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WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1909

NO. VIII.



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The '08 Varsity on the Hudson

Coxswain, Ryan; stroke, Dinet; 7, Wilder; 6, Witte; 5, Dreutzer; 4, Wilce; 3, Trane; 2, Iakisch: bow, Sumnicht

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Volume VI

MAY, 1909

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GEO. M. SHEETS, Editor
118 S. Mills Street
Phone 3226

DOROTHY MARIE BURNHAM, Asst. Editor
216 W. Gilman Street
ERNST JUNG, Exchange Editor,
644 Frances Street

ASSOCIATES

WALTHER BUCHEN
FRANCES LUNDQUIST
GEORGE B. HILL

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT
RALPH BIRCHARD
KENNETH F. BURGESS

ALICE L. WEBB

CARL H. JUERGENS, Business Manager
531 State Street—Phone 2162.

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MARGARET

JOHN A. UNDERWOOD, '12

The sun hazily filtered through the thick green leaves of the trees, and fell in spattered drops of light on the grass below. A heavy languor hung in the air. The hum of bees came murmuring from far away; the whistle of a river steamer quavered out intermittently, and the distance-softened voices of the servants in the bungalow echoed faintly from across the stream.

There were two in the hammock out in the grove—a dark-haired, wide-eyed little boy of perhaps six years, who was lying curled up in his mother's arms—a mother who was little more than a girl. The warm reflection of the light behind her, gilding the curve of her face from ear to chin, lost itself in the filmy white lace falling from the dark hair that was not quite black. She spoke as if the words clung to her lips; as if she had to put them forth delicately for fear of damaging the frail things.

"Where is father, Dick?" she asked.

"He said he was goin' out on the river wiv Aunt Eloise, and he wouldn't take me along, neiver, mamma. I fink he's mean,

don't you? He's had Auntie out every mornin' this week, an' he never does take me any more. Don't you fink he's mean?

The woman stirred slightly but did not answer. The boy looked insistently up into her face.

"Don't you, mamma," he repeated.

"Never mind, little one," she said, "I'll take you myself sometime."

"Why, mamma, you can't. Doctor said you couldn't. He said you mustn't do any fink for ever so long a time. He said you had to rest. Don't you remember, muvver?"

"Well then, I'll get father to."

"Will you really, mamma?" the little boy chirped gleefully. Then his face fell. "But he'll take auntie along, too, an' that won't be no fun," he grumbled.

"Why?" The mother looked down at the child, curiously.

"Because they always talk French togever, an' I can't ever understan' any fink."

"Well, perhaps father won't take Eloise along this time, I'll see."

"Oh, mamma, will you really? When will it be? Tomorrow?"

"Yes, yes, tomorrow."

"Oh, that's nice, I did so want to go. Let me kiss you muvver."

The act accomplished, the little boy relapsed into silence. Then suddenly he stirred again.

"Mamma," he said, "Are you mad at favver?"

There was a pause.

"Why, no, Dicky boy, what makes you think so?"

"Why, you never kiss him no more just before meals like you used to after he got fru seatin' you at the table."

The mother did not answer for a few moments. She seemed to be looking intently at something in the sky. But when the little boy pressed against her, she looked down at him. He thought her eyes were very large and soft and moist.

"Oh, people only do that who are very young and very foolish, Dicky boy," she said. "Mother is getting old."

"Why you're not, muvver. You're—you're—why you're only twenty-four."

There was another pause. The boy seemed to be considering something very intently.

"Mamma," he said, slowly and reflectively, "is Aunt Eloise very young an' very foolish?"

The mother looked at the boy so peculiarly, and gripped him so tightly that he twisted around in her arms.

"Why, what do you mean, Dick?" she asked.

"Why, nuffin', muvver," he answered innocently, "only, you know, she is always kissin' me, and yesterday I saw her kissin' favver."

"Dick!" The mother gave such a choking, throbbing cry down in her throat, that the boy was paralyzed with fear. He didn't know what was the matter. He saw his mother look at him with an expression on her face that he had never seen before. Then she gave a little cry and sank back upon the cushions, her eyes closing, and a wave of pallor creeping up over her already pale face. The terrified boy sprang down and ran towards the house as fast as his short legs would carry him, shouting, "Jim! Jim!" Turning the avenue, he ran square into his father, who was sauntering along with a young girl dressed all in cream colored flannels—a girl not more than eighteen, with a vivid beauty of face that shone out under heavy masses of black hair. Robert Montgomery picked up the panting boy in his arms.

"Why, son," he said, "what's the hurry?"

"Oh, muvver, muvver," was the jerked out answer. "She's so white and so still. I don't know what's the matter!"

Montgomery gave an exclamation, put down the boy, and without looking at his companion, started off on a dead run for the grove.

Left alone, the boy leaned back against a tree, soft, little jerky sobs gurgling from his panting throat. His young aunt stooped and picked him up, looking down at him tenderly with her big gray eyes—eyes that were like the fresh, unstained petals of a dewy flower just opening at dawn—eyes that knew nothing of evil, knew nothing of the world. With a little smile she kissed the boy's black head, so like her own. He looked up through his tears.

"Aunty," he said, severely, "You are very young, an' you are very foolish!"

* * * * *

Robert Montgomery carried his unconscious wife into the house and summoned the doctor. The latter, an old, keen-eyed, bushy lashed man of sixty, was shut up with her for an hour, and

when at last he came from the room his face was very serious.

"Montgomery," he said, abruptly, taking off his thick-rimmed glasses, and polishing them slowly with a yellow silk handkerchief, "I told you your wife needed rest. Her nerves are in a terrible condition—terrible, sir. I never saw such a case. I told you positively"—wagging a condemnatory finger—"that she must be kept from all excitement. Now she's just had some kind of a violent shock. I don't know what it is. You do, or ought to. If such another comes, I won't answer for the consequences—can't answer. Do you understand me, sir?"

"She suffered no shock at all, Doctor," the young man answered, "at least, none that I am aware of—"

"She has, sir. She must have, I know. She is unstrung, and she needs rest—must have it. See that she gets it." He came closer, and bent his keen blue-eyed gaze on Robert. "I've known you for a good many years. I've known you from your boyhood. You were the same then as you are now. You are fickle, sir. You don't know what you want. You don't realize the value of a thing after you possess it. You are always hungering for something you do not possess. You have a wife—a wife who loves you, sir, and such are rare. Let me speak plainly with you. No—don't interrupt. You are momentarily attracted by another girl. You don't love her, you know you don't. But you are attracted to her. No—I have seen it, sir. I have good eyes. After a while you will realize your folly—your sin, and you will come back to Margaret. Unfortunately, Margaret can't see that. She doesn't know you as I do. You know now that she is all in all to you. Let her see it. If I am not much mistaken, you're not letting her see it, and your general conduct has brought about her present condition. Look out, sir. Remember my words. I will call in the morning."

Robert went into his wife's room. She lay in the great bed, the pillows no whiter than her face, the cloudy masses of her hair falling in dark surges over her shoulders, and shading her gray eyes, which seemed like deep black pools of light, fringed by long lashes.

She heard him coming and turned to him. He bent over and kissed her. Suddenly she threw both arms convulsively about his neck and drew him down.

"Robert," she whispered, passionately, "Robert, do you love me?"

"Margaret," he said simply, reverently, "I love you as I love no other woman. My life belongs to you. I am yours, and always shall be. You know that as well as I, and always have."

She loosed him, and fell back into the pillows, the delicate white lids slowly closing.

"I am glad," she murmured, "so glad"—and when she smiled at him, he saw her eyes were full of tears.

* * * * *

She lay propped up by three big cushions on the sofa. The sunlight trickled in at the borders of the thick green curtains, and filled the room with a soft glow. It was now the fourth day since her relapse, and she had been growing steadily better. Robert had been in every day to see her—except this once. But he would come in soon . . . he was probably busy somewhere.

She closed her eyes and reflected. That kiss . . . it was purely innocent. She was certain of that. Why, Eloise was only eighteen, and had been in a French convent all her life. This was her first view of the world. She was innocence itself. She probably liked Robert in a sisterly sort of way, and naively expressed her liking with her usual candor. She was not sufficiently used to the world's ways to know that this feeling toward her brother-in-law might be misinterpreted.

As for Robert, Margaret was sure that he loved her and her only. She went over the years of their married life. . . . They had been so short and happy. They had spread a golden radiance over her whole existence. True, Robert was careless at times . . . and tactless . . . she knew that. But she had loved him in spite of his imperfections.

She turned restlessly on the couch. Why didn't Robert come? Her head pained her with a dull, throbbing pain. She had been thinking too much. She must rest. She turned her face to the wall and studied its pattern. In a few moments she could see all sorts of grotesque figures in its delicate tracery. She laughed at her own conceit, and again shifted her position.

The light in the room was dimming. The sun was evidently sinking. A breath of perfumed air came floating in to her from out of doors. Oh, how she longed to go out and breathe it—to see the purple glory of the sunset—to look at the gleaming, rippling waters of the river backed by the slate-blue cliffs. She wondered if she could get out. She was dressed. She put

one tiny foot down to the floor contemplatively, then the other. She stood up. A great weakness swept over her and she sat down again. No, she could not do it. Once more she sank back on her cushions. Oh, where was Robert . . . !

A babble of dissenting voices arose in the outer hallway, and then a clatter of small feet approaching her room. Dick rushed in, eyes shining, face aglow.

"Oh, muvver," he cried, "I've come to see you. Nurse said I couldn't an' she tried to stop me, but she couldn't do it. She's too fat. Ain't you glad I've come—"

"Of course I am, Dicky. Come here, and tell me what you have been doing."

The little lad climbed up in her lap joyously.

"Oh, muvver, you can't ever guess."

"No, I give up."

"Well"—dubiously—"you won't scold me, muvver, will you?"

"No, dear, unless it's something really naughty . . ."

"I don't know . . . whether it is or not . . . Cook might fink it was . . . But I'll tell you anyway"—in a burst of generous confidence—"I've been in the kitchen makin' a cake for you. It's goin' to be such a nice cake. An' I did every fink all by my own self. Ain't I nice?"

Margaret pressed the boy to her.

"You dear, blessed little thing," she said, "Have you been working at it all afternoon?"

"Yes . . . you won't let cook scold me, will you, muvver?"

"No, of course not, dear."

There was a little silence. Then Margaret stirred.

"Where is father, Dicky boy?" she asked.

"Oh," the boy said disgustedly, "he's out boatin' wiv Auntie again. They've been out since lunch. They left me all by myself, so I made the cake."

Twilight hovered and fell. Presently the little boy slipped from his mother's arms and stole out. He thought her asleep, but she was not. Her head was throbbing with one recurring, reverberating thought. . . . "They've been out together since lunch! They've been out together since lunch!" It roared through her brain until the very monotony tired her, and she fell into an unquiet doze, full of spectres which menaced her

with clutching fingers, and troubled with periods of semi-wakefulness, when the roaring returned.

She was awakened by the sharp scratch of a match in the next room, separated from her only by tapestry. Someone was lighting the lamp with the green shades. A subdued murmur of voices came to her. Instantly she lost all drowsiness. The voices were those of Robert and Eloise.

She rose softly, and tiptoed toward the tapestry, swaying with weakness. She didn't know exactly what she was doing. She had some half defined impulse to throw herself into Robert's arms.

The voices now had ceased. She plucked aside the edge of the heavy curtain and looked in. The soft radiance from the lamp filled the room with green twilight, and in the full glare of it, by the table, stood Robert . . . Robert with Eloise in his arms. He was gazing down at the girl with a look which the watcher thought had been hers alone—a look filled with love and tenderness and devotion.

The woman swayed, and caught at her throat with her hand. The curtain fell noiselessly, shutting out the silent picture. A great blackness—a hollow, even blackness, seemed to cloud her eyes, and she heard again that monotonous roaring—the same monotonous roaring.

When Margaret next became partially conscious she was out under the open stars. The full moon was moving slowly across the sky. It seemed to her like a woman—like a dead woman looking for dead things. Its mournful light shed a wan radiance all around. Stones cast black, elongated splotches over the ground; the great wood opposite was one cloudy mass with trembling top—a mass out of which came murmurs, threatening murmurs. They terrified Margaret, and she fled, she knew not whither. From afar off the dismal, quavering hoot of an owl came to her ears; strange noises were all around her, pursuing her, hemming her in. They frightened her. Everything frightened her. She must escape—escape to some place where there were no noises—where there were no ghastly moving shadows—where she could find peace.

The moon was darkened by a light film of clouds which brushed its face gently. It seemed as if a black cloth had been suddenly dropped over everything. The noises seemed to redouble in Margaret's ears—she was certain that vague, intangible, frightful monsters were stretching out their arms from

the black shadows to seize her. She must elude them, and she went faster, faltering as she went.

Her dark figure moved silently among the vague lights and shadows of the night, like the fitting of a ghost in the regions of the dead. The twinkling lights of the bungalow grew dim behind her, then disappeared, but still the dark, swaying wraith glided on between the black trunks of the motionless trees, until the darkness swallowed it up, and the moon looked down once more upon a motionless, lifeless plain. Again the mournful cry of the owl quavered faintly through the trees.

The door of the bungalow was opened; a narrow column of light flashed out in a long streak over the blackness of the plain. The figure of a man stood silhouetted against the rectangle of yellow light, with a girl pressing behind him, their immensely long shadows running away from their feet. "Margaret!" the cry quivered on the breeze—"Margaret!" anxiously, affrightedly. The sound echoed in the hills across the river, faintly, as though some one were answering mockingly—"Margaret! Margaret!"

And once more in the stillness of the summer night, the owl faintly hooted, far, far away.

THE MOJAVE MAN.

WALTHER BUCHEN.

We were three men from everywhere
 Who lived at high Dragoon
 Where all the Arizona day
 Is one long afternoon,
 And nights are cold as age-old ice.
 On mountains of the moon.

Gray ash-heaps on the sky-line's rim
 Fenced in a long, dead land,
 And when the evil west wind marched
 On toward the Rio Grande
 It mantled every standing thing
 In robes of yellow sand.

Green, thorny, uncouth cactus things,
 Mesquite and sagebrush spread
 On all the gullied desert's face.
 The white sun glared o'erhead
 And, bloodily, when evening came
 Went down in orange and red.

The desert dust the hot wind blew
Was ever on our skins.
It cut us like a thousand knives,
Pricked like a million pins,
And set our nerves to quivering
Like strings of mandolins.

But underneath the clear-eyed stars
That mummied region sings
A silent song—a wondrous song—
Of hope and better things,
Of faith that will not fly away
On every north-wind's wings.

God! How we cursed that desert land—
Dead, barren, desolate.
And still we loved it though we swore
In real and earnest hate,
For oft we hate the thing we love—
We learned that, not too late.

We were three men from everywhere
Who denned at high Dragoon,
Where morning never comes too late
Or evening comes too soon—
For all the Arizona day
Is one long afternoon.

And though we cursed our way of life
As coarse and hard and rude,
The Road's wild charm was on us all
And in our joyous blood
The iron and the brass of it
Ran riot. It was good.

One night the sounders clacked away
With strident tongue and bold.
Old Billy Harlan nursed the fire—
Poor Bill was always cold—
And while the Kid was at the keys
This truthful tale he told.

"Boys, I was born at Gila Bend,
And Yuma and Tucson
Were gates to all the land I knew
'Till I was twenty-one
And in that land, as you two know,
We fry eggs in the sun.

"Now when I worked at Aztec, nights,
I died one sunny day,
And I had lived a joyous life
The piper was to pay.
So you can guess on what broad road
I held the right of way.

“Oh, it was cold upon that road.
 The wheeling white stars sang
 A frozen song that chilled my blood,
 And little devils rang
 A million frosty, silver bells
 Of icy chilling clang.

“White stuff, like that on mountain peaks,
 Lay thick upon the road.
 An icy blast went whistling past
 And cut me like a goad.
 I ran—ran like a hunted thing
 To where hell's fires glowed.

“And warm they glowed and red they glowed
 As I have seen the sun
 Across my own Mojave's sand
 Set when the day is done;
 While all who were not native born
 Thanked loud the Gracious One.”

“I reached the gate, I entered in,
 It seemed like home to me.
 The little devils laughed and ran
 As our coyotes flee.
 They were a happy careless crew.
 Of speech and manner free.

“They gathered 'round as if I were
 Some home returning friend,
 They came from near, they came from far—
 From hell's red further end.
 (To gain a certain caste down there,
 Get born at Gila Bend).

“But soon the crew in terror flew
 And through the gateway wide
 The grim old master of them all
 Came with his lordly stride.
 ‘How do you like my hell?’ said he,
 And smiled in conscious pride.

“‘So—so, a pretty place, ‘I said,
 By way of pat retort—
 ‘But if you had a lake or two
 To furnish them some sport,
 Mojave folk might use it for
 A summering resort.’”

“Too bad the world won't let us leave
 Without the death we dread,
 We must be dead to come down here—
 And when one's dead, one's dead!”
 The devil laughed and slapped his thigh—
 ‘Chingal! You're right,’ he said.

“‘Though you have stood my friend up there
It grieves me much to say
That you have died and must be fried.’
Then down a murky way
He led me to a frying pan
In which five chollas* lay.

“Four were Chihuahua section hands
But one of them I knew;
Juan—worked with cross-eyed Willie’s gang
At Dome in Nineteen-Two.
And he was lying there as cool
As if the north-wind blew.

“The devil popped me in the pan
With courteous regret.
He dropped the lid and pressed it down—
I did not fry, not yet.
I got a cigarette from Juan
And watched the chollas fret.”

“A red-hot Blaisdell August day
Is twice as hot as hell.
I felt at ease—as I have felt
Within an empty well
When dread white sunlight seemed to melt
The sand at Sentinel.

“I smoked with them and joked with them,
For I was gay and glad,
‘Though all the weeping Mexicans
Thought frying hard and sad,
For I was charmed to find that hell
Was not so very bad.”

“Still, being fried with Greaser men—
The dregs of human kind—
However good housewifery,
It did not suit my mind.
And so I banged the frying pan
While all the chollas whined.

“The devil lifted up the lid
And glowered down in wrath:
‘What does my lordling want,’ asked he,
‘Some ice, a shower bath?
Or is he weary of the doom—
His good time’s aftermath?’

“‘You make me feel so cold, so cold,
Don’t lift the lid so high.
You cause a chilling draught that way.
And also—bye-the-bye—
I do not think a white man should
Be grilled with Greaser fry.’

* Chollas—low class Mexicans.

“The devil frowned, the devil scowled,
 And glared down angry-eyed—
 ‘And do you mock my hell,’ “said he,”
 ‘In which I take such pride?
 Where all the great ones of your earth
 Come at the last to bide?’

“I muttered somewhat peevishly,
 ‘I mean the thing I said.’
 The devil stooped, the devil grinned,
 Until his gums showed red.
 He haled me forth, and set me down
 Where little devils sped.”

“‘It seems,’ “said he,” ‘Hell was not built
 For you Mojave men.
 So get you to your red-clay shell
 And walk the earth again.
 Your world is not a kindly place
 And in that desert den.

“‘You have a better hell than mine.
 Farewell, my servant true!’”
 “He shook my hand, he bade me speed,
 A mighty hell-storm blew
 Me swiftly on my icy way
 ‘Till in my mourner’s view

“I lifted up the coffin lid
 And raised a smiling head.
 ‘Suspended animation’ (Bah!)—
 “That’s what the doctors said—
 But I had seen the devil’s hell,
 I had been three days dead.

We were three men from everywhere
 Who denned at high Dragoon
 Where morning never comes too late
 Or evening comes too soon
 And all the Arizona day
 Is one long afternoon.

The sounder’s clack came ceaselessly
 With strident tongue and bold,
 And Billy Harlan nursed the fire—
 Poor Bill was always cold—
 And while we smiled with skeptic lips
 This truthful tale was told.

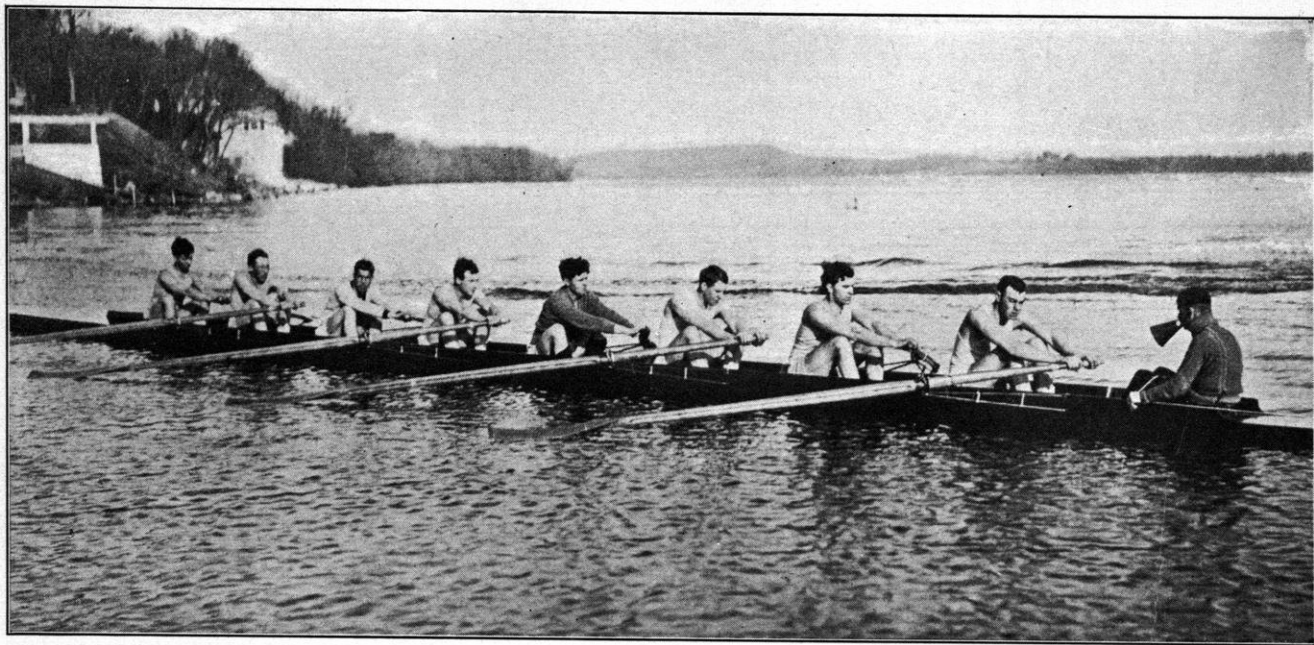


Photo by Nadeau

The '09 Varsity

Coxswain, Knebes; stroke, Dinet; 7, Kraatz; 6, Wilce; 5, Van Loon; 4, Hare; 3, Trane; 2, Kerr; bow, Steinberg

Why Is The English Dept.?

H.

Continued from the April number

The particular small demon whose specialty is the crabbing of linotype work arranged that two sentences should be lost out of the crucial middle of a final paragraph, in last month's installment of this investigation. As it was a place where we were making a special effort to say something lucid and epoch-making, we will strain our readers' indulgence by repeating it revised.

Like this: It would help some to substitute, in place of the present arbitrary assignment to sections, an assorting according to relative ability on the basis of the entrance English exam showings. Freshmen unfortunate in high school preparation would have commas, paragraphing, and the use of *which*-clauses, drilled into their systems in a section built just for the effective teaching of rudiments. Those better equipped could be assigned to other sections, the profs of which, relieved of the necessity of rubbing in rudiments, could leave details to teach essentials. Beyond this, you can even imagine the well-qualified freshman being given an alternative between sections specializing in plain and fancy training—plain, which about two-thirds would choose, to include the really fine art of unadorned business exposition—fancy, for the minority with truly literary aspirations. Every instructorlet has his individual system for his section, now—why not let the freshman pick the specialty he is qualified and hankering for, rather than assign his section by fate?

Freshman English ought to give a working ability for self expression, to everybody that comes here. The remaining three

years of the department provide, mainly, for the development of the advanced minority with definite literary aspirations.

There is concrete evidence of non-success here, in Wisconsin's insignificant output of literary persons. We have exactly one of national reputation—Zona Gale—and only some half a dozen of the younger generation with any apparent chance of jimmying into the Hall of Fame. More significant still, the half dozen—in fact everyone that has come here intent to train for the skinning of Parnassus—has left dissatisfied with the training here provided. Their four years have smoothed away some clumsiness of diction, perhaps, and taught them to cringe at the sight of a split infinitive—but they have felt no real gain in the power to write except what comes inevitably with the practice of grinding out the required number of square feet of theme a day.

The last three years of English dept. follow the precedent of the first in emphasizing the extremes of the subject—its grammatical rudiments, and its idealistic adornments—disregarding almost the whole line of practical writing technique that lies between, which is exactly what sophomore authors, with their Pegasus in the pin-feather stage, want.

Nine-tenths of the corrective work of the upper English department is so rudimentary as to be irritating. It is wholesome and chastening for dashing young geniuses to be occasionally jacked up on their punctuation. The effect is salutary when the prof vivisects your pet theme, in class, and points out that—when you make your hero flick the ash from his cigar, or your heroine perch lightly on the arm of the settle, or come toward him with a low cry—you are being pitifully immature. But you want something more. When your theme makes a hit, you want to know why it did, so as to repeat the performance. You want to know the principles of vivid phasing, the possibilities of plot-variation, the trick-work of suspense, the essentials of climax. There are about three men in the department who attempt, consistently, to teach these things; perhaps five who are capable of teaching them at all.

The typical dept. attitude is one of persnickiness over detail and neglect of essentials. This is finely illustrated by an instance. Two studes once wrote a winning junior play. It was a good play, but it included some painful dialog and two arrant technical beefs. They took it to an English prof

for criticism. Presently he returned it with the air of one who has rendered expert testimony. He had gone through the thing carefully and corrected the grammar of the stage directions.

What the department does in the way of criticism is too rudimentary to be useful to anyone but the most backward. Its lecture instruction is too idealistic to touch anyone but the most advanced. When a stude is making his first fumbling attempts at literature, what he values are crude, concrete, constructive hunches on the tricks of the trade. What he gets is abstract—a comparison of Arnold's and Pater's theories of style, or a line of talk on the Ultimate Motive of True Art. About two-thirds of the class don't understand this at all, and the interested remnant will not be in a position to use it in their business for some ten years. Every literary stude has ideals somewhere in his system—he has distant aspirations to do work sometime that can be called Art, however much he hates the word just now; if he didn't have this he would not be nervily preparing himself for the speculative and unremunerative vocation of literature. There intervene, however, between him and anything ideal, several years during which he will typewrite hack work, to live, while he is mastering the craft. It would be ample for his present simple needs to be able to make good with a short story in Hampton's. He wants to know how to swing a surprise ending; how long to make his introduction—is it a good scheme to make Basil Baskerville look dully out into the wind-swept street for two paragraphs, or ought Basil to shout "Marked cards!" at the start of paragraph 1; what the limitations and advantages of using a first-person narrator are, as compared with the third-personal, or impersonal system; generally speaking he wants to know the mechanical devices, the trick-work knowledge that is preliminary to good writing. These things do not come by instinct—they are acquired after a long and painful course of taking notice, and experimentation. A timely hunch from a man who has been through the mill saves you months of this, but you get few of them in the English dept. A managing editor or a producing magazine man can advance you more in an evening's talk than the whole English dept. in a semester.

In passing we might wonder whether this is because, with a few exceptions, its professors are not producing writers, and

have not, therefore, any inside inkling of what writers in the squab stage hunger for.

The catalog thus blazons Purpose III of the English dept. "To develop the literary sympathy and appreciation and to extend the knowledge of those who find in American and English literature the readiest means of obtaining a liberal education." This means apparently, the crowd that are sopping up cultural literary knowledge as a personal pleasure, aside from its model value in composition. Their needs are not so crying as those of the disregarded frosh classes or the unsatisfied searchers for literary aid; nevertheless they are eloquent in dissatisfaction. The pure literature courses, they say, at their best are desultory, and at their worst, deadly dull. There is no course that shows consistently the historical scheme of the development of English literature. Authors are studied as beautiful and worshipful phenomena, seldom as products of their times. The worst literature courses peter out into a careful study of non-essential detail. Chaucer becomes a reading of words, so many a day. It develops about as much "sympathy and appreciation" as a freshman German lesson. You do not view Shakespeare as an Elizabethan, as a master of verbal music, or as laudable plagiarist and champion Prometheus of literary dead matter. No. You spend time looking up the piffing little references in the back of the book—translating the obsolete words into inexact new ones, botanizing his flowers of speech, and running down all the insignificant little allusions, to persons, places and things of timely interest in 1601 but no use now, with which William hastily interlarded his copy, little thinking what trouble he was making for generations unborn.

The trouble is that Purpose III—"to develop literary appreciation"—has got mixed with Purpose V of the catalog list: "to fit students for and assist them in scholarly investigation." We realize the necessity for someone's digging among details, in historico-literary research; but we object to mingling in the excavating, ourself, in courses advertised as literary.

Purpose IV is: "to prepare teachers for school and college work." Curiously enough, we have been unable to hear anyone objecting to this phase of the dept. At the same time we have never heard it praised, with fervor and abandon.

There. We have presented to your intelligent attention the

pick of the kicks that are current on the English dept. Some are by nature indefinite; some may have been delivered with more emphasis than was warranted—but we believe there are none, above, that lack a certain modicum of unpleasant truth. Summarizing, we believe the most serious ones are, first, department scorn for the bread-and-butter side of literature; secondly, candid indifference, particularly toward freshman instruction; thirdly, indefiniteness of purpose of the department and of each of its courses. The catalog says, regarding the five Purposes we have used as texts: "Most of the courses will be found to meet all these needs, directly or indirectly, but some are especially directed to one or two in particular." That is, your rhetoric is varied by occasional dives into good literature, and literature courses are cast in feeble research form. As a literary grad reflectively remarked: "In four years, if you take all the courses in the department, you can pick up a very fair English education." In organization the dept. is shy on unity and coherence.

Our remarks have been desultory, in spots unduly detailed, and never of universal application. They have applied to some of the profs all the time and all the profs some of the time, but they haven't applied to all the profs all the time. Nevertheless, after you have taken every exception possible, there remains a flourishing residue; and certainly the not insignificant fact of a distinct, reasoned, universal sentiment of dissatisfaction, with the present training afforded by the English department.

As a close to this literary dissertation we can, therefore, fittingly expand our title query into an extremely literary conundrum:

Why is the English Dept. like the State of Denmark?

Barton's Way

ISABEL CLANCY

Fred Barton paid his way through the university in a rather novel way. He worked afternoons and Sunday mornings in a barber shop euphoniously styled the Toler Tonsorial Parlors. He was a good barber, too, and earned his money, which was not, after all, enough to satisfy a young man of Mr. Barton's somewhat luxurious tastes. They were not really what you ought to call luxurious, but only seemed so by comparison with what you would naturally expect from a person in his circumstances.

One luxury which Mr. Barton did allow himself was a growing intimacy with the Nelson family and Miss Sybil Nelson in particular. Mr. Nelson, a gentleman of some years, much weight, and a very magnificent white beard, performed the onerous duties of Lieutenant Governor. From this it will be seen that any intimacy with his small but select family (Sybil was an only child) was, in a way, a luxury. As every one knows a luxury long enjoyed becomes a necessity. Mr. Barton was coming to look upon Sybil as a rather urgent necessity.

Necessity is the mother of invention. It would, perhaps, be a little unjust to call Sybil the mother of Mr. Barton's many inventions, but she was certainly the cause of most of them. Also, she believed them implicitly. Why not? Fred always seemed to be in possession of currency at the psychological moments, and she would probably have been shocked immoderately at the suggestion that he might be connected with a barber shop in any capacity save that of patron.

At the hour when this story begins Mr. Barton had just put away his razors and washed out his mug, and was removing the white coat which was the badge of his profession. His thoughts were, however, some distance away, and in no less charming company than that of Miss Sybil. There is nothing

particularly interesting about Mr. Barton just now. Let us go visiting with his thoughts.

Miss Sybil may not be entirely unconscious of their presence but she is very conscious indeed of another presence. A marked contrast will at once be seen between her two guests. The one is Thoughts; the other is Mr. Sidney Russell '10, Beta Phi. And at this particular moment it seems to Sybil as though he is far from undesirable. Why? Why, he has just asked her to the Beta Phi formal, and it is with very genuine regret that she is declining the invitation.

"I'm awfully sorry—just *awfully* sorry, Mr. Russell."

Mr. Russell can scarcely believe his ears. He is not used to experiences of this sort. Perhaps she has not understood.

"It is our formal, you know, Miss Nelson, our spring formal party," he explains patiently as one addressing a small child.

"Yes, I know just what it is and I can't tell you how I hate to miss it, but I have a previous engagement. My cousin, Lucretia Haller, is coming from Massachusetts to visit me next week and I have already accepted an invitation for both of us to the theater that night."

Mr. Russell's irritation gets the better of him.

"Say, Sibyl," he begins roughly, "Who is it that's butting in ahead of me? I seem to be in wrong here for some reason or other, and the more I try to do for you the worse it gets. Who is he, anyway?"

Sybil tries to look very dignified and very offended but she can not help smiling a little. It is pleasant to think that a man like Sid Russell can get angry about her.

"Of course," he continues somewhat more mildly, "It's none of my business, but I'd like to know. I think I can show you a better time than he can—whoever he is. If I can't, I'll withdraw. But I would like to know what sort of opposition I have to face. Who is he?"

"You ought to know," says Sybil judiciously, "but if you don't, I'll tell you. He is Fred Barton."

"Mr. Barton, you mean."

"No, Fred Barton—Freddy Barton. You must know him. He's a junior."

"Never heard of him," says Mr. Russell with asperity.

"Really, Mr. Russell, you ought to widen your acquaintance. Look him up. You'll find he's a peach of a fellow."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. But please don't go off mad," she adds hastily as Russell turns and lifts his hat. "I really am dreadfully sorry not to be able to go to your formal. I really do want you to meet Mr. Barton, and I want you to meet my cousin, too. I'll tell you. Can't you come to see me next Thursday night. Lucetta is coming Thursday morning, and I will try to have Mr. Barton here, too. Won't you come?"

"Very sorry—awfully sorry" begins Russell, but he thinks better of it. "I will come, thank you," he says.

"Thank you, Mr. Russell," replies Sybil. "I know you'll like Mr. Barton."

The visit is over.

That same night Sidney Russell began an investigation which, when it was completed, proved very gratifying indeed.

It required no particular diplomacy on Miss Sybil's part to induce Fred to come. In fact the invitation was almost superfluous as he had gotten into the habit of appearing at the Nelson residence every day about the time the sun quit work. Sometimes the sun was still at it for it was the merry month of May which is the busy season for the sun's line of business.

On Monday evening of the week which we are chronicling, they sat decorously in the parlor till it was time for the customary trip townwards in search of refreshment. On Tuesday evening they sat on the porch, which was much better. True, Mr. Nelson also sat on the porch, but in the far corner, and either he must have been unusually wearied with the cares of state or else Mrs. Nelson's conversation was more soothing than commonly, for his sonorous snoring soon gently vibrated the balmy evening air. Not till then did Freddie even notice the presence of the fond parents. Yes, the porch work of Mr. Fred Barton was very satisfactory to all concerned.

But on Wednesday night they went walking—along the lake shore. A May moon had touched up the landscape with a magic brush. The shimmer on the water was an effect no human artist could ever hope to attain, as Freddie had just remarked for the third time that evening.

"Isn't it almost intoxicating, Fred?" asked Sybil reverently.

"Intoxicating? Perhaps. But compared to you it's like a pony of three per cent by the side of a quart of Gold Seal. The moonlight alone is mild and innocent as a chocolate sun-

dae, but with you—with you, it's— I beg your pardon, Sybil. I guess it's more intoxicating than I thought. A man's a fool to mix drinks," he added bitterly. "You're not angry, please?"

"Why no," she said, "*I'm* not angry. Are you? I was hoping you would go on."

"Is that so, Sybil?"

"That's certainly so," she said.

And—and just then if anyone had reminded her of the Beta Phi formal she would probably have said that she didn't care that for the old thing anyhow.

"Now be sure and come tomorrow night," said Sybil as they parted at the door, "I want you to know my cousin Lucetta."

"Sybil," he answered reproachfully, "Did you really have any doubts about my coming?"

"No—not really," she said.

"Of course I want to know your cousin. What did you say her name was?"

"Lucetta—Lucetta Haller."

"What? Lucetta Haller?" His voice was sharp and strained. She had never heard him speak like that before.

"Yes, Lucetta Haller. Why—do you know her?" She wrinkled her forehead quaintly. It was all very puzzling.

"No, I guess not," he said at last, "I thought at first I recognized the name."

"Goodnight, Fred."

"Till tomorrow," he said, and making her a gallant bow he turned and walked down the street with strange, shuffling, undecided steps. Half way down the block he stopped.

"Well, I'll go," he said, half to himself. "I suppose it had to come sometime anyhow." Then he walked homeward with his customary springy stride.

Thursday evening Mr. Russell, arriving first, noticed with a smile of gratification that Miss Sybil sat alone upon the porch.

"My cousin will be down in a few minutes," she said as she rose to greet him. "I hope you don't mind."

"Glad to hear it," he said heartily, "because I have something rather important to tell you."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Sybil, "What is it? Don't keep me in suspense."

"It's about this Barton who is keeping you away from our

formal tomorrow night. When you told me his name I said I had never heard of him. Well, I thought I hadn't at the time but afterwards when I got to considering it I found that I did know him. I know him pretty well. I guess, from the way you act, that you don't. Yes, I know him pretty well, only I call him Fred."

"So do I," put in Sybil.

"Too bad," said Russell, "because that's what they call him down at the barber shop where he works."

"The barber shop where he works," she repeated in a dazed voice.

"Yes, that what I call it. The proprietor—Fred's employer—calls it the Toler Tonsorial Parlors, but I call it a barber shop."

"Why, I didn't know—I never dreamed—

"I thought not, Sybil, I believed in you. But now that you do know—"

"I don't know yet," she said, "I can't believe it. But if it's true, what you say, I shall never, never see him again."

"I'll prove it to you here tonight. And if you mean exactly what you said—the invitation for tomorrow night is still open, Sybil, and your cousin is included in it, too."

"Prove that it's true," she said, "and I'll accept that invitation."

A whistled air from the college comic opera told them that Fred Barton was coming down the street. He quickened his pace when he saw them and stretched out his hand in jovial greeting. Even though she burned with resentment and outraged dignity, Sybil could not help thinking that there was something strangely attractive—something that seemed so thoroughbred in his walk and in his smile.

But outwardly she was a veritable iceberg, and the "good evening" she gave him was degrees below zero. He stared at her in amazement, then greeted Russell courteously by name. Russell returned him a contemptuous and patronizing nod.

"What's the idea?" inquired Fred. "I may be dull but I don't seem to quite understand."

"Mr. Russell has just been telling me that you—that you—Oh Fred, say it isn't true?" she finished beseechingly.

"It isn't true," he obeyed.

"There," said the girl. Immeasurable relief was in her voice.

"But would you mind telling me what it is that isn't true?"

"You say it isn't true, do you," broke in Russell. "You deny that you are working in Toler's barber shop. Then I tell you you lie. You are working there, and you know it—though apparently Miss Nelson hasn't until tonight."

Barton's hands clinched convulsively at the short and ugly word; he controlled himself with an effort.

"If I have denied it, I apologize," he said. "It is true."

"You see," said Russell with a shrug of his well tailored shoulders, "He doesn't deny it after all. He can't very well because it's true and he knows that I know it's true."

Without a word the girl turned and walked to the further end of the porch. With another shrug of his shoulders and a sneering smile, Russell turned to follow.

Just then a girl in white appeared in the doorway, and as she saw Fred the expressions of recognition, pleasure, amazement, chased each other across her piquant face.

"Fred Barton!" she exclaimed, stepping toward him, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm working down town as the gentleman over there has just remarked. I'm doing what the governor swore I never could do—paying my own way through school."

"You are! Why, that's just grand, Fred! But why haven't you written home about it? Your father has worried himself gray about you, and your sisters—you don't know how badly they have felt."

"Father's worried about me, has he?" said Fred ironically. "I've heard that before. He didn't seem to be very worried, though, when he told me to get out and stay out. Oh, he had cause, all right, but he told me some things that night that I couldn't quite stand. I remember he said that I was the biggest worry and disappointment of his life, but some way he didn't seem convincing when he said it. I had never seen him doing any very active worrying except when I hit him for money. He said I couldn't earn my own salt, let alone the meat to put it on. He was wrong about that. I've been here since last October paying for the real salt and what little salt of knowledge I've been getting, besides. Say, I beg your pardon, Lucretia, I guess I must have entirely forgotten where I was. I am mighty glad to see you. That's what I meant to say in the first place."

"Fred, I'm proud as can be of you. I think you've been posi-

tively noble—but I do think you've been just horrid to your family, and your friends. I believe every Beta Phi at Yale asked me about you last prom time. I'm going to write tonight that you are sorry and that you're coming home as soon as the school year is over. My! but they'll be glad to see you, Fred. As glad as I am—and you know that's very glad indeed."

"Thank you," said Fred, and then after considering a moment he went on. "You don't need to write that letter, though, I'll tend to it myself. Let's cut the personalities—till tomorrow night at least. You know I am going to take you and Sybil to the theatre tomorrow night—on money I earned myself—and maybe she'll be indulgent to a couple of old friends."

"Oh, are we going to the theatre with Fre—with Mr. Barton tomorrow night, Sybil?" called the girl.

"Er—yes," answered Sybil.

"Isn't that lovely?" said Lucetta Haller.

ROSE IN THE MOONLIGHT

GLENN W. DRESBACH

Rose in the moonlight, red, red rose,
 I gazed in the crystal of dreams,
 And I saw thee made, O red, red rose,
 In the garden of love where the soft wind blows
 Its sweets o'er leas and streams.

II.

The Moon Queen stood on her throne of beams
 By the pillars of amethyst,
 And saw the land and the lakes and streams
 Aglow where the stars had kissed.
 And she glided down from star to star
 To the steps of cloud and crest
 Till she reached the garden of love afar,
 And a mortal lovers' breast.

She lured her lover up and away,
 But his mortal feet were slow,
 And he lost her hand and fell on the way,
 From the clouds to the earth below.
 And she kissed his lips but he did not know,
 For crushed was the heart that loved;
 And the Moon Queen sobbed as the wind moaned low
 By the swamps where the grey mist moved.

She bore him back to the garden of love
 To a tomb on the slope of a hill,
 With only the light of her moon above
 Where the call of the winds was still.
 She plucked from her soul her faith's white bloom;
 With blood she stained it red;
 And she kissed it sweet with her lips perfume,
 And planted the stem by his head.

The night wind came with the floss of mist,
 And a nymph with a tear of dew;
 The moon beams came and kissed and kissed
 Till the heart of the bloom was true.
 Then the Moon Queen sobbed through the night alone;
 And still she sobs in the night,
 And the dew tears fall on the mossed tomb stone,
 Where a red rose sways in the light.

III.

Rose in the moonlight, red, red rose
 With the Moon Queen's soul in thee,
 The soul that sees and the soul that knows
 How hearts are sick for thy love, O rose,
 And to break their chains and flee.

Rose in the moonlight, wonderful rose,
 With the Moon Queen's heart of flowers,
 Linger here where the moonlight throws
 Its silver smiles to the wind that blows
 Thy sweets to the city's towers.

No hot house bloom is thine, O rose,
 No slave this heart of thine,
 To be smirched by the touch of a hand that knows.
 The loss of soul where the white light glows,
 And the lights of the false eyes shine.

For the sake of the Moon Queen's soul in thee,
 For the sake of the true love here with me,
 Close thy heart to the false lips' lure
 And the false eyes' light that once was pure,
 Lest they stain the Moon Queen's soul in thee,
 And bear the blot to the love with me.

Careers in Social Work

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

Almost unnoticed a new field for the employment of educated young men and women has appeared, viz., a group of activities which may be comprised under the term "social work." In the last thirty years there has been a strong tendency to centralize the relief of the dependent, in the considerable centers of population, about a charity organization society or bureau of associated charities. Of these not less than two hundred have been formed, each of which has at least one salaried post while the societies in the larger cities require a number of paid workers. The salaries run to \$3,000 and \$4,000 in the great cities, in one case to \$7,000. No city of 200,000 pays less than \$1,800 to the secretary, and some small cities are paying that amount. The bureaus in the larger cities employ quite a number of workers, many of them college graduates, who receive from \$1,000 to \$1,800.

Within twenty years more than 200 social settlements have sprung up in our municipalities, each of them requiring the services of at least one educated man or woman. Often the settlement maintains a visiting nurse, a kindergartner or other women workers. During its earlier years a settlement is likely to be the projection of some one person's zeal and faith, so that the managing of a settlement is as yet hardly a standardized profession for which one can fit one's self. Still, cities are beginning to make their public schools into social centers requiring at least one person's attention, while public playgrounds, recreation centers and juvenile courts with their probation officers, furnish a demand for compensated ability.

The best paid group of social workers are, perhaps, the wardens, managers and matrons of charitable and penal institutions, especially those of municipalities and states. At present many of them need better training in order to take the best care of their charges and, still more, in order to elicit and furnish the kind of information about them the public ought to have. Eventually, no doubt, most of these posts will

go to those with some regular preparation. The same is true of the secretaryships and inspectorships of the various boards that control or supervise public institutions.

Other openings are presented in the work for dependent children. A correspondent writes: "Fifteen to twenty years ago most of the states organized societies for the temporary care of dependent children and the placing of them in homes. This work was usually undertaken by some man who had more enthusiasm than balance. The idea was sound but the number of mistakes made was something tremendous. These societies are now calling for trained workers. Massachusetts recently employed one at \$4,000 and Pennsylvania another at \$3,000. In this work, too, there are a large number of capable and educated people holding positions on the staff. Another field has to do with the question of child labor. Several skilled workers have gone into this lately, the salaries ranging from \$2,000 up. Then the trusts are employing people of this kind, for some of them do quite a lot of social work."

Laws will not enforce themselves, so today all grades of the government are organizing corps of inspectors. We have inspectors of tenement houses, foods, factories and stores, and the number grows and will grow larger in the future. Most of these are, as yet, political spoils, but the merit system is extending and ere long, when inspectorships are safeguarded by civil service rules, they will give a chance to those with special qualifications. Closely akin to these sharp-eyed watchers over the public welfare are the social workers called for when the government from time to time sets afoot an investigation of child labor, working women, immigration or housing. The activities of the bureaus of labor tend to reach into the social field, and the demand is increasing from this quarter.

This brief survey shows that while the field of social work is not to be compared to law or medicine in the number it can occupy, it is much wider than most people suppose and, what is more, it will be much wider in the future. And it is a field that will satisfy the reasonable demands of the college bred. The fact that useful social workers need wide knowledge, judgment and tact, and must be able to meet and impress the finest grade of people, guarantees that they will receive a respectable compensation.

While social work is too new to provide any soft berths or sinecures, it is a mistake to suppose that people whose work lies with the suffering and the destitute cannot have their

earnings and their leisure to themselves like other professional people. Social workers must put their heart and soul into their tasks, but they have a more definite working day than physicians and clergymen, and they have their homes, social pleasures and vacations as one must have if he is to keep efficient. On the other hand, social work is not so standardized as the older professions, and no one should enter it who is not deeply interested. The one who regards his work as a means for keeping on with his salary rather than his salary as a means of keeping on with his work is sure to fail at last.

The course in charities and corrections aims to acquaint students with the purposes, principles and methods of social work and to give them some direct contact with its problems. All are required to visit under proper guidance the chief institutions of Milwaukee County, and report upon them. Every year the Vogel Fellow in Sociology—who resides at the University Settlement in Milwaukee and carries on some local investigation—aims to have his field work planned by the beginning of the Easter vacation. Last year eighteen members of the class in charities devoted their entire vacation to looking up cases in the tuberculosis investigation. This year twenty-one volunteered and fourteen were given the opportunity to study the condition of families suffering from unemployment. Many of them receive impressions of how the other half lives that will abide with them through life and make them larger-hearted men and women.

Nevertheless, the course is not to be regarded as professional. The only instruction in the University of Wisconsin intended to prepare for social work is the course, "Methods of Social Service," offered in the summer session by Mrs. Spencer of the New York School of Philanthropy. The most adequate training for social work is provided in the schools of philanthropy that have within a few years been established in New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis. These schools offer a year of post graduate instruction and have no difficulty in placing their students. Only practical work shows whether one has the sympathy, tact, common sense and resourcefulness needed to succeed in social work. The young graduate without experience must therefore be content to start at low pay, say \$40 or \$50 a month, trusting to be promoted rapidly in case he "makes good." The demand for competent, experienced workers is constantly ahead of the supply, and proved fitness is quickly recognized and rewarded.

Troubled Waters

RALPH BIRCHARD.

Scene: An inland lake. The tree-clad hills that surround it are far—half a mile, perhaps a mile away. In the foreground a canoe drifts slowly. It has two occupants—a boy, apparently about twenty-one, and a girl several years his junior. The boy sits in the stern, his sleeves rolled up, the paddle resting across his knees. The girl reclines on cushions; her hand trails in the water at the side.

Girl: It must be deep out here.

Boy: Fifty feet, at least.

Girl: The water is cold, too. You ought not to take me out so far.

Boy: It's perfectly safe as long as you sit still. If you make a fuss we might be drowned.

Girl: (*Shivering slightly*) And then it would be all my fault.

Boy: Don't you think so?

Girl: I don't know. There is no danger, though. I won't make any fuss. I never have.

Boy: No, don't. It would be a shame to spoil our last evening on the lake together.

Girl: (*Sitting upright with a start that sends rings of ripples out from the boat across the glassy surface.*) Our last?

Boy: Don't do that again. These things tip easily.

Girl: Our last? Why?

Boy: Lean back. You don't look comfortable—or even pretty—in that position.

Girl: I wish you wouldn't say things like that. I don't think they're funny.

Boy: No, there's nothing funny about it.

Girl: What did you mean?

Boy: What did I mean by what?

Girl: By "our last."

Boy: Just—nothing. (*He begins to paddle toward the distant shore.*)

Girl: Why are you paddling? Let's drift.

Boy: I—I think there is a storm coming.

Girl: (*Looking at the sky*) Where? I don't see a sign of one.

Boy: It's getting chilly, too. Don't you feel cold?

Girl: No. Do you? Here's your coat. No? That was a foolish thing you said, wasn't it?

Boy: Awfully.

Girl: Because we'll enjoy things like this just as much as always, won't we?

Boy: Yes. Of course. (*He is putting all his strength into his strokes but the shore line seems as far away as ever.*)

Girl: Even after we are— (*She stops, blushing.*)

Boy: Yes.

Girl: I've made up my mind about the day. The fifteenth of June.—What's the matter? Why don't you say something? Doesn't that day suit you?

Boy: (*In a low voice*) That was my mother's wedding day?

Girl: (*All sympathy*) Oh, of course let's have it some other day if you want to, only—

Boy: Only what?

Girl: Only, I think—I mean I wish—only, let's have it pretty soon.

Boy: Certainly, dearest. As soon as you—No! I won't lie to you any more. It isn't going to be—ever, Kitty. I've thought—

Girl: Harry! Oh, Harry! You don't mean—

(*The boy works hard at the paddle, his eyes averted.*)

Girl: (*With white face and trembling lips*) Harry, tell me you don't mean it—that you're not going to—what you said.

Boy: (*Without looking at her*) No, I can't tell you that, for I do mean it. I've thought it all out. It wouldn't do. It would be a mistake. We'd both be sorry—when it was too late. I know you pretty well but you don't know what I am. You wouldn't be happy, Kitty. Not a year—not a month. And—

Girl: Oh, I would be. I would be!

Boy: You think so. I thought so, too. But now I know better. No. I won't do it. I can't do it.

Girl: Harry, you've got to marry me. You've got to. Oh, I didn't want to tell you. I haven't told anyone. Not a single person. Not even mamma. I thought—after—afterwards—it wouldn't be so hard to tell. I never meant to do wrong. I meant to be good. I did. I did! Oh, why did I ever have to meet you, Harry?

Boy: You say nobody knows but us.

Girl: Nobody. You will make it alright, won't you, Harry? We can go away for a while, and nobody ever will know. I knew you would do it. And we can be happy, Harry. We will be happy.

Boy: After this?—No, I won't do it. I won't be forced into it. I don't care whose fault it is, I won't do it. Nothing could come from a start like that. Nothing good.

Girl: Then you'll leave me—leave me, alone,—to bear the shame and the disgrace? Oh, Harry, please—please. Take me with you. Even if you don't ever marry me, take me with you. I couldn't bear it here, alone.

Boy: I can't do that either, Kitty.

(The girl stretches her arms toward him beseechingly. The canoe lurches; he tries to steady it with his paddle.)

Boy: Be careful, Kitty. Look out!

Girl: Harry! *(She throws herself at his feet in a passion of sobs. The canoe tips; poises for an instant on an even keel; capsizes; floats slowly away, rocked by the succeeding ripples. Twice they come struggling to the surface. Once the boy almost reaches the canoe before they sink again. Only a hand comes up the last time. It disappears without a splash. The troubled waters become as placid as before. The canoe drifts slowly, bottom side up, toward the still far distant shore.)*

Boating, Its Past and Future

COACH E. H. TEN EYCK.

Boating had its origin in the primary needs of mankind. As civilization has advanced and particular wants have been supplied in other ways first with the steam engine and subsequently by the gasoline engine, boating has survived as a pastime by reason of the natural pleasure, the excitement and the emulation that accompanies it. The same may be said of such other sports as hunting, shooting, and fishing. In the beginning, man, prompted by instinct and compelled by necessity, had to fight with and destroy wild beasts to escape being eaten himself, and to supply his own wants. So we see that man's means and methods, his needs and necessities, are converted into sports and pastimes, and that civilization consoles its children with an exercise healthy for its own sake, for the loss of the delights of the untutored savage.

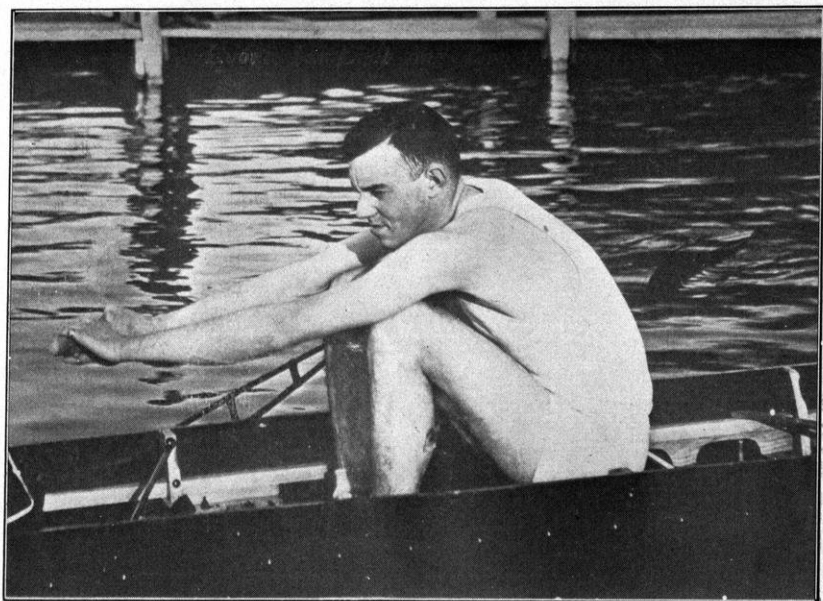
The painting on the tombs of Egypt furnish us with many illustrations of boats and ships, some of which, if her historians are to be believed, date back to 3000 B. C. At that early period we find boats, ships, oars, steering paddles, masts and sailing gear brought to a high state of perfection. Rowing, if not an amusement, was an employment. The sacred stream of the Nile, whether flowing within its banks, or spreading by inundation over the fertile plains within its reach, was alive with craft, transporting produce of all sorts, or ministering to the pleasures of the hunter or fisherman.

The Red Sea and the Mediterranean coast witnessed the might and power of Pharaoh. His fleets of great vessels fully manned, ready with oar and sail, visited every land of the orient. The larger boats had besides the sail, twenty-five oars on each side. The earliest boat race is narrated in the Aeneid. Virgil must have witnessed record breakers for he compares the speed of his crews to the headlong flights of the chariots in the amphitheater at Rome.



Coach Ten Eyck and The Cardinal

Photo by Nadeau



"Gene" Dinet
Captain and Stroke of the Varsity

Photo by Nadeau

Rowing, considered either as a serious business or as a pastime, has played an important part in human history, and its votaries will claim for it the chief place in the line of sports, whether you regard it an exercise ministering to health, or as a means of competition, requiring both skill and endurance.

The oar that on the placid lake or river contributes to our amusement, has a long record of labor, not yet ended. It was preceded by the paddle, and before that by the human hand and arm. Man as a land animal is brought face to face with water, with the running rivers, the deep water of the lakes and seas. He wished to cross to the opposite shore, to catch fish and gather vegetable growth for food. How is he to do it? He takes a log of wood, a bundle of rushes, or an inflated skin and, sitting astride, using his arms and hands for paddles, he ventures on the waters of the deep. Here we see the elementary boat, the very embryo of navigation. The next in advance from the log is the raft. The earliest type is the sanpan, three pieces of wood tied together. Standing on this, primitive man paddled and moved away over the water. Next followed the birth of the dugout canoe, which is co-existent with the dawn of civilization. In the onward march of boating this was the first real step.

The advantage of the canoe over the raft was manifest from the first, both in the capacity of carrying goods other than living freight, sound and dry, and in the facility of movement. After the advent of the canoe, the various stages of development from it to the row-boat, working boat, gig, barge, and finally to the magnificent eight-oared and other racing shells of the present day, was only a matter of man's natural aptitude for improvements.

Looking into the future the next step will and rightly should be the more universal encouragement of the use of sculls. Instead of giving each man in an eight-oared crew one oar or sweep, give him a pair of sculls. The advantage of sculls over sweeps is the more even development of the body, greater speed, and more science. When this is accomplished, rowing will be placed on the highest possible plane.

HORACE—ODES—1-22—INTEGER VITAE, ETC.

Prize Translation.

WILLIAM H. SPOHN, '11

Fuscus, tell me, why art bearing
 Moorish spear and poisoned dart?
 Such defenses will not shield thee
 Like a pure and stainless heart.
 In the heated Syrian desert,
 On wild Caucasus, or near
 Famed Hydaspes, men of virtue
 Need no weapons, feel no fear.

Just this morn, a woodland monster,
 As I sang my little lay,
 Charged me, felt my guarding weapons,
 Paused surprised, then turned away.
 Daunias has not his likeness
 In its wilds or forest lands;
 More dread he than tawny lion
 Roaming Juba's burning sands.

Place me in that frozen region,
 Treeless, desolate and bare,
 Where the earth and skies commingle
 In a sea of dripping air;
 Place me in a torrid desert
 Far from human kind; and then
 Pity me? Nay, hear me sing of
 Laughing, prattling Lalagen.

The End of the Week

D. F. '10

"I think I had better leave at the end of the week, Mr. Farber."

The cool, even voice betrayed no hint of what this simple statement meant to the speaker. It was exactly the tone she would have used in reading the closing quotations for the day on the Exchange.

Farber raised his head from the papers on his desk and looked at her incredulously. Had she really spoken or was it only the unpleasant echo of a thought which had just come to him? She was gazing out of the deep set window into the gray murk that hung over the city. Her chin rested on her hand; her eyes wandered out to where the ugly panorama of Chicago was painted in gray and drab on a background of soot splotched with white, intermittent jets of steam. She saw every familiar detail, yet she saw—nothing.

The monotonous click of typewriters and the jerking rasp of an adding machine in the outer office came faintly through the heavy door into the stillness of the room.

From where he sat, Farber could see her profile outlined sharply against the deep green of the burlap on the walls. He watched it, fascinated. The straight nose—the firm, beautifully rounded chin—the high, white forehead under its mass of crinkling curls. Every business day for two years he had watched that profile—frankly, at first, furtively, of late, as though he were doing what he knew he should not.

"Yes, I think I had better leave," she repeated in the same quiet, well-controlled voice. "Don't you?" She turned toward him with a brave attempt to smile.

"Fannie," he said slowly, "What do you mean? Leave? Why should you leave me? Is there anything here you don't like? I'll have it changed to suit you. Have you a better offer somewhere else? I'll meet it and raise it—double it if

necessary. Are you in trouble? Is there anything that I can do?——”

He talked on awkwardly, avoiding the main issue. “Or is there, perhaps, another?—You’re not going to be married?” he finished bluntly.

“No,” she said, “There is nothing such as you mean the matter here. I am not asking a larger salary. I have no better offer and”—she turned her face away—“and I know I am not going to be married.”

“Then why?—Fannie, you can’t leave me like this. I can’t spare you. I must have you here. I need you every day. You have made yourself indispensable. You can’t leave me now.”

She stretched out her hands toward him with a little pleading gesture.

“Please help me, Herbert,” she said. “I want to do what is right. Don’t talk as if I wanted to leave. I ought to but I don’t—I don’t.”

“Then don’t,” he answered. “Why do you think you ought to?”

“In justice to your wife, Mr. Farber, I can’t stay here any longer. You know that as well as I do. Why won’t you be frank and try to help me?”

The man took a picture from the little easel at the back of his desk and looked at it long and thoughtfully. The photograph was of his wife and their two young children. Finally he spoke:

“No, Fannie,” he said, “I can’t let you go. That’s final. Listen. I’ll tell you why. When you came here two years ago I admired you just as I admire any pretty, clever woman, but, little by little, you have grown upon me till now I simply cannot imagine life without you. You enter into every phase of my business life, and my business life is nine-tenths of my whole life. I consult you about everything. You do half my thinking for me. Nominally you are my secretary, but actually you are my full partner. We can’t be partners before the world, Fannie. I wish to heaven we could. But if I had to choose between the loss of Helen and you, why——”

He stopped abruptly and for some moments there was silence in the room. Then Farber broke out again:

“No, I can’t get along without you, Fannie. If it were only the business, I suppose I could but, well, there’s something

more. I never realized it till now when you spoke of leaving. It sort of dazed me. I can't imagine what it would be like. Can you?"

"I'm trying not to," said the woman. "I only know that I must go. What you have just said only makes me the more sure of it. I will leave the city. We must not see each other. It's no use thinking what might have been. I'm not jealous of your wife. I'm only sorry for her, that's all, but she need never know. If it were only Helen, I might be selfish enough to try to take you away from her, but there's Charlotte, and little Herbert, to think of, too. They're Helen's children, but they're your children, too, Herbert, and you couldn't desert them. I could never respect you if you did. I know what Helen is. I know how helpless she would be alone. Sometimes I have almost despised her for her weakness—for her clinging, appealing beauty—for the very things that made you love her. But I don't despise her now, for she is a mother, and I would give willingly—oh, so willingly—all that I have learned and all that I have accomplished to be just that. She is entitled to all the respect that I or anyone else could give her. I couldn't see you leave her, however much I—No, you must stay, Herbert, and I must leave at the end of the week."

"You're right, Fannie," said Farber slowly. He rose, closed his desk, and went out without a word. Everyone had left the office that afternoon before he returned.

Saturday afternoon—all the office people except Farber and Fannie Curtiss had gone home, after bidding her farewell. For it was all settled and this afternoon was to be her last in the office. She had stayed to finish little odds and ends of work that are always, in some unaccountable way, left over till the next day. Farber had stayed, ostensibly to get his wife, who with the two children had gone to the matinee, but really to be with Fannie as long as he could. They had been alone together for two hours; she working, he pretending to do so, and neither of them daring to voice the thoughts that came to them unbidden.

Finally, when all the work was finished, and she had closed her desk for the last time, she said:

"I guess the time has come to say Good-bye, Herbert, and I can't tell you how glad I am that we can say it in this way, coldly, without any futile words to stir up emotions that would

only hurt us both. I appreciate what you are doing and I won't forget it—ever. Good-bye."

"Fannie," replied the man, "it is true what you say, that words are futile now, but I shall say a few all the same. I am letting you go away from me. If I would, I think I could make you stay. Perhaps, after all, that is what I ought to do. But because I am letting you go, don't think I don't want you, Fannie, for I do. I want you as I have never wanted anything in all my life. I am giving you up—but it may not be for always. That's an evil thought, but it comes to us both, and we can't help it either, Fannie. It may not be for always."

He turned away from her; when he spoke again, it was in a calm, repressed voice.

"I hope you will be successful and happy wherever you go," he said gently. "You haven't told me where you are going, and I am not going to ask you. You will know where I am, and if you ever are in trouble, please let me know. I think you might promise me to do that, Fannie."

"I do," she said simply. "Good-bye, Herbert. Good-bye, Mr. Farber."

"Not yet," said Farber, "Which way are you going?—Oh, you needn't be alarmed. I only intend to walk down as far as the Lyric with you. Helen and the children went there to the matinee this afternoon and I am going to meet them and go home with them."

"You are foolish to do it, Herbert, but I am going that way and I don't suppose I can forbid you to walk along with me if you want to."

They went out of the office, down the long hall, where women were at work cleaning the great building of the week's accumulation of grime. Not a word was spoken till they reached the street. It was curious, but there seemed to be nothing to say.

The noise of an approaching fire engine came clanging to them; they had barely time to cross the street in front of its plunging horses, so fast were they being driven by the grim faced fireman on the seat. A long hook and ladder truck followed, bumping madly over the rough cobblestone pavement. Then another fire engine, and another, and another. Evidently the fire was serious.

Farber and Miss Curtiss were going in the direction in which the fire seemed to be, and involuntarily they quickened their footsteps. The rush of the engines—the weird, fear-compelling

clanging of the gongs—the intensity and excitement of it all—carried them out of themselves. They were running when they reached the corner around which all the firemen and the crowd which followed them had disappeared.

As they turned the corner they came upon the outskirts of a great crowd that already filled the street for nearly a block, and was growing larger with incredible speed. Farber craned his neck to look for the fire—then suddenly grew cold with horror as he saw a great burst of flame come from the upper windows of the Lyric Theatre.

He sank back into the crowd. His face was ashen grey. "The Lyric Theatre is burning, Fannie," he said.

The blood which the running had brought to her face left it like a flash, and she was very pale. Then their eyes met in a long look of understanding, and a great burning wave of mingled shame and joy swept over her.

A woman cried out that her sister was in the burning building. A man came crashing through the crowd, opening a way before him in the fearful energy of his despair, grim, terrible, ruthless, with a single idea—to reach the ones he loved. The crowd surged denser in his wake. A man was shouting for air. He said that a woman fainted. No one paid the least attention to him. Every eye was strained to watch the burning building. People—cultured people—high bred, courteous people—cursed and fought with each other in vain attempts to get nearer to it.

The fire died as quickly as it had risen. In twenty minutes only the charred upholstery of the theatre continued to smoulder. The work of carrying out the bodies began. And then only, as score after score of pitifully mangled corpses were laid out in rows in the restaurant across the street, did the full horror of the catastrophe come home to the watching thousands.

It was long before Farber and Miss Curtiss could reach the line the police had formed of those who wished to identify their dead. Before she had gone ten steps in this line, Fannie sickened and went back. The sight was more than even her steady nerves could stand. But Farber went ahead, peering fearfully at each sheeted corpse, expecting at every turn to find Helen's body or those of the children, dreading what each moment might disclose, and yet—hoping—hoping—hoping. Never were hope and fear, despair and exaltation, so strangely blended in the mind of man.

In all the temporary morgue he could find nothing which resembled those he sought, but a man who had been in the theatre told him of seeing a woman with two children trampled to death in the mad rush for safety when the fire had started. The description he gave fitted Helen and the children perfectly. No doubt remained in Farber's mind but that they had perished in the beginning of the fire and had thus, perhaps, been spared to the more awful fate which came to others later.

He found Fannie waiting for him in the edge of the crowd. Her eyes grew wide with horror as he told her what he had learned.

"Come. You must get away from here," he told her. "I will come back later to do what must be done. Come."

They forced a way through the crowd. When they were alone once more, Farber found himself speaking to the woman at his side in low, earnest tones.

"Fannie," he said, "Do you realize what this means to us? It means that we are free—free—free! Free to do what we will. It's a strange, horrible way that it has occurred but it *has* come about and that is all that matters. Now I am content to say Good-bye, because I know that it is not Good-bye for all time—only till things have passed and been forgotten. For the present nothing is changed. Go your way just as you would have done before—before this happened. But write to me sometimes—as I know you would not have done—and when the time comes, I will come. Good-bye."

"Herbert!" the cry came from the lips of a woman who was moving swiftly towards them.

"Helen! You?" She was in his arms.

"Oh, I heard about it, and I just couldn't wait, so I came. I tried to get you on the telephone, but you weren't at the office. I didn't know what had become of you. But I did know what you would think and how you would suffer, so I came. Wasn't I right to do it, Herbert?"

"Then you were not in the theatre?"

"No, Charlotte wasn't feeling well so I thought I hadn't better go, and Oh, Herbert, it was the providence of God, wasn't it?" she said in an awed voice.

"Yes. It was the providence of God, dear," he said slowly.

Then for the first time Helen noticed Miss Curtiss.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Fannie," she said. "You see I was so glad to see Herbert that I never noticed you at all. My

husband told me you were going to leave the office at the end of this week. I am very sorry, but I suppose you are going to something better so the end of the week is a happy one for you. It is a very happy one for us isn't it, Herbert?"

"A very happy one, indeed, Helen," said Farber.

"Good-bye," said Fannie Curtiss.

Together he and Helen said, "Good-bye, Fannie."

COME AND FIND ME

GLENN W. DRESBACH.

I.

The May moon rocks in its cradle of beams
The first young stars of night;
The mist clouds glide o'er the fields and streams,
And the dream-folk lounge on the ship of dreams,
With the cloud sails spread for flight.
There's a whisper sweet in each orchard tree,
With the dew drops smiling near,
And a sweet voice softly calls to me,
"O come and find me, dear!"

And I cannot stay for her voice is sweet
As the breath of orchard bloom,
And I follow the glide of her fairy feet
As they speed away so gay and fleet
Dear little feet in the gloom.
I kiss the bud she has dropped on the way,
The bud from her hair blown clear,
And I follow on, for I hear her say,
"O come and find me, dear!"

I find her out by the orchard trees,—
 My fairy Queen of the May,
 Who has led me on through the velvet breeze
 As of old we chased o'er the clovered leas
 In a game of childish play.
 And I am happy and she is gay,
 And the light of love is clear,
 As I look in her eyes and hear her say,
 "O you have found me, dear!"

II.

'Tis May again, and the May moon glows
 O'er the brooding fields and streams;
 And sweet with bloom the night wind blows
 Through the orchard trees where the fire fly goes
 To guide the ship of dreams.
 But down the lane is a wall of grey;
 'Twas bright when she fled last year,
 When she laughed in the gloom and I heard her say,
 "O come and find me, dear!"

My Queen of the May came not tonight,
 Though I heard her sweet voice call.
 I have wandered down through the pale moonlight,
 Through the shaded lane to the hill mist white,
 The hill where the dew tears fall.
 And out of the cloud lands far away
 The voice of my love I hear;
 And I long to go as I hear her say,
 "O come and find me, dear!"

When the weary strain of my task is done,
 And the last tear dried away,
 When I see the last day's smouldering sun
 Flicker and fade o'er the hills of dun,
 I hope 'twill be in May.
 And I'll follow down the pearly way
 Where the lights of love are clear;
 And I'll wait and I'll wait to hear her say,
 "O you have found me, dear!"



Photo by Elsom

"Peck" Nash
Pitcher '09 Varsity

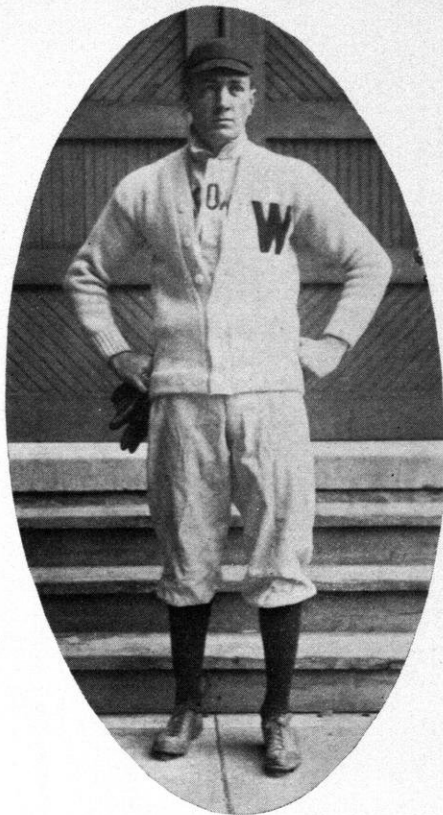


Photo by Elsom

Captain "Dug" Knight
Pitcher '09 Varsity

Stars of the Old Days

ROBERT C. BURDICK, '91.

To recall the days when Wisconsin had baseball teams of such prestige that they won from their opponents before the games were played is not an unpleasant task. And the memories of Connolly, Davies, Augustine, Husting, Waldo, "Taffy" Sheldon, Swinburne and Keith afford ample explanation for such a statement. It would be easy to pick half a dozen nines of old U. W. men, any one of which would speedily let their opponents know that Badger grit used to be invincible on the diamond. As baseball was in vogue some eight or nine years before football was first begun at Wisconsin, it is even a more onerous task to choose an all-star nine than an eleven as I was asked to do for the LIT last fall.

The following selection is founded on battling, fielding and base running ability, the last of which has often won games for the Badgers when they were apparently hopelessly defeated. Pitchers Connolly, Davies, Augustine and Husting; catchers, Waldo, Sheldon, Keith; first base, Grover; second base, Swinburne; third base, M. M. Parkinson; short stop, R. B. McCoy; left field, Canner; center field, G. A. Brown; right field, Parker; substitute infielders, Ware, Arms, Collippe, Brumder; outfielders, Weeks, Hensel, Berg, A. H. Curtis. The following sketches will explain the reasons for choosing these men.

P. H. Connolly was in his day one of the greatest college pitchers in the country. It was largely due to his excellent work that Wisconsin won the Northwestern College Championship in 1884 and 1885. In those days the league was composed of Racine and Beloit Colleges and Wisconsin and Northwestern Universities. In the game at Beloit in 1885 this wonderful twirler had the phenomenal record of twenty-two strikeouts, while only one base hit was scored against him, a slow grounder to the infield. He also made a home run and two singles out of five times at bat. In respect to strikeouts

his record still stands unequalled for college nine inning games. His pitching in all the rest of that season's games was up to the same high standard, for during the six games of that year he made one hundred and two of his opponents fan the wind, which is an average of seventeen strikeouts for the season.

Although G. W. Davies was only at Wisconsin for a short time, his work while here and after leaving the university shows what a great pitcher he was. In 1889 he got fifteen strikeouts at Beloit and nearly as many at Lake Forest. And in the fall of that year he threw a game for our boys against the Omahas, Champions of the Western League, having such players as Cooney, "Kid" Nichols, Cleveland, and other men of national reputation. His victims in this contest numbered eighteen, and at one stage he fanned the side out with a man on third base. Afterwards he played with the Cleveland Nationals, where, in the first game he threw, he had the proud distinction of striking out Captain Anson of the Chicagoans. It was simply impossible to rattle him, and his swift drops often puzzled the best batters.

William Augustine only played on the badger nine one season, but in that short space of time he performed feats that old patrons of the national game in Madison remember even now. Our team in 1890 won twelve out of thirteen games played, three of its victories were from Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sioux City of the Western League. The professionals were largely beaten by Augustine's fine pitching and batting. In the latter department of the game he was ably assisted by Sheldon, Grover, McCoy, Weeks, Hammond and "Duke" Campbell.

George E. Waldo was the first catcher to win renown for Wisconsin on the diamond. He was a strong batter, agile as a deer in running, while his straight, swift throws were terrors to ambitious base stealers. He won the home game from Beloit in '85 by a dashing steal from second after the batter had made a short hit to center field, for he reached the plate at the same instant the ball did. In 1887 he practically won a game from Northwestern by pounding out a twobagger in the eighth inning when the bases were full and two men were out. This timely hit tied the score, and the winning run was made the next inning, the final tally being 9-8. The same year he threw out Kershaw, the best base runner on the Racine College nine, and thereby prevented a tie score.

W. D. Sheldon, familiarly known as "Taffy," was in some

respects the best player that ever represented the Cardinal on the diamond. A giant in size and strength, standing over six feet in height and weighing over 190 pounds, he was a veritable stone wall behind the plate, and passed balls were a rarity with him. It was surprising to see Sheldon catch with perfect ease the swift shoots of Lunt, Davies and Augustine, all of whom pitched with terrific speed. Like Waldo he was a terror to base runners, who soon found it advisable to hug the sacks. His batting average is, I believe, the largest ever attained by a collegian in a single season, for in 1890 it reached the astonishing total of 500. This record was obtained in a large degree at the expense of Martin Duke of Minneapolis and Leon Viau of St. Paul, and the latter was afterwards a successful twirler for the Washington Nationals. In spite of his weight Sheldon was one of the swiftest base runners that have ever played here, his batting strength being greatly enhanced thereby.

George Keith's appearance on the badger diamond is of comparatively recent date, but he nevertheless compares favorably with his predecessors. Seldom did a ball elude him, while he ably sustained Wisconsin traditions in throwing bases. His greatest strength, however, lay in his hitting ability in an emergency. The writer recalls a striking example of this in the game with Northwestern in 1902 when, in the ninth, the big catcher made a tremendous drive for three bases when the bags were full, with two men out and the locals three runs behind. A minute later he scored the winning run when Matthews' sharp rap was fumbled by the opposing short stop. Keith also scored the tying run in the Illinois game at Champaign the same year, beside batting in great style and throwing out several men at second.

Stephen Grover was undoubtedly the best first baseman Wisconsin ever had. He made but one error in thirteen games, and had a fielding average for the season of 995. Like Sheldon, Waldo and Keith, he was a most successful "pinch" hitter, almost invariably making his hits when they would be of the most value. And on account of his great speed it was next to impossible to catch him when he once reached first.

E. D. Swinburne, who led the second basemen of the Northwestern League for three consecutive years, was one of the best collegians that ever wore a glove. He was the champion batter of 1887; his hitting being hard, timely and brilliant. He was also a dashing and successful base stealer.

M. M. Parkinson, whom I have picked for third base, was uniformly successful in all the essential requirements of the game. He wore the badger colors for four years, and was always considered to be a most reliable player. A splendid fielder in the most difficult station of the infield, he made the most sensational stops and catches seem simple by the ease with which he accomplished them. He was a puzzling batter to opposing nines for he would often beat out slow infield hits and then when the fielders played in close he would rap the ball over their heads. His strongest point, however, was his wonderful base running which has probably never been excelled in collegiate baseball. It was a common saying among the crowd that trying to catch him after he had reached first was a waste of time. He would frequently steal from bag to bag while the pitcher was holding the ball.

Of the older regime of Wisconsin men R. B. McCoy was one of the most prominent. On the team for three years and playing third base, shortstop and right field, besides filling the box for one season, his consistent work with the stick and graceful stops of the hardest line drives made him extremely popular with the fans. Much of the success of the 1909 team was directly due to his fine all around work.

G. W. Canner is in some respects the best outfielder who ever played here. His careful batting, especially at critical points, made him an object of dread to opposing teams. A notable instance of this quality occurred at Beloit in 1885 when he made a long hit for two bases, sending home three runs after two men were out, and scoring a fourth by a headlong slide on a short hit, Wisconsin winning by a score of 5-2. In the game with Racine that year he was also responsible for Wisconsin's victory of 2-1, made in the ninth when two men were out. In this nerve-wearing contest he made an excellent record for himself, for no less than five men were put out on bases and at the plate by his long throws from the outfield. For the season he had a perfect fielding average. In six games he accepted thirteen chances, eight of which, flies of the most difficult description, were caught on the dead run.

G. A. Brown was another player of the same stamp as Canner. He was likewise on the nine for three years, playing in '84, '85 and '87. His timely batting and fine fielding, coupled with his audacious base running, were large factors in winning the championship for Wisconsin in those years. A brilliant double play with the second baseman in the game

with Racine at Madison in 1884 gave him a most favorable introduction to varsity fans, and this same high standard was kept up as long as he played. His work at Racine was particularly fine that year, for he made four brilliant catches of high foul flies off the ropes a long distance back of third base. It was in '87, however, in the same town, that his most spectacular feat was performed. He made a wonderful catch on the run away out in left field, and then threw home in time to retire a man who was put out when less than a foot from the plate. An old National League umpire declared he had never seen a more phenomenal play in his life. Wisconsin won by a score of 7 to 6, so this wonderful feat prevented a tie. Another notable feature of this contest was a home run by Simpson when the bases were full. This practically won the game, for Racine could only even up the score, and in the ninth Williams' daring base-running gave the university boys the victory.

G. S. Parker is well fitted to be a member of this team. Like the other men mentioned here he was a famous hand to start a batting rally, and although not usually a showy hitter he was a man to be relied upon in an emergency. This was particularly exemplified in the game at Racine in 1885 when, at the very last moment, the timely stick work of Parker, Canner and Thompson snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat. Parker was a steady player in the field, cool and methodical, making the most difficult catches with astonishing ease and unerring accuracy. In his final year, '86, he was the champion batter of the league, making the surprising average of .425. Sheldon is the only man who has beaten this record. His debut in 1884 was a flattering one, for in the opening game at Beloit he made a wonderful catch of a long hit while running at full speed, and with almost the same motion he made a quick throw to second base in time to cause a double play. This play undoubtedly prevented a tied score as the university men won the contest by the narrow margin of 3-2.

It is a fact worthy of mention that the '86 team was a wonderful batting and fielding aggregation, for out of the first ten batters of the league, six were Wisconsin men, Parker and Beach leading, while they were ably seconded by Chandler, Swinburne, Simpson and Harper. Swinburne also led the league in fielding. The 1890 team is the only one which can claim to surpass this wonderful record.

Did time and space permit the author could dwell long on

the achievements of Ware, Berg, Hensel and Weeks, all of them mighty batters and brilliant fielders and runners; Arms, who engineered a triple play against Northwestern; Collippe and Brunder, who proved themselves to be worthy successors to McCoy, Parkinson and Swinburne. There was also Arthur Curtis, who made three double plays with Ware in the game at Champaign in 1902, batted home the winning run, beating Beloit with the mighty Adkins in the box, thus proving that his baseball ability was not one whit behind his prowess on the gridiron. Smith should also be mentioned, for he pitched some wonderful games for Wisconsin in 1902, and caught a terrific line drive from Jake Stahl's bat, making a triple play with Bandelin and Ware, and gaining a glorious victory for the Badgers.

May the memory of these mighty deeds spur our present day athletes on to renewed endeavors to restore to Wisconsin its former glories on the diamond.

EDITORIAL

BREAKING AWAY.

For the past year we have been trying to live up to a new ideal of what the Wisconsin Literary Magazine should be; we have endeavored to make our publication more Wisconsin and Magazine and at the same time to improve its literary merit. Whether we have accomplished our object or not is a question for the reader to answer. We might go further and say that we have spared neither time nor money in making the LIT as attractive and interesting as possible, but if you have not already come to that conclusion we would be wasting ink without adding a cubit of appreciation to our literary stature. Our idea of the purpose and province of the LIT is radically different from that of its founders, who believed that this publication should appear now and then in the staid and simple costume of a one-color, conventional cover-design, and should preserve the best literary work done by both the faculty and students of the English department. Nearly all college magazines which have kept to the old path are either in the tender care of confessor or sexton. A few, including the *Sequoia*, the LIT and the *Washingtonian*, have broken away. But although the present LIT has taken out articles of incorporation, she decidedly refuses to apply for an embalmers license. This publication has a higher purpose than that of turning itself into a departmental scrap heap book, printing by way of preference such contributions as sonnets to the birth of Milton, odes to the shades of Shakespeare or sophomore criticisms on Walter Pater's style. However, if you rashly imagine that we have no literary aspirations, reread your LITS and be undeceived.

Our policy of devoting considerable attention to athletics has been adversely criticised, but we consider it the longest step we ever took toward what the average subscriber is deeply interested in. It is the largest field of undergraduate discussion. And we might casually remark as a sort of forecast that the LIT will represent that interest in the future. What we have not done in the past we consider in no way binding upon our present or future policy. This year's magazine has merely broken a few of the old precedents and has done its best to smooth the road for the 1909-1910 numbers. We have other ideas to be worked out next year which will make the LIT more attractive, more interesting, and of a higher degree of literary merit than it has ever been before. To carry out this policy the LIT will have the most able staff of contributors in its history. Expressed somewhat crudely, our guiding light shines as brightly as the lamp in Coach Stagg's private office. And with this one last period we say, "Until we meet," and draw the oil-cloth over our typewriter.

LO, THE POOR FRESHMEN!

Athletics are merely one phase of the freshman's disability in university activities, but that field is typical enough for our consideration. And while we might make some observations on football and basketball that would not be foreign to the question, we will confine our remarks to the discouragement the freshman meets with if he wishes to take part in any of the spring sports. Our outdoor training season here commences sometime after gym classes have been superseded by an extra amount of bugle calls and brass buttons. And about the time that the class meet, which is the biggest spring event in which the freshman can compete, is scheduled to take place, the conditions are these: He drills three times a week, at exactly the same hours that the track team is training at Camp Randall, leaving him but three days out of the six in which to train, for if he goes to the big gun of our little shooting match and asks for an excuse, the trigger will go off with, "Are you on any regular athletic team?" "No sir," he replies, and walks out, forgetting to salute. And so, although we have a sizable squad in this class of sport, compared to the total num-

ber of able bodied fellows who are anxious to be benefited by outdoor physical work under the personal supervision of a competent instructor, it is fearfully small. Did we hear that dry throated voice of the faculty chirping the same refrain? Yes, we also heard it at the time they defiantly tore two tickets off of our seven-game-football ticket. But we must keep in line and not let our unwilling feet lag behind the rest of the unwilling feet in the regiment. The military department should excuse the freshman from military drill while he is reporting consistently for any regular varsity sport, no matter if he is a soph and not in the varsity eight, an underclassman who has no chance to make the varsity nine, or a freshman who wants to enter in the class-meet but whose drill hours conflict with training. Is that set the wild echoes flying noise the bugle squad trying to sound the assembly without a mistake, or is it Chicago laughing in its maroon colored sleeve? When the sapling gives promise of bringing forth fruit in due season, are you going to trim off the branches and throw them into the furnace before the blessed thing has had a chance to bud?

OUR EVIL GENIUS.

In all lines of university athletics Wisconsin has to contend with a personage who seems to be more efficient than the ablest coaches, the strongest and fastest teams and the most powerful crews. This omnipresent spirit of darkness appears in a score of shapes, from berrycrate and tug waves to cramps and broken tendons; sometimes she creeps with the straws into the hat and hands the least desirable lot to the men in cardinal, or she takes the form of a snowstorm or cold north wind and snatches away a week's invaluable training. But whenever our evil genius appears she does something to show her efficiency and power. It is trite to either malign, curse or entreat her. Judging her from the standards of the day we should take off our hats and bow low in acknowledgment of the results she has accomplished. A philosopher has said, "Bring me my flowers while I am alive." Our evil genius, accept this bouquet and be——.

THANK YOU.

When we say "Thank you" it is not a colloquial entreaty asking you to do us a favor although our business manager may not yet have crossed your name off his subscription list, but rather our most sincere acknowledgment of all the efforts to aid us that have been made by critics, contributors, subscribers and friends. The members of our editorial board have done more for the magazine, both in a productive and advisory way, than former boards have done. To our business manager also belongs at least half the credit for our success this year. The profs have considered our "youthful" publication with a kindly if critical eye, and the freshman class, together with its instructors, has helped us along as never before. Members of the alumni have contributed several most interesting articles. The *Madison Democrat*, our printers, and the *Cardinal*, *Sphinx* and *Hoard's Dairyman*, honored contemporary periodicals, have all extended their hands as true knights of the blue pencil should. We repeat it again, "Thank you."

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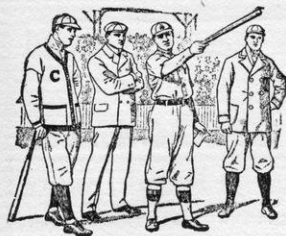
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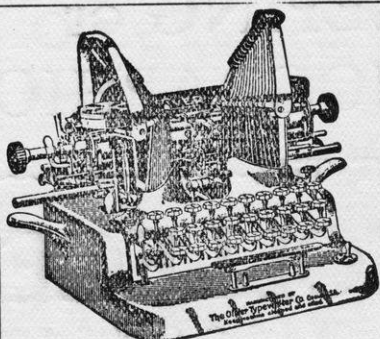
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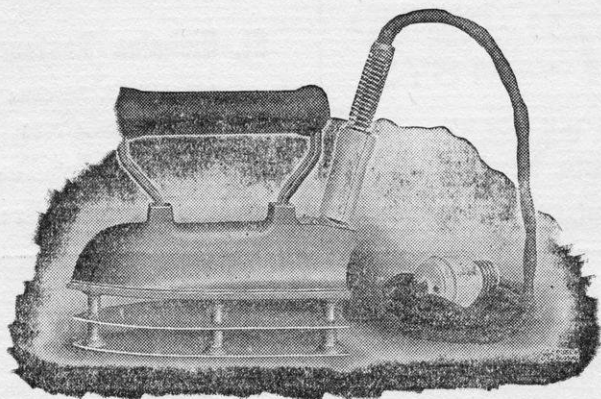
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**The College of Law** offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.

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

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

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**The Summer Session** embraces the Graduate School, and the Colleges of Letters and Science, Engineering, and Law. The session opens the fourth week in June and lasts for six weeks, except in the College of Law, which continues for ten weeks. The graduate and undergraduate work in letters and science is designed for high school teachers who desire increased academic and professional training and for graduates and undergraduates generally. The work in Law is open to those who have done two years college work in letters and science or its equivalent. The Engineering courses range from advanced work for graduates to elementary work for artisans.

**The Libraries** include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, the State Law Library, and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 276,000 bound books and over 150,000 pamphlets.

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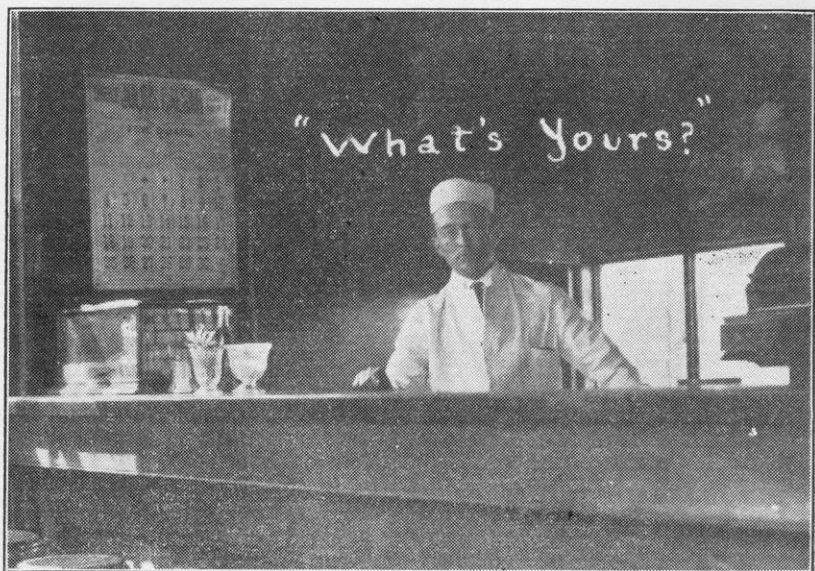
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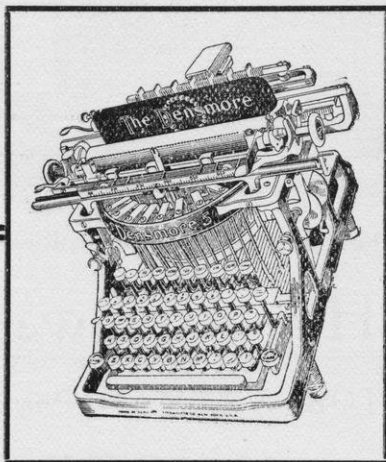
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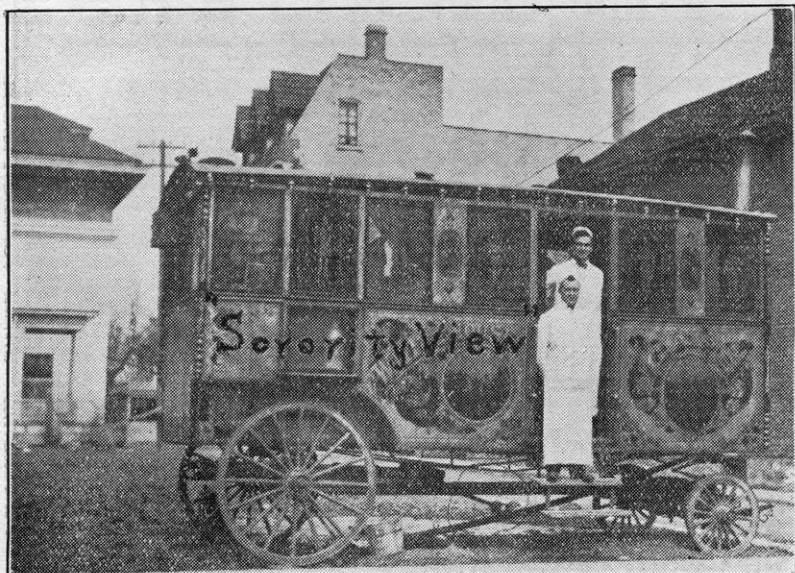
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