. They must hide the lack of plot. It is the old game of being seen and not heard.

Where must the reform movement of the present giddy-headed drama begin? From such examples as "The Weavers," "The Blue Bird" and other plays worth while, we know that some men still are brave enough to love and dare for the sake of true art. And in these piping times the university should be the first and most powerful institution to produce men brave enough and wise enough to continue the good work.

It is good to note here that a new dramatic club has been recently formed at the University of Wisconsin. The purpose of this club is "the furtherance of play writing and play production, and to encourage the support of dramatics of a high order." This club will endeavor to spread knowledge of what is being done with better classes of drama, here and abroad; to arouse interest and support of better plays and to encourage their production in Madison and to encourage the student production of plays of high order.

Let us hope that the movement now in its infancy may soon grow strong, and be Paid in Full for its endeavor by the production of better drama.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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