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The WISCONSIN MAGAZINE



Vol. VII

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 3

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SUCCESSOR TO THE "STUDENTS MISCELLANY," FOUNDED IN 1849

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DECEMBER, 1909

NUMBER 3

CONTENTS

BASKET HUNTING IN THE SIERRAS—Thaxter C. Thayer.....	1
TO A LIGHT WOMAN (<i>Verse</i>)—Jeremiah.....	6
THE PHARISEE—Thomas Kearney	7
SATURDAY'S CHILD—Elizabeth F. Corbett.....	9
THE MAN THAT DIED—Chalmer B. Traver.....	13
THE HAUNTED HOUSE (<i>Verse</i>)—Glenn Ward Dresbach.....	18
THE QUESTION OF STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT—Ralph Birchard.....	19
DRIFTED DUST (<i>Verse</i>)—Various Contributors.....	21
THE AIMS OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT—II—J. F. A. Pyte.....	27
CINDERELLA OF THE SATIN SLIPPER—Alice Lindsey Webb.....	31
AUTUMNAL SONG (<i>Verse</i>)—Glenn W. Dresbach.....	34
CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING—Stuart Blythe.....	35
AN UNANNOUNCED DEBUT—Harold P. Jarvis.....	37
PLATO ON THE FOOTBALL SITUATION—K. L. B.....	39
TURNING A LEAF (<i>Verse</i>)—Alice L. Webb.....	40
EDITORIAL	41
MAMMY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT (<i>Verse</i>)—Alice Lindsey Webb.....	43

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Basket Hunting in the Sierras

THAXTER C. THAYER

Let us go back some ten years and retrace trails now overgrown, forgotten save by the few who had the good fortune to travel them before the march of settlement had dispersed their makers. The basket hunter of today would find that he or she was on a fruitless search and would find little, perhaps none, of that all-pervading charm that went with the older days and which repaid full well an otherwise barren quest.

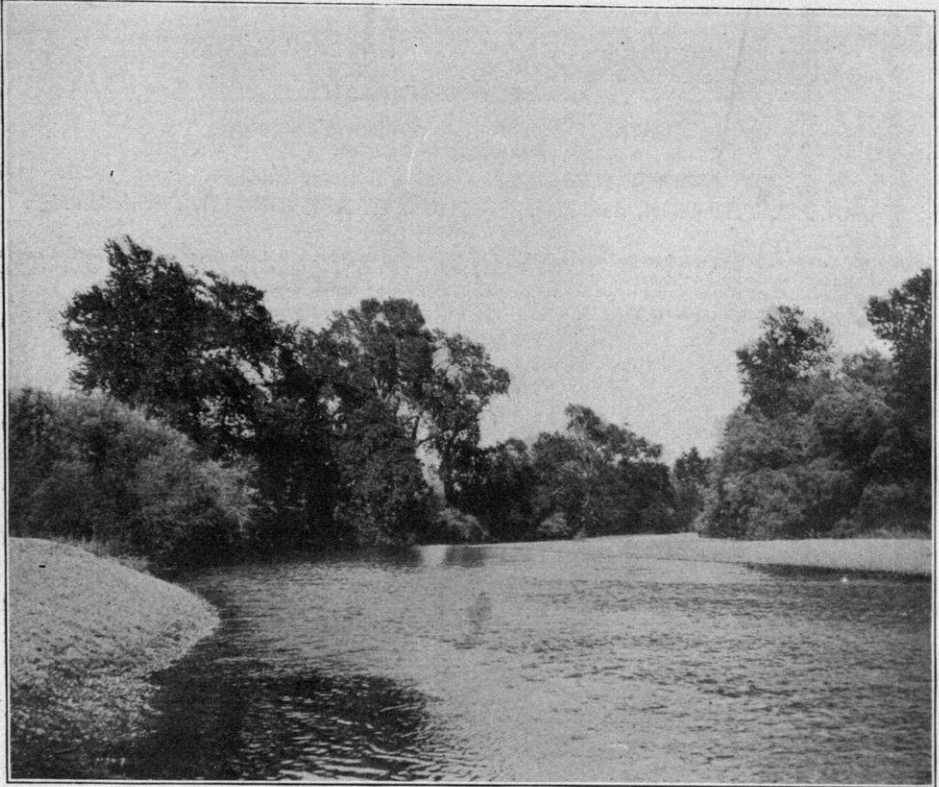
We will now pack our *Berrysa* wagon, summon the exuberant Rags and sad-eyed Monte to join us in our explorations. The sun is just sending its first rays from behind the mountains where are concealed the few survivors of the fast vanishing Indians, among whom we hope to find

some *Mahalai* yet possessing a few heritages, in way of baskets, handed down from before the days of '49. Soon we are traveling along the banks of La Pluma Dorada, 'midst great oak, and are thrilled by the call of the quail and hear them go whirring past on frightened wing. Rabbits silently flash across the road and once a skulking coyote so far forgets his fears as to stop a moment to gaze at us with furtive eyes. The sun now comes glancing through the oaks, gilds the river, and carries our thoughts back to the days of the "splendid idle forties" and to the care-free people who gave the beautiful river its name. We think of Benecia Fernandez and realize how well it was that she never reached the coast and sleeps, almost unknown, un-

der the guardianship of her *cuartos pinos* in the depths of the far-away coast range. How much better to sleep quietly away in Arcadia than to live to see the desolation of her father's hopes by the crafty Americano! But enough; to tell the story of La Bonita with *el alma de la santa* would be too long. Perhaps later we can get old Isabel to come before the fire and have the fancies of the flames and the

sing about. Many "velly goods" are uttered as Scotland and China become as one.

Again we are off and the oaks begin to thin and a few pines appear, the foothills being once more sighted through the open places. Soon we must leave the river, Benecia's river as we like to call it, and to stay with it as long as possible we stop to lunch amongst a grove of pines, forerun-



BENECIA'S RIVER

Photo by THAYER

sadness of the dying embers lure her to tell us again of Benecia, Benecia la bonita.

Suddenly we come upon a few old Chinamen, relics of long ago, rocking out a precarious living from the already worked-over gravels of La Pluma Dorada. Recognizing old George amongst them, we stop and are told the river news. "No alle samee beflo, gold too young," we are informed. At this the masculine members delve into the wagon and unearth a relative of that which gave Omar so much to

ners of their mighty brethren that we will soon be amongst. The south wind murmuring through the pines furnishes us with music and Benecia's river softly whispers by, trying to beguile us, perhaps, with stories of older days. We are thrilled with we know not what and regretfully leave the enchanted land, even Rags and Monte silently trailing along as though some spell was upon them.

Now the river is left behind and the grade commences, mile after mile with

only ourselves and perhaps a few fox squirrels to disturb the stillness of a perfect foothill day. The sun, his day's work nearly done, warns us that camp must soon be made, and all ears and eyes are receptive for "water sign." Suddenly the dogs dash into the brush, returning with dripping coats. Down in a little canon the source of their delight is found and all hands help the wagon under cover, unpack, and make the camp.

is the source of their joys. How the bacon tastes! And the pilot biscuit! Above all, the coffee!

Supper over, we unconsciously allow the fancies of the open sky to lead us far afield into the realms of no-man's land, imagining, perhaps, that we were back in the very early days when primitive man had first found his great friend, fire, and crouched beside a blazing pile of river drift whilst fierce and wondering eyes



CHINAMEN ROCKING OUT A PRECARIOUS LIVING

Photo by THAYER

Many a long journey has taught us the lore of the open life and soon all is in its place. The horses catching the mountain spirit eagerly nibble at bunches of dry grass that would be scorned down in the valley. Rags and Monte go on little exploring expeditions, returning with important looks, as though they had discovered some new land. Soon the member upon whom the cooking devolves announces that all is ready and the six, including Rags and Monte, gather near the fire, the latter anxiously eyeing the frying-pan, long experience having taught them that it

gazed at him out of the darkness, hungering but afraid. The blankets are then laid out and we lay ourselves down to sleep the sleep of the open, until the first dawn comes creeping down the mountain.

Like old *voyageurs* we are up and away as the sun sends its first rays into the valley below. Further up the grade, we may see a cloud of dust slowly making its way downwards and know that a freighting outfit must soon be passed. Finding a passing we await the wagons and their eight mules, all guided by a single line. Greetings pass between us and the driver as, with creak-



AT FIRST SIGHT HE SCURRIED AWAY INTO THE BRUSH

Photo by THAYER

ing of wood and grumblings of brake blocks, the outfit drifts down the grade. Hardly a survivor now exists of the freighters with their picturesque language and never-ending arguments over the merits of their respective leaders. In their place has come the prosaic box car and entirely unromantic trainmen.

Today we pass through long avenues of small oak and holly, the oaks replete with mistletoe. The glancing rays of an October sun light the holly into brilliance, and we stop to partake more fully of the feast that nature has set before us. Night again comes on and we camp by a stream that goes rushing by as though eager to reach the warmer valley below. Tonight we are within the range of the forest dwellers and with twilight comes the call of the mountain quail and the weirdly-pleasant note of the wood-dove; and, with gathering darkness, is heard the shrill bark of a fox and, from afar, the cry of a coyote—a

sobbing cry as though it was telling its woes to the night and they were too great to bear. Thus we drift into sleep, dreaming, perhaps, that the *chasse-galere* of the *voyageur* was skurrying along overhead.

Two more such days and nights pass swiftly by and we approach the hunting grounds. Camp is now established and preparations begun for exploring the inner hiding places where we hope to discover some of the kin of old Isabel. Early the second day we find "Indian sign," and by noon come upon an old man with a yet older gun. At first sight he scurries away into the brush, but soon emerges and we follow him to where he, as patriarch, lives with a motley crowd, governed—strange to say—by a young, half-white woman. A brief lunch over the basket situation is cautiously inquired into. As usual, we are informed "all gone," at which we ask to "see inside" and amid confusion drag forth some of our prey. Then occurs

great palaver, ending in no bartering being done, again as expected. We now retire for the day, bestowing upon the varicolored children gifts ranging from a gay bandana to a small girl, to two-bits to a large boy.

On the morrow we return, bringing coffee and biscuit, also a skirt for the amazon who rules. By noon we secure a mutually agreeable barter for two baskets, but have yet to attain the most desired, the gala basket, decorated with the most treasured of the feathery offerings of the *henpi*. We invite all to camp for the following day and a feast of coffee, biscuit and bacon is set forth, even *scouse* is made, and quite likely it is that our guests have their first real meal for many moons. A side of bacon judiciously displayed evokes great interest among our visitors, and we note gutteral conferences upon some subject important to them. Finally the amazon declares for a talk on the subject of securing bacon, coffee and biscuit. This

we had anticipated and our "side" is laid before her. Amidst great palaver the *henpi* basket is sent for, its great merit being explained to us meanwhile. We gathered from fragments of speech, escaping from a mass of conflicting statement, that the basket had preceded the old man and his *mahalia* many years, likely coming from the times when the Missions were yet young. The basket arriving, a mutually satisfactory barter is arranged, and, to show our good-will, we give the feminine portion of the encampment sufficient gingham to cover them and to the masculine members, powder and several plugs of "Star." Thus, with both sides well pleased, our visitors depart, and we rapidly pack up and are away to avoid any complications arising from sudden changes of mind on the part of our guests.

Several more days are spent in fruitless trailing as far as baskets are concerned, but how well are we repaid by nature for visiting her in her own splendid mountain



A MOTLEY CROWD OF INDIANS

Photo by THAYER

days and nights, the latter with a full moon silvering all it look upon. At night we visit with the forest people, watching the deer feeding in the burns, hearing nearby the soft footfall of those who see us but whom we can not see. Far up the ridge we hear a mountain lion give vent cry, and the scream goes echoing along, entrancingly terrifying, sounding as though some lost soul was lamenting its fate, again as though a woman was in mortal agony and was crying out to the night for rescue.

But we must return to the valley, and down the grade we start, passing through

long avenues of mighty pines, swaying in the mountain breeze, which wave us a farewell. Then again come the oaks with their burdens of mistletoe and the fields of holly, from both of which we gather glorious tribute. In the distance we see Benecia's river again and soon are once more lurching on its banks, hoping that the gift of holly we bestow pleases La Bonita, far away in the lands reserved for those who have *el alma de la santa*. Then we return to our own oaks, full of the joy that comes from a real visit with nature, the baskets being obscured by greater things.



To a Light Woman

JEREMIAH

*When the trailing wings of Desire
Shall be lost in the grayling mist,
When the heart no longer shall list
To the sound of her calling song,
When her tinkling and lilting lyre
Shall clang to a dissonant song—
Will you find it, Dear Heart, find Peace?*

*When Delight with Desire shall fail,
And the Fates shall be things that sneer,
When the Moon of the Nights shall be Fear
And Remorse be the Sun of the Days,
When every song is a wail
And Time is the curse of the Days,
Will you find it, Dear Heart, find Peace?*

*When Despair is the bread that you eat
And Repentance the drink you drink,
Of Death the thoughts that you think
And the Day the fear in your heart,
When you know that the Life is Defeat,
When slow runs the blood in your heart—
May you find it, O Heart, find Peace!*

The Pharisee

THOMAS KEARNEY

"It's no use arguing, Miss Perry. I'm quite a wreck, and I realize my position fully, for my father went the same way."

"How soon will it happen, Mr. Usher?"

"Perhaps tomorrow—perhaps not for a month."

They were seated in a sheltered nook on the promenade deck of a fast liner, the stiff breeze blowing little tendrils of hair about her bright face, and whipping away to leeward the blue smoke of his cigarette. Occasionally a faint thud came to their ears, and a column of spray whirled away from the bows, drenching like heavy rain those who were too near.

"Is it so hopeless?"

"Oh, I'm quite resigned."

She moved impatiently.

"I think a man ought to be made of different stuff—to be contented and resigned! Why don't you do something—go somewhere?"

"I am—as fast as I can."

"Where? What?"

"I may know—afterwards."

He flipped his cigarette over the rail, where an eddying gust caught it and lifted it, spinning. She stole a glance at his face—thin, with hectic spots on the cheek bones and heavy rings under the eyes, yet refined and gentle in spite of the ravages of disease and dissipation. Her eyes were puzzled—hesitating between pity and contempt.

"Are you always so indifferent?"

He smiled wanly.

"It's the easiest way. Did you ever know Harry Harkness, Campbell's nephew?"

"No."

"He never was much to talk to—couldn't seem to formulate his thoughts. Fell madly in love with Jean Bruce. She pestered him so much to talk to her, and he worried so over it, that he was taken to Castle Yard, talking day and night, crazy as a loon. Indifference for me!"

"There are disadvantages ——" she flashed.

He laughed with hollow intonation, and her attitude dropped like a mask.

"Ah, pardon me," she begged.

"Certainly. You merely acted naturally, for a moment."

She was contrite.

"It's too bad—that—you are so ——"

"Yes. I might amuse you for a time, otherwise."

"Please don't judge me——"

"Indeed no, Miss Perry. But you must grant certain premises——"

At that instant seven little devils entered into the shaft of the starboard propeller. It broke cleanly, as if it had been sawn through. Before the second engineer could close the throttle the starboard engine was threshing away in a manner not provided for by its designer. The connecting rod on the high-pressure cylinder snapped; as the crank came up the broken section jammed in the supports, bringing the engine up with a hiccough that sheared the bolts in the bed; and as the liner fell away into the trough the whole mass reeled and crashed down, through angle-irons, ribs and plates, to the bottom of the Atlantic.

A howling mob of stokers, machinists and oilers poured out of the hold, the fear

of death upon them. An officer fought his way among them, cursing; another on the bridge shouted through a megaphone that there was no danger; the ship was provided with bulkheads forming watertight compartments.

A thunderous boom came from below; the *Atlanta* groaned in torment.

"There goes his bally bulkhead," observed Usher, indifferently. They watched the scene on the main deck with that curious feeling of remoteness experienced by those rudely jerked from the commonplace to the extraordinary. The wreck struggled like a live thing; great sighs rose from the engine-room with ghastly effect. The water had reached the boilers.

"Let's go down," suggested Usher.

Instantly they were swept away by the insane throngs. In spite of the threats of the officers, the denizens of the fore-castle attempted to force a way to the boats. Usher ran to his cabin. Led by a swarthy Italian, the men commenced a concerted attack on the passengers. Like a pack of wolves they came, brandishing spanners, wrenches, iron bars; a thin, emaciated figure, ridiculously slight and apparently consumed with ennui, alone opposed them. The Italian made for him, an ugly knife in his hand.

"Curs!" snarled Usher, and a double report bit into the confusion, a cry following it like an echo. The men shrank back before the apparition of instant death that sneered at them in blasé indifference; a contorted form lay at his feet; it writhed, coughed scarlet, frothy blood, choked "Jesu!" and died.

The boats were filled in an orderly manner after that; Miss Perry was the last to go; and Usher, a faint smile on his lips, helped her over the side.

"Good-bye," he waved. She stared up at him from the life-boat with large, unseeing eyes. They pulled away; someone touched his arm.

"The officers would be honored if you would consent to join them on the bridge,"

stated a man in uniform. He had his red ribbon of the Legion pinned on his coat, and his eyes were bright. Usher observed him curiously.

"Bah!" he said contemptuously, "I will die in my cabin, like a gentleman!"

He descended to his stateroom, locked the door and threw the keys through the open port-hole. He flung himself on the bed and lit a cigarette. From somewhere came the steady cadence of men singing; it was the Italians of the crew, gathered in the bow; the chant swelled louder as the wreck settled.

—Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Usher twitched in helpless discomfort. The words beat on his brain like the throbbing of an artery. He covered his ears with his hands, but still those words echoed and re-echoed in his fevered consciousness—

—Miserere nobis.

The *Atlanta* had settled so that Usher could look out across the level plain of the sea, heaving gently in long, glossy rollers. A small boat had pulled back, almost within reach of the coming vortex, and waited, lying on its oars; a girl, huddled forlornly in the frail craft, rose to her knees and stretched out her arms in a gesture of farewell. The sun glanced on a wet blade; he winced and looked away. A wail rose from the deck of the liner, thrilled with terror and hopeless despair. The crest of a ripple broke against the porthole; a small cascade poured into the stateroom. Usher rose; he rushed to the door and wrenched at it frantically; the cascade became an incipient Niagara, and the cabin grew dark. He beat upon the door with bleeding knuckles; then, burying his face in his arms, he stood motionless. A horrible roar told him that the decks had blown up; the dying vessel rolled once, wearily.

"My God!" shrieked Usher, "do I have to die?"



Saturday's Child

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

"Company today?" asked Mrs. Greenleaf.

"Today for dinner," said Cicely Field.

"For dinner?" echoed Mrs. Greenleaf. "I thought you didn't usually entertain people here at meals, Cicely."

"No more I do," answered Cicely, setting down a bowl of yellow chrysanthemums in the middle of the dining-table. "I haven't been a cave-dweller ever since I stopped being a hall-bedroomite without acquiring some mighty unsociable habits, Annabel. But today our flat will be gladdened by the presence of a man to dinner."

"A man?" stammered Mrs. Greenleaf.

"It surprises you?" asked Cicely, eyebrows faintly arched.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Greenleaf hastened to assure her. "Only——"

"Only an old friend from out of town," said Cicely sweetly. "But it's time you were dressing if you are to create your usual effect."

Her one all-important topic sufficed as usual to arouse Mrs. Greenleaf's interest. "What are you going to wear?" she asked eagerly.

Cicely was as impassive as ever on that head. "I guess I can dig out something," she said indifferently.

Half an hour later, however, she emerged from her room in a dress such as Mrs. Greenleaf had not known that she possessed,—an intensely sophisticated dress of a dull blue that set off her black hair and white skin to wonderful advantage. She did not seem much excited over the prospect of the approaching visit; she busied herself at her writing-table until the door-bell rang.

The visitor proved to be more to Mrs. Greenleaf's taste than she had expected. Like all Cicely's friends, he talked a good deal about what Annabel rather scornfully called "literature and that stuff," but he was evidently a person who had studied the fine art of making himself agreeable. They adjourned to the living-room after dinner, and he stayed until dusk.

When he had gone Cicely took up her position with her back to the fire, and Mrs. Greenleaf sat down before her. "I like your Mr. Reeves ever so much, Cicely," she announced.

"That's nice," said Cicely.

Mrs. Greenleaf, who never knew when her friend was speaking ironically, looked up. Meeting a blank gaze, she was emboldened to go on. "Is he in the publishing business?"

"Do you think that because I read for a publisher I don't know anyone else?" asked Cicely.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Greenleaf replied hastily. "But what is he?"

"An actor."

"Oh, an actor!" Mrs. Greenleaf digested this bit of information, then proclaimed, "Well, he isn't good-looking, but he's very distinguished."

"He's ugly enough," Cicely averred, "but he's a good actor."

"Have you known him long?" asked Mrs. Greenleaf.

"Ever since we were in college together; we used to act opposite each other in amateur affairs then."

Mrs. Greenleaf rose and busied herself with the lace on Cicely's wonderful gown. "Ever since then?" she asked.

It was a direct invitation to confidence. Cicely had nothing to confide. "We'll go to see his new play tomorrow night," she announced blandly. "He's leading man with Miss Williams this season, you know." She got a book and settled herself to the enjoyment of her scanty leisure.

Mrs. Greenleaf, however, who read little and who had plenty of time to kill, now had abundant matter to reflect on. When she came to live with Cicely Field three years before, after she had divorced her husband, she had forsworn the company of men. But three years was a long time to her nature, and her talent, such as it was, was for attracting men. Besides, an occasional evening at the theater was an event in her life with Cicely—calm, hard-working Cicely, whose days were spent as head reader for Aisten's, her evenings burrowing in impossible books; Cicely, the only woman Mrs. Greenleaf ever had known who was absolutely contented with her own life.

So Cicely read, and Mrs. Greenleaf dreamed, and the next evening they went to see "The Tenth Commandment." Reeves took them out to supper after the performance, and Cicely spent the time telling him of the mistakes he had made in his acting. He seemed both amused and argumentative; he confided to Mrs. Greenleaf that it was the same old Cicely he had known four years before. "She hasn't had four years of the road to age her," he added.

"It's improved you," said Cicely sweetly.

Reeves came to dinner the next Sunday, and then took Cicely out to dinner with him on a week-night. Then they saw no more of him for a fortnight.

Cicely did not seem to worry about his neglect. But when he telephoned to make another dinner engagement, she was smilingly responsive, and set Wednesday as the date. Wednesday evening on her way home to dress she slipped, fell, and sprained her ankle. There was no time to notify Reeves, and when he came she sent Mrs. Greenleaf out with him.

Reeves called the next day to inquire after Cicely, and Mrs. Greenleaf entertained him, and went in to Cicely radiant. The same program was carried out day after day. Cicely kept to her bed, to the

surprise of her medical man, who had always considered her a woman of much "sand." He would have been still more surprised if he had known that her full work was being sent up to her from the office every day, and that she was regularly doing it.

Meantime it afforded Cicely a half-genuous, half-cynical satisfaction to see how under the stimulus of an hour's conversation every day with Reeves, Mrs. Greenleaf's somewhat faded and uninteresting blonde prettiness was taking on color and glow.

Eventually Cicely had to grow well enough to receive Reeves in person. They had a pleasant little chat, and Cicely, cheered in spite of herself by his warm friendliness, went to bed with the sound of his voice in her ears.

Some time in the middle of the night she started awake and sat up in bed, a half-stifled cry on her lips. Then she realized that she had been dreaming, and she lived her dream over. She had seemed to stand at the bottom of a long flight of stairs, knowing that Harry Reeves was at the top, and the one thing that she desired on earth was to get to him. Tremendous physical weakness seemed to hinder her; but helping herself by the baluster, believing that each step was the last one she could possibly gain, yet always nerving herself desperately to attempt one more, she reached the top—and he was gone.

Alone there in the darkness, her fists clenched and her temples throbbing, she sat and rocked herself back and forth. The influence of the dream was too strong to be easily thrown off; so finally she arose, limped into the living-room, and turned on the light. The aspect of her own familiar things half frightened her; but she settled herself with a rug about her, and gradually of themselves the fever and the fret left her. In their place came a certainty that it turned her cold to think of. She told herself that it was nervousness, the result of the dream and the hour, but she knew that it was not. Naturally the least introspective of mortals, she got a thorough sight into her own mind that night, and found strange matters there. She sat and gritted her teeth, determined to think things out to their very end. Her

face was a curious study as she sat there. Once she said half aloud, "I won't let her have him!" Then she shook her head, frowned, and relapsed into her former motionless contemplation. She went to sleep eventually, and Mrs. Greenleaf found her there in the morning. The light in her eyes was making her frown, and her open dressing-gown showed how white and strong her throat was. Even after such a night Cicely struck her weaker friend as formidable.

From that day on Cicely deliberately forwarded what she had before rather contemptuously helped along. Her attitude was a scornful "If that's what he wants let him have her." The under-readers at Aistens', who had been used to consider Cicely imperturbable, began to wonder at the change that had come over her.

At the end of February "The Tenth Commandment" went on tour, and Reeves left it and went out of town to rehearse in a new production. Contrary to her expectation, Cicely felt worse than ever now that she no longer saw him. She received his letters still, just the same cheerful whimsical letters that he had always written, and answered them promptly and briefly, as she had always done. That was the least of her troubles. She could meet emotion bravely and frankly in itself; it was the effect of it on other things that hurt. Previously her daily life had been all-sufficient; her confidence in it and in herself had never wavered. Now she felt carried off her feet by forces that she had no control over; the beautiful, calm background of her life had gone, and in its secret places her soul was humbled.

She kept her troubles to herself well enough; her reputation aided her materially there. No one would ever suspect Cicely Field of being in love; she could laugh at the very sound of that "Cicely Field in love." But there was a wry twist in her laugh, caused by the knowledge that the practical, sensible, imperturbable, no longer youthful Cicely Field would have given anything on earth, those dull February days, for the mere sight of an actor then rehearsing in Providence.

Reeves' new production, after its preliminary tryout, got into town late one Saturday night. Reeves came up to the

flat Sunday afternoon. Cicely knew that he was coming, had even let him understand that she would see him; nevertheless she contrived to be away when he came.

He possessed himself of Cicely's favorite arm-chair, asked permission to smoke, and obviously settled himself to await Cicely's arrival. "You think she will be back soon?" he asked.

"Pretty soon, I suppose," answered Mrs. Greenleaf, disposing herself to the best advantage in her chair. "It has something to do with her work, I guess, her going off this way."

"She is devoted to her work," he said drily.

"Oh, Cicely's horribly clever," she assured him. "I think I'd rather not be so intellectual and be a little more human."

"I never observed any lack of humanity about her," Reeves said gravely, looking over Cicely's characteristic book-piled, paper-strewn, cheerfully untidy room.

Cicely came in presently, shook Reeves' hand and told him that she was glad to see him. "But I'm sorry that I'll have to ask you to clear out," she added. "This is the only room where I can very well work, and I have a big afternoon's work before me. Suppose you take Mrs. Greenleaf out for a walk, Harry."

They both protested, but she banged the cover off her typewriter and fell to upon it. Five minutes later she had the pleasure of seeing them go off together. Then, in spite of the pressing "work" she had made so much of to them, Cicely rose suddenly, pushed her hair off her forehead with both hands, and began to walk up and down the room. Hard sobs rose in her throat, but she choked them back. Presently she dropped into her big chair and leaned her face against the leather cushions. They were redolent of Reeves's cigars; the odor brought him very distinctly into her consciousness. Her carefully-maintained self-control gave way then, and to her own disgust she began to cry.

She was startled by the sudden opening of the front door. She had presence of mind enough to arise and put her back to the light; then she confronted Reeves, who came in and walked across the room toward her.

"Where's Mrs. Greenleaf?" she stammered.

"Waiting in a drug-store," said Reeves calmly. "I hated to do it, but I was compelled to deposit her there on a flimsy excuse and to walk in at your front door like a house-breaker in order to get a word with you, Cicely. Today only confirmed what I thought before I went out of town; you've been avoiding me for a long time, though I haven't wanted to admit it." He placed himself across the big chair from her, and went on even more gravely:

"If I've offended you, I'd like to have a chance to right myself. I take it for granted that you're not avoiding an old friend through mere caprice; but it isn't like you to treat anybody this way, Cicely."

"I've merely been keeping out of the way to give you your chance," murmured Cicely, gripping the back of the chair until her nails were white.

"Chance of what?" he asked shortly. Cicely crimsoned, but made no answer. He dropped the topic and went on with his original idea.

"I hate to say anything against your friends, Cicely, but I've put up with a great deal of Mrs. Greenleaf to get a very little of the company of Cicely Field. You don't know, Cicely, how a woman like that grates when a fellow wants to talk to a woman like you."

He laid his hand on the chair-back, too, and stood looking down at her half-smilingly. He seemed very sincere and likable just then; very near, too, yet quite unattainable. Cicely felt her throat contract sharply; then to her utter consternation she began to sob.

"Cicely Field!" he cried. "Cicely Field!"

In spite of herself she stood there and looking at him with pleading, tear-filled eyes. Suddenly he found himself on her side of the chair, enacting for the benefit of the empty room the scene which usually rang down the curtain. The one person who would have been a very much interested spectator was meanwhile having a rather tedious wait in the drug-store.



WISCONSIN TOUCH-DOWN AT CHICAGO GAME
ARPIN WITH THE BALL

The Man That Died

CHALMER B. TRAVER

Four of us, Halberman of the *Herold*, Longley and Jack Wilton of the *Times*, and myself went into Hop Lo's place with the police when they raided it that stormy Sunday night in December. Only three came out. We did not miss Wilton until after the fire, which, following closely on the raid, destroyed the whole block in which Lo's chop suey restaurant stood, and was only kept from spreading farther by a general alarm that brought out all the apparatus in the city. It was a terrible night for all. But, notwithstanding the rapid spread of the storm-fanned fire and the fact that the block it destroyed down near the river front was one of the most thickly populated in the city, being in the heart of the tenderloin district, there was only one fatality as far as the police could ascertain—that of Wilton's death.

But first I will tell what I know of the events leading up to it. We got the tip that the place was to be raided from Sergeant Kelly. Kelly had an unofficial way of dropping information among his friends that made him the most popular and sought-after man in the department. The news surprised us. Many of the night men used to drop in at Hop Lo's after the copy had all gone down and the presses had jerked and rumbled into a final steady roar in the basement. The charge was gambling, no evidence of which we had ever discovered on many a hungry invasion of the place. But the police usually know what they are doing, so the three of us kept still and lay for a scoop on the papers not represented in our triumvirate. Of

course Longley let Wilton in on it, for the two always did big police stories together for the *Times*. It was the *Times*' plentitude of men that continually got on the nerves of many of us who worked single handed. Longley could not get Wilton on the phone until nearly seven o'clock, only an hour before the raid was to take place. Fifteen minutes later Wilton came pounding up the stairs to the detectives' room. The excitement of the thing seemed to have seized him more strongly than the rest of us, for he pumped us dry of all the information we had squeezed out of the sergeant as well as our own opinions and prognostications on the results of the raid.

Then, as we noticed bluecoats and plain clothes men saunter down stairs from the muster room in twos and threes and drop off toward the river, a short four blocks away, we went down and drifted, also very unostentatiously, in the same direction, Longley and Wilton in front and Halberman and I following a block behind. We took very good care that none of the department men should see us, for as a matter of principle the police frown on press interference in any of their carefully-cooked plans—until those plans become realities. Frequently they don't, in which case it is all the more desirable that no reporters be present at their demise.

We joined the other two in a dark doorway a few steps from the stairs that led to Lo's restaurant on the second floor, and waited. Officers uniformed and in citizens' clothes passed and repassed. With the exception of these the street seemed deserted as if by arrangement. Finally the

sidelights of one of the patrols came rocking down the hill from the station, the horses slipping and plunging on the frosty brick. At the same instant the auto patrol swooped down from the other direction and the two stopped at the corner, half a block away, to disgorge, like the ancient Trojan horse, what seemed like scores of grim, shadowy forms, soldiers of the peace. The crucial moment had arrived. We had to hold back Wilton by main force as the one detail of policemen disappeared into the darkened doorway, and we could hear them stumbling up the stairs that led to the coming scene of battle. A second later the sound of another detail of officers breaking through a fence in the rear came to us. Then came a confused roar of sounds from above.

"Now's the time if we're going to be in on this," whispered Longley. Fiercely and as one we rushed toward the stairs. Blackness enveloped us at first. Then a door on the second floor was thrown open and a bounding, whirling form, indistinctly silhouetted against the dim rectangle of the open door, came hurtling down the stairs, closely pursued by another form. We leaped aside, plastering our backs against the wall as the pursuer and pursued dashed by, then kept on up, taking the stairs three and four at a bound. The first room, the restaurant where we had often eaten, was deserted, as was also the kitchen, immediately behind. These two rooms with a miniature sleeping room, I had always thought constituted Hop Lo's entire establishment. Perhaps he was, after all, ignorant that gambling was being carried on in the same building. I did not waste much time on these reflections, though, for unmistakable sounds of strife coming from the rear impelled us back into the hall and along its dimly lighted course. Once a revolver shot rang out and we halted for an instant. The battle grew quieter, actually or only seemingly, by contrast to the noise of the shot. Then all was confusion again, as we came opposite to the door from which most of the noise seemed to emanate and pushed our way in. The only impression I received upon first entering that I can distinctly remember was one of intense nausea, resulting from the dense opium fumes and powder smoke that hung low

over all the room, rendering the straining, swaying forms we found there hazy and indistinct. I even fancied that I was swaying with the rest, and steadied myself at a big bamboo table near the door. Chinamen in all manner of native and American dress lay sprawled about the floor, held there by burly cops who whacked their cued heads with billies and puffed at the exertion of it. Two broken windows across the room showed where Celestials had escaped or attempted to do so. A wealth of Chinese yen, big ebony dominoes, little strips of red paper and here and there an American coin or bill strewed the floor. Shrill falsetto cries in the Celestial tongue mingled with good old Irish and German oaths from the sweating policemen. Still farther back could still be heard the sound of breaking and ripping things, but in the first room the battle was about over, with victory on the side of the law. The officers began to arise, one by one and go, some of them limping, along the hall and down the stairs, jerking their squealing charges after them. When the room was almost empty one of the policemen approached me alone and, brushing off his clothes, nonchalantly said, "Pretty lively while it lasted, hey?" The words brought me back to the present conditions and I recognized Sergeant Kelly. Also Haiberman was standing beside me, absorbedly watching a couple of policemen take the last struggling victim out of the room.

"But we got 'em all, anyhow," continued Kelly cheerfully, "that is, if Kennedy and the boys rounded up the three that blew down the hall."

"Did you get Hop Lo himself?" I asked.

"Why, I guess so. They all look alike to me. Come to think of it, there was a big Chink that dives out from behind a table when we broke in the door. Someone pinned him and just took him down. I guess he was the old guy from the description we had of him."

Just then Kennedy and the "boys," three in number, were heard coming back down the hall, cursing and pulling resisting objects behind them. A policeman's whistle sounded in the distance and calls and orders emanated from the rear. Kennedy and his pals, dragging two unwilling charges behind them, burst into the room.

"Well, one of 'em gave us the slip, d——n him," bellowed the bull-necked Kennedy, mopping his brow. "Went through the window like I thought he'd break his neck below and save us a chase, but up he gets and digs to beat h——. One of the men is after him and we gave the alarm. Those Chinks do beat the cars for ——" A terrific explosion in the rear somewhere cut short Kennedy's ejaculation. We all rushed for the door. Flames were leaping ceiling high from the tank of an overturned gasoline stove we could distinguish dimly at the foot of the hall. Other bluish flames crept along the floor and woodwork over a radius of twenty feet. Already a steady glow had begun to redden the dingy hall and surrounding rooms and the crackling had increased to a roar. One of the Celestials in charge of Murphy's men let out a demoniacal scream, that sounded like a curse from Buddha. A cold spot made itself felt in the middle of my back and gradually spread. The next instant I was following the rest in a mad stampede for the stairs.

That fire was the most terrible in years. Hour after hour I stood knee deep in water until a wall fell or another building was consumed, when I would run mechanically to a phone and tell them about it at the office. It was three o'clock before I wound up with the complete facts of the raid and fire, as far as I knew them, and told them to close the forms. Then my relief came, and I dropped over to the police station before turning in. There a new development in the night's story awaited me. The man who had escaped Kelly and his boys by jumping through the window had not been caught. Furthermore, this man, it was learned through an interpreter, was Hop Lo himself, for a tally of the Chinamen now under lock and key failed to reveal the restaurant keeper. To have had the ringleader slip through their fingers in this way must have chagrined the police, but in my opinion they took his escape at headquarters much harder than was justifiable under the circumstances.

But I forgot all in a dreamless sleep that seized me almost immediately upon my touching the bed. I was tired through and through, and the late afternoon sun was invading the room before I awoke and

went downtown. Things had been happening while I slept. In the first place, I learned of Wilton's fate from a late extra even before I reached the office. Secondly, the same extra ran a big story in connection with Hop Lo's escape, a story to the effect that the Chinaman was wanted for murder in Frisco, and that although the police were certain that he had conducted a gambling place in the rear of his restaurant, the real object of the raid had been to round up Lo and several Chinese criminals he was suspected of harboring and hold them on the minor charge of gambling until the records of all could be looked up in detail. The afternoon papers had certainly got hold of some hot stuff on the follow-up.

The raid proved, after all, to be a fizzle. No dangerous criminals were found among the ashy pale, terrified Chinamen that huddled in the cells, and they were fined twenty-five dollars each for frequenting a gambling house and discharged with a warning. All found friends who were good for the fine. Even if Hop Lo were a murderer, which the police would not positively assert, the raid had failed to bring him into custody. It was admitted by all that the block wiped out by the fire was decidedly good riddance to the city and plans for a purchase of the burned area by the city were brought before the council while the ruins were still smoking. And in the meantime the boys gathered at the central station afternoons and evenings and talked of poor Wilton.

Wilton, as far as we knew, had no relatives to mourn for him, and few friends, for that matter. He had just drifted into town several years before and thrown his fortunes with the *Times*. He was a good reporter, all agreed, and an amiable chap, but beyond that nobody knew anything about him. Upon a canvass among ourselves we were surprised that we could know so little about a man who had been in our midst as long as had Wilton. To his landlady's knowledge he had never received any mail to speak of. Weeks passed after his death as before, during which not a single letter came for him. A letter came to him addressed in care of the *Times* one day. Longley opened it with trembling fingers. It was a form letter from a

literary bureau in the east reminding him that his dues were still unpaid. We all shivered without knowing why at the business-like, commonplace tone of the letter, and Longley wrote the firm of Jack's demise.

But our sensibilities were destined to receive another and greater shock. I stopped at Wilton's old boarding-place one day as was my custom mechanically, in hope of finding a letter for him. There was. I took it down to headquarters and laid it on the table before all eyes, half expecting to see it crawl off and fall to the floor at any minute. The postmark was San Francisco. The address was legibly, although falteringly written, in hesitating, backhand style. One of the boys opened it.

"Honorable Mister Wilton," it read, "Why is it such that you should leave me as you did? I said come and you said I will come and you did not come. Why? I am writing of this only that honorable christen doctor say I will die of the cough soon maybe before you get these questionings. I ask come now if you can.

"Hop Lo."

I cannot describe the way in which the bunch received the surprising communication,—a letter to a dead man from a dead man, one might almost say. Longley characteristically swore under his breath. All Halberman did was to remove his feet from the table, with true Teutonic placidity, allowing the two front legs of his chair to come in violent contact with the floor. No one spoke.

Longley broke the silence.

"Shall I answer this one, too?" he asked, almost wearily.

"What I want to know," drawled Halberman, ignoring the question, "is what the Chink's game is in writing to *Wilton*—and in that way." And he voiced the question in the faces of all.

No one had an answer. The upshot of the matter was that after individual and co-operative gropings we discovered that there was no answer. Longley pocketed the letter. Weeks passed and we almost forgot about it—all but Longley.

One day we were playing hearts upstairs in the station when he dropped in, walked over to the window and watched

the February blizzard playing the deuce with the early homegoers in the street below. After a while he remarked casually: "I got a letter from Hop Lo today. He won't get better."

"He won't?" I asked. Then I stood up, for the rest were standing. The statement had come so casually that the remark had sprung to my lips before the significance of what he said burst upon me.

"How about Wilton?" asked three men at once.

"Nothing. He said he was sorry to hear that he—was—dead."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

We sat down again. There was really nothing else to do under the circumstances. But Longley had something on his mind.

"When you fellows gave me the letter with Hop Lo's address," he said, "perhaps you didn't think what a chance for a scoop it gave me. There was the address, plain as day, of a man wanted for murder as well as gambling and possible arson. A tip to the San Francisco police, a raid over on the other side of the continent some dark night—and the whole story in the *Times* the next morning. Did you ever think of it that way?" Strange to say, we had not. Circumstances— But many errors may be blamed to circumstances.

"Well, I thought about the thing for a week, and then I just wrote to him," continued Longley. "Today I got an answer. He is dying. 'What's the use,' I thought, 'of chucking a dying man into the hands of the police for the sake of a measley scoop that I'd kick myself for for the rest of my life.' Then again, when I remembered the way he'd written to Wilton, I thought that they must have been pretty thick—sometime—and that maybe—Wilton might not—like—it—"

"And you were right there, Longley." The voice came from the door leading into the hall. We all turned. It seems very commonplace to write about it, but you can imagine the situation when we looked up to behold Wilton or Wilton's ghost standing there in the door as he often had when, coming in from outside, he had paused there to say "Chilly, boys!"

We waited politely for him to come in, no one saying a word. Wilton remained

motionless. The silence was broken by a little chuckle from Longley. The chuckle increased into a nervous giggle and then a loud laugh that, followed too soon upon the dead man's appearance in our midst, struck us as highly disagreeable. Longley continued to laugh, no one offering an interruption, with increasing loudness, until he tumbled over the arm of his chair to the floor and lay there motionless. Still no one moved. The scene was decidedly very trying as I look back upon it. Wilton himself was the first man at Longley's side.

"Lively with his collar, there, boys! Get some water, Halberman, and make it quick!" he commanded with more self-control than any one present. Longley came around all right after the police surgeon and Wilton had worked over him half an hour. In the excitement, during which no one had time to consciously think, we became reconciled to the presence of Wilton in our midst. So when Longley had been taken home in the ambulance it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Wilton should remain behind for a quiet smoke with the bunch. In fact, every man present found himself smoking very rapidly and uninterruptedly as Wilton told his story. He anticipated our bewilderment at the whole affair and took a running leap into the middle of the tangle without any questionings from us.

"To begin with I have known Hop Lo longer and better than I have known any of you. It started when I was doing feature work on a San Francisco newspaper four years ago. One night while I was getting dope together for a story on Frisco's Chinatown, a big Chink—he was crazy from hitting the pipe—started mixing it with me in one of the Chinese restaurants down near the harbor. I threw him back against a bamboo screen that gave way and dropped him in a bunch of crockery somewhere behind. He jumped up and came for me like a demon brandishing a three-foot knife which he pulled out from his clothes. I drew my gun and fired. There was no time to think of the consequences. Then—bang! went another revolver somewhere over to my left. At the second shot the Chinaman dropped

like a stone and never moved. As a policeman's whistle sounded outside and the other Chinamen in the place scuttled away, the restaurant keeper, Hop Lo himself, came over to me with smoking revolver in his hand and said, "This way." I did not think what I was doing. The police were pounding on the door. I might prove self-defense, but the witnesses, the lying, scampering Chinamen, who were the only other inmates of the place at the time, would all be on the other side. Perhaps, if I had thought—— But I did not have time to think and followed Lo. We made a good get away. Then the matter appeared to me in a new light. Whether the Chinaman had met his death from Lo's gun or from mine, I had placed myself in the criminal class by eluding the officers of the law. I was a fugitive from justice. If I should give myself up now, would the courts listen to me after I had had ample time to prepare my story and rehearse Lo in it? Lo was another consideration. He had perhaps saved my life, why I do not now know, and had certainly saved me from the police. I could not throw him over now." He paused a moment while each of us agreed in our hearts with Jack.

"So together we left Frisco and came here, Lo setting up a restaurant and I going into the newspaper business. We fully intended going back to Frisco when things blew over. I felt that I had nothing to fear after a couple of years had passed and that the police would not bother themselves over a dead Chinaman very long. But when I heard about this gambling raid I smelt a rat. There was no time to warn Lo, so I went along in the blind hope of helping him escape in some way. You remember, perhaps, that I was successful. I won't tell you how I got him off, boys. It might get 'round to the police and make more trouble for me. Lo was for going straight back to Frisco and chancing his safety there, and I decided to drift with him. There was no telling when suspicion might fall on me, and once having tied up together we might as well continue to do so for mutual safety. The fact that my disappearance would be layed to death in the fire never occurred to me, but when I heard of it it seemed best that it should be so.

"We reached Frisco, where I learned that the police were still hot on the trail of Lo and I, due to the insistency of the Chinese consul. I learned for the first time that the man I or Lo had killed was a big gun of some kind at home. Things looked bad for us, and especially so when consumption seized upon Lo. I put him in the hands of a capable and discreet young doctor who kept him at his house for a consideration, and promised—for another consideration—not to make too much noise about his patient. Then I blew the town, telling Lo I would be back in a month to see how he was getting on. I went to Seattle and then struck East. From rumors I heard it would be unsafe for me to go back to see Lo as I had promised or even to write him, for a while at least. So I came here."

We all smoked in silence for a while. Then someone remembered to tell Wilton of Lo's letters. He could have addressed the first back here only on a long guess, but he was nearly right after all. Later

Wilton saw them and telegraphed the doctor in San Francisco. The faithful Chinaman had died the night after writing the last letter to Longley. I suspect that Longley's letter must have surprised him, knowing that Wilton had not perished in the fire, but that, in his cunning, Oriental soul, he had determined to let us go on believing Wilton was dead for the sake of his friend, and supposing that Wilton would wish it thus.

The news of the Chinaman's death caused a catch in the throats of others than Wilton.

He himself went back to work on the *Times* after giving many explanations—every explanation but the right one. If the blood of the Chinese nobleman is on his head the police have never discovered the fact. The five reporters who were in the room when he reappeared as if from the dead that February day are the only living persons, to my knowledge, that know his story as he told it to us and as I have repeated it.

The Haunted House

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*This does not look as a haunted house,
This happy house we call our own,
All fresh and bright by night and day,
With lawns in velvet grasses grown;
Where sings the thrush its morning lay,
And hollyhock and rose are blown.*

*But here it stands a haunted house
In sunny morn or twilight grey,
With clinging vine and garden tree,
Where little winds come out to play,
For here sweet shadows move with me
Since you, dear heart, have gone away.*

*At morn I seem to hear you sing,
When young winds kiss the dew tears dry;
I seem to hear you whispering
Sweet words of love as you go by—
A thing of dreams, yet sweeter thing
Has never cost the breast a sigh.*

*And then at night how oft I hear
Your silken rustle in the room,
When curtains sway in the playful breeze,
As gentle phantoms in the gloom,
Or see a white shape by the trees
Stoop low to breath of rose perfume.*

*And all the day and all the night
I dream, and dreaming wait for thee,
And all the while are tapers bright
On love's white shrine for only thee.
And O my heart is a haunted house
Till you, dear love, come home to me.*

The Question of Student Self-Government

RALPH BIRCHARD

Government of students in a university by the faculty is an outgrowth of the old idea that students are children unfitted in judgment and intelligence to govern themselves. The persistence of this idea is shown by the fact that even today student self-government exists in less than half a dozen of the great universities of this country. The fallacy of it is shown by the excellent results in those schools where it has been adopted.

It is the purpose of this article to explain the theory upon which student self-government is based, to present the principle arguments for and against it, and to comment briefly on its workings in certain colleges today.

Student self-government is based on the following assumptions: (1) That students in a university are of sufficient years, discretion, and intelligence to know what is good for them and for the university, and to be interested in its accomplishment. (2) That a democratic, or representative government is the best form of government. To prove that the first assumption is correct we have only to take into consideration that the average age of university students is probably very little below twenty years, and that the age of the upperclassmen upon whom the actual work of government will fall is certainly above that mark; that, in the West at least, a good share of the men in college have done hard practical work outside; that the entrance requirements are such as to insure at least average intellectual attainments on the part of every student. The existence of any college spirit whatever testifies to

the desire for the betterment of the university, for what is college spirit if it is not that? The history of this country and of the world tends to show that the second assumption is true. Why should not a government which has been found admirable for people whose average intelligence is far below that of college students be good in a university? The fact that it stimulates an interest in all is one of the greatest points in its favor.

In favor of student self-government it may be urged that any rules, orders, or regulations imposed by it are much more likely to be approved by the student body, and much less likely to be infringed upon by individual students. Against this it may be said that the approval of the student body is unimportant, but if it is granted that the students know what is right and intend to want to do it, then this contention is manifestly untrue. There can be no question but what a penalty imposed upon a student by his fellow student is a much stronger deterrent than any faculty imposed penalties. A man suspended by the faculty can always say that he was judged by men out of sympathy with himself and not qualified to understand his circumstances and point of view, but certainly he can never say this of a student court, or at least can never gain the commiseration of others by such a statement. Suspension by the faculty is a misfortune; suspension by a student court would be a disgrace.

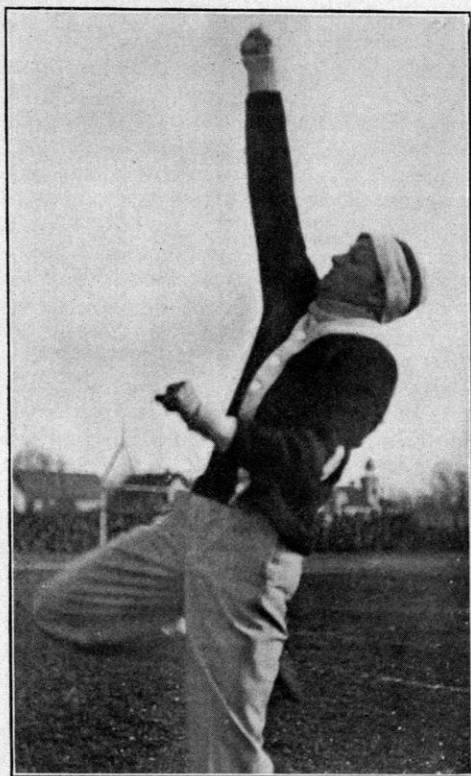
There is in this country today a growing realization of the need of educated men in politics. There is a growing idea that it

is not only a citizen's privilege, but his duty to take part in the work of selecting proper men for public office. The need must be supplied from the universities. It may be urged in favor of student self-government that the interest in public affairs which a student gets at college is likely to be continued in the larger affairs of his after life. The extent of this continuation is open to question, but of the tendency there is no doubt.

Self-government is a fact today at California, Princeton, and Stanford. The case of California is perhaps most in point when applied to Wisconsin. It is a state university with a large and heterogeneous

mass of students. There the system, so a report received in reply to inquiry states, "works even better than it had been hoped for and, in the minds of the student body and faculty alike, is a great success."

Many college presidents view the idea with disfavor. Many, including our own, are strongly impressed by it. Just now a movement is on foot to inaugurate a complete system here. What the outcome will be is still uncertain, but at the time this article is written it seems promising. In any event, the question of student self-government is decidedly worth thinking about.



"RED" PARKER AT THE CHICAGO GAME

Drifted Dust

The Younger Artist

WALTHER BUCHEN

"So young, too young," these wagging graybeards say,
 "Can Youth teach age and all the ages too?
 What do they know of Art, her form and hue,
 These youngsters of the earthy era's clay?
 We know Art's rules, we read them in a book
 The Viewers of the Masters wrote long since,
 Our speech is stamped by dies from ancient mints,
 Gray Precedent's our master. Search and look,
 Howe'er you may, you cannot find the peer
 Of those who wrought some centuries ago;
 Their work's the wonder of the men who know,
 And this the truth they schooled the world to hear:
 'Art is the shaping of the Beautiful
 And Beauty's Harmony of the Ideal.'
 This canting patter of the True and Real—
 That these young upstarts, all undutiful,
 So scornful of their reverend heritage,
 Bruit blatantly abroad with boorish lips—
 Tweaks by the nose, with boyish finger flips
 At standards that the truly Great and Sage
 Set high so many centuries ago.
 Young Rafael? He followed ancient law
 And not like these did, sneering, scorn to draw
 From what gray ages knew—what we now know!"
 Granted, their art is old? Of course she's old!
 We grant her all the gray hairs in the world;
 And therefore it is time that she was hurled
 Down from the throne she's grown too weak to hold.
 They say that we are rash and overbold
 And follow fires that last a little while,
 Then fade and flicker like a young girl's smile;
 They say we're given to guilt instead of gold;
 Wade through the shallows, scorn to swim the deep;
 Rake up the filth and quite ignore the lawn;
 Look only at the sunset, blind to dawn;
 Know how to sneer but quite forget to weep!
 Well, maybe they are right; it may be so.
 We're young but have seen life a time or two
 And positive we are not, I and you,
 For there's no thing we claim to surely know.
 But, from as much as we are given to see
 We think it would be nobler, far, to show
 The thing that is, that men may see and know,
 Than practice glorified hypocrisy.
 What care we for the dreams that might come true?
 These golden visions that we all may dream
 And sicken after dreaming. For they seem
 So fair, we tire of the two and two

*That still make four and will not mend their ways
 And sum up five to help our lead seem gold.
 We break the ribs with hammers great and bold,
 Knock off the rind was made to block our gaze,
 To show the naked heart and watch it beat!
 Or else pry, probe, and peer with surgeon eyes
 Until we see our patient wince, and then,
 Jot down his words, voice, look, with ready pen—
 Are proud we found the nerve and think we're wise!*

*Well, anyway, we're clever—that they grant.
 Also our art is what the watching folk
 Now wish to see. To cast off any yoke
 The would-be-free God's children always pant.
 A fool can do the thing he likes to do,
 It takes a man to do the thing he's told;
 We of today, at least, are not half-souled,
 We can do more than one thing, I and you!*

*Their Beauty is what should, but cannot, be;
 Our Beauty is whatever truly is.
 All handiwork—sneers, japes and craft—of His,
 Or Its, great force that made the land and sea.
 We seem irreverent, reckless, half the time
 And yet we honor all Creation more
 Than they, kneel on the pavement to adore
 The filth half hidden by the gutter's slime.
 We seek not to improve our master's work
 Or lie to make plain truth seem silk and lace;
 Not beautiful (their word) Creation's face
 If average of all the shams that lurk,
 And fairnesses we see be reckoned well.
 It's true that we who boast ourselves the free
 Are, in a fashion, slaves—and still must be;
 But still, we do not bow to "I've heard tell",
 Our master's greater than their Precedent.*

*And—and—I wonder if our school will last.
 Viewing some calm Madonna of the past
 I often wonder if our time's well spent.
 And though I'm sure our work is that of Men
 I'm not so sure theirs was not demigods!
 Ah, well! The aged Furies' scourging rods
 Are far until we near the final den
 Whose walls are earth—whose floor and roof are earth.
 We give the thing the people's voice demands
 Oft times with aching and unwilling hands
 We make supply for what they think their dearth—
 Sometimes with tears, but with a seeming smile!
 We're Christians, eh, in spite of what they say?
 But how I wonder, wonder, night and day,
 Is it worth while—is all this stuff worth while?"*

Love's Promised Land

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

*If I might take your face between my hands
 And look once more deep down into your eyes,
 They might reveal to me Love's promised lands,
 And I might see the sunshine of Love's skies.
 But, though my memory ever will embrace
 The perfect lineaments of your face,
 Yet, without hope, the spirit faints and dies
 Lacking the joy distilled within your eyes.*

The Flagellants

(On the painting by Carl Marr and the description of two members of the Order by Doyle.)

JEREMIAH

*A hard, thin-lipped and cunning wolfish face
Worn white and thin by penance and long fast—
The Lust of Torture in a vulpine cast—
Preached, in the name of Christ, a path to grace.*

*"Your enemy is flesh, the only mace
That e'er will conquer Him the scourge and fast.
Make blood run from your backs to blot the past—
Scourge, scourge, if you will win the Holy Place!"*

*"C'est pour vos peches!" They sadly droned and beat
Their backs to bloody pulp. It pleased the priest.
He licked his lips and smiled a priestly smile:
"O Christ of Mercy shall the blood not eat
The sin from out the spirit of the beast?"
And Christ looked down and wept a weary while.*

Adamah

(Note—Adamah, meaning man, also means, it is said, red clay in the Hebrew.)

W. A. B.

*The nations assembled to make their peace,
They cried aloud, that the dead might know,
"No more, no more, shall the wargod reign!"
The dead men smiled them a smile of pain
And wearily turned them the dust below,
They knew, Oh they knew, how these strivings cease.*

*And the Devil laughed his laugh,—
"The Red Clay, see it strive,
It is what it was, will be what it was,
For all that they say it's so much alive!
Red mud with a little breath blown through,
In a million years will the red be blue?"*

*They raised a goddess of wonderful grace,
Chiselled her out of the shining gold.
Decked her with silver, pearls and jewels,
Hailed her as Beauty! Gods! How the ghouls
That had seen the calm smile of Venus of old
Gibbered and grinned when they saw her face.*

*And the Devil laughed his laugh,—
"The Red Clay, how it lies!
It lies as it did and will always do
For all that they say of Religion's rise,
Red mud with the red juice running bold,
In a million years will the clay be gold?"*

*They splashed with their inks on the unstained page
Striving to show us the hearts of men.
They daubed with their paints on a palace hall,
They shut out the seas with a granite wall,
But the ghosts of the dead men smiled again,
They knew, Oh they knew, the sneering earth's age!*

*And the Devil laughed at all,
"The Red Clay, how it dreams!
It dreams but the dreams only shift the dust
And the thing that is—it is only what seems!
In a million years will the gods have peers?
Not in a million million years!"*

The Ballad of Christmas Eve

H. M.

*Oh the frost it bit, and the cold it numbed,
As we waited without the door,—
And the moonlight streamed through the arch and gleamed
Like a stain on the old church floor.*

*Through the Gothic arch in a rhythmic march,
The white-robed choir boys wind,—
With a hunger pang, we heard they sang
Of the "Brotherhood of Mankind."*

*And faint—we listened to murmured prayers
Of the men 'gainst sorrow and sin,—
Of the women—who dwell in comfort and knelt
On the cushioned stools within.*

*With jeweled hands clasped on a leathern text,
They prayed for the wants of the poor,—
But strength to endure and nothing to cure,
Is all that belongs to the poor.*

*Oh the wind blew chill and went whistling shrill,
Like a weird flute-voice in the night,
While kept from the storm in comfort and warm,
They sang of the glorious fight.*

*And their carriages wait in a stately line,
While sleek and vested and dined—
Their lips repeat to the music's beat,
The "Brotherhood of Mankind."*

*Now the moon gleams cold on my lady's face
As she passes us unalert,
For it's not in the least her part to feast
With squalor and hunger and dirt.*

*Oh it's not so much the silks you wear,
As the cold in your heart and mind,—
And the texts you say and the prayers you pray,
For the "Brotherhood of Mankind."*

*For the frost it bit and the cold it numbed,
As we waited without the door,—
And the moonlight streamed through the arch and gleamed
Like a stain on the old stone floor.*

The Palace of Dreams

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*By the luminous shore of a moon-kissed sea
Stands a mountain of purple and gold,
Where dream winds pipe from a starry lea,
And passion blooms unfold;
And here are shadows swayed to rest
By the lullaby sound of streams,
And here on the mist-hung mountain crest,
Facing the gates of the wind-wild west,
Stands the wonderful palace of Dreams.*

The palace towers all vast and high,
 Are of opal and amethyst,
 And the arches bend with the arching sky,
 Draped in the silver mist;
 And there in front of the magic door
 Is a terrace of bloom and light;
 But out on the wave-splashed, rock-walled shore,
 Are voices wailing forevermore,
 From the deep, dark pits of night.

In the lucent halls breathes music low,
 And many a fountain flows;
 And feet all light o'er dream ways go,
 Strewn with poppy and rose;
 And dream shapes move in a sensuous dance,
 And amorous eyes grow bright,
 But still like sounds in a weird witch trance,
 By the moon-pale sea that sobs and pants,
 Are voices in the night.

"Beware! beware!" the voices call,
 "The lullaby sound of streams,
 And the opal and gold of the palace hall,
 The fair, false palace of Dreams;
 For here we strayed too far, too far
 From cares on the busy shore,
 And no ship comes by the harbor bar,
 For our ships lie low where the sea wrecks are,
 And all our world they bore."

The treasure isles are far from here,
 Where sirens always sing,
 But the winds are free and the skies are clear,
 And a sail is a flitting wing,
 And living and loving are wiser lore
 Than dreams, all swift in flight;
 And oft in a cottage along the shore,
 Whispering love forevermore,
 Are voices day and night.

Empty

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

My lady had a locket;
 'Twas wrought of precious gold.
 I wondered when I saw it,
 What picture it might hold;
 A chosen sweetheart's portrait?
 A mother's loving face?
 Or could it be a baby's smile
 Locked in that secret place?

My lady's golden locket
 Fell open once, by chance,
 And there its inner cloister lay
 Revealed to passing glance.
 'Twas empty! Not a dear one's face
 Looked from the gilded frame;
 Lonely and cold—I wondered
 Was my lady's heart the same?

A Trail in the Woods

CHALMER B. TRAVER

*There's a trail in the woods we rode along
'Twasn't much of a trail at that,
But as we rode she hummed a song;
And since then the world seems slightly wrong
And a trifle dull and flat.*

*I am here, and the trail is there,
I can go there any day.
But somehow or other I don't much care
The lonesomeness of the place to bear
For she has gone away.*

*She sang a ballad of long ago,
'Twasn't much of a song, 'tis true;
But the singer had my heart in tow
As before us the setting sun's red glow
Turned copper a sky of blue.*

*We rode down a valley deep and cool
With red tinged green above
And there by the side of a magic pool,
She the sovereign and I the fool,
Plighted our mutual love.*

*"Love is blind," a cynic said,
And maybe he spoke true.
Maybe her love for me lay dead
As the red gold haze from her vision sped
And she joined the world she knew.*

*Maybe the trail was a rainbow one,
At the end, a fairy prize —
A prize that never will be won
Though many a weary race be run
While many a lost hope dies.*

*But I have faith in the woodland trail
Faith that it led me true.
Though moons may wax and moons may pale,
My fairy princess cannot fail
To find the trail anew.*

*And sometime when the red rays burn
Again o'er hill and glade,
My fairy princess will return,
We'll ride together and we'll learn
To keep the vows we made.*

A Ballad of Leaves

S. E. EVANS, '12

*Heaping, heaping, heaping,
Gently and wearily keeping
Step to the tune of the wind.*

*Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping,
Mad was the whirling, the leaping;
Now dust and ashes we find.*

*Greeting, greeting, greeting,
Leaflets of autumn so fleeting,
Snow has thy ruin enshrined.*

The Aims of the English Department—II.

J. F. A. PYRE

The present ideal of a university is the converse of Lowell's "place where nothing useful is taught." We live in an age which sharply estimates our ability to *do* and relentlessly eliminates the unable. This spirit shapes expectation and decides the distribution of effort in every institution which is abreast of the age. Those who conceive of the world as a garden to dream or be pleased in are really not of it and will find more and more that they get small quarter and short shriving. It is not a sign of degeneration, but of forward and generous life in the universities that they stride with the times. Universities are no longer isles of refuge or becalmed havens, aloof from the world's strenuosities. Rather, they are gymnasia, practice grounds, where the pick of the generation are trained and braced to the hour and let slip at the mark for the glory of striving, while, at the same time, they are made fit for the rewards of leisure when these shall come.

Naturally, some of the old-fashioned are annoyed by erratic clumsinesses in our new movements and fail to plumb the depth of the instinct which demands that we shall "deliver the goods." Many bemoan, with lamentable wailings, the convulsions which precede recrystallizing. A more hopeful spirit sees, beyond these present slips and shakings, a more wholesome conformity of our system of "preparation for life" to the eternal requisites of efficiency and serviceableness. There is not a nobler law of human endeavor, if it be not too shortsightedly applied, than "the law of service." Let us bow to the deepest

teaching of the age we live in "and incline our hearts to keep this law."

But we must be on our guard against too shallow a measure of serviceability. When the printer sliced me dumb a month ago, I was just confronting a characteristic charge of the get-rich-quick school, the complaint that academic training in English composition does not furnish the literary aspirant with the tricks of his trade, that it even incapacitates him for a popular success. All the colleges have been under fire recently on the ground that they do not equip young writers for the ready concoction of magazine articles and current fiction. That there is room for some development in this direction, we may readily grant; but we can not too stoutly insist that university courses must aim at worthy objects and must maintain a reasonably high standard of taste. If such restrictions act as embarrassments to success in journalism and magazine writing, is not the fact a grievous revelation as to the nature of these activities? Probably the number of potential successes which are quenched by academic discipline is overestimated, and happily, indications are not wanting that the standard of popular literature and drama is going to improve through the infusion of the academic element. Our university has recently recognized the fact that there is only a collateral relation between these activities and the teaching of English by establishing a distinct department for the teaching of practical journalism.

The university is sensitive to demand and promptly responds to real needs.

More, it anticipates, stimulates, creates demand, as all leaders of thought should do, whenever any new and valuable end is described. It can hardly be held that the manufacture of saleable fiction, poetry and drama, however profitable, is at present a very useful industry. Possibly the university would best serve humanity by discouraging it. Nevertheless, if there were any considerable readiness for narrow, technical instruction in this direction it would probably be provided. Meanwhile, very few Miltons are being silenced by the wrecking of their semi-colon system, and surely no Ades nor Cohans are so shrinking as to let their services be lost to the nation through the insistence of the English department upon the rudiments of correctness and good taste. We resent a cheap interpretation of our second purpose, "to suit the special needs of those who intend to take up journalistic or literary work."

The advanced courses in English composition are intended to meet the needs of two widely different classes of students, those who feel themselves still deficient in the elements of good writing, and those who have discovered a special aptitude and taste for literary expression. Both classes, but especially the first, will find a considerable amount of rudimentary discipline still required. Those of the second class will find themselves capable of improving a larger freedom and can stretch their literary legs in a more refreshing fashion. The classes known as "Sophomore Composition" provide for advanced practice and instruction in diversified writing. In addition there is a special course in exposition for scientific and technical students. The course called "Advanced Composition," is intended primarily for those who have some special gift. The purpose of all these courses is to aid the student's development by strengthening and refining his powers of expression rather than to equip him for immediate success in a particular branch of literary work. Given a thorough equipment in essentials, any considerable originality or impetus on the part of the individual may be trusted to make itself known in a world ever ready to be thrilled or amused.

A large share of our force is expended upon our third and central purpose, "to develop the literary sympathy and appreciation and to extend the knowledge of those who find in English and American literature the readiest means of obtaining the advantages of a liberal education." In order that these privileges may be as widely accessible as is salutary, the terms of the English major have recently been revised so that, now, the student who wishes to give considerable attention to the practical phases of journalism or library work, or to history, political economy, science or philosophy, may have as free a choice as possible within the department and shall not be burdened by such a large number of courses as to seriously restrict election in other subjects. As time goes on, a greater proportion of those who contemplate professional courses and those who regard their college study as a general preparation for life will doubtless find, in a thorough acquaintance with English writers and a comprehension of the spiritual growth and message of the English-speaking race, a portion of the discipline and enlightenment which they seek.

Realizing that the preoccupation of a great many students with other subjects makes it imperative that their college study of literature shall, as quickly and cogently as possible, tell, we have devoted a great deal of effort to designing a year course in literature which should meet the requirements of the general student and, at the same time, serve as an introduction to the other courses in literature. The "General Survey" is now very thoroughly organized. The entire field of English literature is mapped out; a definite topic is set for each meeting of the year, and a piece of illustrative reading, carefully selected from the best writing of the various periods, is assigned to the student in connection with each lecture or discussion.

This year we are meeting about three hundred students in three lecture sections and thirteen tutorial groups. In the lectures, the most important personages, works, and tendencies in English literature are described and illustrated, while in the tutorial groups, particular masterpieces

are examined and discussed in detail with a smaller body of students. American literature is treated in a similar manner, and the division into small groups has been carried, also, into the larger advanced classes.

It is our purpose to overcome, as far as possible, the chief objection urged against large universities, and it may well happen that, by means of our system, the personal contact between the teacher and taught will be closer than in far smaller institutions where the instructional staff is correspondingly limited. By meeting large classes in smaller groups, by means of topical exercises and by personal conference, we seem to be tolerably successful in becoming acquainted with the individual student and advising him with reference to his peculiar needs.

The university can well afford to throw a powerful emphasis upon the work in English. All the characteristics of our civilization and our present way of education combine to make the literature of our own language supremely important as an instrument for culture. Few of us any longer find leisure for that mastery of the ancient languages which, among preceding generations, made contact with the remote and lofty cultures of Greece and Rome a discipline of the mind and a humanizing and emancipation of the spirit. It is idle to regret this if we would. Too many interests are pressing, too many calls to service are upon us, to let us bewail a way that is done for. The classics must ever hold a place with those who aim at the highest literary refinement. For purposes of general culture, we shall not see them in their old place in our time. Comparatively few of our students will acquire a sufficient mastery even of the modern languages to make an effectual conquest of the literary domain of foreign nations.

We are, then, chiefly dependent upon our own literature for a release from the bondage of "*was uns alle bündigt, das Gemeine*," the commonplace, the present, the near and necessary, the crude and the self-sufficing, the unenlightened, the bourgeois, the counter-jumper's bread-and-butter view of life, the banal and contemptible and soul-murdering ideal of BODILY COMFORT. All the levelling influences

of modern democracy: the commercial and industrial character of our vocations; the widespread respect for Mammon ("the least erected spirit that fell"); the wholesale elevation to positions of affluence and social consequence of "persons of no sort of education"; the vulgar cherishing of material cleverness, store clothes, and creature comforts; the noisy tawdriness of our popular amusements; the swelling of the class of idle and unreflective readers and the consequent flooding of our lives with the unspeakable atrocities of journalism and with all manner of cheap and smart and catchy, trashy writing; the very universality of our education itself; all these influences, in full tide about us, threaten to drown and mud every ideal of perfection, swamp and confound all delicacy of taste and perception, obliterate every grace and dignity of mind and manners. O, who shall deliver us from the body of this death?

An imp of the incorrigibly comic perverse whispers: "The English Department?" No, not the English department, — a group of normally modest ladies and gentlemen, I assure you. Not the English department, but what the English department stands for, can save us from this death.

"In our Halls is hung
"Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
"That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals
hold
"Which Milton held."

If we would be free from the bondage that assails us, we must keep alive the tradition of the invincible Knights of old; we must defend from the vandals the tongue that Shakespeare spoke; nor lay aside too lightly the faith and morals which Milton held. In our own language, happily, these treasures are laid up, not to be too cheaply espoused, but yet comparatively convenient of access.

No service of the present hour need be too ardent; no bread-winning, however fierce the struggle, need prevent us from enriching our minds with the best which our own literature provides, — and it is as good as the world possesses. And once our minds are stored with impressions of true and lofty things, base influences will not

prevail against them. Once we come into real friendship with finer brain-stuff, we will no more patiently peruse what is inane and mawkish, or shallow and untrue, than a prince will throw off his purple for a beggar's filthy rags.

We do not believe that we hold a monopoly of the bread of life. Every department, we know, has its own peculiar treasures of discipline and knowledge to bestow. Science liberates the mind in the unselfish contemplation of life and nature. History distends and stores the imagination with the moving picture of the past and interprets it to the reason. Economics, law and sociology put us in more intelligent possession of the life about us. We ascend by mathematics and philosophy to a survey of the relations and meanings of things, ourselves included. Many of the other languages and literatures can do for us what our own cannot. But we believe that, in the present hurry and scramble for a serviceable education, the appropriation of our own language and literature may be made, to a certain degree, a peculiar saving grace. Because it is comparatively accessible, and because it is its nature to feed the imagination and the sympathy with vital images of excellence and beauty, our literature and especially our poetry, we believe, will penetrate the mind with these saving qualities as nothing else, under present conditions, can hope to do.

With this renovating faith, the fourth of our declared purposes, "to prepare teachers of English for school and college work," which is, in one sense, the most utilitarian of all, becomes, in a deeper sense, the most inspiring of all. If we can hope and believe that all whom we have helped to a fruitful contact with the sweetest and most potent minds of the race will become, each in his sphere and degree, emissaries of light, shedding influence wherever they may be to dispel the

baleful banalities of the time,—if we can hope this of all, how much more must it be true of the approved missionaries of excellence who dedicate their lives to defend from vandals the language of Shakespeare, and to nourish in young minds the faith and morals which Milton held.

Thus, the fifth and last clause of our avowed plan, "to fit students for and to assist them in scholarly investigation," is simply that part of it which aims at the perpetuity of the whole. "The One remains, the Many change and pass." The graduate student of today is the college professor of tomorrow. During the past summer a full half-dozen of our department were offered higher rank and larger salary at a single neighboring university, and several others were sought for elsewhere. Most of them remained,—at higher salaries and rank, Heaven be praised. One remained at a lower rank than that offered and at two-thirds the salary, because the opportunities for study were better here and the conditions of teaching more wholesome. Fruitful sign!

Two went. The vacant places had to be filled. We approve the domestic policy which one of my farmer friends noticed in his neighbor, a market-gardener with a large family, "John, he raises his own help;" we raise our own help; but we call in our neighbor's sons if they are more capable than our own, or if our own get better jobs elsewhere. The law of service applies. And so "the world is more and more."

With such *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, the mildly disposed Dragon once more makes his bow and sits down upon his treasure, adding only this meek advertisement to the passengers who come and go beside his "pensive citadel," to wit, from October to June all week days, and during six weeks in the summer, he may be found "Doing Business at the Old Stand."



Cinderella of the Satin Slipper

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

"Well, I suppose we've got to bid her, for Edith's sake, but it seems an awful shame!" and Blanche swung herself up to a corner of the long study table, surveying with a rebellious glance, the ten students perched like birds on various articles of furniture.

"Yes," replied Pauline, her constant echo. "Edith Spencer has been frozen solid for a week because that impossible cousin of her's hasn't been rushed by us. We'll have to, for Edith gives the best spreads of anyone in the hall and we can't afford to offend her."

Lou Reed, the acknowledged leader, now put in the decisive word of the conclave, as usual, standing on the shoe-box to better command the attention of her auditors.

"Fellow members of the secret organization of Beta Beta Gamma, the most exclusive sorority on the Stanford campus, I appeal to your good judgment, good taste, loyalty to friend and frat, and to your epicurean qualities."

The girls looked blankly at one another and then burst into a gab of laughter. "Come down out of the air, Lou!" they cried, "and tell us what you mean." She was pulled down on the box, and there, with her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, she spoke to her coterie of admirers.

"Girls, we've got to have her; not just for Edith's sake either. She's really a catch, and we've all been geese not to have found it out before. In the first place—but no, I'll leave that for the last, because it is so perfectly splendid." (Chorus of groans from the girls.) "Well, she's a

perfect marvel at a chafing dish—can make anything on one. I was in Edith's room last night, and Celestine was there making the 'scrummyest' 'Bunny' you ever tasted. Then I was up at the art rooms to see Mlle. Celeth, and she showed me a set of caricature sketches that the 'Quad' editor would lay down his life to get hold of. They would positively make you yell. You can tell in a minute what they are—Ferdy Allen singing 'Answer,' with eyes as big as saucers, and Otto in that awful sweater; a Tau Psi fellow with his haughty nose in the air, and a dozen others. She said she found them in Celestine's sketchbook."

"So much for cook and artist. But that isn't all. She can translate more French in a minute than we can, all of us put together, in an hour. If we have her we will none of us draw cons in December, that's sure."

"Enough," cried her companions; "she must go Beta or we'll know the reason why."

"But wait, girls; the very best is still to come." She sat silently hugging her knees for a minute, and the girl who sat on the washstand, growing impatient, soused the bath sponge in the pitcher and tossed it at Lou's head.

When the ensuing excitement had subsided, she continued: "This afternoon I went down into the Arboretum to sketch, and I met Celestine there. She was doing a corner of old Frenchman's cottage, and I tried the same thing. Suddenly she looked up and said, 'I wonder why you Beta girls don't use this place for a frat house?' It took me so by surprise, I be-

lieve I gasped. Then she explained how it could be done, and really, girls, it is the simplest thing in the world. Old Marston down in Palo Alto has the renting of the place, and he let the Loring's have it a year ago for \$20 a month. Now there are thirteen of us—that is if we take Celestine—”

“Thirteen!” chorused the girls in excited approval.

“—all paying \$20 a month beside laundry bills here in Robb Hall. That's at least \$250 a month to run Frenchman's cottage on. Can we do it?”

“Can we?” “Oh, how splendid!” and with one accord they made a rush for the door, intending to initiate the originator of the glorious idea at once. Pauline, more prudent than the rest, stopped them at the door, exclaiming, “How *can* we, without a chaperone?”

“That's what I said,” Lou answered, “and she suggested that Edith's Aunt Julia might be persuaded to come down from Frisco and stay with us. We could hire a couple of China boys to do the work. She has just oodles of money, and oh, think of the gorgeous hops we can give!” Thereupon each fell upon another's neck in ecstasy.

Thus Celestine Angela Goldcoyne won popularity with the Beta Beta Gammas, and when they were ensconced in their French chalet, there was no one more sought on momentous occasions than the Frenchman with the varied talents, the long purse, and the red hair. That hair was the worst thorn in the flesh of the Betas. At first they made tentative offers to show her how to “marcel” it, and to build it out behind in wonderful quantities of rolls. But at their advances she turned a cold eye upon them, declaring that she “knew what suited her Grecian style of beauty,” and continued to strain it back till it lifted her faint eyebrows, and to twist it in a hard psyche knot behind.

She was sketching a group of birches near the railroad embankment in the Arboretum. Two students strolled down the track, talking. The words drifted to her through the trees—“initiation—side-track—tie him down—the eleven-forty-five—scare him good and plenty.” She

understood at once what was to be done— one of those cruel initiation pranks, planned to bring the victim's heart to his mouth. She had heard of this particular prank being played in an eastern college; the lad wore a streak of white in his hair as a result.

She could paint no more that day. The colors would not go on smoothly, so she gathered her equipment and returned to the house. Some of the girls were going to town for mail, and she went with them. While they awaited their turns at the window, she heard Sam, the 'bus driver, say to the postmaster, “Them desks and things for the town school will be up on the eleven-forty-five, and I've got the job of haulin' 'em tomorrow.”

The eleven-forty-five! Had it not been for the conversation overheard that afternoon she would have given no second thought to the new school furniture. But the frat men—they did not know of it, evidently, and she did not know which fraternity it was. She could not send word to all the chapter houses that “the new school furniture would be side-tracked tonight.” At the thought she laughed hysterically, and the girls plied her for “the joke.”

At dinner that night she was so abstracted that her companions chaffingly accused her of being in love. After dinner they got their French without her accustomed aid. She had a headache, she said, and would go to bed. Her roommate was in San Jose that night, so she was alone. She tossed and turned, but her imagination, always vivid and romantic, insistent-ly presented the picture of a dark figure with arms outstretched above his head, tied to the track and illumined by the headlight of an approaching engine. Every time the clock in the hall struck she sat bolt upright and counted the strokes. Nine, ten, eleven; she could stand it no longer. She got up and went down to the kitchen, and drank a glass of milk, thinking it would quiet her. On the way upstairs she paused on the landing, listening. To her strained ears it seemed that she could hear the rumble of the onrushing train. Yet this was impossible; it was only eleven-twenty.

Her resolve was suddenly taken. She was the only one who could do anything, and she must go. Hastily flinging on her clothes she fled softly down the stairs, her blue satin dancing shoes in her hand. Even in that excited moment, as she buttoned on the straps, on the piazza, she realized how ridiculously inappropriate they were. But they were the quickest to slip on, and time was precious.

Down the path she sped, and turning into the thicket of underbrush and shrubbery between the trees she fought her way to the embankment. She was none too soon. The thumping of the rails announced the approaching train. Scrambling, slipping, she struggled up the gravel bank. At every step the pebbles came rattling down and her feet were buried ankle deep. Could she never gain the top? The button burst from the strap of one slipper, but she clambered up on the ties in her stocking foot. The whistle was tooting at Mayfield two miles down the track as she knelt at his side.

"For Heaven's sake, which pocket do you keep your knife in?" She thought she screamed, but her voice was hardly above a whisper.

"Hip," he replied. Hastily she secured it, and opening a blade, cut the cords which bound his wrists and ankles, and thrust him from the track just as the great, blazing headlight came charging upon them.

As she looked at him she was horror-struck to see his breast flooded with a wet, red tide. His face had grown deathly white. "What is it? Where are you hurt?"

"Nothing much, I guess. My wrist"—and he sank back in a faint. Hurriedly she felt first one wrist and then the other. From the left a jet of warm blood spurted.

"Severed artery," she muttered to herself, as she tore the ruffle from her skirt and twisted it about his arm above the wound. With his fountain pen as a tourniquet, she tightened it till the blood flowed no longer. Then, hearing the voices of the approaching fraternity men, and realizing her disheveled hair, her stocking-foot, her torn skirt, and above all, her position as an unchaperoned maiden at that hour and place, she slid down the

bank and fled precipitately toward the cottage, limping and sobbing with excitement.

"My God, fellows, look here! There's a train on the side track!" They were too shocked to do anything but peer stupidly into the blue-black dusk beneath the cars which stood on the spot where they had tied their classmate.

"There's someone in the bushes down below," said Frank Bigelow, finally breaking the silence, and he crept between the cars, followed by the others. Emerging on the other side he stumbled over something soft, and fell, rolling to the bottom of the embankment. As he scrambled up, his hand touched a small, smooth object. He thrust it into his coat pocket, not knowing what he was doing in his excitement, and climbed back to his friends, who were bending with lighted matches over a dark body.

"Joe?" he queried, sick with horror, and not daring to look at the mangled thing he expected to see.

"Yes; his arm is ripped open, and someone has been doing it up, but he isn't hurt much, I guess. Who the deuce do you suppose pulled him off? Not a soul outside the chapter knew about it."

Frank knelt beside his unconscious comrade. "Joe, old man! I say, old fellow—oh, hang it all! He's off again in a faint. Here, take hold, some of you, and we'll get him over to Wong Lee's. We'll pay him double for next week's wash, and he won't tell."

As he rose something dropped from his pocket. One of the boys picked it up, and, seeing what it was, handed it round the little circle. Its progress was followed by a ripple of laughter, in spite of the awful shock they had just been through.

"Who's Cinderella?" they asked.

"That thing? I found it on the bank just now when I tumbled. What is it? Well, I'll be hanged! Do you suppose it was a girl that cut Joe loose?"

They looked into one another's faces for a moment, a very much ashamed group of young men. Then they silently took up their burden.

* * * * *

She did not know his name, but the moment she entered French class the fol-

lowing Monday, and saw him sitting there with his arm in a sling, she knew immediately as though by instinct, that he was the man whose life she had saved. Her romantic heart beat till she was almost choked. How glad she was that she sat where he could not see her. For she was sure he could not help recognizing her as well.

He did not know her name, either, and all he had to guide him in his search was a dim recollection of a ruddy halo of glorious tumbled hair about a pale face seen in a swift glance by the headlight of the engine. Only that, and a little scarred, blue satin slipper which Frank had given him next day. It was very small, very daintily arched, and very expensive. There was even a faint, elusive perfume about it—something he remembered smelling before somewhere, but couldn't quite place. Several times he thought he caught it on the quadrangle or in the classroom, and turned suddenly, to find—no one but a severe-looking, school-teachery looking person with brick-red hair and fishy eyes. So he patiently continued his search for the Cinderella of the satin slipper, as his fraternity had dubbed her, and with this determination, he assiduously attended every dance to which he could possibly obtain a "bid" during the next six weeks.

Finally, one evening when he stood beside a window and gazed hopelessly at the feet of all the prettiest girls present, Frank suggested that his fairy lady friend could not possibly go to a dance in the mate to the slipper he had. "What a big chump I am! Do you know that had never occurred to me?" and he sank dejectedly on the window seat.

In a half hour more Edith Spencer found him there.

"Oh, Mr. Morton, I've been looking for you," she said. "I have just learned something so interesting. Mr. Bigelow told me the other half of a romantic little story that has been keeping me wild with curiosity for weeks. And to think you were the man!"

Joe groaned. "You don't mean to say Frank's been telling about—her? Then it will be all over the quad tomorrow, and next Saturday's 'Josh' will print it—'Cinderella to the Rescue!' Oh, Hades!"

"Now Mr. Morton, please don't be angry. Frank wouldn't have told me, only—well, we're engaged—we didn't mean to announce it till June, so you see we tell each other everything now. And we just discovered tonight that you are the man I've been crazy to find out about, and my cousin Celestine is the girl you've been looking for. Come over here and I'll introduce you."

Out on the lawns, in a corner beneath a low-spreading live-oak, Frank writhed on the ground and dug his fingers into the turf, and choked with glee.

"Oh, Lord!" he gasped, "the poor, misguided boy! Dream of love—vision of beauty—starry eyes—golden curls—and it turned out to be odd, frozen-face Celestine! Oh, Lord! "And he beat the air in an agony of amusement.

Weakly he crawled out, and stole to a window from which floated the dance music. Yes, there among the dancers was the school-teachery person, and over her thin shoulder-blade peered the stricken but patient face of her fairy prince.

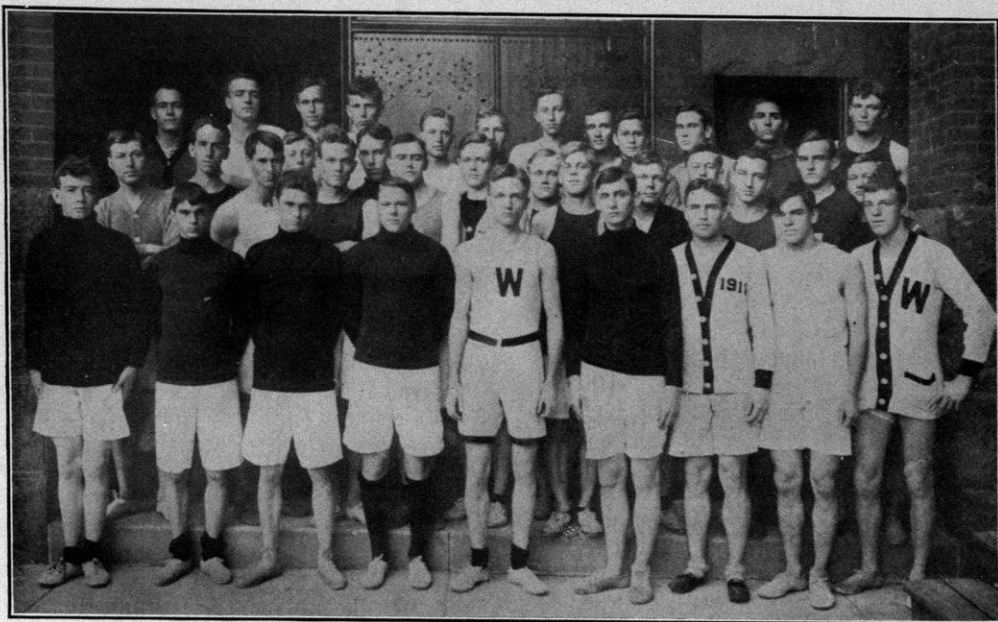
Once more the live-oak sheltered a youth, who, between paroxysms of mirth, gasped, "Oh, ye everlasting gods of the ridiculous Celestine, Cinderella of the Satin Slipper!"

Autumnal Song

GLENN W. DRESBACH, '12

*The blood is low in the heart of the year;
All the sweetest blooms are blown,
The swallow has flown with his love from here,
And the wind has a mournful tone.
Crimson and golden the dead leaves lie,
The white mists creep o'er the hill,
And a somber grey has tinged the sky,
And the reapers' song is still.*

*The grapes hang thick on the bending vine,
And the sheaves are stored away,
And the fields of corn, all golden shine
In the sunbeams' sobered play.
Our hearts and hopes no longer strain,
No longer dare we fear,
For the boon of labor has come from the plain,
In this, the age of the year.*



CROSS-COUNTRY SQUAD—1909

Cross-Country Running

STUART BLYTHE

That sport known as cross country running is a comparatively recent institution in the annals of Wisconsin athletics. It has been in vogue for some time, however, in other parts of this country and abroad,—especially abroad, where it has the reputation of being almost as exciting as that rousing game, cricket. In this fair land, however, it is considered a nice, quiet, modest sport. But of that, anon.

The mists of antiquity are too thick to penetrate to the very source of cross country running, but rumor has it that Caesar found it the chief pastime of the natives when he landed in Britain in 55 B. C., and still later we have tales of Robin Hood and his merry bunch (the vernacular again) hot-footing, in suits of Lincoln green, through Sherwood forest. How it reached America it is impossible to tell; even the million descendants of those who

came over on the Mayflower are unable to tell us anything. But, be that as it may, cross country running eventually reached the University of Wisconsin.

In 1901 the first Cross Country Club was organized by a few energetic spirits who had dreams of its possibilities as a sport. The idea was probably gained from accounts of cross country running at several of the larger Eastern universities. That interest was aroused is evidenced by a membership roll of twenty-one. Joseph Bredsteen was the first president, with H. C. Atkin, vice-president; E. C. Meyer, treasurer; F. J. Batchelder, secretary, and J. G. McFarland, captain. Bredsteen was also track captain that year.

There was a decided lull in the interest taken in the sport until 1905, when the old club was revived on an entirely different scale from the one of 1901. There were

twenty-three members this year, under the captainship of Clarence S. Hean, who had as assistants three lieutenants and a manager. The team which ran at Chicago consisted of C. S. Hean, E. P. Hibbard, E. R. Shorey, and W. H. Cooker. In a fast field, with the famous Lightbody, of Chicago, first, Hean secured third place. Chicago won with a score of 49, with Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Illinois following in the order named with scores of 50, 54, and 57, respectively.

The year following, 1906, found Wisconsin's team in second place, with Nebraska an easy winner and Chicago a close third. Bertles secured second place in the event.

The season of 1907 was an auspicious one and saw such stars on the team as Bertles, Cooper, Drew, Hubbard and Blankenagle. Cooper acted as captain, with Bertles, first lieutenant, Edward R. Shorey, second lieutenant, Roy Stephenson, third lieutenant, and Emmett D. Angell, coach. Thirty-three were on the squad. Wisconsin again drew second place, with Bertles among the leaders.

Last year Nebraska again demonstrated her cross country ability and won, with Purdue, Wisconsin, and Chicago following in the order named. Hover, Wisconsin, ran third to Kinkhead, Purdue, and Comstock, Chicago. The Wisconsin team consisted of Harold Drew, captain, Carl Halseth, William T. Hover, Ralph Hartman and W. S. Minich.

The present year sees seven colleges in the event, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Iowa, Chicago, Purdue, Minnesota, and Ames, with the conference graduate committee in charge. The course, as usual, is five miles.

Interest in western cross country is steadily growing. The fact that Ames, Minnesota and Iowa are newcomers this year shows this clearly. And at that the conference cross country is but four years

old. Dr. C. P. Hutchins, director of athletics, is responsible for its adoption by that august body. When Hutchins took up the reins of office four years ago he found the annual cross country event going along in a desultory sort of way under the nominal protection of the Western Intercollegiate Cross Country Association. At his suggestion it was put on the approved list of conference sports.

Cross country is an interesting sport, but here in the West it works under a tremendous disadvantage, and this is especially true at Wisconsin. The culmination of cross country training comes some time in November, which means that it is entirely overshadowed by football. Football, being the popular and all-important sport at this season of the year, shoves cross country far back into the corner, and so it is doubtful if one student in twenty is aware that the university is supporting a team of this character. A class cross country was run for the first time in university history last month. It aroused little interest, however, as cross country is decidedly not a popular sport. Nor will it ever be in the West until it is made a Spring event.

At all the English schools and at the larger Eastern universities cross country flourishes; it has gained its foothold, while the West is just beginning to wake up to the possibilities of the sport, but even then, financially, cross country is a dead letter. The Amateur Athletic Union reports its greatest loss for the past year in this department.

Since its inauguration Wisconsin cross country has made rapid strides, and has forged further ahead under the captainship of Hover this year, but as long as the varsity is scheduled to play either Chicago or Minnesota, it will have to be classed as a minor sport.

Christmas Eve

PAUL ROLAND DANTAN

*Live this night of nights so still and white!
The moon is full and all the stars are bright;
The winds are hushed and pines forget to mourn;
And hidden now dead leaves and pastures shorn,
Sleep in their silence, flushed with diamond light.*

*Hark, O the bells, glad bells of Christmas eve!
Hearts hide their pain and lips no longer grieve;
Songs of the holly and love-lorn mistletoe
Are sweeter lore than woeful sages know,
Till answered all their questions, they believe.*

An Unannounced Debut

HAROLD P. JARVIS

Algie Cuffs idly flicked the ashes from a nearly consumed cigarette, glanced down anxiously at his immaculate spats, and blowing smoke rings at the pearl handle of his cane sauntered irresolutely across the square into the park.

A warm autumnal sun illumined every nook and path of the grounds, for it was yet in the middle of the day. Seating himself in the shade of a gigantic elm he proceeded in a somewhat desultory manner to regale his mind with the latest marine news and the absorbing alimony case of Miss Sue versus Mr. Settle. The fresh ink soiled his fingers and he execrated the institution that permitted an edition to leave the office before thoroughly drying, and then paradoxically showered a storm of abuse upon a tiny newsy because the Blade was not yet on the streets.

The fates, however, had decreed that he should not resume his reading, for like a slap on the back, a sound was conveyed to his ears that caused him to peer with dilated eyes over the rim of his paper. That remote rustle of silk on silk could be mistaken for nothing else but the approach of one of the charming sex. That she was neither proletariat nor a wealth-encumbered member of society was obvious, for the former could not have afforded the silks and the latter would have been gracing her carriage. Idle curiosity quickly turned to intense interest and culminated in wild anticipation.

As he peered up the walk in the direction whence the sound had come, Swish!, an elegantly attired woman swept into view and with equal rapidity bent her steps across the square in the direction of the

Gaiety Theatre, leaving behind her a delicate odor of cologne and a very dazed young fop. As the receding figure disappeared in the maelstrom of the noon-day crowd, Algie withdrew a very reluctant gaze and gave vent to a decidedly audible sigh. Simultaneously a billboard of prodigious size on the side of the Gaiety Theatre arrested his attention and apprised him of the fact that Miss Myrtle LaRue, direct from a year's triumph in London, was starring in "Topsy Tinkle, the Cannibal Chief's Daughter."

That Miss Myrtle LaRue and the dazzling girl of the park were identical would never have suggested itself to Algie's crass intellect, were it not for a friendly sun-beam, which alighting upon an object of polished substance lying near to the walk, met his wandering gaze. Actuated by inquisitiveness and want of better diversion, he advanced and picked up a cut glass receptacle for smelling salts, upon whose silver cap were engraved the initials, M. L.

To a person of even dull perception the connection between the owner of the trinket and Miss Myrtle LaRue of the Gaiety Theatre would have appeared obvious. Although the entire affair was enveloped in an atmosphere of improbability, Algie wildly cherished the hope that it had been lost by the eminent star, of whom he now recalled reading the day previous. His heart beat high. A charming actress, while passing through the park on her way to an afternoon performance inadvertently drops a cutglass phial. A gentleman of leisure discovers it. The initials on the cap correspond with those of a well-known star at the Gaiety Theatre,

toward which the loser was, apparently, directing her steps. He hastens to restore the lost property which he discovers to be an heirloom of priceless value. Effusive thanks. Supper after the play—perhaps.

Feeding his mind with these and similar sugary suppositions, he set out for the Gaiety show house. Repeatedly he felicitated himself on the rare good fortune that had placed such a delightful bit of adventure in the path of one whose life was so prosaic. The stage door attendant, however, did not appear to appreciate the tremendous importance of our hero's mission, for he peremptorily declined to admit him to the sacred regions beyond. But he readily succumbed to the vision of a few precious nuggets which were as quickly seized and pocketed. While several minutes previous the guardian of the gate had denominated Algie "a stage-door Johnny" and threatened to muss his countenance if he didn't do a disappearing specialty, he now exhibited a grin that would have made Billikin look like a stout gentleman who had just lost a transfer.

"You'll find her room the fourth to the left," he responded affably to the latter's inquiry of the star's whereabouts and hastily supplemented, "You'll have to fly for the awning rolls up at two-fifteen sharp."

The orchestra had emerged from the dock and already had commenced the overture. In the intervals between the belated hammering of the carpenters and the raucous, imperious directing of the stage manager, an occasional strain of the selection would reach his ears. A call boy dashed by, intent no doubt on the execution of some trivial errand or the prodding of a dilatory chorus lady. Stage hands, members of the chorus, utility men, prompters, shifters and other characters mingled promiscuously in the wings.

Algie extricated himself from the throng and was on the verge of stepping into the sanctum sanctorum of the star when a feminine figure parted the drapery and sweeping close by him darted across the stage.

"Miss LaRue, O Miss LaRue," shouted Algie, for despite her make-up, he recognized the features of the girl in the park.

A burly property shifter averted his head and glowered at the cringing Algie, a portly manager grunted unintelligible imprecations and a frivolous chorus girl naively remarked that there must be an open window in the vicinity, but he was oblivious to all of them. He dashed to an aperture and peered across the stage. There in the wing opposite stood the object of his quest. She raised her hand to rearrange a perverse lock of hair and he mistook the movement for a sign of recognition. A prompter who was standing near made a futile leap after him as he strode out on the stage. An electric buzzer signaled, the orchestra crashed, there was a cry of indignation from several who had perceived him as the curtain ascended, Algie found himself in the center of that vast area of stage, dazed by myriad footlights, and confronting an audience that awaited his lines with manifest impatience.

Neither Paderewski leading a campaign drum corps, nor John Drew at a moving picture show, would feel one-third as much out of place as did Algie. Amazement, apathy and fright seized him successively. He stood there, weeping from every pore. No opportunity, however, was afforded him to premeditate a graceful means of escape, for already the chorus was issuing from the wings.

"All hail to the King of Lalapalusa," sang the gaily attired line of feminine pulchritude, as it cavorted across the stage to the rhythm of the music.

Gradually it encompassed him. One facetious member advanced and elevating a petite pink-slippered foot kicked his derby from his head and sent it spinning on its rim into the orchestra. Not even the rouge and cosmetic could conceal the virulency of the glances which they darted in his direction, and twice he was tempted to flee, but a glimpse of the enraged countenances in the wings deterred him.

This apparent bit of character acting elicited shrieks from the pit. There were several who scanned their programmes rather skeptically, but the majority, regarding it as a cut and dried feature of the performance, responded with hearty applause. To them the role and the portrayer were of little importance.

Plato on the Football Situation

Being the Dialogue of Socrates and Protarchus

K. L. B.

It was near a public thoroughfare of Madison in the year of our Lord 1909—it may have been at the Dog Wagon or Louis Summer's, or perhaps the Wisconsin Union—that two old Greeks met to discuss the topic of moment, the football situation at Wisconsin. *Socrates* was a newspaper scribe who had nightly watched the team at practice and *Protarchus* was a former player versed in the technique of the game.

Soc.—"It's up to me to write an article for my paper on 'Why Wisconsin don't Win' and I have a few troublesome queries to propound."

Pro.—"Fire away."

Soc.—"Why could not the Wisconsin forwards check the rushes of Minnesota through our line?"

Pro.—"The on-side kick makes it imperative for the defensive team, under the present rules of play, to keep its second defense several yards behind the line of scrimmage. The rule makers sought to open up the game when they developed the on-side kick, but instead they have given a great advantage to beef. If a defensive team draws its second defense in closer to stop line plunges, there is no defense left for the forward pass or on-side kick. That is a very poignant reason for increasing the distance to be gained in three downs—to equalize the initial advantage of opposing teams."

Soc.—"Would it not be better for the varsity to scrimmage against the scrubs

instead of against the freshmen, for would it not tend to make the fight keener for varsity berths and likewise develop better substitutes?"

Pro.—"At present, with the uncertainty of what a team's opponents may spring in the nature of a forward pass or a quarterback run, a team must always be on the alert. To develop this necessary alertness, it is essential that the scrimmage should be against a team which plays with different signals and which is drilled thoroughly in the opponent's style of play. This cannot be done with a second team where the men are being constantly shifted to fill varsity vacancies. The advantage of using the freshmen is greater than the detriment."

Soc.—"What characterizes the Wisconsin style of play today?"

Pro.—"The open work and this has come to stay. The rule makers are continuing to make the play more open, to get away from mass formations and attacks. It is even proposed to prohibit pushing or pulling the man with the ball. Meanwhile Wisconsin is developing this style so that when it finally comes we will be far in advance of any other institution."

Soc.—"Is Wisconsin or the ascendant or descendant?"

Pro.—"Four years ago the faculty was against athletics, the student spirit was dormant and players were difficult to find.

Today the faculty is with us and student interest is more unified than it has ever been. This is but one of the transition periods from nothing to something. It is general interest which will make two hundred men get out at the beginning of the season to fight for positions on the team."

Soc.—"Have you nothing to criticize?"

Pro.—"Yes, three classes of individuals. The first is the men who come out for the team early in the season and get discouraged and quit the squad. The second is the big mass of students with athletic ability who fail to come out altogether. And the third are the men who make the team or squad and forget that they are fighting for the university, remembering only that they are individuals with a desire to make somebody's or other's All-Western team. None of these men are dominated by true UNIVERSITY of Wisconsin spirit, and the student body by its frowns and tributes must work a change."

Soc.—"Why not lower our scholastic requirements so as to make it possible to secure better athletes on our teams?"

Pro.—"Because I am sure that every loyal alumnus recognizes that the University of Wisconsin, standing as it does higher in the scale of scholastic achievement and requirement than either Harvard or Yale, would be prostituting its own fair name for a sordid thing. There

are many of us who would rather see our teams forced to meet Beloit and Lawrence on an even basis than to see our reputation, as held by the eminent educators of the Carnegie Institute, suffer."

Soc.—"Could we not get an eastern coach who could produce for us a winning team?"

Pro.—"Hardly, when we consider that those eastern coaches have been working with teams averaging 190 pounds. What would they do with a 165 aggregation? And again, these eastern coaches with their thirty assistants would be lost when they went up against the proposition of coaching a team single handed. The way for us to produce a team is by hard work and boosting instead of knocking."

Soc.—"Thank you for the suggestions, Protarchus. I have decided not to write my article after all. I don't know enough about the situation. There are doors where I thought there was nought but blank wall. In fact, it seems to me that there is altogether too large an element in our midst which breaks out in blasphemous howls when at best they view only a small area of a large surface. For my part, I'm willing to trust Doc McCarthy and Lerum, and Tom Barry and Hutchins a little longer, and the old Wisconsin spirit which is a New Wisconsin spirit and which of itself will produce far better teams than we have ever had before."

Turning a Leaf

ALICE L. WEBB

*Well, here's New Year's Day again;
Time to swear off chewing gum;
Time to swear off swearing oaths;
Time to swear off drinking rum;
But my briar? Oh, no!*

*I may give up tutti-frutti;
I may give up saying "Gee!"
I may give up beer and pretzels,
But my sweet briar stays with me;
I can't let it go.*

*I may be divorced from "pepsin";
Drinks and poker I'll eschew;
But my briar pipe is my sweetheart.
I'll not give it up. Would you?
It's sure cure for woe.*

Editorial

We won our games with the lesser lights of the Conference by margins not too wide, we were beaten to a gelatinous pulp by Minnesota, but, by the grace of the gods and Pat Page's fumble, we tied Chicago! We tied Chicago! Ya—a—a—a—a—a—!

If consistency is a jewel, Wisconsin athletics can claim a diamond. With persistent regularity, we come in a bad second or a good third.

In the light of the grey afterglow, some of us are beginning to wonder where the football-tragedy part of the Moll suspension, if the suspension had remained in force, would have come in. Of course, we all know that the suspension was not just, but still, would it have been so horribly, unbearably bad for Wisconsin if the faculty had not been as just and broad-minded as they showed themselves to be?

OUR FRIENDS, THE FACULTY

In past years it has been the custom of the student body to rise up in wrath and verbally smite the faculty whenever our lack of success in athletics has been over-cruelly brought home to us. This year honored custom has gone into a decline—is fast dying—and we are very glad that it is. The attitude of the faculty this year is above criticism. They have shown themselves to be broad-minded, just, frank, and heartily in favor of clean athletics. This change of attitude deprives the embryonic journalists of a lot of good copy and the hard-luck-story artists of oceans of pretty material and is, therefore, not altogether pleasant, but apart from these minor considerations it is a fine thing.

HARD LUCK

There is one branch of athletics in which we excel. Nobody can hope to equal us; nobody can hold a candle to us, in it. This branch of athletics is the turning out of hard-luck stories. For wonder and originality of conception, clearness and beauty of outline, delicacy of shading and coloring, our Wisconsin hard-luck stories cannot be beaten. It is as easy to find an engineer who has never cut a class as to find a Wisconsin man without a hard-luck story about athletics. The story artists are even busy this year when the favor of the gods has been with us throughout the season and the smile of the great athletic patron, Fool-luck, has never grown pallid. In other colleges, excuses are not considered when they find themselves defeated—the fact of losing is considered altogether inexcusable. We, however, are always ready to console ourselves, woman-fashion, with beautiful tales of what might have happened had such and such a thing not occurred. We are pretty manly, we are!

POETRY AT WISCONSIN

It is said that poetry is not appreciated in these material, matter-of-fact days, when we hate to read anything that makes us think. Men claim that what is, by many, held to be the highest form of art is no longer appreciated and that it is a dead and unmourned thing. We hate to believe this; we are too optimistic to believe it, and our adherence to that which all great races have loved is so strong that we have devoted a comparatively large number of pages of this number to the undergraduate verse. We have seen men smile pityingly on reading undergraduate verse and we sincerely hope that our judg-

ment has not gone so far astray that they will smile pityingly at the specimens we submit.

CO-EDS AND FOOTBALL

Some ingenious person has advanced the theory that co-eds are detrimental to football in that they tend to make men too careful of their looks. We don't think that there are any men who could make good at football who keep out of it for their beauty's sake. We even go to the other extreme and maintain that co-education incites men to play the game. Who has not seen the adoring, worshipping looks that the cute co-ed slings at the football hero? To the girls, the football man is the modern incarnation of the knights

of old, and they worship him—bless their dear little hearts—they worship him! Co-eds detrimental to football? If it were not so indecorous we would snicker at the very idea.

The best obtainable substitute for the consciousness of victory is the sure hope of future victory. This must be our comfort and consolation this year. Defeat is no disgrace—although the positivists may say, with much reason, that it is without excuse—because it must be the common lot of seven conference colleges each year. We did not “clean them” this year, but watch us this time in 1910. Watch us next year, a-h-h-h-h-h!

Is everybody hopeful? Blank yes!

Is anybody downhearted? Blank no!



“W” IN ROOTERS’ SECTION, WISCONSIN-MINNESOTA GAME

Mammy's Christmas Gift

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

*L'le Missy kotched me, suah,
Callin' "Christmas gif'!" dis mawnin';
She was standin' 'hind de doo'—
Nevah gave me any wahnin'.*

*'Specks Ah'll hab to hustle 'roun'
An diskiver sompin' fine;
Dat 'ar rabbit whut Ah foun'
Am de gif' Ah hab in min'.*

*Wif he fur es white es snow
And he ears so long an' pink,
He gwine mek a purty show
Fur mah L'le Miss, Ah think.*

*He de livlies' cotton-tail
Dat hab evah drawed a bref,
He bring luck, too; nevah fail;
Bofe he foots, but mos' de lef.*

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soon be where the
Sorority View
now stands.*



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