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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1908

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume VI

DECEMBER, 1908

Number III

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AN ALL WISCONSIN TEAM

ROBERT C. BURDICK, '91

[*Editor's Note:* Mr. Burdick has cheered for Wisconsin from the early '90s down to the game with Chicago last month. He has, perhaps, seen more games in which a cardinal team played than any other man and knew intimately the old time stars in whose day Wisconsin ranked with Yale on the gridiron.]



AFTER a game which has decided the western championship this year it is only natural to look back and compare the present Badger eleven with those of past years. In trying to select a team from old football heroes who carried the cardinal to victory in many a hard fought game the writer feels that very likely numerous devotees of the pigskin will be inclined to take exception to some of his selections. And indeed the wealth of material is so great that it is a very perplexing task to discriminate between men of almost equal merit.

Here is the line-up: center, Kull; left guard, Lerum; left tackle, H. F. Cochems; left end, Abbott; right guard, Com-

stock; right tackle, "Art" Curtis; right end, Brewer; quarter back, Lyman (captain); left half back, Richards; right half back, Larson; full back, O'Dea.

I will give the reasons for my choice as I speak of each man individually.

Fred Kull, the snap back, was for years recognized as one of the strongest players at that position in the country. His strength, speed and weight combined with a facility for breaking through the opposing line and either tackling the man with the ball back of it or blocking kicks make him an ideal man for the place. People will remember how this big giant, when the ball was on Wisconsin's five-yard line, and a tied game seemed altogether likely, burst through and downed Harding, the great ground gainer for Minnesota, three successive times, not permitting the latter to advance an inch, in that memorable game on the lower campus in 1894. This was as masterly a piece of defensive work as was ever seen on the field, and it undoubtedly saved the day for the Badgers. In offensive play many substantial gains were made by the backs only because this stalwart fellow opened up huge gaps in the opposing line for them.

Arne Lerum is selected for much the same cause as Kull. His play against France, the Goliath-like guard of Michigan in 1899, when he, a raw lad in his first year at the game, played that veteran of three years' experience to a standstill, opened the eyes of the onlookers and stamped him as a star player. Two years later, when he blocked Knowlton's kick in the first few minutes of play in that never-to-be-forgotten game at Camp Randall and forced the haughty Gophers to score a safety, nearly all unprejudiced critics pronounced him to be the greatest guard in the West.

In choosing Henry Cochems for left tackle it seems necessary to make an explanation for going outside of the beaten path. He was frequently used to play that place in defense in 1897, so he can hardly be regarded as a novice therein. And on the offense, by pulling him back of the line and substituting Richards, and with Arthur Curtis to clear his path, he would undoubtedly be

what Everts Wrenn, the veteran umpire, declared "the greatest offensive half back I have ever seen."

Allan Abbott needs no introduction. His play in 1900 and 1901 was of the very highest class. In going down the field on kicks and tackling the man safely his work has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. He was powerful in defense, frequently "getting his opponent back of the line." While on the offense his work in interference was always of the most sterling character. In the game with Minnesota in 1901 Umpire Kennedy of Chicago declared that Abbott played the finest game at end that was ever seen in the West.

Nathan Comstock will be recalled as one of the best men who ever donned the moleskins. Tried at guard in the Illinois game in 1895, a strange position for him to occupy, as he had been the scrub centre, he seemed to fit into the place instantly. He worked well as snap back on the '96 team, and much of the success of that eleven was directly due to his consistent work, while in 1897 he divided honors with Riordan as the best two guards in this part of the country. He fully sustained his reputation for dogged determination in that thrilling contest with Yale in '99, when the Badgers gave the Elis the scare of their lives, for he kept his huge opponent fully occupied.

There can be no possible doubt of Arthur Curtis' right to a place on this team. A brilliant high school player, he came to Wisconsin and "made good" from the start. Hickok, the old Yale guard, said that the work of this lad in the '98 game with Chicago was simply marvelous. He completely outplayed Hale at New Haven the following year, repeatedly tackling Malcolm McBride, the greatest line-smasher in the East, for numerous five and ten yard losses, and won the plaudits of the local supporters including Walter Camp. When "Phil" King was asked why he never coached this versatile boy he responded: "Because he knows more about playing the place than I do." In the game with Minnesota in 1901, when he snatched up the ball after a fumbled kick and ran half the length of the field for a touchdown, he wound up his career as a player in a perfect blaze of

glory. His work on the gridiron for the entire four years has never been equalled and stamps him as the greatest tackle that ever came on the field.

Chester Brewer, like Abbott, Curtis and Juneau, stands in a class by himself. His play at right end in '96 made him perhaps the most talked of person during that season. His work that year was emphatically spectacular. Small indeed were the gains made around him, while Richards' long kicks were never run back far when this agile youth went down the field. His brilliant dash for fifty yards in the frenzied fight with Minnesota that year, which run was an exact counterpart of "Ikey" Karel's great sprint against the same team two years before, placed his name among our prominent football warriors, for he carried the ball so close to the goal that the winning score was soon after made and in almost the last minute of play. A few days later he snatched another victory from Northwestern University, running thirty yards for the ball, which bounded back of the goal line on account of a faulty pass. Seldom indeed does it fall to a man's lot to save two games in one season in such a dramatic way. His work against the Carlisle Indians that year was also commendable.

Theron Upson Lyman was undoubtedly the best quarter back Wisconsin ever had. An untiring worker, he had the faculty of inspiring his men to almost superhuman exertions. His passing of the ball was clean, his defense was powerful, his interference was great, and in the season of '94 he had the distinction of never missing a goal. Karel's great run in the game with the Gophers that season put the Badgers on the football map, but it was due in no small degree to the effective blocking of Lyman, Nelson, Richards and Alexander. For the above-mentioned reasons the subject of this sketch is chosen to captain this team.

John Richards is no stranger among Wisconsin's gridiron gladiators. He started in playing an end the latter part of the season of '92, but was tried at full back the following year, which position he occupied as long as he played. He was a terrific line-smasher, a tremendous kicker, his punts never being less than

fifty yards and frequently going sixty and seventy. One kick in particular at Evanston in '96 went sixty-five yards on the fly and rolled fifteen yards further. His most noteworthy achievements were in the same year, when in the last half of the game with Chicago University at Camp Randall, neither team having scored in the first half, he caught the ball at the kick off on his own five yard line and never stopped until he had placed it on Chicago's ten yard line, a result due largely to his tremendous speed and his wonderful dodging and hurdling. His charge over Harding in the Minnesota game that season for the decisive score "would have carried away a house" said one of his admirers. The following lines by Charles Floyd McClure seem extremely appropriate under the circumstances:

"For 'tis the winning touchdown,
In hour of direst need,
And now the college idol
Is doing well indeed."

And in the game with Carlisle, when he called his end men back of him, thus putting them "on side," and then kicked the ball back of the goal where Sheldon fell on it for a touchdown, he executed as brilliant a piece of strategy as was ever seen in a contest of this kind. Richards has been selected for one of the half backs, partly on account of his defensive powers but chiefly to make a place on this eleven for O'Dea. Like Lyman he won distinction by kicking every goal in all the college conflicts of his final year, proving himself to be a most capable leader.

Albert Larson will always be remembered by the Badger rooters. His play at right half in '98 gave promise of better things, while the next year his impetuous assaults on the Michigan line proved conclusively that no mistake had been made in putting him on the eleven in that important contest. But in the two following years he demonstrated that he was one of the greatest back field men in the country and by far the best one that Wisconsin has ever turned out. A tower of strength in defense, he was even more terrible in offensive play, for his blocking made possible many brilliant runs by his fellow workers, while he him-

self could always be relied upon to advance the ball the distance necessary to retain it. This was particularly noticeable in the strenuous games with Nebraska and Minnesota in 1901, in which year he acted as field captain. With rare judgment he invariably chose the weakest points in the opposing team at which to launch his attacks.

The name of Patrick O'Dea will always be famous as long as the game of football endures. His long, twisting and lofty spiral kicks have given him a world-wide celebrity, although his fame does not rest alone on them. His most wonderful feat was performed at Northwestern in '98, when he made a goal from the field while standing on his own fifty yard line, a performance which Everts Wrenn declared had never been equalled in this country, and which stands unrivaled to this day. Another wonderful kick was made against Beloit in Milwaukee the same year, when he scored another goal from that college's forty-five yard mark, being almost on the further side line, and kicking against a very hard cross wind. It was a most remarkable accomplishment, for the angle was of the very sharpest kind, and two of his opponents had almost reached him. The longest punt ever kicked in the United States was made in the historic contest with Yale in '99, when he booted the big yellow spheroid eighty yards, the ball being caught on the one yard line by McBride, who was tackled by E. B. Cochems and Juneau in his tracks and without his gaining an inch. He was also a wonderful man to run back kicks in a broken field, two runs of eighty yards each against Chicago and Minnesota in '97 being especially worthy of mention. But his most brilliant triumph in this respect was made against Beloit in 1899, when he made a run of one hundred and eight yards for a touchdown from the kickoff, being much assisted by the splendid interference given to him by Alonzo Chamberlain. This feat, I believe, has never been equalled. As for his defensive play it will suffice to say that he tackled the redoubtable Herschberger several times in the open field in the game with Chicago in '98, when he (O'Dea) stood alone between

the latter and the goal line. This in itself would stamp his defense as being of a very high order.

Would not these eleven players make an ideal combination and one well calculated to restore the supremacy of the cardinal on the gridiron? It is doubtful if any university, east or west, could pick from among its gridiron heroes as bright a galaxy of football stars.

THE PATHWAY

VERA MAY TYLER

There's a winding little pathway,
In a sheltered shady nook,
And I wondered when I saw it
Hidden close beside the brook,
If it lead to secret treasures,
Or some idly silvan dell
Where the wood nymphs sport so playful,
But alas! it would not tell.

And I said, "Most beauteous pathway,
Whither leads thy silent thread,
'Neath these rustling dancing leaflets,
Golden brown and shades of red;
To some quiet sheltered cottage,
Or a hermit's lonely cell;
Canst thou not reveal this secret?"
But alas! it would not tell.

WHAT THEY TAUGHT

ADEL EHRENBURG

("And I learned about women from her.")

"What have you learned from the women, lad?
Have they taught you aught worth while?
Will they ease your path, the things you've learned,
Have they taught you things you are glad you learned,
Wisdom of cunning, of worldly guile?
Are they scored on your soul, deep-branded and burned—
Does your heart still throb with the faith they spurned?
Have they made you glad, have they made you sad?
What have they taught you, lad?"

"Taught? They have taught me to hold my tongue
For nights and days and years.
They have taught me to hold my careless tongue—
To have my sport and to hold my tongue—
To do as I pleased—but hold my tongue—
And they have my thanks—the dears."

"More, they have taught me to bide my time,
To salve desire's burn.
They have taught me to bide the proper time—
To scheme and dream—but to bide my time—
To smile and smile—but bide my time,
And hard it was to learn."

“Taught? They have taught me to tell them lies
To gain my various ends—
To look in their eyes and tell them lies—
To remember the things that I told in lies—
To swear by the gods while I told them lies—
For love and lies are friends.”

“Lord! They have taught me that life’s a joke,
Deceit the salt of tears.
They have taught me that death and breath are jokes,
That rising and falling and grief are jokes—
That hope and despair are jokes, all jokes—
And they have my thanks—the dears.

“What have I learned from the women, dad?
They have taught me wiles worth while.
They will ease my path, these things I’ve learned—
I trod a rose-thorn path—and learned
Wisdom of cunning, of worldly guile.
It is scored on my soul, deep-branded and burned,
And my heart is rid of the faith they spurned.
They’ve not made me glad, they have made me sad—
So they’ve taught me somewhat, dad!

WISCONSIN'S JOINT DEBATE

DOUGLAS ANDERSON, LAW '09



WISCONSIN'S Joint Debate has, since the foundation of the institution, stood as the ranking forensic event of the year.

While nominally dating from 1867, the records of the older societies disclose the fact that joint contests were held as early as 1857. The Civil war drew heavily from the ranks of the students, and consequently there were few student activities during that time. The joint debate as a permanent organization took definite form immediately after the close of the war, in 1866, the first debate taking place in the fall of 1867, between Hesperia and Athena. The debates were carried on each year by these two societies, with an occasional entry of a third member, such as Lionia, Adelpia and Calliope, until 1891, when Philomathia was admitted to the organization which now makes up the Triangular Joint Debating League of Wisconsin University.

The joint debate in the past has, in the words of Reuben G. Thwaites, secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, made a distinct contribution to whatever subject the debaters have essayed to discuss. It has received favorable comment from high authorities all over the land. Such men as Davis R. Dewey, David Kinley and Professor Gray of Minnesota have at different times spoken of the debates with unstinted praise. Favorable reviews have appeared in *The Review of Reviews*,

and the *Engineering News*, the latter with regard to the unusually scientific treatment given to a debate on the question of municipal ownership in the early '90s. Among the men who took part in joint debates are the names of many who rank high in every walk of life. Some of the more prominent are President Charles R. Van Hise, Supreme Justice R. G. Siebecker, Burr W. Jones, Robert M. Bashford, Congressman John J. Esch, John A. Aylward, Emil Baensch, Gilbert E. Roe, Francis E. McGovern, State Senator T. W. Brazeau, State Senator Henry Lockney, A. C. Umbreit, Judge E. Ray Stevens, Emerson Ela, Henry Cochems, and Professors Turner, Slichter, Showerman and Smith of our own faculty.

The joint debate has been the means of building up a system of debates within the societies, which are so necessary in giving the men a preliminary training for the "joint" and intercollegiates. It is the ambition of every member of a "blow-out" team to make either a closership or a place on the society's "semi-public," and it is the ambition of every member of a "semi-public" team to make a position on the "joint." It does not follow that those who do not make "the semi-publics" and the "joint" are not in a position to follow up debating successfully, but these positions give those who make them an added advantage and act as a spur to more continued effort. It is this system of continued honor to be sought, if even only among a restricted few at the start, which serves to bring the student who follows debating at Wisconsin up to an unusually high state of efficiency. This system of debates is responsible for the permanence of the societies which make the present Joint Debating League, and hence the permanence and high character of debating at the University.

The effort in the joint debate has ever been to present an exhaustive discussion of the subject under consideration. The production represents more nearly a thesis than an oration. Facts and argument presented in a straight-forward manner are relied upon more than polish or style of presentation, although the latter are not wholly neglected. Advanced subjects

are always chosen as questions for discussion. In most cases the subjects have never been debated, at least not in this country. The subjects for the last four years were Compulsory Insurance of Workingmen, Federal Regulation of Corporations, State Insurance, and Legalization of Strike, Lockout, Boycott, Blacklist and Peaceful Picketing, the last named being the subject for discussion for the coming debate.

The style of debating followed in the "joint" is that of only one speech to each man, as distinct from the system followed in all inter-collegiate debates of giving each man a short period for rebuttal after the so-called set speech. This system has its advantages and disadvantages. It has a tendency to make the debates of less interest from the standpoint of the general public, on account of the length of the speeches. The short, snappy speech of the intercollegiate is more apt to meet the favor of the public, although it precludes any extended or exhaustive handling of the subject, owing to the very frequent intermissions in the thread of the debate. The system of one speech is more nearly the one that will be used in practical public speaking, as it tends to cultivate the ability to handle your subject in the natural and logical order, meeting every objection in its proper place and tending to bring about that fusion of direct argument and rebuttal which is the highest type of public speaking.

This system of debating is presumed to give the negative side of the question an undue advantage, although the records show that practically an even number of the debates held have been won by the affirmative, even with the absence of any rebuttal on the part of the affirmative after the conclusion of the last speaker of the negative, before 1890. The supposed difficulty is perhaps partly overcome by framing the question with the stronger side on the affirmative. It is so seldom that questions of recent origin are so evenly balanced that this cannot be easily arranged.

The joint debate is now nearly a half century old as an institution. It has maintained its position of prominence by

the force of the quality of the work it has produced and the men it has been instrumental in giving a training. The standard of excellence which has been set so high in the past must be maintained. That it will be so, it is safe to assume, backed by the energy and vigor which characterizes every line of student activity at Wisconsin.

THE SHIP

F. N.

The ship comes in, where o'er the tide
Our island Goddess towers yet,
And stops in smoke and flame beside
The city's dome and minaret.

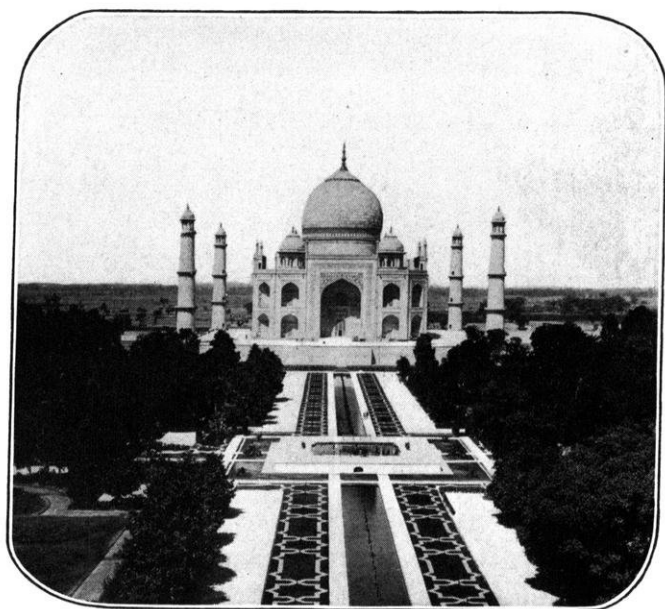
She gives us half our wandered ones,
She gives us half the world's oppressed;
Then, heading round to rising suns,
Puts back to sea to find the rest.

THE RAINBOW

A SEQUEL TO SHELLEY'S "CLOUD"

HARRIET MAXON

Like a glowing crest on the heaven's breast
 After the flight of the storm,
 I span the blue dome of my cloud-cleared home,
 Where the veil of the sky has been torn.
 My colors I choose from the heaven's dews,
 To mix with the rays of the sun,
 Which shine reflected—all undetected,
 And the arch of my glory is done.
 My colors stolen, in soft folds woven,
 With a pearly mist around,
 Shine down on the earth over half its girth,
 As if by fillets crowned.
 And the clear light shed from my gleaming head
 On the face of the earth so weary,
 Seems to brighten its tears with a thousand cheers,
 And the heavens no longer are dreary.
 In the lake's clear depth when never a breath
 Is disturbing its glass-like sheen,
 With a look of stealth, I behold myself
 In a mirror of limpid green;
 Then o'er its expanse there begins to dance
 A tremor of rippling waves;
 As with fairy-like feet, they run over the deep
 I am lost in a mystic maze.
 But although I may girdle the earth with my circle,
 Set round with the blue of the sky,
 My glorious hues must dissolve in the dews
 And, gradually fading, must die.
 But while I am fainting, the clear sky painting
 With tints ever paler and frail,
 The storm-clouds I banish, and with them I vanish
 Where no one may follow my trail.



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA

SCHOOLS FOR THE NATIVES OF INDIA

CHARLES JOHNSTON

We were in camp in a grove of evergreen mango trees, some twenty miles from the river, on the eastern verge of the Ganges delta. A half mile away across the fields of rice stubble was the old rural town of Kandi, with its big landlords, its bazar full of merchants and craftsmen, and its ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants.

It was the "cold" season, nearly cool enough for peaches, but still too hot for the growing of strawberries. Floods of sunlight poured down from a turquoise sky upon the brown rice fields, and glinted on the glossy green leaves of the mango trees, which spread their ample shade over the big, square tents of our encampment. Among the branches, yellow-winged orioles flashed and gurgled, and squirrels chattered and darted to and fro, while far above the tree-tops one could catch glimpses of kites and vultures weaving endless circles in the illimitable blue. The horses neighed and shuffled a little way off, under a thick group of trees; the murmur of the town of Kandi came to us across the stubble fields; and away up in the blue, the kites uttered their long, shrilling cry, as they caught the glinting sunlight on their wings. Now and then, a painted butterfly flashed past, like a living fragment of rainbow. Then all was motionless again in the warm, shimmering air.

Then on the white strip of road leading from Kandi to the mango grove a little knot of people appeared, advancing amid

a light cloud of dust, and we, who were resting after the morning's ride and bath, watched them as they approached, from our easy chairs under the wide veranda of the dining tent.

As the little group approached through the shimmering air, the cloud of sunlit dust accompanying them, we were able to make out that most of them were boys wearing the two garments of white muslin that are universal in Bengal; while their leader was an elderly man, conspicuous also by his green umbrella, which tilted with conscious pride, as he marched forward through the dust.

Presently they reached the grateful shade of the mango grove, startling a golden couple of orioles, who flashed past the tents like a living sunbeam, while squirrels chattered with indignation at the intruders. Scarlet turbaned orderlies, always unobtrusively though effectively on guard, quietly intercepted the new-comers, halted them, and asked the reason of their coming. The chief of the orderlies, a grey-bearded Mahometan, came forward, and reported, with a dignified salaam, that Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose, schoolmaster, had come, and wished the Sahibs to examine his school.

As there was still a half hour to spare, before the rural magisterial court began its sittings, the Sahibs instructed the red-turbaned orderly that the schoolmaster should come forward, and bring his pupils with him; this all in Hindustani, which is, in general, the domestic language in Anglo-Indian households. As there is both interest and pleasure in such a colloquy, the Mem-Sahibs, that is, the lady of the Collector and the lady of the Deputy Collector, were invited to come forth from the deeper shade of their tents, and presently they were seated in easy chairs, under the wide awning of the veranda.

To them thus assembled came forward Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose, in conscious pride, with his brood of bareheaded youngsters; while the scarlet-turbaned orderlies, each with his scarlet shoulder-sash and brass shield of office, kept discreet watch, as they prepared the chairs and tables for the coming court. Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose, whose splendid name, be-

ing translated, means: He who shines like the Moon, which is Shoshi, the divinity of the hare; He who is an adornment, which is Bushan; He who is wealth, which is Vasu or Bose; came forward, and, bowing low, said: "I solicit your Honors' catechization!"

Their Honors signified their entire willingness, politely greeted Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose and his scholars, resumed their seats, and bade him and his charges also be seated. With lofty courtesy, he waived aside the offer of a chair, ostensibly through humility, but really because he was unused to chairs, and would have been vastly uncomfortable in one; and presently his small boys were seated in a row on the ground,—soft, warm sand, sparsely sprinkled with grass—while Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose hovered over them.

Like a good stage manager, he begun with the smallest and worked gradually up to a climax. The smallest boy, whose shining morning face had a faint aroma of cocoa-nut oil, as indeed all their dusky faces and arms and ankles had, was just learning his letters, and, duly set in motion by Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose, he began to recite them. At first, one thought of a young crow learning to talk, as, with a rather raucous treble he began: "Kaw, Khaw, Gaw, Ghaw!" But it was veritably the Bengali alphabet, which, like all Indian alphabets, begins with the throat sounds, and works forward to the sounds of the palate, the sounds of the teeth, and the sounds of the lips. So the little one said his letters, was warmly commended, especially by the Mem-Sahibs, and smiled broadly, as he relapsed again into silence, and the perfect quiet which little Orientals learn to maintain.

The next pupil could write. That is, he could form the letters which the little one had just named. So with a serious brown face, his black hair shining, he bent his head over the strip of palm-leaf on his knees, and, with a foot of reed pointed like a pen and dipped in sticky ink, he painted rather than wrote the fine, upright characters which come from the Sanskrit "alphabet of the gods." Then came a boy, one size larger,

equally brown and glossy, and with a trick of breaking into a sudden sly smile, which as suddenly vanished from his solemn little face, and this boy could write, not merely letters but words, on a like slip of palm, with a like pointed reed. He had only learned words of one syllable. But thereafter he would have no great difficulty as all the tongues of India's three hundred millions are written phonetically. It must not be supposed, though, that the three hundred millions can therefore read them. All the peasantry of India—the vast majority of its peoples,—and the women of all classes, with few exceptions have been kept in ignorance and illiteracy by the Brahmin oligarchy, in marked contrast to the priests of Buddha's religion, who, in Burma for example, are assiduous schoolmasters of the people.

Yet another brown-skinned white-clad boy with shiny black hair was called on. He could read Bengali fluently, and was progressing at the same time, his teacher proudly said, in mathematics and "Europe science." And sure enough, duly catechized by the Deputy Collector, he evinced an accurate knowledge of the elements of Euclid, glibly demonstrating in fluent Bengali, that the squares on the sides of a right-angled triangle containing the right angle are equal to the square on the side subtending the right angle,—that same proposition which little Russian school boys, in allusion to the shape of the figures, call "Pythagoras' trousers." Then came the "Europe science." The small boy with conscious effort, with more conscious elation, pronounced the magic words: "Uni-ver-sal Gravi-ta-tion," and sat down exhausted with the effort.

So under the genial guidance of the pundit, or "learned man," as Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose delighted to call himself, these sprigs of Young Bengal were learning to read, to write, and to master the elements of mathematics, especially that geometry in which India has excelled for ages. But for the trimming of "Europe science," it was precisely the education which India's pundits have been giving to her youth, for three thousand years or even longer. Schools like this, which now

displayed its lore under the mango-trees, have ever been strewn broadcast over India, with more advanced Sanskrit colleges, like those at Benares or Nadiya in the north, or the famed colleges of Shankara the Teacher, at Kumbakonam and Shringeri in the south.

Time was up. A gathering crowd of lawyers, litigants, witnesses and policemen admonished us that the hour for the court to sit had come, and, dismissing Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose and his youngsters with many compliments, the Sahibs, that is to say, the Collector and Deputy Collector, set themselves to the high task of administering justice, which the British Government of India "denies or delays to no man." So, with many salaams, Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose and his fledglings of learning pass out of the saga. We watch them first make their way to the edge of the mango-grove, where the deep brown shadow ceases, then emerge into the blistering sunlight, the green umbrella once more expanded and tilting jauntily this way and that; then receding over the white strip of road between the rice-fields, with the cloud of sunlit dust accompanying them like a guardian genie; till, growing less and less as they depart through the shimmering air, they finally vanish in the glowing light, amid the thatched houses of Kandi, and are seen no more.

Of such primary schools, there are some 150,000 in India today. They receive grants-in-aid from the government, according to the number of pupils attending them, and the progress they make. The principle of the British government in India is, to encourage the private enterprise of the native schoolmasters, of the class of Babu Shoshi Bushan Bose, as much as possible; leaving it to them to establish and manage the primary schools, receiving small fees from their pupils; and then coming in to supplement these fees, to supervise the work of instruction, and, in general, to make sure that all is going well, while private initiative is stimulated and strengthened. These primary schools teach almost wholly in the native languages, such an accomplishment as the knowledge of big

words like universal gravitation being wholly beyond the ambition of most village schoolmasters.

Next above these 150,000 primary schools come 5,000 middle schools so called because they stand midway between the primary schools, which teach wholly in the native languages, and the high schools, which give an English education. Whether the wide spread of education in English is or is not a benefit to India, is a matter of considerable doubt. We must content ourselves with saying that it has its advantages and its disadvantages, chief among the latter being, that the English-taught natives tend to become a class apart, more or less isolated from their fellow-countrymen, while only partially assimilated to the English governing class.

The high schools, of which there are 1,500 scattered all over India, teach, in English, up to the entrance of the universities. Of universities, there were at first three, at Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, the three Presidency capitals, and they date from the Mutiny year, 1857. These three universities do not teach. They only examine and confer degrees, the teaching at the university stage being done by colleges, which are much more widely distributed over the country, being now 175 in number for all India. These colleges teach in English, and have at present 25,000 students, all of whom hope to graduate at the great universities. It should be kept in mind that all these schools and colleges either receive grants-in-aid or are wholly supported by the government. Two universities were later added, in 1887, at Lahore and Allahabad; and these are teaching as well as examining bodies; thus completing the government system of education for the vast India Empire.

Much excellent work has been done, throughout the whole field of education in India, by the missionaries, who have been pioneers in more than one department, and have done exceptionally good work in the education of women. But throughout all the Orient, the ideal still is, that women should have rather the education of the heart than the education of the head.

THE RUINED HOUSE

F. N.

Come, come away!—
White was this house of ours,
Vanished to-day;
Warm in the shrubs and flowers,
Radiant in rainbow showers,
Facing the sunset's towers,
Golden as they.

House of desire!—
Born that there poets might
Sleep and aspire!
Fragrant in full-moon light,
Rustling her vines by night,
Watching the comet's bright,
Midsummer fire!

Let us be gone!
Fouly her rafters smoulder
In the gray dawn;
And the black chimney shoulder,
Lone as the mountain boulder,
Stands, while the winter's colder
Winds come on.

THE MESSAGE OF MARIE

RALPH BIRCHARD



THE SPECIAL train pulled slowly into the station and stopped with a hissing of air brakes. From it poured a stream of gayly decorated humanity, come to the little inland city to see two great football teams play for the championship of the west.

Oliver adjusted his tie nervously; then took a position of vantage and scanned the hurrying crowd for Marie. Several times he thought he saw her and a smile came over his face—one of those foolish smiles that you smile in spite of yourself when you see someone you think you know. Each time, however, the smile faded; she proved to be somebody else's girl.

As the crowd thinned Oliver grew more and more perturbed, and by the time the last few stragglers had hurried past his face wore an expression of deep anxiety. He looked in the station and then boarded the train in spite of the indignant protests of an insignificant little brakeman. He walked the whole length of it. Marie was not in the station. Marie was not on the train. Where on earth was Marie?

To understand how serious this question seemed to our young friend, Oliver, you must know the few facts of the case.

Oliver was in his third year in the University. Marie was utilizing her high school education in teaching a little country school some forty miles away. Oliver had thought a good long while before he invited her down for the game, and a much longer while since she had accepted his invitation. Marie had

waited a long while for the invitation and no time at all before accepting it. Afterwards she had some moments of misgiving. She was a country girl, born, bred, and immured. The trip had a glamorous attraction for her, but the thought that something might happen filled her with dread. Supposing Oliver didn't meet her at the train. The idea of being alone in a strange town appalled her.

Most of this Oliver knew; the rest of it he guessed.

It might be worth while to add that Oliver and Marie had known each other since childhood, and that the folks down home were ready to give them their blessing at any time.

Oliver scratched his head in perplexity. Finally it dawned upon him that the train came into town at the other depot first. He could not remember that he had included a mention of this fact in the very explicit directions he had written out for Marie. The stenographic speed of his recording angel was put to a severe test during the next few minutes as he (Oliver) went up the street.

At this point we are obliged to use the time-worn narrative expedient of telling what Marie was doing in the meanwhile.

Now to the casual bystander it would not have appeared that Marie was doing anything at all remarkable. But to Marie herself, her conduct seemed unconventional to the point of being extraordinary.

When the train stopped, she hastened to alight, too excited at the thought of meeting Oliver to notice that only a few of those who were evidently coming to the game alighted with her. Five minutes she stood upon the depot platform looking for him. In those five minutes her state of mind changed from a glow of expectancy to one of most distressing despair.

A harmless looking policeman was wandering about the station with an apparently aimless air. Marie summoned up her courage and asked this quaint person if he had seen Oliver. The minion of the law was unable to recall having done so, but inasmuch as his line of work had caused him to meet many students informally, whose names he troubled not to remember, he thought it safe to answer in the affirmative.

It seems he had seen him that very morning. No, he had not mentioned that he was expecting an out-of-town guest.

The policeman was sympathetic; Marie grew confidential. She accepted as sound his advice that she go to the hotel and there await her truant swain. The policeman told her to take the car. Marie assented, but in her heart was a lurking distrust of street cars. She walked, instead.

Five minutes after she had set out for town Oliver arrived, pale and shaken. No vestige of Marie was to be found. It was horrible.

Oliver, too, sought the aid of the upholder of the law. In three minutes he had learned all there was to be learned, and some more. *He* took the car.

At the hotel—no Marie!

With a nameless fear clutching his heart, Oliver set out to search the streets. At last he turned the right corner. Half way down the block he saw the little check-suited figure he had been picturing to himself so vividly for days.

He raced over the intervening distance. She turned to him with a glad cry.

"Marie!"

"Oh, Ollie!"

"What is it, dearest?" he asked in a voice vibrant with emotion.

"What do you think?"

"Couldn't guess."

"The Smiths are going to build a new porch on and paint the whole house over in the spring," she said.

MA

WALTER S. BARTLETT

I loves my pa and my sister Sue;
'Taint her fault she's got red hair.
I guess I loves my bruver Paul,—
But ma, I loves her best of all.

She don't spank me when I ain't good
An' didn't do what I'd oughter should,
An' when I'm feelin' kind a sick
She takes me up to bed right quick
An' strokes my hair, an' wrapts me close,
An' gives me catnip tea, just so's
I won't get sick or feelin' bad.
An' then she sez, "Dear little lad,
Aren't you most ready to go to sleep?
I seen you wink, an' peep an' peep."
An' I sez, "No, I'm wide awake."
But though I try I can't quite make
My eyes keep still, an' soon I'm fast
Asleep, there in her arms at last.

I loves my bruver and my sister, too,
And that's just what you'd oughter do.
There ain't none better than my pa;
But, gee whiz, how I loves my ma!

A COMEDY OF IRONIES

K. H.

WHERE have you been, my Rosy maid?"

"I've been having a caller, sir, she said."

"Oh, that accounts for it, does it?" teased Molly, as Rose blew into the room. "Or is it that most becoming yellow bow that brings the flush to your cheeks? 'She knew she was looking her loveliest, the idea carried her away and her beholders with her,' as the words—"

"Stop it, Molly," laughingly, from Rose. "You know it isn't the yellow bow. Anyway, a 'beau in the parlor is worth two in the hair.'"

"Ah, here we have it, at last! Was it Tommy Sutton again? What *has* he invited you to, now? Have a care, Rosy!"

"Well," tantalizingly from Rose, "it didn't happen to be Tommy, this time. It's the Sigma Chi formal for the sixteenth of January."

"But who?" anxiously from Molly.

"New man—Mr. Lawson—met him at that reception you wouldn't go to two weeks ago, do you remember?"

"H'm, only the eighteenth of December, and two dates for after the holidays—hop with Tommy, date unknown—formal for sixteenth—new gallant. Oh, but Rosy," in a sudden afterthought, "what if the two should come on the same night? Wouldn't that just be the irony of it? What would you do about it?"

"Do," returned Rose, "I—oh, but it wouldn't! That would be too absurd!"

This is the way the affair looked just before the holidays.

After everybody was back at work, however, and, in spite of the usual "roughhouse" between 9:30 and 10, every night, the mid-semester gloom was beginning to settle down over the Hall. Matters began to assume a startling and suggestive definiteness. One night after the holidays Rose had spent the evening, as usual, in entertaining a caller in the large Hall parlor—each tête-à-tête, here, a small island of joy in a hungry sea of publicity—she came upstairs, to her roommate, looking as "melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe."

"What is the matter?" asked Molly, sympathetically, as soon as the door was closed.

"Oh, it was only Tommy," with an attempt to be nonchalant; "and," solemnly, "the hop is to be on the sixteenth!"

"But what did you do—did you tell him?"

"No-o," weakly from Rose. "I just couldn't, right to his face."

"You accepted?"

"Yes. Anyway, Tommy asked me first."

"But you'll have to refuse Mr. Lawson."

"Yes, I suppose so—oh, bother it all, anyway!"

The next evening brought Mr. Lawson and new complications. Rose, as she acknowledged to Molly, after the interview, did not know what to tell him. She therefore told him nothing. This disturbed Molly. She had had previous proofs of Rose's inability to state plain, hard facts, to a man. Now if she were to manage the business—but all she said to her roommate was:

"See here, Rosy, you can't go to both parties. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"I believe," hesitatingly from Rose, "I'll tell Tommy to come up to-morrow night, and I'll tell him that I can't go with him. I know him so well—it's only a hop, anyway—but he really did invite me first. Yet the other invitation was for a definite date."

She did so, but it did not seem to help matters any, and a few days afterward she confided to her roommate:

"Tommy has suddenly become very severe and haughty and

says that my decision will prove the value of our friendship. Does not insist on my going with him, of course,—merely speaks of friendship and looks self-righteous, the bear!”

“Just like mere man. He comes dancing up to you, with a perfect open pea-pod smile—that is, just so long as he holds the trump card. But when there is a bit of spice in the situation—”

“Molly!”

“When there is a bit of spice, then—the reverse of the Cheshire cat—the grin disappears, leaving mere man, in all his horribleness. And he sticks to his point, I’ll tell you, with all the malicious insistence of a mosquito.”

“Well, to the point, Molly.”

“Well?”

“It’s just this way. Mr. Lawson hates to give me up, because, as he is a freshman, this is his first formal. Of course the other fellows will have their eyes upon him to see what sort of showing he makes. And to be turned down by his girl, in the end, after he has told the fellows whom he is going to take—I can see just how he would feel.”

“And Tommy is so awfully sensitive; if I go with Mr. L., Tommy will just bow his way out in the most frigidly polite manner, taking it for granted that I don’t care for his friendship. And yet I’d like to go to the Sigma Chi formal—I suppose I ought to consider it an honor to be invited, since I’m not a “frat” girl; and if I turn Mr. L. down—”

“Of course! Well, why don’t you go to Professor Flat about it?”

“Do you think it would do any good? I’ve been asking everybody.”

“I know it—a veritable ‘Ancient Mariner’ performance. She stoppeth one of three; and neither eight o’clocks nor quizzes will excuse the poor victims. Then after going through the whole thing, you settle down to a few moments’ quiet, until the fit is on you again.”

“But, Molly—”

“And you aren’t able to study, or to rest; and you are getting

as pale as the salmon we used to have for lunch, under the old régime. Lots of people have been asking what is the matter with you. And as a piece of brutal truth, I happen to have a topic and a quiz waiting for me, besides some choice outpouring of my heart, for comp—don't daily themes weigh on one's spirits!"

"But that isn't much to the point after all. Nice, cute little freshman, or hypersensitive senior, who harps on friendship. Which shall it be? As the poet says—I have forgotten his name—likewise what he said, but no matter—"

"Molly, can't you be serious for just one moment?"

"Serious! What have I been doing all these days? Just because the lugubriousness of my countenance couldn't match yours—yes, I'll be serious, if you'll stop being a silly. Leave that rôle for the other sex—they've had longer practice."

This was the usual depth of conclusion reached in the discussions. Rose's perturbation grew daily, hourly. The matter had ceased to be a question of ethics. It had resolved itself into the problem of choosing one or the other of the two men. Telephone messages, noonday calls, special delivery letters—one of the men could not be reached by telephone—were part of the daily program; and, of course, there were discussions. It was ceasing to be a joke, when, one afternoon, Rose came upstairs to her roommate with the words:

"Well, I've done it!"

"Mr. Lawson?" from Molly.

"No, I 'phoned to Mr. Lawson that I've decided to go with Tommy."

"But what did he say?"

"What could he say? Molly, I feel sorry for him. I almost wish—"

"What, after it is all settled? You need a strong-minded friend to keep you in the way of your resolutions. And what you need besides is a good rest. This fool performance has worn you out a lot more than mid-year's would tire a much more conscientious person."

"Yes, but I don't wish to tell Tommy that I have decided to go with him."

"You think it will tickle his egoism?"

"Oh, but he isn't really conceited—"

"I didn't say that—but when is he to hear the news?"

"To-night. He's coming to call."

He came, but the news affected him in a most unexpected manner. Rose had not been in the parlor for more than fifteen minutes when she came hurrying back to her friend.

"Molly, what am I to do?" she wailed. "Tommy says I really ought to go with Mr. L. I just wish I had decided the other way, at the start."

"What *am* I to do?"

"Do? Why, tell Tommy that matters must be left as they are. Where is he—downstairs?"

"I left him there."

"You'd better hurry back. When such as he decide to carry out their plans, not even the Discipline Committee can stop them."

Rosy therefore hurried downstairs only to find that Tommy had disappeared. Nothing seemed to be going her way. She was beginning to wish she had never been invited by either of the men, when Tommy suddenly returned. The final report of the controversy was made to Molly after Tommy's departure.

"He went over to the Sigma Chi house," explained Rose, "just as soon as I left him. He says Mr. Lawson is a perfect gentleman—"

"Oh, yes, they all are—the dears!"

"Well, you needn't slap them when they aren't looking."

"Oh, I'd just as soon advertise the fact."

"Anyway, it's settled. Mr. L. was pretty much in the dumps when Tommy found him, but he was a perfect—"

"Gentleman. Why shouldn't he have been? It was Tommy who was doing the martyr act—"

"And they shook hands—"

“And you’re going with Mr. L. Well, I hope this is the last of it.”

But it wasn’t—quite. Two nights before the sixteenth, Molly, who was reading the *Cardinal*, suddenly glanced over at Rose, with a funny little smile. Rose was making up for lost time by burying herself, up to her head, in a pile of books and papers.

“H’m,” remarked Molly, carelessly, “you certainly did have a lot of trouble for nothing.”

“Now, don’t begin all that again, Molly.”

“Don’t lose your headpiece, Rosy. Guess again.”

“What?”

“The hop has been postponed.”

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY L. M. P.

Nightly the Busento river whispers out a muffled song,
Which the whirlpool waves reply to, and the waters bear along.

Up and down the haunted river, hordes of shadow Gothmen
tread,

They bemoan their lost Alaric, bravest of their nation's dead.

All too young and far from homeland, buried they their hero
there.

Round his youthful shoulders clustering, hung his flaxen-golden
hair.

On the bank of the Busento, struggled they with might and
main,

Turned aside the river's current, forced it in a new-dug drain.

'Neath the wave-deserted bottom of the river's olden course
Sunk they deep their hero's body, with his armor, on his horse.

Then again they decked him over with the river's former soil.
Let the water-shilf grow spindling, o'er their chieftain and his
spoil.

Back into its wonted channels were the river's waters led,
And Busento's stream rolled foaming in Busento's ancient bed.

Then the Visigoths sang sternly, "Sleep Aláric, sleep and
dream,

Nor shall ever Romish envy thy warrior grave blaspheme."

Thus they sang and songs of honor sounded through the Gothic
host.

Waft them on thou stream Busento! Waft them on from
coast to coast!

“OUT OF THE DEARTH”

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT



HE reigning literary idol of two countries, settling in an equally off-hand manner the destiny of man and the coloring of stage-pageants; a disgraced and ruined captive, miserably bowing, in his daily passage from goal to court-room, the head that had once been the highest held in England; a nameless exile, dying from an overdose of morphine—those are the stages in Oscar Wilde’s career. Up like the proverbial sky-rocket and down like its stick, means an opportunity wasted, the finest ability of his generation scarcely even tested, he wantonly threw himself away, ending suddenly in a Paris garret. His career was the most brilliant failure of our age.

In Oscar Wilde’s splendid early days something was grievously lacking. His work at that time shows intellect, constructive ability, taste, originality, and wit. But he lacks what the old-school novelists call “heart.” His wonderful insight fails him when it comes to searching out the ultimate motive for human conduct. “Let us have beautiful masks,” he cries, for if we strip off the outer covering we shall reach that poor and tawdry thing called human nature.” This sentiment, the gist of his wonderful essay, “The Truth of Masks,” permeates and colors all his early work. He desires beauty, not only because it is beautiful, but also because it will draw away his attention from the fundamental facts of life, which always seem to him poor and mean.

It is this obliquity of vision that accounts for both the exceptional merit and the basic falseness of most of his early work. In "Lady Windermere's Fan" for example, two scenes occur close together that show off strikingly Wilde's virtues and defects. The conversation of the men who are having their bedtime smoke is a marvel of wit. Point follows point just as it does not in real life; but so ingeniously is the whole scene worked out that it seems as natural as it is clever. Just before this is an emotional scene between Lady Windermere and Mrs. Erlynne, which rings as false as anything ever written. It is the "your child has the first claim upon you" idea of cheap melodrama, worked out with no originality and no conviction. In the mouth of a clever actress those lines of Mrs. Erlynne's always get a round of applause, I believe. But on the printed page they show for what they are, conventional comments on maternal affection by a man who does not know what the word affection means.

At times Wilde himself feels that he never gets beyond the shallows of the "human nature" that he would have us believe he so heartily despises.

"I did but touch the honey of romance;
And must I love a soul's inheritance?"

he cries once, in versification rude enough to make the attentive reader perceive that he means what he says.

It was the self-same discontent with a life which had not reached its highest possibilities that conquered Wilde's friend Ernest Dowson, the author of that wonderful lyric "Cynara," and brought it about that "he passed most softly, yet speedily, into that still country where the hail and the fire-storms do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his head.

But Wilde had more of Dowson's yielding sensitiveness. Sooner or later he could always still his dissatisfaction with his own views of life and men, and arrange a new pose more effective than the last. Why need he be dissatisfied? If he tried hard enough, he would be able to convince himself that he knew all

the truth of life when he had only discovered the half of it.

The day came when he found that he must go farther than he had ever yet gone in search of an explanation of life. Money, friends, and reputation lost, the erstwhile autocrat of English art and letters sat in prison garb and gazed upon prison meanness and grime. Presently he felt the longing that anyone who loves to write always feels when the first pangs of a new emotion are spent; he wanted to get it all down in black and white, so Wilde wrote, with a slowness and pain new to him in composing, a record of his struggles toward an end that he saw but vaguely. And with a half-formulated idea that he had never before reached more than the shallows of human experience, he called his written reflections "De Profundis."

The Oscar Wilde who went into Reading Gaol was as brilliant as an iceberg with the sunshine on it, and quite as cold. The Oscar Wilde who died a squalid death in a foreign land believed in kindness and had tasted sorrow. He had said his say for "the under dog." He had studied the saddest and most loving life ever lived until grief itself had become dear to him. Although he did not possess strength of purpose enough to begin life anew, with the world that had called him "leader" against him, he had done what he could. As he had promulgated a false idea, he had given the world a true one in place of it. Then he did the only thing left for him to do; he played out the fifth act of his own tragedy. His life was a failure, but he learned the bitter lesson of it.

THE CRITIC

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

Know the rhyme that's just my kind?
 The idyl—sort o' brings to mind
 Idle moments, standin' round
 Just a-holdin' down the ground;
 When there's nothin' goin' on,
 Nothin' much to figger on,
 Then the idyl's just my kind;
 It don't harrow up the mind.

Next the idyl for good stuff
 Is the lay—that's good enough
 For 'most any mortal man:
 I can shine in that, I can.
 Ought to see me lay an' sing
 In the haymow in the spring;
 Sun's so nice an' warm an' soft
 Layin' in the old hay loft.

Takes some real "git-up-an'-git"
 To read tragedy, an' yit
 Sometimes, when I'm pert an' brisk,
 I can mebby stan' the risk.
 Idyls fer the idle one,
 Lays fer lazy folks is fun;
 Fer my creditors, blank verse;
 Doggerel fer tramps an' worse.

THE DREADFUL CO-ED

A co-ed is a dreadful thing!
Beware or one will get you!
If once you take one to a hop
She never will forget you.
But when they're selling coupon books,
(Its really very funny)
Although they do not want her here
They like to get her money.

The co-ed is an awful bore;
She makes you go to dances,
And tell her things you do not mean,
And give her ardent glances.
Without the girls, the fellows say,
This place would be perfection,
But how the co-ed is esteemed
At times of class election!

EDITORIAL

THE ELUSIVE CHAMPIONSHIP

From the beginning of the football season it seemed to us as it appeared to most of the student body that the cardinal had the best chance in years of waving triumphant over a championship team. How nearly our ardent hopes missed fulfillment we all know. While recognizing that we were fairly beaten we cannot feel otherwise than proud of the team which fought so gallantly when the odds were against them and were not beaten until the whistle blew. It was a great game, and although Wisconsin did not win, we will always remember how valiantly our varsity fought in the championship contest of 1908. The team did its best; the coaches were as able as could be wished and worked together in perfect harmony. Last of all the student body by the end of the season seemed to have been enthused with a spirit that closely resembled true college patriotism, and as a result the rooting in the Chicago game was the best of the year. We can also congratulate ourselves that Wisconsin by her treatment of the maroon team showed the truest kind of sportmanship and gained the firm respect of her opponents. Our achievements of this season can not but strengthen the hope that next year we may emulate our successes of the old gridiron days and find at Wisconsin an undefeated team.

JOURNALISM BUDS

We must not forget to conjure up something more nicely inoffensive and equally inane which can be placed under the head-

ing of editorial and will treat of the Woman's Press Club. Here-to-fore our feminine contemporaries have lacked the aid and encouragement that comes with organization and resulting closer acquaintanceship. We are led to believe that literary endeavor, not to be confused with journalism, is gradually coming to be discernible at Wisconsin. And so we are glad that there are so very many feminine devotees of the literary muse. We hope that they will not follow too closely the precedents of their brother club and meet once a semester to choose officers, elect new members and instruct the secretary to read the unwritten minutes of the last meeting.

THE WISCONSIN UNION

Hardly any of the verdantly beautiful and beautifully verdant crop of freshmen know anything about the Wisconsin Union, and of every two upper classmen one knows as much about it as he does about his great-grandmother's second cousin's first cat. No, Algernon, the Wisconsin Union is not a resort for pseudo archangels nor are its rooms an utilitarian edition of an All Saint's cathedral. Listen, prithee, (We don't know exactly what prithee means but it is an awful cute word), while we expatiate, expostulate and expound the why, the wherefor, and the where of the Wisconsin Union.

The first floor of Association Hall has been ceded by the Y. M. C. A. to the care of a committee of representative students. The rooms of this floor are to be open to all students at all hours—seasonable and otherwise—as loafing places, reading rooms and general “hang-outs.” There is no regulation as to smoking and the rooms are not altogether void of the receptacles dear to the heart of the dyed-in-the-wool law student. Card tables and playing cards are provided by the Union and an excellently equipped pool and billiard room will soon be in running order. The sentiment seems to prevail that at every door of the Y. M. C. A. a godly young man is lying in wait for the unwary with a bible in one hand and a contribution box in the other.

This is a delusion. Any one frequenting the Union rooms is free from any "influences" whatsoever.

The Union rooms are intended to be a resort not for the godly nor for the superlatively ungodly but for the average Wisconsin student who feels the need of a place where he can meet the fellows of his kind to jape and gossip with them. No one will object if you raise your voice above a whisper: The regents will provide a piano, presently, and then if the spirit move you to yowl the latest musical infliction you can yowl, providing the yowling is not so execrable as to draw the wrath of those present down upon you.

Get out and help a good thing along. Learn to know some of the fellows you pass on the hill three or four times a day. As the several deans and the president invariably remark to the incoming freshmen, "Half of the education you will get here you will get from the men you meet." Be alive and go out to do some of the meeting.

ARTHUR UPSON

Arthur Upson was an idealist—a puritanical idealist if you will—but these puritanical idealists are the men who have taught us to spell art with a capital A and who have inculcated in the great peoples of earth the elements of their greatness. He was not of the Bitter-Wisdom school represented in these later days by Kipling, Shaw, Suderman and Zola, but a man who had an abiding faith in men and things, and in the inscrutable scheme of life as it is. Bravely hopeful, charitable, true, brightly awake to the beauty of the world, the high ideal he had set for himself was ever at the zenith in the skies of his living. Earth to him was a brave old earth full of color and mirth and love—a garden for man to play in. Her sights, her sounds and her scents spelled to him the joy of living. To see and admire beauty in all things seems from his work to have been the breath of life to him. We may well mourn, and will mourn, the loss of a forth-right craftsman, a brave idealist, a true artist and a good man.