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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Vol. VII No. 7

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE "STUDENTS MISCELLANY," FOUNDED IN 1849

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VOLUME VII. **APRIL, 1910** NUMBER 7

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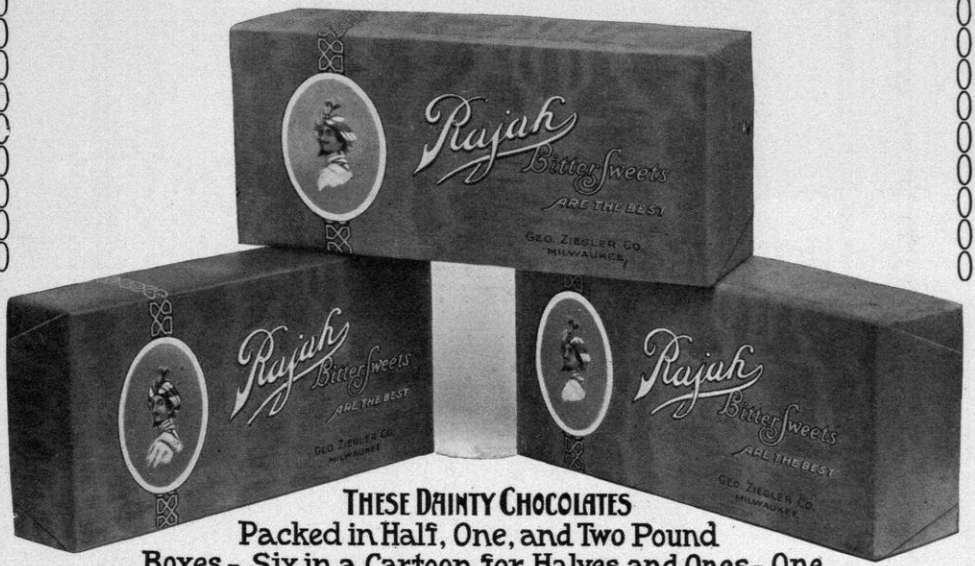
CHOCOLATES

AND

CREAM BON BONS



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The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume VII. APRIL, 1910 Number 7

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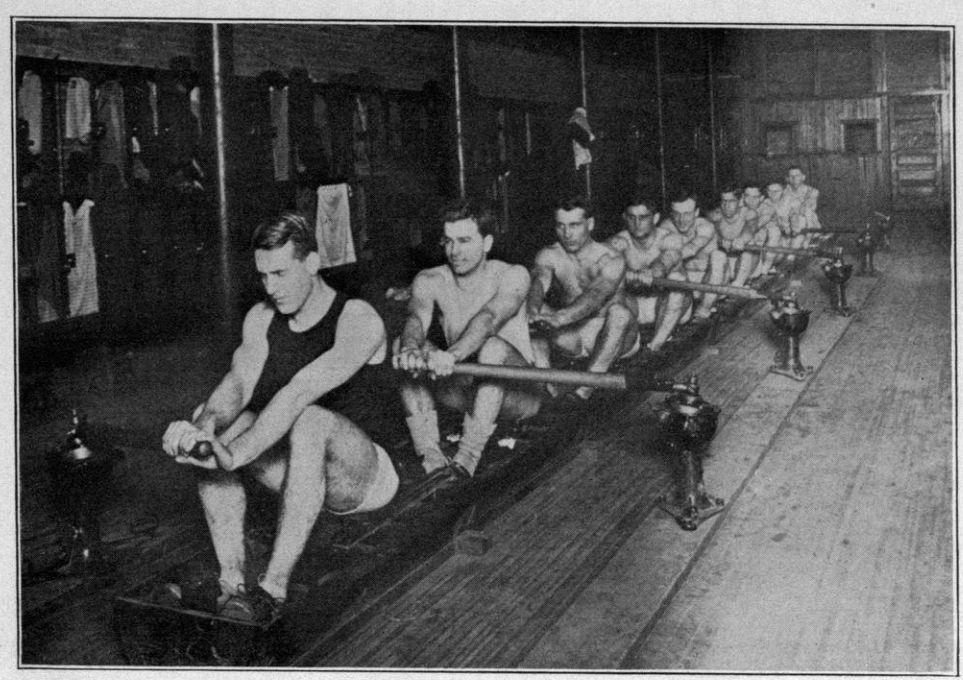
The Crew

REUBEN TRANE, '10

The Wisconsin crew has raced at Poughkeepsie for the past eleven years and has failed to win a single victory in the varsity race. That is a cold fact that is only too well realized by all of us. Eleven times we have sent our crew out east and each time the students and alumni have waited anxiously for the news of a Wisconsin victory upon the Hudson, but fortune has not favored us so far, and we are still looking forward to that first victory. Every one knows at least this much about our crew, and it is only natural that most people say that they have made no showing at all in their competition with eastern colleges.

Eleven attempts with as many failures to win a victory is a hard way to look at the situation. If it were eleven trials and each time our crew were last, or nearly so, the situation would truly be one that would warrant the discontinuance of sending the crew to Poughkeepsie yearly. Let us try to figure what our record has been upon a percentage basis, and perhaps we can throw a little light upon the situation. Suppose that there are five crews entering a race; give the loser zero per cent, the fourth crew 25 per cent; the third, 50; the second, 75, and the winner, 100 per cent. This appears to be a fair way of



THE CREW AT WORK ON THE ROWING MACHINES

looking at the matter. Adjusting this to suit each race and averaging the results of all the races rowed on the Hudson, the following results are obtained for the varsity race:

Crew.	Number of races entered.	Victories.	Per cent as above.
Cornell	14	9	83
Syracuse	9	2	50
Columbia	14	1	46
Wisconsin	11	0	40
Pennsylvania	14	2	39
Georgetown	8	0	27

At first sight even these perhaps do not look encouraging, but notice that our friend Cornell has taken the lion's share and has left the remainder fairly well distributed. She has taken nine out of the fourteen victories, and of the five remaining chances for a Wisconsin victory our crew was only represented four times. Looking at the percentages, you will notice that there is a difference of only 11 per cent in what Syracuse, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin have won. Have we, then, much more to feel discouraged about than any of the other colleges, excepting Cornell? Putting aside the fact that fortune apparently snatched two victories from us, we can still answer negatively to that question. Because our oarsmen have failed eleven times to win a victory, because in each of the eleven separate twenty-minute contests for championship of the United States they couldn't do just a little bit better than the others, is the feat impossible? Other sports experience this same difficulty in winning a championship.

RESULTS OF FRESHMEN RACES.

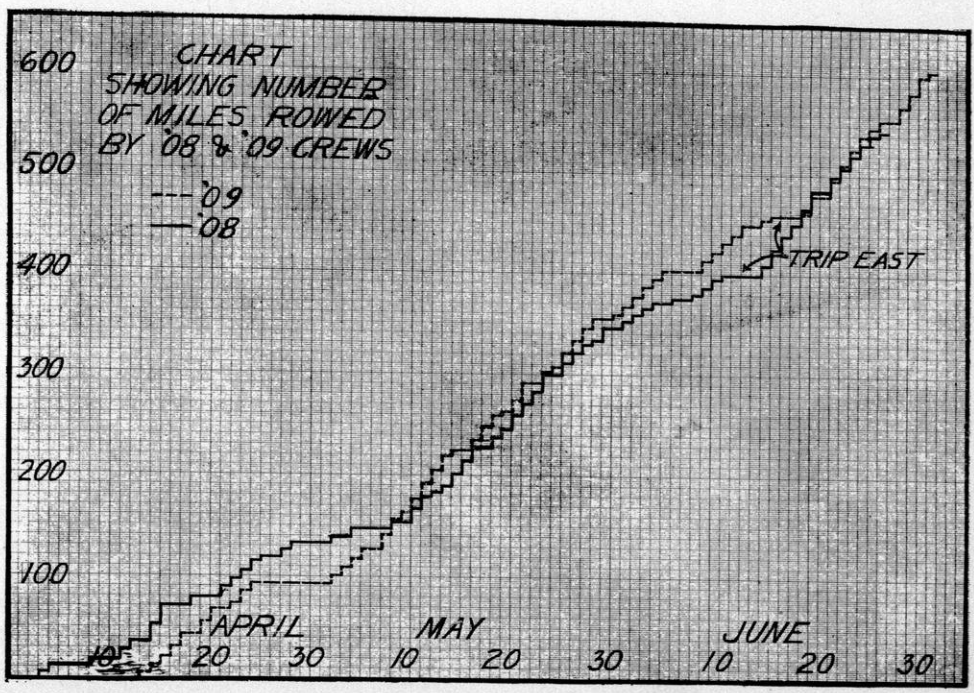
Crew.	Number of races entered.	Victories.	Per cent as above.
Cornell	13	6	69.9
Syracuse	9	2	65.7
Wisconsin	7	2	60.7
Columbia	12	0	28.5
Pennsylvania	12	1	27.7

Our freshmen have evidently been more successful. They are only 10 per cent below the winner. They have won twice out of seven trials, while Syracuse, who is second in percentage as is figured here, has won twice out of nine trials. You cannot dispute the fact that our freshmen have done well. Cornell wasn't able to take as

many firsts in this race as in the other event, and consequently the remaining crews have had the pleasure of fighting for a victory somewhat more often. What our crews might have done had not misfortune prevented might also be dwelt upon, but it must be remembered that a boat is responsible for accidents that happen to it during the race, so perhaps to dwell upon this subject would hurt matters instead of helping them.

After seeing what has been accomplished out east, it might be well just to glance at our present natural disadvantage, the lake we have to practice upon. The ice does not disappear until at least a month after all of our eastern competitors are on the water, and after that the wind keeps the crews from rowing form 10 to 20 per cent of the remaining time. In other colleges this difficulty is overcome by having some river or protected place to row upon when the waves are too strong to allow a boat on the ordinary course, while here they must sit around and wait for the lake to calm on nearly all windy days, as the most prevalent wind is the one that does the most harm. The following chart has been prepared from the logs of the 1908 and 1909 crews. The dotted line is for the 1909 crew and the full line is for the 1908 crew. The horizontal scale shows the day of the month and the vertical scale the total number of miles rowed. By looking at these curves a general idea of what crew work is on the water may be gained. All horizontal lines that extend for a longer period than two days show that the crew had to stay in on account of the weather or because it was Sunday. The marked effect of the wind in April is very noticeable, showing that it kept the 1909 crew off the water for a period of eight days and several other shorter periods. It kept the 1908 crew off so many times in the month of April that the advantage of a ten-day earlier start was entirely lost as compared with the other dotted curve. The horizontal lines in both curves about June 10-20 show the time spent on the train and preparing the shells for Poughkeepsie.

There is no way of getting around the above difficulty, but any move that has the tendency to improve conditions ought to receive the earnest support of every one. Since our crew started rowing upon the



Hudson the race with Syracuse has been the only real race outside of the final Poughkeepsie race. Actual racing practice is as necessary in crew work as is actual football games to the football team. This year, if we race Washington, the crew will have a race before the final one with an aggregation that compares well with those out east. This race will give our men an advantage that previous boats have not had, and will consequently equip them just that much better for the final trial.

Night

JOHN CARROLL

I cuddled my cheek to my rifle-stock
And looked her full in the eyes;
She said no word, but her young heart heard—
I smiled, I knew, I was wise.

I put out my arm and I drew her close
And never a word did she say,
But sweet and warm in my straining arm,
With upturned face, she lay.

I kissed her full on the lips; like a child
She kissed me back; then I drew
Her closer still, till a whip-poor-will
Called loud—and then I knew!

The night alone had woven the charm;
I dropped my arm and we walked.
With down-cast head (my face burned red!)
Of common things she talked.

Friends

J. M.

My friend was rich; I was poor. And yet we were very good friends—very good friends. Now especially were we drawn together, for only two months before his young wife had died. He was lonely in his large house, and very often when my work in the hot, dusty city was over, he would ask me to spend the night with him. And I always accepted—for did he not have good wine?—did I not love him, and wish to console him in his grief? Besides, he was entertaining; he had traveled widely—had seen strange lands; he could tell tales of many things, and could tell them very well. We would sit on the large screened piazza which overlooked the garden in the rear of his house, and as we sipped our wine and smoked he would console himself by talking to me. I was a good listener, and perhaps that is why he chose me as his companion.

I say his wife had died two months before. Yes, exactly two months—two months, to a day, before this evening of which I am going to tell you. I remembered that as well as my friend. And why should I not? Had I not had hopes and dreams years before? But my friend had money; he was handsome; and he was entertaining—very polished; and she had married him. I knew she ought not —I knew it would end in disaster. But what could I do? My friend, perhaps, did not think of these things as we sat there on the piazza.

"Drink, Frederick, drink. This is good wine. Drink." He poured wine into my glass, and I drank. He drank with me.

"See, Frederick; see that great yellow moon out there, just above the tips of the row of poplars. That moon is very beautiful. It sheds a mellow radiance over everything. But soon it will be gone. Then, were it not for the stars, there would be complete darkness. But I do not like the stars; they are faint—they tremble—they are fickle. I love the moon. She brings many beautiful memories to me. Perhaps they are painful memories —but they are beautiful, and I even love the pain that comes with them. When the moon has sunk, I would wish for complete darkness; I hate the stars."

"But, Lawrence," I said, "there are many other beautiful things besides the moon. See how the gentle breeze stirs in the tops of the trees. Is it not mysterious?"

"Yes," he replied almost angrily, "but I do not care for that. See how the moonlight touches on the thousands of flowers, on the shrubbery. It seems as though it were that light which in touching transforms the beauty of sight into a beauty of smell, and wafts the delicate odor to my nostrils. I believe when the moon goes down I will no longer smell the fragrance of the flowers. I do not wish to. I love only the moon. And in a moment she will be gone."

Tonight the grief of my friend seemed stronger than usual. His very culture added to his sorrow at times like this, for fancy after fancy floated through his mind, tormenting him. I looked at the moon. It was yellow—like gold. We puffed at our cigars in silence. We drank. The moon went down. Now there was only the faint glimmering of the star-

light. The breeze in the poplar tops died down. My friend grew more bitter and drank more. I drank little. He did not notice this. He was so wrapt in thought that he drank on almost unconsciously, seeking relief in the wine.

Finally he aroused himself from silence. "Frederick, did I ever tell you the tale of the young Italian girl of Benevento? No? Then I will tell you. She was very beautiful," and he went on with the story of an adventure which had taken place during one of his travels before his marriage. He was a strange man filled with strange fancies—this friend of mine. He disgusted me now. He was beginning to be drunk. I could see the real man beneath the mask. Perhaps it was his money that had made him what he was. I kept filling his glass; and every time I filled he drank.

He took out a large combination bill holder and card case and said, "Look here, Frederick. I have five hundred dollars in bills. Look at them," and he spread the money out on the table in the starlight. "I have a great deal of money; but see, I am miserable." His voice shook with self-pity. I despised this friend of mine. He looked into another compartment of the bill holder, and drew out a picture of his dead wife. I could just distinguish in the semi-darkness what it was.

"I love her," he said, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

I led him into his room which was just off the porch and helped him to bed. I went into my own room—immediately off his—and undressed. I waited until I heard his heavy breathing; I knew he was deep in drunken sleep. I stole back, took the bill holder from his pocket, and turned the contents of his bureau drawer out on the floor, as if there had been a burglary. Then I did the same in my room and went to sleep. I had the money —and the picture.

I awoke early next morning, but lay still for some time. Then I got up and called loudly, "Lawrence! Lawrence! There has been a burglary! My watch and my money are gone! Get up!" I went into his room.

"What—what? What's the matter?" He rubbed his eyes and smacked his lips distastefully. His brain was sodden with the drink. Finally he realized what I was telling him. He saw the overturned contents of his bureau. He looked in his pocket and found that his money was gone. Then he noticed that his watch had not been taken.

"That's strange," he said in a muddled way. "I guess the burglar must have come through the open door there on the porch. I must have forgotten to lock it."

We sympathized with each other.

Recent Criticism of the University

C. ZOLLMAN, Law, '09

One of the necessities of such a public institution as our University is public criticism. Honest, fair and bona fide criticism can only be helpful in its development. Without such criticism the danger of ossification can hardly be avoided. Every inhabitant of the state has an interest in the University and a right to point out its defects. By this means the University will not only maintain its present high standing, but even increase its usefulness. Honest criticism of its educational, governmental, social and other policies is one of the duties of the patriotic citizens and loyal sons of the University. Every criticism which seeks to thus expose defects, even though its author should be mistaken, is to be welcomed. The University has nothing to hide. All it has is exposed to public gaze and is public property. Its sole aim is to serve mankind. If it makes a mistake, the more speedily this mistake is corrected the better. If any one, therefore, exposes such a fault he confers a benefit on the state and on the University.

But much of the criticism that has been made, especially of late, is not of this character. It is not helpful, but harmful. It is not constructive, but destructive. It is not bona fide, but mala fide. Starting with the local papers, a hue and cry has of late been raised which has echoed and re-echoed through the state. It has spread like an infectious disease into every part of it and has even gone beyond its boundaries. Well meaning people who do not know the facts and have no means of ascertaining them have been misled and have become prejudiced. The persistency with which the campaign of misrepresentation has been carried on would indicate that there is a well organized coterie behind it. It certainly is not a mere accidental, temporary spurt. This fact makes it worth while to enlarge a little more at this time upon this matter.

The visible outward cause of all this stir has been the visit of Emma Goldman in Madison. The real facts of this visit are few and simple. The anarchist came to Madison of her own volition, visited the University, which is open to all, went through the buildings and asked to be allowed to address some of the classes. This was refused, but the Socialist club granted her a hearing in the Y. M. C. A. hall, which is not a University building. Prof. Ross, because he had seen some woman tear down the placard announcing a lecture of Miss Goldman in a downtown hall, mentioned her presence to his classes, breaking a lance for free speech and at the same time announcing his opposition to philosophic anarchy. Miss Goldman lectured on two successive evenings, a mile from the University grounds, and announced that she would return in the summer to carry on certain studies in the University library.

On this foundation the local newspapers have for weeks built up the most extravagant charges against the University. So insistent have they been that the board of visitors, through a committee, has investigated the whole matter most thoroughly, hearing testimony, visiting classes and reading the books used in the various classes. The result of this investigation was laid down in a report of which the following is an extract:

"This investigation discloses nothing that would warrant the charge that anar-

chistic, socialistic or other dangerous doctrines are being taught in the University. On the contrary, investigation discloses striking instances of foreigners who have come to the University as students believing in anarchism and violence, who have been led to discard such beliefs through the instruction given at the University.

"The general purpose of the instruction was stated to be not to prove or disprove any particular theory or doctrine, but to enable the student to know and to understand the facts and conditions; to fit him to solve for himself the problems of government and of society, rather than to send him forth with a solution for all the problems that he may encounter.

"The board of visitors finds that the instruction given in the University, including that given by Prof. Ross, is such as to strengthen, not to weaken, respect for government and the institutions of existing society."

It is impossible to excuse the local papers who have carried on this campaign. Ignorance would be a sorry excuse for them, with the sources of correct information at their very doors. But even this sorry excuse fails, for these newspapers continued their attacks long after the truth of the whole matter had been made public in the Daily Cardinal and in other papers. One of the reasons that probably actuated these papers is very well pointed out in a communication of Theodor Schroeder, '86, of New York City in the March number of the Wisconsin Alumni Magazine, as follows:

"Much that appears in the clippings sent me seems to have been inspired by some sort of malice which at this distance I cannot fathom, but which induced the writers unquestionably to avail themselves of very stale falsehoods about Emma Goldman in order to make sentiment against some one connected with the University."

The merciless exposure of modern sin by Prof. Ross may have rankled in some bosoms and may have been one of the causes of this outburst. The splendid activity of the University in state administration affairs has also been very distateful to certain individuals in the state, which fact may also account in part for this agitation.

The incident has disclosed a close union of the newspapers concerned with yellow journalism. Let it be hoped that they may soon divorce themselves from this off-colored companion. If this should be the result, it would be of the greatest benefit to them. However, as already pointed out, this is not a mere mental aberration of a few journals. If this were all, it would not be worth while to write these lines. There is lurking in the darkness behind the newspapers a power which would, if it could, undo the progressive work accomplished in this state and which, to accomplish this purpose, is all too willing to debase and malign the University. To meet this force and foil its plans is of the highest importance.

Realization

PAUL DANTON

O little Waif before my door,
Low sobbing with your pain,
Why did you never come before,
All shivering in the rain?

For I have longed to dry your tears
And see your glad eyes shine—
How I have waited all these years,
O lost love-soul of mine!

The Woman Answers

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

"If you could manage," suggested Allen, "to give me a full minute of your undivided attention, perhaps I might be able to tell you what I came here for."

Clarissa laid down her pen, took off her glasses and put them beside it, folded her hands in her lap, and smiled at him. "Yes, David," she said sweetly, "I thought perhaps it might be just for the pleasure of seeing me."

"Oh, it was that eventually, of course," he answered. "But I want you to go out to lunch with me, Clarissa."

"Of course you do," she said emphatically. "And if you didn't want that you'd want me to go out to dinner with you. You always think that nothing but eating interests me. Or maybe you suppose that an old maid like me lives on toast and tea, and ought to be educated up to real eating. Or is it your idea that I'm so hard up that a square meal is a real favor?"

"I think that you've been living on tangerines lately," said Allen, "and I want to fill you up with peche Melba."

She darted a look at him, resumed her glasses, and went on with her writing. Allen lounged in his chair and watched her. "Take off your overcoat, David, if you're going to stay," she said presently, without looking up.

"No, thank you," he answered. "You're not going to keep me waiting long enough to make it worth my while."

She said nothing, and wrote steadily on, pausing only to consult her notes. "What's this gem?" he asked at length.

"Magazine filler," she answered, "catchy title to be picked out later; theme, the humorous woman in English fiction."

"You're the right one to do it," he said.

"I certainly am," she agreed, "and if you're interested in seeing it done——"

He settled down again in his chair and waited until she had finished the last sheet. "There," she said, rising, "that's all ready to revise after lunch. Now if you're really determined to spend your money on me——"

He rose to his feet with alacrity.

"——to spend your money on me," she went on serenly, "I'll go and make myself presentable."

He sat down to wait for her. She was back in a few minutes, freshly dressed. Allen got up when she entered.

"Aren't we fashionable?" he asked, smiling.

"And also stylish," she said. "Are you sure you approve?"

"Just a minute!" He went up to her, took her glasses off and laid them on the table. "Now you're quite perfect," he assured her.

"I'd have to be to match—— Come on!" she said.

He stopped at a florist's to buy her a bunch of violets, and then piloted her down town to lunch. "Now show me what an old maid does eat," he said, laying his napkin over his knees.

"Well, do you know, David," she said, looking up from the menu, "it always embarrasses me dreadfully to order my lunch when I know that a man is to pay for it. Maybe you don't think that anything ever embarrasses me; but to be as hungry as I am now, and then to think of all the awful jokes you ever heard about the young woman who leads the young man forth and bankrupts him——"

"Go as far as you like," he said encouragingly. "If you empty my pockets I'll ask them to charge it."

"Of course!" she exclaimed. "I forgot that I wasn't dealing with one of these traditional live-in-a-garret, pay-for-your-meals-if-you-can literary men. I forgot that I was with David King Allen, to tell the honest truth. I don't doubt your financial soundness, David, and even if it weren't for that, there's always the debt that the world owes to genius to fall back upon. These people wouldn't let you be taken off to jail for sponging a meal. Sweetbreads with lobster sauce, please, asparagus, grape fruit salad. The waiter reads your books when his day's work is over, David; the proprietor's wife takes three volumes of Allen to the country with her in the summer. If those two fat ladies at the table over there knew whom I was sitting opposite, they think I was the most enviable woman in America."

"They might think you treated me shamefully," he suggested.

"I do," she replied. "And it's mere professional jealousy. I have to cultivate professional jealousy or no one would know I had the artistic temperament, I pay my bills so regularly. You're one of the unquestioned successes of the day, and I'm not successful at all, so I have to say that you're bad art, in order to justify my own existence. Oh, by the way, I haven't told you what happened to me yesterday. Halliday Brothers rejected my last novel."

"Halliday Brothers rejected your novel!" he exclaimed. "Why, how did that happen?"

"They think they don't make enough money off my books," she said, dressing her salad. "Isn't it dreadful how art is getting commercialized?"

"You're going to offer it somewhere else?" he asked.

"I most certainly am. The better part of a year's work, and all that perfectly good typewriting——"

"I hate to see this happen to you, Clarissa," he said. "You'd be among the six best sellers if it wasn't for those absurd literary ideals of yours."

"Ideals are absolutely necessary," she retorted. "One has to have something to fail to live up to. But if I were you, David——"

"If you were I?" he echoed.

"Why, on the menu right under where it says Apollinaris, the Queen of Table Waters, I'd run, 'Have you read "The Open Question," David King Allen's latest success?'"

"Will you have anything to drink?" said Allen. "I notice that your selection isn't actually from the menu."

"Just Apollinaris. It's very good to work on."

"So I've found," he said dryly. "But you're not going to work this afternoon. I'm going to telephone for a spider, and we're going to drive all the afternoon. I want to get the clinkers out of my system."

"I wouldn't mind having them taken out of my own," she said, with a wry face. "Oh, the ideas of novelists on the subject of humorous women!"

"To be intensely original, do you think that women as a class are humorous?" asked Allen.

"Are women humorous? My dear David, for a woman who thinks at all, there are only two courses open, humor and suicide—and suicide is such a messy business."

"I should think that lovely woman, who knows how to make crying pretty and mourning attractive, would have found some way to get over that objection. But I'm not afraid of your ever trying any experiments, Clarissa. You always see the funny side of things, don't you?"

"I'm afraid I always do," said Clarissa slowly. "I laughed at my own father's funeral, I remember. Mother hadn't slept for nights, and the church was stuffy, and all of a sudden, in the midst of things, I looked at her, and there she was, bolt upright, and sound asleep. And I laughed. Why," she said with a smile, "even my own death will be rather a supremely funny thing. It will be such a joke on me."

"Will anything ever get through that shell of yours, Clarissa?" he asked.

"Nothing, David, at my time of life. "I'm all shell now."

She rose from the table then. Allen, helping her on with her coat, noticing the little dip of each shoulder, as she slipped into it, felt a sudden ache in his throat. How many times more should he ever see that little characteristic motion? All at once it seemed emblematic of all that was going beyond his grasp. Even the firm touch of her hand as he helped her into the spider brought back his eagerness, that horrible eagerness after everything that he was trying so hard to lose nowadays.

"Clarissa," he said presently, when they were rolling along the country road, "do you know that a supremely funny thing is going to happen one of these days?"

"Yes, David," she said, watching the sunny road ahead.

He let the reins slip back and forth over the horse's flanks. After a moment's pause, he said, "I'm going to die."

"Don't die to amuse me, David," she answered.

He thought that she did not realize he was speaking in earnest, and descended to realistic detail. "Those glands that I had cut out last year were only a warning. The tuberculosis has become organic, and it isn't a matter of a very long time now until——"

"That's hard, David," she said briefly. She was horribly sorry for him, and her heart yearned toward him as he spoke, but she was utterly inadequate to the situation. She kept her calm profile toward him, and looked straight between the horse's ears. She would have given worlds to be able to turn and give him her hand and let him see how she did care, but her whole training and habit of mind made against it.

David flicked the whip-lash and went on, "It's not easy, but there's one thing that will make it easier. Clarissa Rawlinson," he said grimly, "will you be my widow?"

She laughed, half startled and half amused. "That wouldn't be a very sensible course of conduct, would it, David?"

"Why not," he argued. "You're alone and I'm alone, and at least I'd like to feel that after my death the proceeds of those books of mine, that you despise so heartily——"

"There is no doubt that I need the money, David," she flashed, "but we might have been sensibly married years ago if that had been what we wanted. You know that we aren't made to be happy together; and with so much of life behind us and so little of it before——"

"You mean all that's left of life to me!" he cried.

She turned and looked at him then for the first time. "Oh, David!" she said. "Your old maid Clarissa—a literary old maid—meaning all life to a man like you!"

He watched her mouth as she spoke, and noted how the dents at the corners of it deepened with unmistakable amusement, and how, in spite of their flexibility, her lips were very thin, and the upper was lighter in color than the lower. Then he raised his glance to her eyes, and looked into them for a full minute. "I've run away from everything else in life that I ought to have held to," he said slowly. "I suppose it's only fair that this should be as it is."

Clarissa was never able afterward to recall clearly much that was said on the rest of that drive. She had a vague idea that they tried their usual style of banter, but that as one idea was uppermost in both their minds, and as he was too proud and she ashamed to talk of it farther, they made rather a stiff pair of conversationalists. She was very tired when she arrived home, and bade him good-by rather coldly.

Things did not go very well with her the next day. Indeed, she found it rather hard to keep her thoughts on "Humorous Women." She finally decided that the best way to get David Allen out of her mind was to write to him. After all, she was a professional writer, and might be expected to say things better on paper. She wrote a letter, read it over, tore it up, and wondered what had given her such a silly idea.

She dined out, went to the theatre, and woke late the next morning with her

mind still in a state of vexatious unrest. After an unprofitable morning, she ate her lunch and went out to walk off her depression.

She strolled slowly along in the sweet spring sunshine, smiled at all the perambulating babies she met, gave a quarter to a blind beggar, and bought a bunch of wild flowers from a small boy in overalls. She was quite Clarissa Rawlinson again when she let herself in at her front door.

Her maid met her in the hall. "There's a gentleman waiting to see you, Miss Rawlinson," she said.

Clarissa nodded and went into the parlor. Her mind had flashed instantly to Allen, but it was not Allen.

"Miss Rawlinson, I'm Alfred Manning," he said. "David Allen introduced us once."

Like a flash Clarissa knew why he was there, but she sat bolt upright in her chair and said "Yes?" quite mechanically.

"I suppose the sooner I get it over with the better. David left word for me to tell you. He died at two o'clock this afternoon."

"This afternoon?" asked Clarissa, still in the same expressionless voice. "Suddenly?"

"At Grace Hospital. They operated on him, and he never came out from under the anaesthetic. It seems his heart wasn't right. It's dreadfully sudden."

"Dreadfully sudden," she said slowly. "I don't realize it yet. Thank you for coming to tell me, Mr. Manning. David and I were old friends."

She shook hands with him at the parlor door, and then started across the floor for the door of her study. It seemed a long way there, and she stopped at the mantel and leaned heavily on it. She thought dully how she had said, "David and I were old friends." The past tense had come to her quite naturally. As she stood there looking down she suddenly saw lying on the grate where she had thrown it, the little bunch of violets that she had worn two days before. The numbness in her brain relaxed, and in its place came an aching need for David, and the sharp realization that he was dead.

She laid her head on the mantel-shelf, and began to shake from head to foot with hard, strangling sobs. She was not a woman who cried easily, and she felt the worse for doing it. Presently she grew a little quieter, and by some odd association, words of an old-fashioned song framed themselves on her lips. "I was not worthy of you, Douglas, not half worthy the like of you," she whispered. "Now all men beside are to me like shawows——"

She broke off suddenly and laughed. "To think of Clarissa Rawlinson consoling herself with Dinah Maria Muloch," she said, half aloud.

She caught sight of her own laughing mouth and wide grief-filled eyes in the mirror above the mantel-piece, and stared at herself in wonder at what sort of woman this might be.

The Dance of the Fireflies

HARRIET MAXON, '11

In and out among the grasses
Cloaked by dusk from human eyes,
Many a black-winged firefly passes,
Shielding his lantern close, he flies.
Dance and away
After the day
While the grasshopper's tuning his nut-shell guitar—
Soft the chord rings
Over the strings
New-clipped from their spidery curtain afar.

Slowly—
To your partners curtesy lowly,
Step and pass and bend again—
Round and turn and point quite slowly,
Back into your place, and then—
Allegro—
Waiting a little, the music's beat
Quickens the swaying dancer's feet;
To the whirring of wings and the scraping of strings
They pirouet, circle and turn complete.
While the moon hangs low
In her crescent bow
And watches them dancing to and fro.
Forte—
So turn and around
Follow the sound!
While the bat beats time with his leathern wings.
Pianassimo—
Faint tremulo
Repeat as you go
The strains that the heavier viol sings.
Allegretto—
Dance and away
Pixie and fay,
Dance ere the morning has ended your stay.
Low o'er the hill
Watching you still
A silver bow glimmers until it is day.

Bicycling in Northern England

ROBERT EARL COLEMAN

"What is the price of this one?" I asked, after we had looked for a considerable time at numerous cycles in the dark, dirty basement of a bicycle store.

"Well,—I can let you 'ave this one at three pound ten and the other one for three pound five shilling sixpence," replied the short, smiling salesman in a high-pitched voice.

"What do you say, Zas?" inquired I, turning to my companion for the word to complete the bargain.

"Sold at three and ten—with all equipment," spoke Zas sternly with a sly wink at me.

"I guess you can 'ave everything but the lamps included, but those are 'extra, gentlemen," politely returned the storekeeper.

After the purchase of our bicycles was completed, we set out on the cobblestone street for the hotel. My fellow traveler is lanky and stands six feet one, so you can picture him astride of a high cycle, on the type of a royal ensign, which is a cross between a modern American wheel and one of the cycles of our fathers' time. He looked like a comical circus clown perched up on his new purchase as he pedaled down the street ahead of me. We were mighty glad to dismount at our hotel, after we had ridden (or, more nearly, bumped) on for some nine blocks on the rough cobbles.

Lunch over, we began our journey, dressed in typical hobo costume. My companion wore a brown suit, his trousers held up high with clips, a bandana about his neck and a dirty white canvas hat. I was attired in a pair of once-blue trousers, a soft shirt, a sweater vest, some riding leggins (which I soon discarded for the more sensible bicycle clips) and a much faded plaid cap.

We both wore soft shirts with bow ties, because the weather was too hot for sweaters or flannel shirts. As the days went by the shirts gradually took on a dull tinge and looked far from respectable. There was little chance to get them washed, as we did not stay long enough in one place, and the once that I tried having my washing sent on ahead by parcel post was the last, for I never saw my valuable bundle again.

We took the Halifax road, and in the course of an hour or more arrived at the little manufacturing town of Oldham. The only diversion of the ride was a puncture in Zas' wheel, which irritated his generally good nature. The road was good, although sometimes hilly. We were impressed with the appearance of the houses, all being of stone and usually red. Hawthorn hedges lined the streets of the little towns through which we passed, and the landscape was perfect. We were put to some disagreeable waiting through Fate.

The very obliging bicycle man had given us a letter of introduction to his cousin, who was the manager of one of the mills, and since we were very anxious to get a glimpse at the inside of one of the great cotton mills, we took particular care to use it. When we rode into Oldham we inquired the directions to this man's home and were told that it was up on Totten's hill. We started

for the place, and, after a wearisome climb, we got there, only to be informed that it was his holiday and that he was not going to be at the mill that afternoon. He seemed very sorry about the matter and told us to come some other day, and he would gladly show us through. We journeyed on, stopping now and then for some sweet chocolate or to light our pipes and rest. We desired very much to see a cotton mill in operation, so we patiently waited outside of one, further on, for about two hours until the manager returned, and when he came he politely told us that the firm never allowed people to go through the mill. He said he was very sorry. I imagine our appearance was against us. Again we continued on our journey.

However, we had lost our desire to see a cotton mill and were entirely content to enjoy the scenery. As we rode along the long, level stretch with well kept hedges on either side and great trees towering above them, we felt that delightful sensation of freedom. The people were constantly interesting. Their queer clothes, talk and manners attracted us, and we led them into conversation upon any pretext. Another thing that attracted our attention was the regularity and the cleanliness of the small mill towns. The houses were symmetrical in architecture, with their white doors and spotless thresholds. At many doors we noticed the thrifty housewife down on her hands and knees, scrubbing and scouring the doorstep.

Just as we were slowing up from a long coast of about four miles down the descent we came upon a small hamlet, which seemed to me characteristic of the manor of olden times. It had its mill, its stream, its quaint old chapel, its village green, and, standing out from a dark green foliage, was the old gray manor house (which I called the "lord's house" in my diary). Stone walls lined the road, and these were usually covered with a wealth of shrubbery. Since the country was rather mountainous, we were obliged to get off and walk a number of times during the afternoon.

About 5 o'clock we began to get hungry and debated for a time at what house we should stop for refreshments. I remember we dismounted at an old inn or ale house, by the name of the "White Swan." We surveyed the large, long, low-ceiled room and curiously noticed the huge open fireplace with its carved mantel lined with

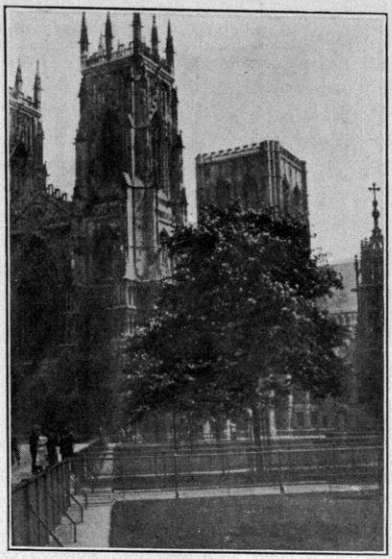
steins, at the further end of the room. We took our places at the side of the fireplace in a cozy chimney corner, under long, rugged oak beams where we could comfortably sip our tea. Wooden benches, tables and stools ornamented the interior. The tea was delicious and the company interesting. One old fellow who sat slowly drinking his nip of ale was typical of the rest. He had on a pair of very tight trousers of a sort of nondescript color, a pair of pointed brown shoes, a short, double-breasted vest and a cutaway coat. A black scarf encircled his tanned neck and a Scotch plaid hat covered his gray locks. All in all, a quaint character.

The night was passed at Halifax. We arose bright and early, and, after paying our landlady four and ten and slipping a meagre tip to the "boots" for putting up our wheels, we continued our ride. The weather was perfect and the day passed all too quickly. As the afternoon wore on we rode faster, so as to reach York by evening. Some places we caught too hurried glimpses of, as we passed in the gathering twilight. It was almost dusk when we saw the lights of York begin to twinkle, but little did we realize the historic importance of the city at which we had arrived.

The approach to York from Leeds is beautiful; the town lies hidden behind masses of heavy foliage, and above it rises the towers of York Minster. The river Ouse flows through York. On one side is the town, with its lofty church spires and towers and on the other side are stretches of verdant meadow land.

It was too late to do anything but catch a glimpse of old York Minster, so after a walk about the famous cathedral we retired, very nearly "bushed." The next morning we went to the bridge which spans the Ouse and had a good view of the historic river.

We did not realize the famousness of York until we stood on the city walls which surround the city proper (the city of olden days) and looked across the fascinating housetops and gardens at the red roofs and gray gables. Beyond stood the great Minster Church of St. Peter, whose three towers can be seen for miles. Its grandeur today is in its beauty of architecture, the perfection of its lines, its



YORK CATHEDRAL

chaste proportion of nave, choir and transepts. Other cathedrals of England may be more picturesque, but none can fill one with such an impression of power and grandeur as York Minster. Its special beauties are the tomb of Archbishop Walter de Gray, Five Sisters window in the north transept, the wonderful chapter house, where the deans now live while doing their duty at York, the great east window and the fine Saxon work in the crypt.

We were not allowed to go into the museum grounds because the pageant (which is held in York every few years) was being played there, but we saw a goodly part of the famous ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. St. Mary's Abbey was one of the most important monastic houses in Yorkshire.

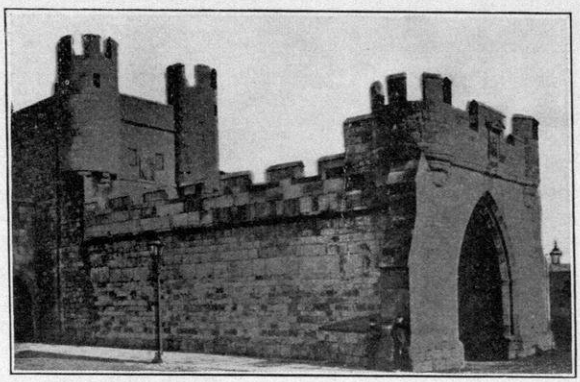
The other things which particularly attracted us in York were the old gates into the city, which are called bars. There are four still standing in a state of decay. We entered the city by Micklegate Bar, we stood on Bootham Bar when we surveyed

the cathedral, and we left the city through Walmsgate Bar, where in former times the officials of the city hung the heads of traitors so that the gentry could taunt them.

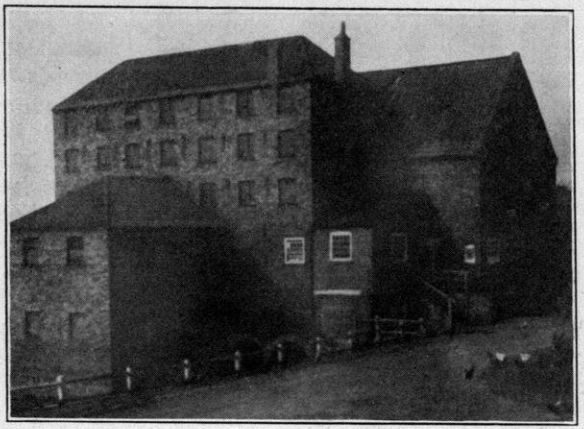
If you should linger on the walls of York at sunset, when, in olden times, you know, the gates were closed and armed men left to guard in the now empty guard rooms, it would not be hard to conjure up some frightful images of sieges and battles, I'm sure. Think of the stores of history—Marston Moor, only four miles away, and Stamford bridge only the short distance of seven miles. Within a few steps of our hotel was Clifford's Tower, where the Jews were massacred in 1190 and where William the Conqueror built his keep. At York, Charles I, the beheaded king, was sold by the Scots for £200,000. I could go on at length relating the historic importance of the little city of York, but I must not. However, it may be of interest that at York St. Paulinus laid the foundation of the Christian church which eventually became York cathedral.

We left one beautiful afternoon for Stamford bridge. It was a delightful ride, warm, though not too hot, through the luxurious fields, by quaint little houses, to the famous battlefield where Harold and Tostig met in the memorable year of 1066. The stone bridge now there is not the traditional bridge. In fact, there was no bridge there in the time of the Norman conquest, for the men of Harold had to ford the stream just above the old mill, shown in the accompanying picture. While talking to the old postmaster at Stamford bridge, we asked him if he saw many Americans around there, and he replied, "No; are you Americans?" Upon our answer that we were, he said, "Why, you speak very good English." We felt highly elated.

We were caught in a downpour of rain and hastened to a cozy coffee room, where we enjoyed a cup of tea and some hot buns and tea biscuit, and laughed at the storm outside. After the storm, we dragged our water-soaked cycles to the depot and left for Beverly. The trains, as you probably know, are called carriages, and they differ a great deal from the American coach. In a carriage there are a number of compartments, in which people sit facing each other. There is room for eight in an ordinary compartment. The compartment which we were in was finely built, very much better than the coaches, yet only the third class in England. The fare is determined by the class one travels in. The first class is very nice in England, but not very good on the continent. The luggage is checked in the luggage wagon, which corresponds to the baggage car here. If the luggage is sent on the same train on which you are traveling, it is sent free of charge, but if it is sent on ahead it is expensive. Cycling is a luxury rather than



WALMSGATE BAR



SITE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE

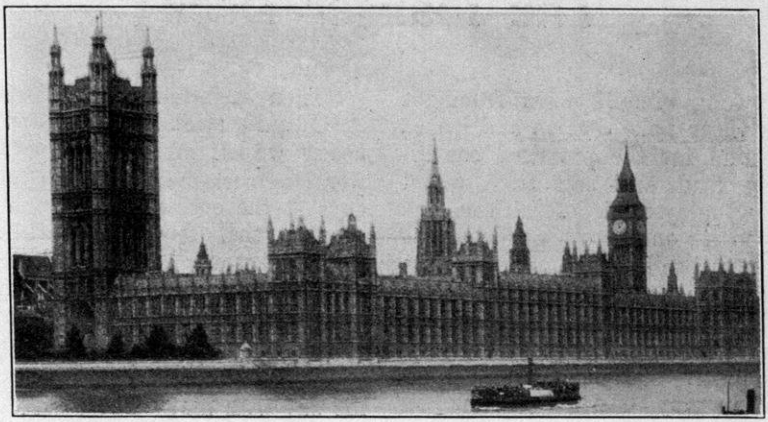
a saving, as most people think, but if a person really wants to see the country and has the time, I advise that he take either the cycle or motor.

Arriving at Beverly about 5 o'clock, we went at once to a small hotel, where we had a hearty meal to satisfy our ravishing hunger. After the repast, we sauntered through the main street, only to find that we were the objects of common interest. As Beverly is a sort of an out-of-the-way place, probably the inhabitants of the town do not have the chance of seeing ordinary American citizens every day. However that may be, we were scrutinized within an inch of our lives. "Sideshows" is the thing that Zas thought we must have seemed to them. Indeed, I guess we did, for we were water-soaked, dirty, and yet smiling. We wandered around Beverly Minster, for which the town is noted, and were awed at the gigantic towers, which appeared so magnificent in the gray dim of evening.

The next morning we went inside the cathedral. It is not as old as York Minster, but more to my liking from a standpoint of beauty. Its carving in the choir transept and on the altar was superb and showed the great skill and patience of the workmen. As we strolled about the nave, we saw the tombs of some of the greatest generals of the wars of the Roses, of Waterloo, of South Africa, etc. We stood as held by irons, wrapt in the beauty of the inspiring window where the trials of Christ are depicted, where the heads of kings are emblazoned and where the dates of the various churches and when founded are carved. At that church St. Paulinus gave the crown to Edwin in 634 A. D. In the year 937 the present church was built from the old one. From time to time alterations and restorations have been made, until now the church contains four different masonries. At York there are five.

The following morning at 10 we left for Hull. It was the hardest ride we had had, for the wind was blowing and the roads were in poor condition, due to the rains. However, it was only a distance of nine miles, so we set our backs and reached Hull at a little after 11 o'clock. We were met by a friend of ours, and informed that we had an invitation to tea at the home of his aunt. After booking our passage for Hamburg and looking around the town, we went to the home of Mr. Sims. There, at 5, was prepared a little spread of tea, biscuits, marmalade, jam, tea cakes and all the little delicacies that one could desire. The young ladies of the household were pretty, but exceedingly quiet and demure. For excitement we played croquet and "catch" in the rather small back yard. The girls thought that we would like to hear our national songs evidently, for they would play them and sing them at every opportunity during our brief stay. After a delightful repast we adjourned to smoke

and hear accounts of Mr. Sims' cycle trips in Germany until the time for our departure arrived. On the whole, the entertainment had been exceedingly enjoyable and we had had an opportunity to see English girls of the characteristic type and to form our opinions of the same. About 11, after a tiresome delay, we embarked on the "Hull," which was to take us to Germany.



Art

WALTHER BUCHEN

The pupil painted a woman
With a face that mirrored truth,
Purity, faith and love—and asked of the master,
"What is it worth?"

And the master turned from sailor's wife
He was painting with careful craft,
Looked once at the skillful work and then
Turned away and laughed.

The pupil painted a woman
With a face that mirrored crime,
Craftiness, fear and lust, and asked of the master
A second time.

And the master turned from the fisherman
He was painting with careful craft,
Looked once at the well-done work, and then
Turned away and laughed.

The Hanger-Back

Crane swung himself down from the smoker at Clear Lake Station and looked vainly around for the promised conveyance. The road, still soft from recent rains, wound away to his left with no sign of life upon it; on the other side of the platform a cat-tail marsh, now in the young green of early May, stretched to the foot of the wooded hills. There was no human being in sight except at the door of the diminutive station. There a woman dressed in gray, who had dismounted from the sleeper of his train, stood with her back to him and talked to the station-agent.

Crane walked down the platform in their direction, and was near them when the woman turned directly about so as to face him. She gave him a brief, unembarrassed scrutiny, then looked at him harder, a faint line coming between her straight eyebrows. Crane, standing perfectly still, surveyed her handsome pale face, with the satiny black hair brushed smoothly away from the temples, and the shadowy gray eyes, set very far apart and never very wide open. Suddenly a little color came into her cheeks and her lips parted in pleased surprise.

"Arch Crane!" she exclaimed. "Wherever did you drop from?" She held out both her hands to him impulsively, and he took them in silence.

"How natural you look," she said with a little laugh. "But whoever would have expected to see you here—of all places; you—of all people?"

He found his voice then in matter-of-fact explanation. "I came out for two or three days' loafing in a farm house at the end of the lake. Reynolds told me about it, and he wrote out for them to meet me here. You see the way they have done it."

"Then you're stranded," she said. "So am I, quite stranded. I've been west for a few weeks; my husband and children were to meet me here for three or four days at the cottage, and Hugh has telegraphed that they missed their connection and won't be here till evening."

"I suppose I can get a rig at some of the farms hereabout," said Crane.

"Why can't you take pity on a poor, lonesome lady and come over to spend the day with me? The cottage is within easy walking distance, and we could have quite a lark."

"I'd like to well enough," he began, "but——"

"But me no buts," she interrupted, "come, Arch, don't be a hanger-back."

He looked hard at her for a moment, then stooped and picked up the suit case and hamper that were standing together on the platform. "You can take my bag," he said. "it's fairly light."

They set off together along the side of the road. Her silence presently embarrassed him, and he made some attempt at conversation. "It really is years since we have met, isn't it?" he asked. "Yet you don't look a day older."

"I don't?" she echoed. "Are you sure you have looked at me?"

She turned her face toward him, and half against his will he scrutinized it. "Yes," he said slowly at the end of a full minute. "You haven't a wrinkle or a gray hair, and you're prettier even than you used to be, but you have changed."

She laughed. "That's only proper and natural," she said sweetly. "No woman ever wrinkles nowadays, but a woman can't hold the expression of youth over into middle age, any more than she can hold its illusions."

"Have you lost all your illusions, Beatrice?" he asked.

"Did I ever have any?" she parried.

They had turned into the woods to the left of the road now and were walking over last year's leaves. "The cottage is right ahead," she said. "Hugh sent someone out to open and clean it two days ago, so it ought to be fairly habitable. Unfortunately the cook is with Hugh; but I guess we can manage to picnic just for one day."

"It's awfully good of you" he said, "to give me a whole day's society like this. I appreciate it, I can tell you."

"It will be like old times," she said, unlocking the back door of the cottage. "Will you please get me some wood from the wood pile over there at your right, and split it if it has to be split? Have you had breakfast?"

"No, and I'm starving," he answered. "May I help you get it?"

"May you?" You've got to!" she laughed. For the first time that morning he laughed too.

They breakfasted presently at a small table drawn up to a window overlooking the lake; she washed the dishes and he wiped them. She talked to him gaily and pleasantly and though his mood was hardly equal to hers they had an enjoyable hour. Then he built a fire in the red-brick fireplace, and they seated themselves before it.

They were both silent for a few minutes; then she said, "Do you know, we're the only people on the shore of the lake this May morning, I really believe?"

"There are the farm people I was to stay with," he objected.

"Their house is way back from the shore," she said. "Farmers are always afraid they are going to get a bit of scenery."

"We're not looking at scenery ourselves just now," he remarked.

"Well, really, about the only way people can see new scenery at our time of life is to look for it in the fire."

He appeared startled. "Have you felt it too?" he asked. "That peculiar deadness that creeps on one with the beginning of middle age—it was natural that I should feel it, but you——"

"I, who have money enough to live on, a husband that doesn't beat me, two nice children who already think that they are wiser than their parents, and a face that men have always thought worth looking at—you think I ought to be sublimely happy, do you?"

"Not sublimely, perhaps, but reasonably," he suggested.

"There you have the gist of the whole matter, in that word reasonably. That isn't what the golden dreams of one's youth are about, 'reasonable' happiness. Oh, I'm inured to it, I suppose. Only seeing you today has carried me so into the past—— That must be what makes me talk this way. I don't for a minute suppose," she looked at him oddly—"that it's thrillingly interesting to you that I've found the pursuit of happiness just an idle quest of the absolute, as everyone else has found before me."

"We have always talked about ourselves to each other," he said, soothingly, "about our all-important selves, with all possible frankness."

"But I didn't have a husband then," she objected. "I've positively been almost complaining to you about Hugh. You never knew Hugh, did you, Arch?"

"He isn't Floyd Thomas' son, is he?" asked Crane, and then he could have bitten his tongue out for his stupidity.

He seemed, however, to amuse Beatrice. "No, none of my family-in-law are doing time just now," she said sweetly. "In fact, Hugh's father is the most eminently respectable kind of relative—he's dead. Dead relatives really are the only kind of whose respectability one can be perfectly sure these days, just as the only really trustworthy lover is a dead lover."

You haven't lost your little way of saying sharp things, I see," said Crane, amused in his turn. She looked self-conscious for a moment, then she got to her feet. "This kind of thing isn't to be persisted in," she said. "Let's go for a walk, and get some ferns for the table."

Once out in the air she seemed to feel better. She led the way along the edge of the lake, answering his queries about

the boarded-up cottages that they passed briefly and sometimes obviously at random. Presently she became so oblivious to his presence that she began to hum to herself. Wayne, on the other hand, was thinking more intensely of her all the while; as he walked by her side he stole occasional long looks at her. When she turned toward home he fell a little bit behind her, so that he could watch her constantly and remain himself unobserved. He was surprised to find how much her mere presence affected him; little forgotten tricks of speech and manner gripped him and hurt him. Theoretically, he was reviewing a dead passion; actually he felt the touch of the first live thing he had known for thirteen years. The very brakes and trees looked unreal to him by contrast.

When they reached the cottage she established herself at the table and began to put her ferns in water. He sat opposite her, waiting for the singing in his ears to cease.

"Beatrice," he asked suddenly, "do you read as much Stevenson as you used to?"

Beatrice, evidently thinking that the conversation had taken a safe if somewhat commonplace turn, answered easily, "I don't read as much of anything as I used to. I still like Stevenson though, of course."

"You've read his letters?"

"Of course. I think you'll find a copy on the book shelves, buried in current trash, if you want to look."

"I know them pretty well. Do you recollect that the preface contains some maxims that he wrote for his own guidance? I don't know whether you knew it or not, but you reminded me of them this morning when you asked me to come here. You said, 'Don't be a hanger-back.' I believe that Stevenson makes the statement that 'Acts may be forgiven; not even God can forgive the hanger-back.'"

She looked at him with startled eyes, but made no answer. He dropped the indifferent tone that he had been trying to maintain, and went on, "I've hung back and hung back and hung back all my life; in that way I've lost the only thing on earth that I wanted. But today I'm not going to hang back; right or wrong, I'm going to tell you this: I loved you thirteen years ago, when I hung back and let another man get you; I love you this minute better than anything else on earth. Do you understand? I love you."

She had risen to her feet, steadying herself by her hands on the table, regarding him with white-faced wonder. Suddenly he found himself on her side of the table, with his arms around her. He kissed her hair, her forehead, her eyes. Then he felt her yield; her head dropped back on his shoulder, and he kissed her lips.

When presently they again sat side by side at the fire he was flooded with the glory of the moment, and he talked ceaselessly, of old times, and of what a fool he had been, and of the marvel of the old love but now acknowledged. She sat silent for the most part, her chin in her hand, and looked at him; her face was quiet, but her eyes were almost black.

The sky clouded and a stiff west wind rose; the day drew on toward three o'clock, and neither of them thought of dinner. When their fire went out they got up and went down to the shore of the lake. Crane was still garrulous, viewing his new-found joy from every possible angle.

"To think," he said, "to think that from today on everything will be different."

"You may have a secret zest in life from now on," she said. "But do you seriously think that anything will be different?"

"This knowledge in my heart is going to make me trust in things from now on," he insisted. "I can trust life now, and love."

"And I, as I told you in jest hours ago, can trust nothing but death," she said in a low voice. Suddenly she seized his hand with a little cry, "Oh, Arch, take me out on the lake where the clean wind can blow upon me. The thoughts I am thinking—the thoughts I am thinking!"

He kissed the hand that was on his, and rose to go down to the boat house. "The sail boat," she called to him from the steps of the cottage.

When he came back in the cat boat she was waiting for him on the pier in a gray reefer, her smooth hair ruffled by the

wind. She stepped in without a word, and they sat close together, she holding the sheet and he the tiller. Once they were well out into the lake the boat fairly skimmed along.

Beatrice's eyes were fixed on the tumbling gray waves. "Do you know," she said, "when I see waves like that I always think how awful it would be to be drowned on the lake bed, and have the waves roll you over and over and over. Perhaps the drowned people would be quite quiet, but I never think of them that way." She ended with a little shudder.

"I'm not sure that I should pity them anyway," returned Crane. "Perpetual unrest is a very good imitation of life. Do you remember the wind-blown lovers in Dante? It never seemed to me that they were so very terribly punished, even though they were always driven before the wind. At least they were together for eternity."

Their eyes met then, and for a long minute they looked at each other.

"You are a good swimmer, Arch?" she asked, looking down.

"I never have learned to swim. I have a bad heart, you know."

"I am a poor swimmer," she said, "and I am fearfully careless about boats. I am apt to be drowned some day, especially at a time like this when nobody is out here and there is no possibility of a rescue." After a pause she resumed, "Do you know much about boats, Arch?"

"Very little."

"Do you know what would happen if we tied the sheet and brought the boat around so that the wind struck full on the sail?"

"I know," he said shortly.

Again they looked into each other's eyes. Both their faces were pale, but their eyes shone. Then, never taking her gaze from his, she began to fasten the sheet. Suddenly his eyes dropped, and he took her hands roughly in his.

"We can't do that," he said.

"It is the best way out," she said quietly. "We can trust death, can't we? Don't you want to die now, with the flush of your great moment upon you?"

"I am thinking of your husband and children," he said. He lied when he said it, and a moment later he saw in the white scorn of her face that she knew it. She did not say a single word; but it seemed to Crane as if the very plash of the waves against the boat kept repeating, "Not even God can forgive the hanger-back."

A Fragment

G. B. L.

One walked upon a perilous narrow ridge
Atop a mountain crest. An angel fair
And dazzling white, close by his side described
The way. Around him swirled a black and thick
Laid cloud, which now enclosed him so he could
Not see the seraph there so near to him,
Could only feel the soft white fingers' touch
Which led the way. And then the veil drew back,
And showed him cities lying low upon
The valley's floor; with all the red tide's flow
Of love and feast and lust and ease and gold,
And all the simple paths to reach them there.
But still those fingers led him on, still up
And up the dizzy path he toiled. There came
(Was it but fantasy?) a murmur low
The name of one long since forgot, "Irene."

Procedure of the Student Court

Complaints are to be brought before the court by a student, or students, or by the dean of the college of which the man accused is a member. Complaints must be in writing and must be addressed to the chairman of the court.

When a complaint is received by the chairman of the court he shall call a meeting of the court within a reasonable time and shall notify the student accused of misconduct to appear before the court at such meeting.

When the accused man shall appear before the court the chairman shall read to him the complaint as made, together with the rules of procedure of the court. He shall then be asked as to whether he pleads guilty or not guilty to the offense as charged. If he pleads guilty he shall be asked to say whatever he may have to say in extenuation. If he pleads not guilty the court shall proceed in the following manner:

The chairman of the court shall first appoint one of the members of the court to interrogate all witnesses, against or for the accused, for the court.

The witnesses against the accused shall then be called and questioned. Their testimony shall be recorded by a competent stenographer and read to them for approval before they are temporarily dismissed.

The accused shall then be called and the testimony against him read to him by the stenographer. He may then interrogate all witnesses against him if he wishes to do so. If he desires to have any witnesses called to testify for him the court shall call them.

The witnesses called by the accused shall be interrogated by the accused first and then by the member of the court appointed for the purpose.

After all witnesses for and against the accused have been examined the accused may take the stand in his own behalf. The appointed member of the court may interrogate him, but it shall be the privilege of the accused to refuse to answer any and all questions that may be asked.

After the accused has testified in his own behalf and answered what questions he may desire to answer, the court shall go over the testimony and decide, by vote, the guilt or innocence of the accused man. The majority vote shall decide.

If a man is found guilty, or if a man plead guilty, the court shall pass sentence—the will of the majority ruling here also. The usual legal restrictions relative to suspensions and expulsions shall be observed.

After sentence has been passed the secretary of the court shall notify the faculty discipline committee of the finding of the court, and shall send with the report of the finding a brief of the testimony in the case.

The chairman of the court shall cause to be published in the official paper of the University, a report of the complaint and the finding of the court, but the names of the men concerned shall not be published.

The records of the court shall be kept by the secretary, and shall at all times be open to the inspection of any man concerned in a case that has been decided by the court.

Jean Gereau's Clerk

J. M.

A wet, black, soggy roof; slow, drizzling rain,
A gray and dismal sky o'erhead,
A dirty earth beneath.
I looked, then figured up the loss and gain;
What were those words the poet said
About the wind-blown heath.

Poet? Did I say poet? My brain reels!
I am a drudging office clerk;
Why do I dream such dreams?
The sun is sinking. Dread of darkness steals
Upon my heart—my work?
I cannot work, it seems.

I can't do up this job—I'll have to quit.
What difference, he'll never know!
Oh! Let me dream a dream
About the time when no one has to sit
Beneath the eye of Jean Gereau!
I wonder how 'twould seem.

I'll weave a plot and get him yet, or die.
I hate the work, the grinding work—
I'll kill him yet, some day.
He has the souls of men to sell or buy—
He thinks he has, behind his smirk.
I'll trap him yet—some day!

But no! What good could come of such a plot?
I'd lose my place, I'd have no chance;
I want no crime to rue.
'Tis hard enough to live, God wot!
I pay my work to let him dance,
But then, what can I do?

I'll weave a dream with mystic olden rhyme,
Forget my work and all the shame
That cuts with edge so keen;
A dream about the world in olden time—
Of how the knights, in search of fame,
Did honor to the queen.

Of how Sir Launcelot, in armor bright,
One day beneath her casement came,
And how he threw a rose—
A red, red rose, the symbol of delight—
Up to the queen and thus became
A lover in her sight.

Ugh! How wet and cold that roof looks over there!
It's nearly dark; I'm going home;
I'm tired, so tired, of life.
If I could only get the nerve to dare
I'd whip his passions into foam,
And stab him with a knife.

Oh, how I hate that roof—I hate the sky—
It's getting dark; I'm going home;
There's hardly any light.
I'm tired, so tired—I wish that I could die.
It's all a cheat. I'm going home,
And sleep to-night.

Birds That Pass in the Night

CHALMER B. TRAVER

The last three loiterers in the lounging rooms of the Rooks' club arose, stretched themselves, and, donning their hats and coats, clattered noisily down the tiled corridor to the swinging street door which sighed as it let them through and then with another sigh closed upon their retreat. This left Clayton, the night porter, who lounged in the little office off the main corridor, the only man on the first floor of the building. It was nine o'clock. Clayton switched off the light over the secretary's desk and swung about in the secretary's swivel chair so that his feet rested on the sill of the open window, which fronted on a little park across the street. The warm April breeze, heavy with the odors of imminent spring, swayed the curtains slightly and ruffled the papers on Carberry's, the secretary's, desk. Ceaseless footsteps passing below disturbed the stillness of the night and blended with the plashing of the fountain across the street, just released from its winter's captivity, and the dull growling of the electric cars farther off in the downtown section. Beyond the still, leafless trees in the park and beyond the majestic Romanesque steeple of St. Paul's opposite, the sky glowed a dull red, not from a distant fire, as Clayton had thought the first evening he had taken up his vigil, but from the thousands of electric and arc lights downtown with which man attempted to turn the night into day. Those mysterious regions specified generically as "downtown," still held out a lure for Clayton, despite his two weeks' residence in the city and partial daylight inspection of the enchanted district. For Clayton had spent all his life in a town where the youth of the place smoke a cigar in the lobby of the only hotel when they feel a bit devilish or repeat the operation in the bar if they feel even more so and are sufficiently impervious to gossip. A friend who had "gone before" from the little place had secured him the position of night porter and night watchman at the Rooks' club upon the previous porter's "going bad" and Clayton had eagerly seized what he thought would be a chance to see city life in all its glittering frothiness. He had been disappointed, and then again he had not. His belief in the froth and glitter had survived the first week's residence, but the hours of his confinement in the club had proved to be the very hours when the most wicked things and the most frothy things occurred. Although he felt positive that unheard of and unmentionable things transpired within those lighted precincts every evening, a walk through the same streets the following afternoon found things in a very humdrum if very noisy condition. Every day it grew warmer and every night the spring and the darkness called to Clayton with increasing insistence, and meanwhile he fretted and chafed in the little office and listened to the club members as they clattered forth to the theater, to banquets, to—but speculation only made Clayton's heart jump faster and the youthful spirit of adventure go pumping up to his brain with redoubled force. If just this one night—thought Clayton ———. The telephone bell behind him on the desk shrilled in his ear with startling abruptness. He gave a vicious push with his feet to the window sill, which sent him spinning around until the same feet encountered the desk with a violent whack. He removed the receiver

and shouted "Hello!" very loudly and very rebukingly.

"Oh, you needn't take it so hard," answered a girl's voice, and then, "Is Mr. Clayton there, Mr. Joseph Clayton?" Clayton slowly drew his dangling right leg squarely around under the desk before replying. His name!—and a girl——! Finally he answered, "This is Clayton."

"Sure?"

"Sure. I'm not ashamed of it."

"No," replied the girl's voice, "I shouldn't think you would be."

"Why do you say that?" he asked, getting into the spirit of the game. At last an adventure waited at his door.

"Why, if I was as good looking a fellow as you are I wouldn't be ashamed to answer to my name," and the girl giggled —yes, actually gave vent to extreme paroxysms of mirth. Clayton did not know just what the occasion demanded from him, having never been similarly placed before. Finally he said, "Well!"

"Well," the girl repeated, "what are you going to do about it?"

"About what?"

"Oh, you dead one," said the princess of the silver laugh, rather provoked. "Why don't you ask me who I am and—and—start something?" Start something? The expression was new to Clayton. In fact, the whole manner of attack was new to him. He floundered hopelessly a moment.

"Well, who and where are you, then?" he asked, with the fearful sensation that if he did not do something immediately the adventure would slip beyond his reach.

"Oh, so you are really interested, Mr. Clayton?" Well, I don't know that it makes very much difference who I am now. I can tell you that later."

"Well, where are you, then?"

"That doesn't make much difference, either. But if you really are curious, I will be in St. Paul's park at 10 o'clock—near the fountain." Near the fountain—how romantic, thought Clayton. Then the memory of his imprisonment came again to make him peevish. But an idea came with it.

"Can't leave this place," he said, "but if you will walk past the club I'll be standing in the door."

"At 10 o'clock?" she asked.

"At 10," he answered, recklessly, and with the feeling of a conspirator. The click from the other end told him that she had hung up the receiver.

Clayton spent the next hour wondering whether she of the silver laugh would really come or whether it was only the little pleasantry of some friend. Then he reflected that he had no friends in town. He wondered who she could be and indulged in speculations as to what she looked like. He was surprised when the deep-toned clock of St. Paul's began striking the hour that the time had passed so quickly under the circumstances, and almost ran down the hall to the street door in the fear that the Cinderella, impatient at his tardiness, should escape. No one was in sight, but soon a figure, the figure of a girl, detached itself from the shadows of the doorway of the Metropolitan building on the left and sauntered towards him. Would she stop? Was she The One? She was.

"Mr. Clayton?" she asked in the same voice that had entranced him over the phone. Clayton was so overcome by the realization of his reveries that he stood for an instant in foolish although admiring silence. She was beautiful—very beautiful—better looking and better dressed than any of the girls back home.

"Yes," he finally managed to get out, very stiffly, "and this is Miss ———?"

"Hebron," she supplied easily, "niece of Major Hebron. I saw you when I was in the club Tuesday night with my uncle. We live just around the corner in the Creyton apartments." She waited for him to say something, but was disappointed. Niece of the old Major! He did not remember her. Did the daughters of the city's bluebloods gambol through the streets at night, stopping to talk with porters and night watchmen? He thought of the girls at home. Then he surveyed her carefully and was again impressed with the fact that she was exceedingly good looking.

She seemed to guess his thoughts.

"I suppose you think it's funny—my coming down this way, but—well, I do just about as I please and the night was

so pleasant and I wanted Uncle to introduce me to you the other day, but he—well, you know how he thinks, that night watchmen—not that——" she broke off, confused and embarrassed. He came to her relief.

"Yes, I know. And I'm only a night watchman, and it's very good of you to come over to see me."

"Only you must never, never say anything about this to Uncle or anyone else," she added, half laughing and shaking her finger in his face. "If he found out—well, he would just——"

"I won't,' interrupted Clayton in a low tone, but with intense conviction as several men passed and turned to enter the club. They had not seen him and the girl, at least not distinctly, Clayton was certain, but she seemed very much disturbed.

"Some of Uncle's friends will be sure to see me here. I must be going." Clayton was loath that she should go..

"There is the alley door," he said, "around the corner," and started towards it, looking at her questioningly. "We can talk there just as well and I'll be more apt to hear the bell if they want me in the office." They walked together down the dark alley.

Two or three times during the next half hour Clayton left her standing alone while he made a hasty trip to the office to see that all was well. His conscience thus eased, he gave himself completely over to the witchery of the night, the spring, and the girl. Here was romance, indeed, romance such as humble night watchmen in city clubs seldom had thrown their way.

She left a little before 11, to get back, she explained, before her uncle came home from the theater. Her going left a vacant place in the existing order of things for Clayton. But there was still the consolation that he would see her again. Before she went she had asked, her face very close to his:

"Will you be here next Wednesday night?"

"I am here every night," he answered, wrapt.

"I will come, then, Wednesday night at 10," she said very softly, and was gone.. Clayton went back to the office and signed for one of Carberry's big La Optimo Havanas—twenty-five cents straight—which he smoked for a long time. He felt that the occasion demanded it.

The days that followed were long ones for Clayton. It seemed as if, having discovered means of entrance beyond a magic door, he had but peeked within and then had lost the magic key. He could not sleep daytimes, and as a result often fell asleep while on duty at night. Altogether, he had a very uneasy time of it until Wednesday. And even when Wednesday at last arrived, it passed as slowly as all the other three days together. When evening came he went often to the alley door in hopes she might be a little early. Each time he was disappointed. Then he determined to wait until 10 sharp before going again. Waiting was torture, but he stuck it out until the bell across the park boomed once. Without waiting for another stroke, he was speeding down the corridor. The girl had anticipated him.

"You are very careful not to be too early," she remarked in greeting. The words stung him in their injustice.

"I was afraid—afraid that you would not come."

"I said I would."

"Yes, but it seemed too good to be true." The last remark completely reconciled her.

Sweet the night air and sweet her voice as they talked there in the shadow. She opened new vistas for Clayton—vistas into which he had never dared peep before—even in his dreams. Once he tried to leave, fancying he heard some one in the office above, although the bell did not ring. But she detained him with a whispered word and a pout. It was the only interruption that occurred.

She left a little before 11 as on the previous evening, stilling his protestations with the same excuse—that she must be home before her uncle returned. Could he call on her, he asked. She hesitated. Not just now—perhaps later. She would call him up on the phone. He had to be satisfied with that and stood staring after her as she disappeared in the darkness around the corner. He entered the building in a half daze. It had been a very

wonderful evening—the most wonderful he had ever experienced. That night he smoked two of Carberry's La Optimo Havanas.

The next morning when Carberry opened the safe he found it robbed of fifteen hundred dollars. Carberry, grown old in the service of the club, was fifty, bald headed and undemonstrative, but now he uttered a sharp little cry and indulged in a few odd dance steps about the room with his short legs. Whereupon he sat down very slowly and carefully in his desk chair and his head sank between his two arms spread out on the desk before him. It was in this position that Major Hebron found the old secretary fifteen minutes later.

Carberry was not dead. A few moments' active work by the major and one of the medical members who was called to the scene brought him to. When he told the news it almost became necessary to repeat the resuscitation process on the Major. Altogether, an hour was lost before the police were called in and given the facts. In the first place, no one besides Carberry knew or was supposed to know the combination of the safe. But, obviously, the person who had taken the money *had* been acquainted with the combination, for when the secretary had approached the safe door in the morning it had been closed and locked as he had left it on the previous evening. The amount on deposit had been larger than usual that night, it being the first of the month, when the resident members paid their bills. Carberry had received money up to 6 o'clock, when it was too late to bank it, and had placed it all in the safe after sorting and checking it. Carberry himself was above suspicion, all the directors present at the hurriedly called meeting avowed. Carberry had been relieved by Clayton at 7, had locked the safe and departed. Then the detective, grizzled old Michael Rourke, suggested very gently that perhaps before going farther said Clayton might profitably be interviewed.

Clayton soon came, in answer to a phone call to his lodgings, a short five blocks away. He showed plainly that the robbery was as much of a surprise to him as to Carberry and the major.

"Were you here in the office all night?" asked Rourke.

"Well, not here. I was all over the building, coming around about every fifteen minutes."

"Then at no time through the night you were absent more than fifteen minutes?"

Clayton remembered the girl. He was honest.

"Yes, once, between 10 and 11," he answered, studying the Major covertly. The detective gave vent to a surprised though satisfied "Ah-ah." Then he commanded: "Tell us about it."

Clayton did considerable thinking in the next few seconds. Then he answered, without seeming to hesitate:

"I talked with a friend of mine outside for about—about half an hour, I should say."

"Who?" came the explosive rejoinder.

"A girl." It seemed almost sacrilege to bring her in.

"Who?" the command came a second time. Clayton hesitated again. Would he be betraying a trust in telling, under the circumstances? He also had a trust to perform and the law asked the question. Would her uncle be so terribly incensed after all if, as she had said, she was used to doing about as she pleased? He looked fearlessly at the Major and then at the detective.

"Miss Hebron, Major Hebron's niece," nodding toward the Major. It all seemed very simple and clarifying to say. Simple if the Major had not turned red and jumped, not risen, to his feet.

"My niece!" he shouted, "my niece! I have no niece, you —— pup——" he fell back again in a fury of impotent rage. The detective took the revelation more calmly than any present, merely smiling blandly under his black mustache. He had heard similar tales before and scented the female accomplice in every circumstance that Clayton told him in the following cross-examination. Clayton had experienced the sensation of receiving a violent physical blow upon the Major's revelation and, as one stunned, told all. He

could not help it under the detective's rapid fire of questions, although all through the examination he felt a helpless desire to shield the girl in some way, guilty though she might be. And he still would not believe that she was guilty. His frank answers, however, saved him from immediate suspicion.

Rourke soon had two plain clothes men up from the station—Pete Daly and the Big Swede—who had also heard similar tales and knew like a book those parts of town in which girls of the bogus "Miss Hebron" type are most apt to be found. They were soon on their way.

Still Rourke stayed and smiled and asked questions and smiled, and very soon had the whole story of Finnigan, Clayton's predecessor, whose handsomeness and popularity with a certain class of young men in town had proved irreconcilable with his duties as night porter at the club and the speed of whose Sunday night joy rides had greatly exceeded the alacrity with which he had answered the night office bell. For all of which reasons the house committee had deemed him too valuable a man for the place and had given him permission to slip his cable chains at the earliest setting of the tide. Then Rourke and another plain clothes man departed for the erstwhile porter's home and learned from a woman whom they found washing clothes on the tenement roof that he had not been home since the night before. The woman, they found, was his mother, and greatly they wondered at the Providence that placed a mother and her son at such extreme ends of the scale of worldly enjoyment. Could they look through his clothes, if he had left any home? The mother assented with a tired nod of her head and left the wash tub to lead them to his room. She did not seem to care much what transpired in the world, even when her son was concerned. She had not even asked the purpose of their visit.

They went through the pockets of several frayed and shiny pairs of trousers, coats and waistcoats.

"Are these all the clothes he has, besides what he wore?" asked Rourke.

"Oh, no. He kept all his best clothes downtown somewhere where he used to change when he got through work. Those are the old clothes he wore when he was working around the club. He hasn't been working regular anywhere since he left, and so he didn't need 'em," she answered without expression. At this Rourke went through the clothes again, but with little success, until his assistant turned out a scrap of yellow crumpled paper from the pocket of a gaudy though soiled waistcoat. The man glanced at the frayed bit and started to throw it down when something on the reverse side caught his attention and he looked again. Then he handed the paper to Rourke.

"What do you make of this?" he asked, his eyes shining as with the sight of the quarry. Rourke took the paper.

"About the same that you do, I guess," said Rourke sharply, and, looking up, added, "Good work, Joe. This ought to be good for a boost off the beat."

On the paper were written many series of figures—very small—which immediately suggested safe combinations to the practiced eye. And moreover, across the top was printed two simple words, significant though simple, "ROOKS' CLUB," with a place for the date below. The detective and the plain clothes man departed for the central station.

The inspector was busy when they reached his office, and when the door opened and he motioned them to enter a very tearful, although very pretty, girl stepped out under the chaperonage of Pete Daly. The inspector nodded in answer to Rourke's questioning glance.

"Better luck than I expected. Pete picked her up at French Tommy's and we got a complete confession, in which she gave away the whole game. Couldn't stand up under the third degree. Guess she's new at the game. Now," and the inspector wheeled sharply, "you two go right over to Mulberry Street Garden and pick the fellow up from this," handing them a miniature in a cheap locket. "He's waiting for her there now if he hasn't smelled a rat and blown." Rourke showed him the slip of yellow paper with a few explanatory words. The inspector glanced at it hur-

riedly, saying, "Yes! Yes! He's our man! Now get after him!" The inspector was never profuse in his praise, to say the least.

Rourke and his assistant betook themselves hurriedly to Mulberry Street Garden, where, with the aid of the miniature and the description given them by the club authorities, they had little difficulty in picking up their man and escorting him back to the station. The well oiled mechanism of the department had run well and smoothly and without a hitch that day. Many would call the success of the police in the matter luck. Those who knew called it efficiency.

Finnigan stoutly denied all knowledge of the robbery, even when confronted by the weeping girl, who implored him to own up and throw himself on the mercy of the law. It was not until the paper was produced, after a long and gruelling application of the "third degree," that he wilted and confessed. It was his first "job," and even old men make mistakes. Small wonder that in the excitement of putting his valuable knowledge into application he had forgotten to destroy the damning figures on the yellow paper by which he had arrived at that knowledge. For the mystery of the figures was cleared up by his confession, and later borne out by the testimony of the secretary.

Many times, said Finnigan, he had come to Carberry after the latter had closed the safe, demanding money on various pretenses—money to pay the scrub women or money to have some little repair or other made. And each time Carberry had complied and opened the safe Finnigan had carefully listened to the click of the tumblers in the old fashioned combination and surreptitiously noted them on a slip of paper which he tore from the pad on the desk the first night. The numbers varied every time, owing to the indistinctness of the separate clicks, but they gradually approached a certain uniformity, and by experimenting with the safe during the long hours when he was alone on the ground floor he finally arrived at the secret. While waiting for a chance to make a "big haul" and leave he had been discharged. Although this complicated matters somewhat, he had only to take recourse to "the woman decoy," and on the night when he knew the safe contained a considerable sum he sent pretty Nellie DeVere, whose powers he himself had reason to appreciate, around to work her magic on Clayton while he did the job, promising to meet her at the Mulberry Street Garden the next morning just before his departure and divide the "swag." There were many reasons why he might not wish to see her until just before he stepped on the train that was to bear him to safety.

The trial was a mere form, the prosecution being provided with confessions from both defendants and an otherwise faultless case, and the wayward Finnigan and the beautiful DeVere were soon placed where club funds and club porters would be beyond their reach. It was a distinct *coup* for the police, a weight lifted from the shoulders of the club officers and a complete exoneration of Carberry and Clayton. Every one, excepting the defendants, of course, was happy. Clayton had every reason to be satisfied, having even been given back his job on promise of future carefulness.

But as he watched, from where he sat among the witnesses, the man and the girl take their sentence and leave the courtroom under the escort of two burly officers, he was filled with conflicting emotions, a vast doubt of himself and of the world—and a feeling that he didn't quite understand, a feeling as of the ground slipping from beneath his feet. And he kept murmuring to himself as he left the room with the crowds, "She was beautiful, the most beautiful girl I've ever seen—and refined, and even now I don't quite understand—I don't understand." He had had his first deep draft of the vaunted city life and found it gall.

The Relay Carnival

PAUL J. MORRIS

Three years ago Dr. Hutchins planned the first annual Indoor Relay Carnival of the University of Wisconsin. It was modeled after the University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival, and the athletic director hoped to make it a big factor in western athletic circles. Races were planned for high schools, prep schools, state colleges, and conference colleges and invitations to compete were to all the leading schools in the west. But when the date set for the meet arrived only a few entries had been received. Chicago was the only conference college to compete and only two or three state colleges sent teams. The number of high schools and academies competing likewise was very small. In fact, the meet turned out to be little more than an inter-class affair. The conference race was won by Chicago, which took the lead from the start and kept it throughout the whole race. Various races were held between different college organizations. There were inter-company, inter-class, inter-fraternity and inter-literary society races. A novel scheme was tried out for the inter-fraternity race. Each team was composed of four men. The first man ran a two hundred and twenty yard dash, the second a quarter mile, the third a half mile, and the fourth a mile. This, however, was not a fair race, as the team having the best miler could easily win.

The second annual relay carnival was about as successful as the first. Again Chicago was the only conference school entered and again it captured the big event. The state college, high school and prep school races were of little account because few teams were entered. In that year the first inter-sorority race was held and proved to be very popular. The four men representing Alpha Phi, Grobe, Byron, Van Derzee and Myers, made a new indoor western record for the half mile relay.

The third year the relay carnival was more of a success. Again Chicago won the conference race with Wisconsin second and Illinois third. Several special events were added to the program. But very few entries were received from outside schools. The only event won by other than Wisconsin men was the forty yard dash, which was taken by Pettigrew of Illinois. Osthoff won the shot-put, Natwick the forty yard hurdle race and Dohmen the mile run.

The fourth annual relay carnival was less interesting than any of the others. The number of men competing was smaller than ever before. Chicago, as usual, captured the conference event. The other events in general were uninteresting, although the inter-sorority race and the inter-sport W-men's race were exceptions. Instead of having a relay race for the sororities, four different races, a two hundred and twenty yard dash, a quarter mile run, a half mile run, and a mile run, were substituted. The team getting first in each race was given one point, the team getting second two points, etc. After the four races were finished, the points were added up and the team having the least number was declared winner. This scheme was perfectly fair, but it caused much more confusion and lacked most of the excitement of a relay race. Dohmen's time in the mile run, 4:32 1-5, was remarkable.

After four trials, the relay carnival has not gained the proportions which the man who planned it hoped it would attain.

Instead of becoming greater and broader each year, it seems to be going backward. There are several good reasons why an indoor relay carnival such as has been held at Madison can never become a great success like the University of Pennsylvania carnival. In the first place, Mr. Hutchins, who alone was responsible for the meet, has severed his connections with the university. Relay racing was one of his hobbies and no one else will take an interest in the meet such as he took. But there is another and more vital reason why our relay carnival can never attain very large proportions. Chicago and Illinois are the only other large western colleges which do any great amount of indoor track work. The other schools either lack the material with which to work or else the gymnasium in which to train. Very few preparatory schools have the facilities for indoor track work and consequently the number of entries in the prep and high school events is so small that the events are not worth while. The same may be said of the state colleges. Moreover, our track is not large enough to accommodate more than three or four men at once, particularly in the shorter races.

Since the relay carnival has not been as successful as it should have been, it would seem to be a wise move to discontinue it and substitute a more practical form of a meet. A triangular track meet between Chicago, Illinois and Wisconsin has been suggested and the idea is a good one. For years these three schools have been at the head of track athletics in the west, and this would be a means of deciding the indoor championship of the conference. Our track is not good enough for such a meet. But a new board one could be built for a small sum. The meet should be held in the Stock Judging Pavilion, which would accommodate a large audience and also furnish a very good place for the field events. Such a meet would be the one big indoor event in the West.

Easter Lily

GLENN W. DRESBACH

Easter lily by the altar,
Could you know the hearts that beat there,
Know the praying lips that falter,
And the warring souls that meet there,
Then the Day would be as soulless
As a prayer one said,
While the sunbeams through the window
Stained your white with red.

Easter lily by the altar,
My beloved passed before you—
Soul of souls, too true to falter,
How the angels must adore you.
Peace to warring souls that meet there
Half her grace could give;
For once her love she gave me,
And taught my soul to live.

The Hypocrite

C. R. ROTER

They stood alone on the little rustic bridge that had been their loitering place ever since they had been freshmen. It was very late, but they had no thoughts for time, for it was their last night together; tomorrow would end their college days; he would go to his home in the East, and she to hers in the Middle West. They were very serious, for they had become exceptionally good friends during the years of their college course, and they regarded their separation as most fateful. Besides, they were in an earnest discussion of a subject of deep importance, and one in which he was evidently being badly worsted.

"You can see," she said, "that it is entirely impossible. I like you immensely; better than anyone I know, but I feel that I should devote myself, for years to come, to the movement which eventually will place woman where she belongs. Had I known of the true state of your feelings toward me, I should never have allowed them to go so far, for it is not fair to you that you should wait until after the best years of my life are spent in the cause of womankind. I can not tell you how honored I feel, and I realize that I can not make you understand the noble grandeur of the work I expect to do—the emancipation of woman." She was very young.

"Rot," returned the young man, viciously throwing his cigarette into the water below. "The emancipation of woman is all right in its place, but I reckon that the poor unemancipated woman can survive a little longer without your misguided attempt to throw away your life." Then he whispered something and moved a trifle closer.

She stepped quickly away. "Don't be silly," she said very sternly, but her voice was not so frigid as her words, and a moment later she touched his arm, drawing him half regretfully away to resume the walk homeward. They traversed the distance almost in silence, both very busy with their own thoughts. Reaching her home, he seated himself on the front steps, and in spite of the hour, she did not protest. It was the last time, and anyway, he deserved at least that much, she assured herself as she dropped beside him.

They were silent for several minutes, during which he consumed another cigarette. Finally he tossed it away and turned to her with a gesture of impatience. "It's all nonsense, Wilma," he exploded, "and I won't have it, that's all."

She smiled. "Well, what do you intend to do about it?" she asked maliciously.

He sat quietly for a moment, considering the question and groping for an answer to it. "I don't know," he said at last, "but I do know that sooner or later you must change your mind. I don't care when. Do you understand?"

She understood, but had not the strength of her convictions to oppose him. She felt that she was losing ground; somehow the anticipation of her work seemed to have lost its charm through his arguments. She could not entirely silence the persistent voice that urged her to surrender, and seeing the prospect of certain defeat, she resorted to her only means of defense.

"It is terribly late, Dick," she said; "you will simply have to go now; I'm sorry."

"Evidently," he replied drily. "You seem to be. So then you absolutely refuse? Well, after all, it has been a jolly four years, and they haven't been altogether useless. Remember that I'm always ready, and that when you recover from this woman's uplift spasm, I'll be still waiting. Will you promise that much?"

She nodded. Then jumping to her feet, she extended her hand. "Good night, Dick," she said. "No, it's not necessary to hold my hand to talk—— NO—— Goodby, and don't forget to write—often." She turned away and opened the door, then came swiftly back to him. "Good night, Dick," she repeated, "and don't forget to write." She hesitated a second, then turning, disappeared within the house.

* * *

The editor of the Barton Daily News glanced hurriedly over the announcement that had come to him by the morning's mail, and scribbling a word upon it, sent the paper to the pressroom, through which medium it was to be announced that Miss Wilma Carroll would that night make an address to all thoughtful women on the subject of the "Possibilities of Future Womanhood." Another announcement was already in the forms, proclaiming the proposed sale of the Daily News. The editor had failed to locate the pay-streak he had thought to have seen in the institution, and a small but troublesome debt seemed about to remove it from his possession.

As the editor sat at his desk, arranging his last affairs, the outer door opened, and a tall young man entered the office. "Mr. Blake?" he insinuated. The editor nodded absently, glancing up in annoyance as the newcomer dropped easily into a battered old chair close to the desk. The younger man smiled affably and began to speak.

"Mr. Blake," he said briskly, "I understand your paper is for sale, a fact due to a small—— a-er-well, we understand each other don't we? Well, I have a proposition to make to you which will settle the matter, if you care to accept it. For the consideration of the use of one column in your paper for one week, I will see that you are able to discharge this—— obligation. I agree to stand responsible for the material that appears within that column. Will you do it?"

The editor half rose from his chair in surprise. Then he relaxed limply. But he was hard pressed and willing to grasp at anything which seemed likely to save him from the trouble that threatened. So it was that half an hour later the young man left the office with a contract in his pocket, and bent his steps toward the home of Miss Carroll.

She was at home, and he had not long to wait before she came in response to his card. "Dick," she cried, as she grasped his hand impulsively. "How perfectly dear of you to come. You never said a word in your letters. And you came just in time to hear my address tonight. You certainly must be there; the work is progressing splendidly—and it's no end of fun."

"I'll be there, all right," he replied, significantly, adding, "but aren't you about ready to give up that nonsense? I should have thought that a year would have broadened your mind a trifle."

She cast upon him a glance of deepest commiseration, then: "Dick, you are perfectly horrid."

"Granted," he replied, coolly, "but truly, this is no reception for the returned wanderer. Bring out the fatted calf; I'm hungry."

"Hungry enough for peanut sandwiches and coffee?"

"Famished."

Her indignation had flown and she was again the laughing girl of the old times. As he watched her in the kitchen, preparing sandwiches for his delectation, his mind reverted to their college days, and the memory was disturbing. Stepping to her side as she bent over the table, he whispered: "You dear."

"What did you say," she asked frigidly.

"Said, 'will you marry me?'"

"Silly, will you ever grow up?"

"Will you?"

"Certainly."

"I wonder," and he missed the lightning that flashed from her eyes by turning to gaze out of the window. Suddenly he turned about. "I'm here again," he said seriously, "to maintain my reputation for obstinacy. I have waited a year in the hope that you might change your mind, but so far I have seen no indications of any such thing. You have had your turn; now I'm going to have mine. Have you ever thought better of your decision?"

"No, Dick," she answered quite frankly. "If I should ever give up my mission for any man, that man would be you, but I can't see my way to do it. That is final."

"Very well; only remember the old promise, will you? I return tomorrow." He read the disappointment in her eyes. "Never mind," he added, "I'll stay for your address at least."

She colored. "Oh, you don't understand; it's not that alone. I want you to stay, to talk over the old times, you know."

"Well, that's better; but really I can't stay. My presence is becoming quite valuable under circumstances, and urgent business, you know——"

Over their sandwiches, their conversation drifted back to their college days. He remained until late afternoon, then left, promising to return in time to accompany her to the lecture hall.

Evening found him occupying a seat somewhat near the rear of the room, deeply interested in the girl's address. From time to time he smiled as he scribbled some short note upon some especially broad assertion, but he sat until the end intensely absorbed in her remarks.

The lecture, sustained alone by the speaker's enthusiasm, was not a good one, but by the more impressionable enthusiasts, the girl's assertions were accepted as utterances of unassailable truth. But these enthusiasts were in the great minority, and to the wiser members of the audience, who were there for reasons of curiosity, her ideas were radical and ridiculous. Her remarks, timeworn and hackneyed, were but indifferently expressed and the one redeeming feature of the lecture was the enthusiasm of the speaker.

At the close, she was immediately surrounded by her few enthusiastic converts, who crowded about her with congratulation and praise. Harris smiled to see among them Blake, and wondered what the effect would be when the editor read the copy that was to fill his paper next day.

Harris escorted her home and came away smarting under another rejection rather more flippant than usual. From her home he turned to the office of the Daily News, where he spent the next two hours preparing the copy for his dearly purchased column. It was long after midnight when he finally reached his hotel, but he was in high spirits. As he tumbled into bed he chuckled to himself, "It's a dirty trick, but it's the only way —and when she understands—if she ever finds out, it will be all right."

If the earliest riser in Barton, who scanned the Daily News over his breakfast on the following morning, had attended Miss Carroll's lecture, and had seen Blake bowing and scraping before the girl, he must have set the editor down as the impersonation of hypocrisy. For on the front page, in flaring headlines, stood a scathing denunciation of the address of the previous evening. The headlines, at first glance, seemed to carry sufficient ridicule, but before what followed them they faded into nothing. The entire column was devoted to the lecture; first came a short review of the subject, followed by the commentary upon it. It was the comment of one who seemed to know whereof he spoke; it broke down every theory the girl had advanced, and in a manner that brought the ridiculous side of her remarks to the reader.

In a thousand homes the review was read that morning, and the town was scandalized, but disillusioned. So was a tearful girl, who had risen in happy expectation of further commendation. She had read it to the end before she could comprehend the meaning of the article. Then with flaming cheeks, she had crushed

the paper in her hands and walked from the presence of her family to her room above. "Chimerical fancies—ridiculous assertions and borrowed theories of a young and inexperienced fanatic." She gasped as she reread these passages and others of similar import, for she saw in the review the follies she had accepted as truths, and she laughed at herself even as in this moment of introspection she hated her insolent confidence that had known or brooked no opposition. When finally she had nerved herself to descend to breakfast she had gained some of her old self-assurance and she entered the room quite oblivious to the curious smiles that greeted her. But when the incorrigible twelve-year old brother snickered audibly, she rose from the table and rushing from the room, flung herself upon a convenient davenport, there to relieve her pent-up feelings in a torrent of tears.

It was there that Harris found her when, an hour later, he came to ascertain the effect of his work, hypocritically vowing dire vengeance upon the innocent editor of the Daily News. At his entrance she suddenly sat upright, dabbing furtively at her reddened eyes. She made a noble effort to smile bravely, but her lips quivered and her greeting was painfully weak.

Harris seated himself at her side, scowling blackly. "It's an outrage," he raved. "That little small-change editor needs a thrashing, and I only came to get permission to give it to him. The idea—why, dear, er-a—— why, your talk was simply great. I know it; the whole town knows it, and I can't understand what he meant by saying what he did about it. Why, I'm convinced that your work is destined to accomplish——"

"No it isn't," she broke in. "What that horrid paper said is the whole truth. I've been a silly little fool, and—you—are just lying—to—save—my feelings."

What she said then suddenly became very faint, and a moment later she was weeping quite happily against his shoulder, while he sat smiling in satisfied content. The hypocrite!

Suddenly she extricated herself and pushed him to her arm's length.

"Dick," she said.

"Present."

"Dick."

"Yes."

"Ask me—again—won't you?"

He laughed softly, and what he said no one could have heard, for he whispered it—very close to her ear.

Complaint

SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

There in silence she lives far apart,
Here in patience I—while part by part
Pleasant hopes of love from me depart,
And will there be no wrong, no wrong.

Oh, what fills my eyes with bitter tears?
Oh, what fills my heart with ghastly fears?
Three short weeks seem like three thousand
years—
I can not wait so long, so long.

Editorials

Why is a class president? If the Sphinx of old time had propounded that dainty little conundrum she would have put the people that she asked it of in an awful, awful fix. We go to great trouble each semester in order to determine who is the most artful and lavish bill poster in any one aggregation of wire-pulling geniuses and when it is all over we are generally too tired and disgusted to ask what it is all about. We can see a perfectly good and valid reason for a Senior class president, but what the others do besides hold office we have never been able to figure out. But then, our mathematical education has been sadly neglected.

The educational value of the once-a-semester elections is, undoubtedly, great. Not for a moment would we pretend to deny that. It's just great. The candidates find out who their true friends are and reward them, and they also find out who their foes are, and lay beneficent plans of soaking them as to the head at the very first opportunity. This, of course, adds interest to the deadly monotony of college life besides exercising the primitive emotions that are generally allowed to drop into the background among civilized peoples. Also, elections determine the soundness of the judgment of the committee backing some one ticket in as far as the vice president is concerned. The girl that can draw the best support on the grounds of looks, popularity, attaches, etc., gets elected, and it is a proud moment for the embryo politician when his girl judgment is backed up by his class.

There was a time, long, long ago, when people read real poetry because they liked it. Of course, that was a very long time ago, and we no longer do it, because it isn't conspicuously the fashion. One has to think when one reads poetry, and we are too tired to think. What the Tired Business Man wants is a little musical comedy to help him forget the toils of the day; what the highbrow lady wants is a little more or less rotten drama that clearly shows the unutterable depravity and weakness of human nature. The T. Business Man gets what he wants; the H. B. lady gets what she wants; everybody is happy and the penurious poet with his throbbing brow can go work on the C., M. & St. P. section for a living—unless he is enough of a universal genius to write musical comedy songs that will get across the footlights and stick in the heads of the listeners for maybe as long as two days.

The eager-eyed young man who lives in today's world and still nurses an earnest yearn to be a poet had better throw on his slow speed and consider the reporting business as a means of liquidating board bills. We, the great American people, are too tired—we wouldn't say crude for the world—to hear real poetry. If somebody can come along and tell us, in a swinging jargon, some story that we wouldn't care to read out loud to our sisters we will call him a poet—and even buy his books—but real and legitimate poetry—nay, nay. The Saturday Evening Post for ours.

We would like to say a few well-chosen words on the fine, large subject of journalism.

The day of the orator is past and the daily newspaper has taken his place. In the old days, when some great orator lied, we said he was a liar and he was forever relegated to that great and silent place where all those who betray the people ultimately go. Nowadays, when a newspaper

—either with malicious intent or for the sake of sensational news—falsifies and misrepresents the facts we only call it yellow journalism, say vaguely that we don't approve of it, and go upon our various ways. As a matter of fact, the newspaper that falsifies and misrepresents is a curse to the nation and a traitor to the state. Because of our beneficent laws it cannot, very easily, be touched, and so it can go on and on for months harping on misrepresentations and manufacturing additional falsehoods to make stronger its malignant thrusts at a power that makes for justice and stoppage of privileged plundering. It can do so—undoubtedly our purely hypothetical newspaper will do so as long as the price is paid. But does it not make honest men and patriotic citizens entertain an earnest desire to see all such publications erased from that interesting little volume entitled "Newspapers of the State?"

We wish to call the attention of the gentle reader to the fact that this editorial is purely general and does not refer to the Madison Democrat. Far be it, far be it from us, to make definite charges that can not be legally proven. We repeat, this editorial is purely general and arises merely from an abstract consideration of journalistic ethics, and does not refer to the Madison Democrat or any other daily or paper of the state. Yes, we repeat it a third time.

The Wisconsin Union provides a rather large number of magazines for the use of the male students of the university. These magazines are stolen—we hate to use the ugly word—from the reading room of the Union with persistent regularity. Within a few days of the receipt of magazine students—only students frequent the Union—who are supposed to be gentlemen, steal reading provided for the use of all students. Some of us must have curious ideas of honor.

In this number we publish the procedure of the Student Court. The method of trial has been carefully worked out with the factors of impartial justice, expediency and efficiency ever in view. The difficulties attendant upon devising a fit method for trying cases that may come before the court are not appreciated by the average student and can not very easily be appreciated by him until he considers the fundamental principles involved. The Student Court is, primarily, not a court of law, but a committee appointed to determine facts. It does not assume the attitude of a civil or criminal court, but rather that of a committee of students who have to deal with infractions of the rules by students—students who must be considered as being gentlemen and not police court offenders.