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THE
WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE

Volume X

FEBRUARY, 1913

Number 5

Roter on Politics

First and Third Vilas Prize
Winner

Evolution of the Prom

Walt Louderbeck

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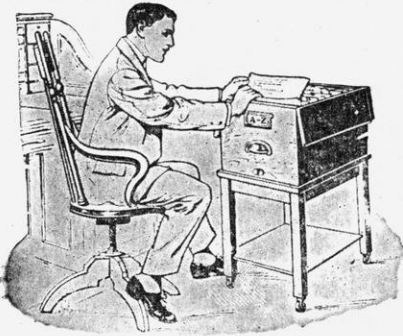
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VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1913

NO. 5

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VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1913

NO. 5

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THE OCTOPUS STRETCHES ITS TENACLES

THANK you, gentlemen. Certainly the wheels were poorly greased the night we—the student body—were given the chance to vote on what will prove to be the biggest development in student self government thus far. It was not expected. The articles of control for the Union had been proposed by Messrs. Dorney, Cadigan, et al. Vigorously amended, they were finally passed pending definite ratification when in their new form, copies were again placed in the hands of the con-

ference.

Suddenly Mr. Bull, sophomore, member of the faithful, we are told, arose to make a motion. The gentlemen whose cherished plan—absorption of The Union—had been thus happily consummated, wondered what Mr. Bull was going to tack on. And they were visibly disturbed when Mr. Bull, true to his duty as a representative, demanded a referendum to the student body on the proposition.

Mr. Neprud, president pro tem of the con-

ference, who was on the floor because President Van Hise was in attendance, arose TO OBJECT TO REFERRING THE MATTER TO THE STUDENTS. You voters, what do you think of that! The men you elected know better than yourselves, what you want. Others who were present arose to object to allowing the referendum. But the conscience of the conference was quickened, and probably some were afraid to outwardly vote against their sovereigns, the electorate. And so the referendum was granted.

We are going to vote on the proposed articles of control for The Union. What we are really going to vote is the great problem of centralization of power and appointments in the executive committee of the Student Conference. THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE STUDENT CONFERENCE ALREADY HAS ABSOLUTE POWER OVER STUDENT COURT NOMINATIONS; IT NOW, UNDER THE CLOAK OF DEMOCRACY, DEMANDS CONTROL OVER UNION BOARD NOMINATIONS. NEXT IT WILL DEMAND THE ATHLETIC BOARD. FINALLY EVEN THE LITTLE LOCALITY CLUB YOU BELONG TO WILL BE LOGICAL PREY FOR THIS OCTOPUS OF POWER, ESPECIALLY IF FOR ANY REASON YOU HAPPEN TO BE INTERESTED IN ANYTHING TO WHICH THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE STUDENT CONFERENCE IS OPPOSED.

The issue of centralization will probably be fought out pro and con. You will hear both sides of it. And while of course, we

know how we are going to vote, you will have to make your own decision, too. But there are some things to bear carefully in mind before jumping into a situation such as centralization will produce.

Centralization means an executive committee on which three members of the student conference are a majority, running everything in the university. There are chances that those three will believe differently than you on some things.

Why does not Centralization mean spoils system? We have had centralization in the national House of Representatives, and there it has most emphatically meant spoils system. Suppose Messrs. Jones, Smith, and Brown nominate for student court, Union board, Athletic board, homecoming chairman, circus chairman, exposition chairman, prom chairman, Cardinal staff, Badger staff, the magazine staffs, in fact everything that is worth while in university. The natural prejudice any man would be subject to, would work to the detriment of the student body in a plan of this kind. And furthermore, we believe a good many Jones', Smiths, and Browns, would stretch the necessary number of points to see that the nominees were either their friends or men of the same political alignment.

We do not object to allowing the student body unlimited control of the elections to all of these things.

WE MOST EMPHATICALLY OBJECT TO ALLOWING A POLITICAL GROUP OF THREE MEN TO CONTROL THE SITUATION.

And all who do so object are the best democrats in the university.

For you to vote on the solution of this problem is the ONLY democratic way. There is no denial.

But don't let a man who talks democracy to you and then in the conference tries to keep an important problem out of your hands carry any more weight in your decision than he deserves.

VILAS SHORT-STORY CONTEST

AT TAINING a new importance in undergraduate life, the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Short-Story Contest of the Wisconsin Magazine came to a successful conclusion early in January with the decision of the judges. To the men who won the cash prizes, the Wisconsin Magazine extends sincere congratulations, and to the men who received the honorable mentions, likewise. And to the contestants who submitted the seventy stories in this year's contest, making it undoubtedly the largest of its kind at any western university, the Wisconsin Magazine has this word: The majority average so that the chairman of the judges, who has judged a similar contest at Columbia several years, where it looms up as one of the biggest things in undergraduate life, pronounced the Wisconsin writers to be the equal of those of the "cultured and effete" east. Many of the stories will be printed, as having recognizable excellence.

To Mrs. Vilas, who makes possible the prize awards, the Magazine extends its

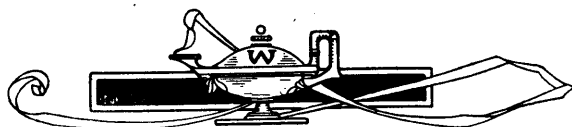
congratulations on the growing success of the contest. To the student body, too, for its liveness in properly taking hold of this opportunity.

To the judges—and they should come first—the sincerest thanks from everybody concerned for their patient and painstaking service. Indeed a difficult task well done.

And to the women—many of whom contested, none scoring—better luck next time.

A WORTH WHILE ISSUE

Our hats are doffed. The women of the university certainly fulfilled every promise to get out the best number of the Wisconsin Magazine, ever issued when they presented us with the January number. Brim full of good articles and stories, with extra sections of advertising, and above all most efficiently and satisfactorily edited we could not do otherwise than doff our hats, and we might even feel inclined to spread our three-year-old overcoats over a muddy crossing, too. The woman's number was entirely the product of a staff of women who solicited the extra advertising, wrote the articles, did the editing and proofreading, and handled the circulation. We are glad to learn that the edition netted a good sum for the Mortar Board scholarship. We trust that the precedent thus established of turning one number of the magazine over to the women may be followed out by our successors each year.



SHALL THE SPOILS SYSTEM RULE

By Charles Robert Roter, '13

IN THE course of the sixty odd years through which the university has passed, various problems have from time to time arisen before the student body, demanding the consideration and attention of our best minds, important in their temporary significance and momentous in the effect which they contribute to the organization of our undergraduate life.

The past student generation has seen the evolution of a sentiment, which constitutes a problem, more ominous in its ultimate significance than any which has ever confronted the student body of Wisconsin. Conceived within the memory of the older members of the present generation, it has steadily grown, passing through various stages of development until at the present time it constitutes the dominant problem of our time, the issue upon which the future political and social course of the student body is to be determined. This problem is summarized in the idea of centralization, a policy advanced by certain malcontents for the concentration in the student conference of all powers, legislative, judicial and administrative, over the social and political activities of the undergraduate body.

By those who have regarded the present situation in its true light, and have looked into the future, the significance of the movement toward centralization is not underestimated; they see beneath the hollow cry of democracy and the bloody shirt of

"equal opportunity" a movement and intent which makes the ostensible purpose of its own existence a mere mockery, an intent which will produce a condition of affairs in which democracy and equal opportunity will have no place, save for the chosen few who happen to be in power at any given time.

In the news columns of a recent issue of a university publication there appeared an editorially inclined article upon the subject of centralization, purporting to be written by a sophomore. In the course of the article the author in a tone of cock-sure belligerence, proceeded to show the development of the conference, with its broadening basis of representation, as the result of the loud demand of democracy, which does not entirely fit with the facts in the case.

The student conference was originated in 1904, by President Van Hise, when, desiring to obtain the student's point of view upon issues then pending, he requested a conference with representatives of every fraternity and other special organization. That "the barbs were not considered," as asserted by the sponsor of the article referred to, is a matter which can hardly be charged up to the fraternities, for the fraternities had no voice in determining the composition of that body. With the development of the conference as a standing committee, there came a realization that this basis of representation was unreasonable since the great majority of

students remained unrepresented. Therefore, in 1906, the conference, under fraternity control, adopted a new scheme of representation which admitted a much larger proportion of the student body. This scheme was, however, considered still inadequate, and still under fraternity control, the conference received and adopted, in 1910, a new scheme of representation, drawn up by **Walther Buchen**, a fraternity representative, and denying the right of representation to the fraternities as such.

From these very facts, it is evident that the fraternities themselves recognized the injustice of a scheme of representation which restricted representation to themselves, and the fact that under their own control, the conference adopted measures broadening this conference electorate, is positive proof that no attempt was ever made to exclude the non-fraternity man from representation which was due him. This fact is tactfully overlooked by the author of the highly partisan article referred to. That the fraternity representatives recognized the evils of such misrepresentation and voluntarily chose to correct them is a powerful argument for the democratic ideals of that "class" whose "undemocracy" the radicals lose no opportunity to denounce.

With the admission of the radical element into the conference began the development of the idea of centralization. Power given them; they sought to exercise it. Still it is doubtful whether the real idea of centralization ever occurred until the advent of the fanatic element into the conference, which first definitely asserted itself not more than two years ago.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for the old order, and extremely propitious for the friends of the incipient centralization movement that, during the spring of 1911 a violation of the hazing rule resulted in the suspension of nine students. Whether this suspension was for petty reasons or not is a mere question of personal opinion. In the estimation of the student court it was a violation of the hazing rule, and punishable as such, irrespective of the parties involved. However, the court was unfortunately composed largely of fraternity men, and the net result was a hue and cry of partisanship, and the enlistment of at least a part of the suspended students to the cause of the embryonic centralization movement. The partisans, now in control of the conference, attempted the impeachment of the student court, with the resulting discovery that the conference had no power. With that discovery the idea of centralization was evidently born—the idea of subordinating all activities and powers of the student body in the conference.

Now arose a policy for the subordination of all organizations, then beyond the power of the clamorers, to the conference, where successful control and manipulation is assured, while ignorance and indifference continues to maintain it.

The first step in the process of centralization was the subordination of the court, accomplished by the rechartering of that body. Similar powers were granted, but the court was brought under the control of the legislative body, and provision made that elections should be made by nomination from the executive committee of the conference. The personnel of the court

was now a foregone conclusion, a personnel approved for some reason or another, by the radicals, if not drawn exclusively from their own ranks. The election of fraternity or conservative members to the present court, is attributable to the fact that at the time of their election, their affiliation or attitude was unknown.

The subordination of the court crystallized the idea of centralization and the conference sought new fields of conquest. The Union board, an efficient entity, raised itself in the foreground, and toward its subordination, the radicals turned their forces. Forced to the wall and fighting, not for the self-perpetuating nature of its organization, nor for the power of domination by any group or clique, but for the just and non-partisan reward of merit and efficiency, the Union board went before the student body, proposing a new constitution, and offering to submit the selection of its members to general election. Considering itself best fitted to know the merit and efficiency of its candidates, the Union board reserved only the right of nomination. **But at the election, the radicals, disregarding their own election rules, appeared at the polls armed with quantities of advertising matter, and remained there throughout the day to electioneer.** The Union board, let it be understood, attempted no electioneering with the result that the constitution failed, the radicals polling 684 out of 1124 votes. This election, in which not half of the student body participated is described as a brilliant triumph.

Interpreting the defeat of the constitution as a mandate for subordination, the conference passed a resolution declaring

the Union board to be an administrative body of the conference, and a committee was instructed to draft articles of control, it being understood that these articles were to contain certain provisions for the nomination and election by the conference. At the beginning of the present year, these articles were submitted for adoption and a caucus of the radicals held the night before presentation gave every promise that they would go through without opposition. In session, however, they were riddled with amendments, the number of inexperienced members to be elected at large reduced to three, while the democratic ideal was upheld by a motion that before adoption the articles as amended were to be submitted to the student body for ratification. This motion was passed—**over the objection of some of the champions of democracy, who maintained that submission of the articles to the will of the student body was unnecessary.**

What has occurred in the case of the Union board merely indicates what may be expected if the policy of centralization is permitted to continue. Centralization contemplates not only the subordination of the Union board and the student court. Last year, it was admitted on the floor of the conference that if possible, the power of the conference will eventually be extended to the athletic board. If this is contemplated, there are other organizations lying far inside the absolute extremity, if in the estimation of the fanatic centralizers such a limit exists. The very policy of centralization by the definite admission of its advocates involves the subordination of every student activity, secret, political or

social to the power of the conference. The conference, by virtue of the power vested in it by the election of its members, interprets its powers to be unlimited. Yet how many realize this? In ignorance and indifference the student body is permitting the process of centralization to continue unhindered.

and with motives some regard as more questionable than any which then existed. But the power of the conference was checked here, and the motion to investigate was lost. Still the discussion accomplished one thing in the revelation of the lengths to which centralization will be carried, if the conference is not checked in its assumption

Horace, Odes II, III.

By Jeannette Kearny, '14

Sophomore Prize Translation, 1911-1912

*Try not to learn—'tis wrong to know
What end the gods will give to me,
What end to you Leuconoe,
What fate Chaldean figures show.*

*Endure what comes: Jove may decree
A host of winters, or no more
Than this which now on pumice shore
Is wearing out the Tuscan sea.*

*Enjoy thy wine, time slips away,
Cease making plans to great to last.
We speak, the grudging hour has passed,
So trust no future: seize today.*

Instances of what this centralization of power will mean have already been shown. The radicals in the ever present name of democracy, attempted to initiate the investigation of secret societies, declaring them to be against the best interests of democracy. And then with blithe inconsistency, in the next breath organize the Wisconsin Commomers, an organization just as exclusive,

of power. Edmund Shea, speaking against the investigation, questioned the right of the conference to attempt the examination of Yellow Helmet, Monastics or other secret societies. Whereupon Mr. Neprud demanded to be shown, "in what case the conference does not have power." At this crucial moment, President Van Hise, speaking from the chair warned the conference

against intoxication of power, and drew a distinction for the delectation of Mr. Neprud and the conference. Within the next five minutes, a motion by Mr. Bull to prohibit students from affiliation with any society named by the conference, on penalty of suspension or expulsion was hooted to the floor. The time was inpropitious. The course to that point where such action would be possible to attempt is long and indirect, and the over enthusiastic Mr. Bull was the only one who did not recognize the fact. The time was inauspicious for such a motion, but the auspicious moment may come when even the more wary leaders will consent to attempt the same or even more drastic course of action.

The constant cry of centralization is democracy, equal opportunity, and freedom from the "domination of all activities by cliques and rings who use them for their own benefit." The accomplishment of the first two and the remedy of the last is the ostensible purpose of those who advocate centralization. Let us cast no aspersion upon the personal integrity or sincerity of those who uphold the idea. Still it were folly to regard these as the prime and only reason for the desired concentration of power. Equality of opportunity? Assuredly—for the elect—the chosen few—the faithful.

The underlying cause is subtle and intangible, involving the exclusion of one class from all opportunity for student activity. Whether this is the real intent, only the leaders know. But the course of events, and the probable situation existent, should centralization obtain, makes the supposition to that effect extremely plausible.

On examination we find that under a policy of centralization, the nomination and election of candidates to all activities and organizations amenable to that power, will be in the hands of the conference. The executive committee, empowered with the right of nomination is a body reflecting the complexion of the conference. Where then, with all the tremendous power of graft and corruption given the executive committee in its practical selection of all candidates, will there be fair chance and equal opportunity? **We have in centralization the power of a spoils system run riot.** The faithful must be rewarded; the friends of the party in power must be remembered

The radicals pursue their policy under the veil of democracy and equal opportunity. Whether equal opportunity exists at the present time is a question which discussion will not determine. The accusation of partizanship and favoritism is being constantly made, but the accusers are careful not to cite specific instances. A generalization is impossible to combat; specific instances are carefully eschewed. Granted that in some rare instances, partizanship may exist. Still the power of patronage is diffused among innumerable organizations, but few if any of which are controlled by any power. With this diffusion of a pernicious power to the point of improbability, its chance to operate against equal opportunity is far less than if the power of patronage—the power of appointment to positions in all the various activities of the student body were centralized under one main head. For we can not suppose than any executive committee of

the conference will be so extraordinarily virtuous and free from all form of sin, that the tremendous power of patronage will not be used for the benefit of the party in power, where it is to be had for the taking, and none to gainsay.

It will be denied that the attitude of any man toward the centralization, or his affiliation with any organization will have anything to do with his chance of election. But in cases where the conference has had power to elect, the futility of such denial has been demonstrated. In the election of Union candidates last spring, a motion was made to require all candidates to appear before the conference and state their position with regard to the subordination of the Union. The motion passed, but there was such unanimity of feeling on the part of the candidates that the Union should remain a separate entity, that it was reversed, when its inadvisability had become evident.

Centralization means the bolstering up of self government—the piling on of powers absolute for which it has repeatedly shown itself to be utterly unfitted. Self government in its present organization has utterly failed, but even at the moment of failure a movement is being agitated to enlarge its powers, to create a tyrannical oligarchy with supreme powers over every interest of the student body.

The one effect which self government, with all its resulting factional disputes, has accomplished has been the widening of the gap between the classes, a breach originally created by the agitators of the movement. We hear the terms “class” and “democracy” constantly—always used by these agita-

tors with but one end in view, the infuriation of those who in ignorance seem to see what they do not—the attempted domination by the group.

The one effect has been to split in twain a student body which should be a unit. And while this goes on, while the entire student body is being rent and torn by factional strife and dissension, the faculty looks on tolerantly, mildly indifferent, or smugly complacent in its escape from the necessary solution of student problems. And meanwhile the student body is divided, fighting against itself, back to the wall, preparing to go into life with an experience of bitter class struggle where all thought of class should be forgotten—minds poisoned by the misrepresentations of malinformants who thrust and turn the word democracy, as a stinging thorn in the sensitive flesh of pride—all with the view of gathering all power of government to the faithful—and the exclusion of a class.

Self government is approaching that stage where the arbitrary measures of the past must cause the pendulum to recoil from radicalism to the point of rest. And this recoil involves the clear cut definition of the power of the conference, and an expression of the real sentiment of the student body. It remains to you, the student, and to the faculty, whether the conference shall conserve to the best interest of a unified student body, or whether it shall continue to degenerate as in the past to the status of a mere training school of Milwaukee socialism.

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

in account with

Ralph S. Crowl
Madison, Wis.

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THE WILLIAM F. VILAS PRIZE SHORT-

An Interview with the Judges

ADJUDGED by students and faculty alike to be the most successful short-story contest ever conducted in the University of Wisconsin, the annual William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Short-Story contest of the Wisconsin Magazine became a matter of history with the final decision of the judges on January 8, 1913.

Places were awarded as follows:

First prize, R. S. Crowl, '15, "But Billy Persisted." \$50.

Second prize, W. T. Gilman, '15, "Maximilian Who Tarried." \$25.

Honorable mention, First "The Old Man in the Road," Howard M. Jones, '14; Second, "The Barber of Solberg's Harbor," C. M. Peterson, '13; Third, "An Episode of the Night," R. S. Crowl, '15.

Two other stories were placed as having especial merit. They were "When Nature Smiled" by John B. Nelson, '14, and "Miss Reese's Spree," by W. L. Tiernan, '13.

The judges were Messrs. Warner Taylor and O. J. Campbell of the Department of English, and Grant M. Hyde of the Department of Journalism. Mr. Taylor served as chairman.

The contest was announced at the opening of the University last fall, and closed December 10, 1912. Some seventy stories were submitted. Those given first and third place appear in this issue, and those given second and fourth will appear in the March number. Other stories submitted in the contest will be printed before the end of the school year.

Of The Stories Generally

In discussing the contest, Mr. Taylor pointed out that the weakness of the stories in general lay in the failure to create strong plots. This he declared to be an expected weakness in stories written by undergraduates. There was the predominating error of mistaking anecdote material for short-

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fac. p. 111

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Will T. Gilman

MEMORIAL STORY CONTEST

By Chester C. Wells, '13

story material—short-story being spelled with a hyphen and used in strict accord with the generally accepted definition of Brander Matthews.

A general failure to grasp the short-story formula was the next weakness of the average contribution. In a short-story contest, that element must as a matter of course, be given precedence, and too many of the writers forgot the primary purpose of their contributions.

Introductions were long and overheavy, and failed to strike the note of action early enough. They contained too many descriptive passages, moreover, that further held back the action.

There was expected weakness, too, in the handling of dialogue, although such criticism, in view of the fact that a considerable proportion of the contributors showed decided talent, must be made with reservations. Where the conversation was not

convincing the failure could usually be attributed to formality and stiffness, and the crude use of the so-called dialogue "machinery."

While in theory the length of the contribution had nothing to do with its potential success, Chairman Taylor pointed out that practically all the stories that received consideration were of at least 3000 words in length. Probably a dozen were submitted that were under 2000 words in length, and scarcely a single one of these merited serious consideration.

Why Crowl Won First

Mr. Taylor characterized the winning story, which is of a romantic nature, and in the lighter vein, as follows: "But Billy Persisted," by R. S. Crowl, is perfect in technique, according to the short-story formula. There is proper apportionment of incidents, and the writer leads up to the climax well, developing each step with skill.

Its originality of plot, too, was one of the chief factors that lead to its selection. The dialogue is clever and easy. The whole thing is essentially clever, so much so, that it makes one chuckle because of the originality of the idea and the brilliancy of its execution.

The matter of technique in any short story would have to be one of the determining factors, and this was a well conceived and well executed sketch of a light situation.

The one thing that caused the judges to hesitate a moment before awarding the prize here was the lightness of the plot. Nevertheless this effort stood out as a story with wide appeal that could be sold to the better short story magazines.

Basis for Other Awards

The winner of the second money contrasted strongly with the first. "Maximilian Who Tarried" is a serious, dramatic portrayal of a unique situation, and in its execution, the judges were impressed by the apparent naturalness and spontaneity with which W. T. Gilman, the writer, accomplished what in the first, resulted from conscious and successful art. It is a character story rendered convincing by proper adjustment of character. The atmosphere of the story is very well done, and the descriptive touches are admirable. The dialogue carries conviction. The strong point of the description is its realism. A unique situation is cleverly developed to an acceptable climax. The characters are highly individualized and are consistent with their individualities. There is admirable proportion as in the first story, although this piece is less pronouncedly a work of

art. It is not overdone, in that the local color, as is so often the case in these days of insistent realism, is not put on with a trowel.

"The Old Man in the Road," by Howard M. Jones, was probably the finest piece of writing submitted, according to the judges, but the fact that it was an allegory rather than a true short-story told somewhat against it. It lacked the plot necessary to the modern short-story. The style is exquisite at times. There is the difficulty, too, that the allegory, as a type of literature, is somewhat old-fashioned and not acceptable to the generality of readers.

In awarding fourth place, C. M. Peterson's contribution, "The Barber of Solberg's Harbor" easily earned its recognition. Possessed of the necessary technique, with dialogue easy and natural, its situation is intensely funny, and unlike nine-tenths of the humorous stories, it doesn't fall down in its climax. There is an abundance of local color, and the characterizations are well sustained. The character of the barber is most unique. The originality of the plot may be regarded as exceptional.

The third honorable mention went to the winner of the first prize, R. S. Crowl, and it showed as clearly as the the first that the writer was a conscious student of a short-story technique. Here the plot is a reminiscence of two stories of Stevenson, "Le Sieur le Maletroit's Door," and "An Episode of the Night" and the situations developed are, in consequence, not original. Its conventionality would keep its rating higher in the contest, although its intrinsic merit readily forces it into the honorable

mention class. The story falls into two sections, the admirable atmosphere of the lower world developed throughout the first half and the original situation in the latter part. The character of the chief actor is well sustained.

The Work of Judging

It was no easy task to judge these stories. Messrs. Taylor, Hyde and Campbell spent a good many hours before the final conclusions were reached. In first going over the stories, they were divided into two groups, those that might be considered eligible for the prize and those that were entirely out of the question. It was most discouraging to Mr. Taylor that out of the first twenty stories he read, not a single one of the hoped-for quality was discovered and he began to fear that the awards would have to be awarded to very mediocre efforts. Out of the whole collection, how-

ever, about twelve that were of undoubted quality and well worthy of the contest, were found, and these were read and reread many times before final decisions were made.

For the patient labor which was given by these men, and for the constructive criticisms which they gave to make possible this article, and thus to offer a concrete guide for contestants in future years, the staff of the Wisconsin Magazine and all who are interested in short-story writing may feel justly thankful. First of all because of the work of the judging committee, and secondly, because of the energy that was exerted in pushing the contest. The William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Short-Story Contest of the Wisconsin Magazine has won an established place in undergraduate activity which presages continued and ever increasing success.

A FIRE-PLACE

By Roger Wolcott. '13

A fire-place is a cheerful thing
 When winter nights are long and cold.
 When biting blasts do howl and sting
 The wand'rer, be he young or old,
 A fire-place is a cheerful thing.

The leaping flames, the flickering glow,
 The phantom shadows' goblin dance
 Bring welcome dreams, a golden flow
 Of happy thoughts, as in a trance
 One gazes at the embers low.

A fire-place is a cozy nook
 When hill and vale lie deep in snow.
 'Tis good to rest with pipe and book
 And read the tales of long ago,
 Within this cheerful ingle-nook.

BUT BILLY PERSISTED

By Ralph S. Crowl, '15

Story Awarded First Place in the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Short-Story Contest of the Wisconsin Magazine, 1913.

THE rest of the family had taken the car and left for the city before Edwina Hale was up that morning, and except for the village painter who was painting the floor of the front veranda she was all alone in the summer cottage. One never feels so much alone as when he is the only person in a summer cottage. Outside the lake glistened beneath the sun of a hot July morning and the insects buzzed as they hung suspended in the quiet air; inside the little French clock in the midst of powder boxes and cologne bottles on the dressing table ticked in a friendly way and Edwina hummed softly to herself, for she rather enjoyed the novelty of being absolutely alone.

Clothed in a cool pink kimona and little pink sandals, she spent the morning rubbing tiny pinches of cold cream into her face, combing her thousand and one curls—they were real curls that lay in saucy masses on her head, instead of on her dressing table—and in mending tiny holes she had danced into the heels of her silk stockings the night before. When she thought of the dance she sighed and smiled, for it made her think of Billy. Then, having been tricked into thinking of Billy, she frowned and stamped her foot—forgetting she had on sandals and that sandals would not stamp—for she was never going to speak to Billy again. She had told him so to his face, and she meant to crush him out

of her heart.

After crushing him out of her heart for the fifth time, she went down into the kitchen and had luncheon on the milk and cucumbers that she found in the refrigerator. Milk and cucumbers had no terrors for Edwina and her twenty-one years. Following this hygienic repast, she drew a chair out on the back veranda facing the lake, and read a summer love story in one of the current magazines. But it was too lazy a day even to read; so she lay back, gazed out across the lake, and dreamed of Billy,—dreamed of how she had crushed him out of her heart.

Suddenly the telephone rang, and she rose and passed inside. She took down the receiver and held it over her ear fully a moment before she decided to answer, for she knew who was calling,—and she had told him to his face that she would never speak to him again. Finally she spoke.

"Hello!" Her voice was sweet and rich, and men raved about it.

"Hello, is this you, Edwina?" said the voice in the receiver. "I just wanted to see if you were in; I'll be right over."

"I told you last night you couldn't come."

"Well, that was last night," said the voice.

"Then, I repeat it."

There was a pause and she could hear the man at the other end of the wire nervously shifting his feet.

"But I want to see you," said the voice, being unable to think of anything more urgent or appropriate.

"I won't let you see me!"

"Why?"

"Because."

"Oh, shucks." She was afraid the voice in the receiver was going to say something worse.

"What do you want to see me about?"

"I want to ask you to mar— I'll be right over," answered the voice.

"But I can't see you."

"I'll come anyway!"

"You do and I'll have the painter put you off the premises."

The slap of the brush on the front porch stopped abruptly, and the painter began to pay more strict attention.

"I've got to see you this afternoon," persisted the voice. "I'm coming, even if you set Tige on me. It's important. I want you to mar—"

"But I can't see you. Ellsworth Payne is coming at five o'clock to take me motor-ing. Besides, I don't intend to let you ever come again; so you don't need to call up tomorrow either." She hung up the receiver with a bang. Out on the front porch the slap of the painter's brush started again.

When Edwina Hale once got mad her family called her The Volcano; for the eruption might last for minutes or for days, or just when one thought the whole world was going to explode, all would suddenly subside. If Billy was able to patch up a quarrel with this volcanic parallel, he would succeed in a piece of diplomacy where much more clever men than honest,

slowgoing Billy Snelling had failed.

When she hung up the receiver, Edwina was mad at herself for being sorry that she had not let Billy come, and she stamped her sandal viciously. She winced—and madder than ever, kicked both of the deceiving sandals across the room.

"I like Ellsworth Payne fully as well as I do Billy Snelling," she told herself.

To emphasize her statement she walked out on the back porch and slammed the door. She did it more from habit than otherwise, for she had long practiced pouting her pretty lips, stamping out of a room, and slamming the door behind her. One could search a life time before he could find a prettier picture than Edwina slamming a door.

But this time she regretted her hasty action, for the door had a night lock and remained slammed. Besides, the hot sun was now flooding the porch.

How would she again get into the house? She did not care to call the painter to go through the house and open the door for her, nor did she care to remain on the hot porch; instead, she slipped across the lawn a few steps to where a hammock hung between two maples. Probably the family would be back before she need go in to prepare for her motor ride with Ellsworth Payne; anyway, she would not call the painter right away.

It was comfortable in the hammock, and as Edwina gazed out across the lake, she began to dream again. She watched the tiny figure of a man sculling a becalmed sail-boat toward the shore. She dreamed of Billy. She went to sleep.

Edwina was a pretty picture of the

sleeping beauty,—that is, if she had lain in a large fourpost bed with halberdiers on guard, instead of curled up in a pink kimona in a hammock with her curls delightfully rumped about her forehead and her shapely arm thrown over her head as though to frame the beautiful face. She slept an hour or more, and did not waken until she heard some one coming up the gravel walk from the beach. She started up. Stranded on the shore was Billy's canoe, and walking toward her was Billy himself.

"Well, here I am," he cried as soon as he saw her, and smiled. Billy always smiled.

Edwina sat bolt upright in the hammock with amazing alacrity, drew her silk-stockinged feet in like a flash of lightning, and hid them away under a wonderful maze of lingerie. Wave after wave of pink swept over her face.

"Gosh, but you're pretty," said honest Billy, and he stuck his hands in his pockets and gazed at her rapturously.

"I want you to go away," almost screamed Edwina, and she cuddled her feet even closer under her.

Billy didn't go.

"I told you not to come," continued the girl as she shook her hands in provocation. "Go away."

"But I just came," replied the man as he drew up a lawn chair and sat down. "I've been living here every afternoon this summer, and it wouldn't seem right to leave so abruptly; it isn't wise to try and break a habit so rudely. Besides, I've got something awfully important to tell you, awfully important, I want you——"

"I don't want to hear it. I won't answer

you. I——" Then Edwina remembered that only last night she had told him she would never speak to him again. She shut her mouth in a straight line—or rather a dash, for her lips were hardly large enough to make what one could call a line—and shot a look at him so cold and chill that it made even the July sun wince—but not Billy.

"I'm going to stay until I tell you what I came for," continued Billy. "I'm a stick-er."

Edwina's right foot felt as if it was going to sleep.

"It's awfully important," pleaded the man.

He was talking to a girl who was deaf, dumb, and blind.

"As soon as you are ready to listen, speak, and I will tell you what I came for. I'll wait until you tell me to go ahead." Having delivered himself of this ultimatum, Billy leaned back in his chair, and strenuously devoted himself to enjoying the view. Edwina was the view.

There was a long pause.

"I love you," said Billy from the bottom of his heart.

Still deaf, dumb, and blind—and right foot asleep.

"Gee, but your arms are pretty."

Then a blank silence followed. Billy wondered how long it would be before she spoke. Around on the front porch the painter finally got up off his knees, went through a couple of contortions to undo a few kinks in his vertebrae, and, unseen by the pair under the maples, started home. "If A Girl Like You Loved A Boy Like Me," whistled the painter, as he thought of

the two dollars he had just earned.

"Nice song," commented Billy as the melody died in the distance. "That person is taking big chances though, if he was counting on a girl like you loving a boy like me. Is that the painter who was to have ejected me from the premises by physical violence?"

Edwina's anger was getting worse every minute. So was her foot.

"I came over to tell you that I'm—"

"If you cared a snap for me, you wouldn't stay here when I don't want you to." She had kept still a long while for a woman.

"I've sat in this chair so long this summer that I claim squatter's rights over it," remarked the man. "I want to tell you that—"

"If I could, I would go in the house and leave you."

"Why are you afraid to go in the house? Is it full of tramps, or have you been sitting there so long, curled up like a statue of Buddha, that you can't move?" remarked he.

"No! The back door is locked, and the floor of the front veranda has just been painted."

"Sir Raleigh will lay his coat on the paint, if you wish."

"Sir Raleigh should go home."

"Or then again you might walk across the paint. Let's see, does paint have the same traitorous tendency as quicksand?"

"I can't," she wailed, "I haven't any shoes on." For a moment she forgot her anger and looked at Billy appealingly. If Billy had come to her rescue in her distress, he would have won his way back to her favor in a moment.

Billy's eyes swung slowly down like a

pair of searchlights and he stared at the edge of the kimona. Then he looked back at the distressed face, and, man like, roared in laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho;" laughed Billy.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"I'll never speak to you again!"—for the fifth time.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Never!" Her eyes were blazing, and their fire stopped Billy's laughter.

"Gee, but your eyes are pretty when they snap like that," he exclaimed admiringly, quite disregarding the fact that he was the cause of the snapping. "I love you."

"I will crawl in a window," exclaimed Edwina, and her right foot seconded the motion, and peeped out from under the lingerie for a moment; but scurried to cover again when Billy saw it and started to laugh.

"Now you have got to sit there and listen while I tell you what I came to say," said Billy.

"I won't."

"All right. I have to—"

"I didn't mean to leave them in the house. I think you're a brute." She almost meant it.

"Just my luck," laughed Billy. "It's the only thing that would make you stay and listen to me. I want you to—"

The purr of an automobile coming up the front drive interrupted him. They both listened as it stopped at the veranda.

"Oh, it's Ellsworth Payne," said Edwina, in a fever of anxiety.

One could never have guessed from Bil-

ly's face that he had ever laughed in his life.

"Run and tell him I won't be ready for a few minutes," she commanded with a note of victory in her voice.

Now Snelling would have held his hand in fire for Edwina, but he would not pass her over to another man, even at a progressive bridge party. All he did now was to stir uneasily.

"Hurry up, Bil—Mr. Snelling."

Billy stirred and scowled terribly; then said something like damn.

"Go tell him to wait, then walk through the house and unlock the back door; and I can slip in without being seen." She enjoyed the torture that her words brought out on the man's face. It was her turn now.

Billy got up and started for the front yard. Half way there he stopped, and looked back with such a look of dumb appeal on his face that, had she not been carefully looking the other way, even Edwina would have relented. Just before he reached the corner of the house he paused again; and, thinking it over, he went no farther. Cautiously peeking around the corner of the house, he watched his rival for a moment, and then returned to the hammock.

"What do you mean?" gaped Edwina.

"He's tracking up the front porch," casually remarked Billy.

Inside the door bell rang.

"What are you going to do?" asked Edwina, and this time there was real danger in her voice.

"Why, I think I'll let him ring," answered Billy, and he grinned.

And he rang, and the more he rang the more Billy grinned. And the more Billy grinned the madder grew Edwina.

Then, after a finale of spasmodic tatoes, the bell was silent. They heard the car's motor start. Then the sound slowly died away as the car passed out along the drive to the road.

Billy laughed and looked at Edwina in triumph. Then he stopped laughing as though someone had suddenly gagged him, for Edwina—she stood only four feet four in her stocking feet—rose and, with head in the air and a majestic stride, started for the front yard. As she walked Billy followed, with one arm outstretched in entreaty. He could not say a word until she had reached the steps of the veranda. "Look out for paint," was the only thing that then came to his lips.

But Edwina marched up the steps and over the sticky paint as grandly as ever lady crossed a ballroom floor. She slammed the door behind her,—pretty picture again—and snapped the lock.

Billy stood puzzled for a moment, a mixture of alarm, pain and interrogation in his eyes. Then he rushed across the porch and began hammering on the door. "Let me in," he cried, "I have something I want to tell you."

All was quiet inside.

"I got the appointment at Washington, and have to leave at eight o'clock tonight," called Billy. "I won't be back for a year, and I want you to marry me, and go with me. We'll have to hurry."

He began kicking the door. Then he shook the door knob in a final appeal, and listened.

"I love you," he cried in a voice that could have been heard across the lake.

Then again he stopped and listened. What was that? Had he heard the lock turn? He pushed open the door, rushed in, and bumped into Edwina—or maybe she got in his way. Anyway, he found her in his

arms.

"I leave at eight o'clock," he cried, "Will you go with me? Will you mar——"

She freed one arm, and clasped her hand over his mouth. "Billy, if you propose to me in my stocking feet, I'll never speak to you again."

THE OLD MAN IN THE ROAD

By Howard M. Jones, '13

AT THE turn of the road sat an old man in the shade of three great trees that cast their rippling shadows over the dusty highway. The yellow roadway seemed to lead to this place as to a climax; it wound sinuously like a tawny serpent through the emerald valley and up the gaunt hills, clinging tenaciously to stray footholds in the rocks, until it reached the three elm trees and the place where the old man sat. It was there that travelers always turned to look back over their journey.

From there they could almost see the very beginnings of the road in the berylline coolness of the distant, sun-splotched forest. They marked its every turn down the valley. They could watch it leave the shade of the lowlands and gradually, foot by foot, crawl up into the craggy hills where there was no shade and the brazen sun hung like a hot ball in the dancing sky. They traced its devious route from the sandstone foothills where there were still occasional springs and splashes of shade, to the very top of the eminence where they now stood. Truly, the hilltop

with the three trees marked the end of a remarkable road—a road, which, like life, began in coolness and shady silences, wound among hot hills and craggy ravines, and on the hilltop paused to look back at the course it had run.

It was doubtless thoughts like these which caused each dusty traveler to pause under the three trees and review his toilsome journey. But more than that, the rustling elm-branches purred reminiscent songs of the woods in the valley; and the sky seemed very near; and in that stainless atmosphere, all objects seemed to assume their just proportions after the distortions of the heated air of the plains. And then there was the old man.

He was always under the three trees—had always sat there, it appeared, since the road was first opened, and indications were that he would be there till it closed. There was about him an air of fitness, as though he belonged to that place just as Pan belongs to the woods or Iris to the rainbow.

Whence this impression came it would be hard to say. Perhaps it lay in the rug-

ged strength of his forehead or the comeliness of his gray hair, tossed by the summer wind as the elm branches were tossed above him. Perhaps it was in his eyes, which were somewhat quizzical, as of one accustomed to meet and measure all sorts of people. Perhaps it was in his lips which were very grave and sweet. Perhaps it lay in the expression of his whole face which was possessed of a certain majesty like the hills or the great elm trees. Or else it lay in his body which was well formed and beautiful, with shapely, skillful hands and sandalled feet that looked as though they could travel very far indeed. Perhaps it lay in the long years that he had been there and the association that had grown up about him and the whispering elms and the end of the dusty road. But at any rate no one had ever questioned his right to be there, and when he stopped travelers, as he always did, to learn news of the busy valley below, they never refused to answer him.

As the old man sat there in the beauty of the afternoon, he thought of the long line of travel-stained wayfarers who had gone over the road in his lifetime, and how they had received his questions, some gladly and some insolently and some fearfully and some sorrowfully. As he mused a smile dawned in his face, as ripples spread over a pool. Truly he had seen a great many travelers in his day, weary wanderers on foot and great lords in magnificent coaches, and tired women, and even whimpering children, and they had all stopped under the elms, first to look back over the road and then to parley with him.

His quick ear told him that even now

some one was coming up the road. The old man turned with that same whimsical smile to welcome the wanderer, whoever he might be. It was a young man, he knew, and he was always glad to have young men come up to the three trees, for they did not come very often. If only they would not be afraid of him, he thought wistfully, for he meant them no harm, he was sure, and he liked their joyous air of owning the universe and being able to manage it, too, if they had the chance.

The old man broke off in his reverie at this point, to greet the youth who was nearing him with an exuberant step as if the toil of climbing the hill was no work to him at all. Truly he was a picture to gladden any oldster's heart—brown, wavy hair above a cheery face where a pair of snapping eyes surveyed the whole world with lively interest, and a puckered mouth whistled chance snatches of merry tunes. His glad young body seemed a thing apart from him, vibrant and alive, and he was very happy, this traveler with the light of the morning in his face, and the old man's heart leaped at the sight of him.

When the climber had reached the summit, he stopped and turned to look back over the shimmering valley and the winding ribbon of the road.

"By George," he said appreciatively, "that's great!" and he whistled a lively accompaniment as his fine eyes roved over the landscape. Then he caught sight of the old man, who sat watching him with a quiet smile.

"Good morning, uncle," greeted the youth and then waved his hand toward the valley. "Enjoying the view?"

The old man's steady eyes never left the youngster's face.

"Yes, my son," he responded, "I have enjoyed it for a good many years." His voice had a quaintly courteous inflection that seemed to mask another curious quality—a certain directness, an incisiveness, a will power that could not be gainsaid.

"You must come here often," observed the youth, inspecting his companion keenly.

"No," said the other, "I am always here."

"Always here?" repeated the younger man in astonishment. "Do you live here?"

"They say," chuckled the old man, "that I don't live anywhere."

The youngster was plainly puzzled, but he held his tongue and allowed his eager eyes once more to view the beauties of the distant valley.

"This is magnificent," he exclaimed at length, "O, but it is glorious to be alive—to feel the breeze sweep over the hill—to watch the lazy sun filter down through the trees—to hear the birds as they call in the dark woods—it is wonderful to live."

"Yes," repeated he of the gray hair with a peculiar inflection, "it is glorious to be alive. And this scene," he added, indicating the shimmering valley, "do you really enjoy it as much as all that?"

"Of course—don't you?"

"Oh," said the other apologetically, "I have seen it a great many times, so it loses a little of its charm. And besides there is the city over the hill."

"And what city is that?" queried the youth with quick interest, "I am sure it is never mentioned in the valley."

"No, they do not speak of it much down

there," said the old man in a strange voice. "It lies just over this hill. Would you care to see it?"

"Is it beautiful?"

"Very."

"How beautiful?"

"As to that, I can not really say, but I know it is very wonderful—much more wonderful than any of your cities in the plain. If you care to go—" he added tentatively.

"Of course," almost shouted the young man, glad at the thought of seeing wonderful things, "for you must know, uncle, that I expect to see all the beautiful things in the world before I die."

The man under the three great trees shot a quick glance at the young fellow as he spoke. "There are certain preliminaries—"

"And what are they?"

"You must pay toll."

"To whom?"

"To me."

"And how much is that?"

"All that you have," said the old man enigmatically, holding out his hand.

The youth hesitated. "Is the city very beautiful?"

"Very beautiful."

There was a pause. "No," said the youngster finally, "I will go back."

"Oh, but you can't," smiled the other.

"Why not?"

"No one ever does."

The voice of the old man seemed to thrill the other like the music of a flute. He heard strange singing in the air, and the elm leaves whispered to him and urged him on. Besides, what should he do if he went back? He had been through all the lovely

valley and wandered over the whole of the yellow road.

"Well?" said the old man, somewhat impatiently.

"They do not go back?"

"They do not go back—Besides, you are going on. Give me all that you have."

The old man arose from his seat under the three elms and touched the youth on the arm. Mechanically, with a dazed look in his eyes, the young man looked down at the sinewy hand that rested on his elbow. A shiver ran over him. Then, piece by piece, he gave up all his wealth.

"Your clothes," demanded the other.

"But—"

"I wil' clothe you."

The other stripped himself at the old man's insistence, and for an instant his beautiful body glistened in the sun. The old man touched him again.

With a cry, as of one from whom a heavy burden has lifted, the youth started over the hill. Then he stopped to look down. The old man, true to his word, had clothed him in the most becoming garments he had ever seen.

As he vanished around the turn in the road, the old man sighed and resumed his seat under three great elm trees. But he was not to wait long, for soon there came another traveler up the hill, a very different manner of man, indeed. As the alert sentinel listened, he heard the noise of the stranger's coming—the whirr of the great automobile as it fought its way up the steep ascent. When the great black machine came in sight, it stopped in the shade, and the chauffeur got out, for he had killed his engine and the owner of the car was very,

very anxious to get on.

"Hurry, you villain," snarled the one-passenger, and then he got out to stretch his legs, although the chauffeur had the engine going in a minute. The watcher under the elm trees observed him closely as the newcomer, like the youth, gazed out over the landscape—observed the round, pudgy face, and the little, restless eyes like diamonds, and the narrow mouth that worked spasmodically.

"Humph!" the traveler grunted, "damn waste of manufacturing possibilities," and started to get into his machine. But as he stepped toward the automobile, his eyes encountered the steady gaze of the old man, and he stopped.

"That is right," announced the figure in the shade calmly, "You can not take these things with you."

"Who in hell are you?" snarled the greedy lips in indignation.

"I? Nobody."

"Do you think you can keep me off a public highway, you old curmudgeon? Go on you villain!"

"I do not keep you off a public highway," returned the old man, in no wise disturbed, "it is your carriage that can not pass."

"Well, I'll be——" the other exploded in anger, which faded as quickly as it came, and his face turned yellow like the road. For the old man had arisen with a certain dignity, and, like one having authority, ordered the chauffeur to drive away. With a very white face the driver sprang into the car at these words, and the traveler had the exquisite pleasure of seeing his own vehicle leaving him standing in the yellow road.

"You are the devil!" he groaned between chattering teeth and fell upon his knees in the dust.

"No," said the other sadly, "though many mistake me for him."

"Then by what right—"

"Men who take this road can carry with them at the end no more than they had at the beginning."

The pudgy figure groveled in the dirt before the old man.

"Get up," said the latter with vast pity in his eyes, "get up like a man and give me all that you have."

"No—no!" screamed the other, writhing in the dust, "No—no!"

"Yes."

"Let me go back"—and he clutched at the old man's garments, as his fat body shook like the leaves of the elms.

"No."

"I will give you all my gold, if you will let me go back." He fairly screamed in his terror, and his face was like the road itself in color.

The old man laughed a short, contemptuous laugh. "Do you think that would tempt me?" he asked scornfully.

There was no answer, only the sobs that shook the man's frame.

"Come," said the other finally, "I have other business, and it is too late to go back." He touched the fat body on the shoulder, and the man moaned and fell prostrate in his fear.

"Get up!"

Stammering and frightened and weeping like a child, the traveler let the old man help him to his feet, and then, in the same dazed manner that the youth had done, he

yielded up all the gold in his pockets and even the clothes from his back to his insistent companion.

"Where—where am I going?" he managed to gasp.

"Where your road leads you," responded the other sadly. And blubbering and whimpering like a little child, the traveler took his way over the hill. The old man shook his head; it always hurt him to be compelled to show how strong he really was, and he never did it, except in cases like the present. Then, once more, he resumed his favorite place under the shade of the trees.

He closed his eyes dreamily and lazily watched the changing greens of the forests below him. After all what was the use of toiling and sweating as this poor creature had done? Was it not pleasanter to lie in the liquid shadow as it flowed over the ground and to look on at the drama that Nature was always enacting? In all the years that he had been there, he had never come to understand why the dwellers in the plain should desire to work as they did, and as his mind struggled with the problem, his face took on a rueful, half-comic look, like a stouthearted baby, unable to get up the step, but unwilling to cry about it.

Hark—there was another traveler coming up to see him! The old man sprang to his feet and peered down the roadway. It was a curious sight that met his gaze, a sight that caused him to step quickly forward and proffer his aid. For a woman was struggling up the hill, pushing a baby-buggy, and as the slight carriage jolted and bumped from wheelrut to stone and back again, the listener could hear the fretful

wail of its outraged occupant. The woman looked very tired and worn, and her scant locks were wet and matted by perspiration.

The old man met her. "You have had a hard journey, madam," he said with gentle courtesy as he took the handle of the baby-buggy and helped the woman to a seat in the shade.

"Very hard," she said bitterly and pushed at the carriage with her foot, "especially with that brat."

"Was it very fretful? The road is hot and wearysome, I know."

"Fretful? Humph!" She relapsed into sullen silence.

"If you will pardon the curiosity of an old man," queried the other kindly, "why did you bring it?"

The woman laughed sardonically. "I thought," she said bitterly, "I thought it would enjoy the ride."

She stopped in the midst of a convulsion of ironic laughter and buried her face in her hands. "My God!" she exclaimed, "To think that I came up here for this—Blast him!—Blast him!—Blast him for a sneaking, bloody coward! What right had he to—to—"

"To what," queried the old man softly, "and of whom are you speaking?"

"Him!" she blazed, "the cur—the dirty whelp—the coward that—that put me to draggin' that limb of Satan up here with me! . . . Curse him! I wish he were in hell . . ." She subsided into a fit of hysterical laughter. Then, somewhat calmer, she bit her lip and turned with a look of anguish too deep for words, to look over the shining valley.

The old man wondered what "her" work

had been down in the valley, but he did not ask her. There was a silence.

"Perhaps," he suggested at length, "you could leave it with me?"

The woman sprang up, her face livid with emotion, and stared at the old man. For a long time they looked at each other, these two, and then red flame began to blaze in her wet eyes. The old man, slowly and carefully, like one who is about to pick up a precious thing, bent over the baby, not daring to take his eyes off the woman. As his arms came nearer and nearer the infant who was quiet now, she moaned and set her teeth, and then, bit by bit, she retreated from him. As he took the child up, she had disappeared.

Many other travelers came to the old man after that, from the hum and buzz of the valley below, some in companies and some alone. And of some he asked strange questions about the lives of men in the plains, and with others he spoke only a word. A company of soldiers in kahki uniforms and brown service leggings passed him with a military salute. A group of merry girls stopped to tell him of the strange stories that circulated about him; of how one said that he was a kind of monster, and another that he was a demon, and still another that he was a kind of god; and how happy they were to find him, instead, a very pleasant gentleman indeed; but to all this the old man smiled quizzically and said nothing. A trained nurse toiled up the road, nodded as if to a familiar acquaintance and passed on. A husband and a wife came up the highway and parted with a cheery smile in the shadow of the three great elms, the wife continuing her

journey and the husband returning to his business in the valley. A thief slunk past him up the road. Two angry men fought and scuffled up the hillside, till he separated them, when one trudged on around the turn in the road, and the other, a look of horror in his face, ran screaming down the hill.

The old man wondered sometimes what it was that drew the people to his quiet retreat when the life in the valley seemed so sweet to them, and they were so loath to part with it. And sometimes he wondered why so few of them recognized him when they met him, but always started with surprise, for he thought that surely by this time, his name had been spread throughout the valley. And sometimes he was sorrowful, because no one had claimed him for a friend.

There was a pause for a while in the procession of travelers, and the old man sat musing over these riddles—a pause that was broken by singing. The old man did not hear singing very often, but he could not be mistaken—rich and full the voice rang out, and then sank to a pleading minor, and then rose again as though the winds had lifted it up. Presently the singer came in sight. The old man was almost astonished, for never in his recollection had one like this come up the road. He was a man of middle age, this last traveler, and his body was somewhat tired, but his face was fresh and ruddy, and in his eyes burned a lambent flame, the look of one who has seen and spoken with the gods. From time to time he would pause in his ascent to look more closely at the wayside

weed or to inhale the grateful forest fragrance—something, the old man thought, that very few people did. Usually they were too occupied in reaching the top of the hill.

As he drew nearer, the old man could see that the traveler's whole face was illumined by a kindling light that almost awed the watcher in the road. Contrary to the usual custom of wayfarers, he did not pause to look back over the road he had traveled, when at last he had achieved the summit; instead this strange newcomer surveyed the figure that awaited him with a joyous smile.

"Who are you," demanded the old man sharply, "and why do you not, as others do, stop to look back over the way?"

"As for the valley," answered the other in a voice that throbbed with music, "I have seen it. I know every turn the road makes and every shade tree by the way. I have drunk from every spring that bubbles forth by the road, and I have questioned every man I met. I have gone into all the houses, too, and spoken with the good wives and played with the children. I have visited the factories down there, and their court-houses and their jail. So why should I look back at the valley, when it is past and done with for me? Besides, I have come to see you."

"And who," said the old man with a new glad light on his face, as though the question were unnecessary and he knew he had met a friend. "and who are you?"

"I am the Poet," responded the other simply. "and you are Death."

EVOLUTION OF THE JUNIOR PROM

By Arthur Wood Hallam, '14

THE most brilliant social event of the entire school year!" Thus it is epitomized, and into this has it evolved, that freely-criticized, and as stoutly defended institution entitled "The Junior Promenade," more popularly styled simply "prom."

The earliest printed record of any function which might be recognized as the infant Junior Prom is to be found in the Trochos, which was the name given to the annual publication that subsequently became the Badger, compiled by the class of 1889. The calendar for that year reads: "October 15, 1887-Junior Party." According to Mrs. T. E. Brittingham (Mary Clark, '89), who was president of the junior class at that time, this party was strictly a class affair, only one of a series of parties which that class gave during its college career. As was the custom at that time, the "social" was given in the auditorium of the building which then held the library, since this room was the only one large enough for such a function. **The dance was arranged** by a board of three committees elected in an open meeting of the class. There was no formality of any kind such as dress suits, carriages, flowers, patronesses, or decorations, the orchestra was hired in Madison, and the programs were merely plain folded cards. The dances indulged in were principally Lancers, Waltz, Schottische, Quadrille, Polka, and Gallop. It seems that the party was not distinctive with the juniors, since annual parties were given as

class affairs by all the classes. The only dance during these years which was an approach at formality was the Inter-fraternity party, for which dress-suits, carriages, flowers, and a Milwaukee orchestra were in vogue, with a small number of out-of-town girls. The class of 1890 gave a party similar to the one by 1889 on October 27, 1888, following substantially the same policies as to program, decoration, and the like, of such pretensions that the Badger editors deemed it worthy of a poem. According to F. W. Prael, junior president at the time of the class of 1891, no party was given by his class in the following year. E. P. Worden, '92, writes as follows about the junior party of his class; "The Junior Prom of the present day was unknown in the university at that time. The only parties which received official recognition by the faculty were known as class parties, and were given, one by each class, annually, in Library Hall, which is to-day known as Music Hall. These parties were limited in duration by the faculty from 8 until 11 o'clock in the evening, and as to decorations, refreshments, etc., by our pocket-books to nothing at all. To encourage chivalry amongst certain of the selfishly inclined young men at that time, we charged one dollar admission per couple, but two dollars admission for a man accompanied by no one but himself. This innovation, I believe was started by the class of 1892 at its party during its junior year. While

these parties were not any where nearly as elaborate as those of the present day, I am certain that they were as fully enjoyable."

For the 1893 party "the decorations consisted of whatever fall leaves and flowers the boys could gather. The only box for the party was a cigar box which stood at the entrance on a table and into which the gentlemen who attended deposited a dollar for admission. About one hundred and fifty couples attended, and about thirty dollars remained after all expenses were paid. The party had to be ended by midnight because the young ladies who resided at Ladies' (now Chadbourne) hall were obliged to be home at that time. There were no flowers, patrons, or out-of-town guests. The affair was strictly democratic; the fellows did not wear dress suits because they did not have them. All those who desired refreshments went to an ice-cream parlor on State street. This party was the last one given during the administration of President Chamberlain, there being at that time about twelve hundred students in the university."

The class of '94 gave a junior party on November 12, 1892, without any startling innovations over the previous ones. However, the committee in charge was appointed by the president, instead of being elected at a class meeting. Prom boxes, house parties, carriages, dress suits, "imported peaches" and decorations were still unknown quantities, the principal expense being in the orchestra. The class of 1895 gave the last informal party as a strictly class function, of the style which had prevailed in the previous years. It remained

to the class of 1896 to make the innovation which was responsible for the subsequent brilliant development.

The name of Junior Promenade was first applied to the party given by the class of 1896. At this time the other class parties began to give way in prestige to the junior event. The Arion orchestra of Oshkosh provided the music, and the party was held for the first time in the then newly-erected gymnasium, on the night of February 22, 1895. As yet, however, there were no boxes or house parties. An executive committee appointed by the class managed the affair, and details were dealt with by the arrangements, floor, and reception committees appointed by the class president. About 100 couples attended this prom, the price of which was raised to three dollars. Although the dance was formal, and carriages were used, there was little importation or giving of flowers. At this time also a receiving line, made up of the president, the governor, and their wives, and prominent members of the faculty and their wives, was established, supper was served during the course of the evening and an out-of-town firm hired to do the decorating. It had been forecasted that the increase in price of admission, instituted as an experiment to determine "what the traffic would bear" would so cut down the sale of tickets that the plan would be a failure, but after the party was over and expenses paid there was just enough money remaining to pay each member of the committee for his ticket. The first junior prom passed into history with a unanimous vote of success.

The innovation was destined to remain in vogue, so great had been its popularity

from the very beginning. The dance was placed in charge of a committee appointed by the president of the class, and began to be held in the short recess between the two semesters. After a small beginning house parties, prom boxes and importation increased steadily each year. In 1899 the price of admission was raised to \$3.50 a couple, and Johnny Hand's orchestra was secured from Chicago. As the party grew more pretentious, the faculty began to recognize it to the extent of laying down a few restrictions as to price of admission, and the lateness of the dancing in the evening. About this time the two dramatic clubs in alternate years gave a play for the entertainment of the guests, on the Saturday night after the dance.

As the practice of importation grew in popularity, corresponding efforts were made to eliminate the tendency. The "Dauntees" had not yet come into vogue, nor had the giving of flowers grown to the dimensions which later called for restriction on the part of the faculty. In 1901 the price of admission was put at five dollars a couple, with an unforeseen result. After all bills were paid there was a surplus of \$800! At the conclusion of a weighty discussion on the part of the committee, during which it was suggested by some that they endow a scholarship, the members decided that the strain of management warranted the declaration of a dividend, amounting to about fifty dollars for each man. Although the whole committee regretted that the original advice had not been followed before the year was over, their actions can be explained by the fact that they had to deal with a situation ut-

terly without precedent to guide them. This incident was the only one in the entire history of the prom dance where there was sufficient money remaining to warrant a discussion as to its disposal. Another feature of this party was the rule of the faculty which laid down a very strict command that the party close promptly at half past two, on account of considerable evasion on the part of previous committees. Consequently, when two-thirty came, although only about half the numbers had been played by the orchestra, the chairman of the prom was forced to march across the hall to the band-stand which was slung from the girders in the center of the gymnasium floor and order the orchestra to stop.

As a result of the surplus, in 1902 the price of admission was lowered to four dollars. Krell's orchestra was brought from Chicago. By this time all the features of a formal affair had become definitely established as a matter of universal practice for the prom dance. The regulation of price, however, seemed to be determined largely by the financial experience of the previous prom, since the admission was raised again in 1905 to six dollars. The increases were also often due to the desire on the part of the committees to outclass the previous functions, but the committee of the 1905 party was prevented from carrying out all the plans in the way it had desired because of the anxiety over electrical connections caused by the Iriquois theater fire in Chicago, which occurred in the Christmas holidays of 1903, just previous to the 1905 party.

The 1906 and 1907 proms were likewise

held to be worth a six dollar ticket. The party was at this time gradually developing with more or less elaboration the features which characterized it up to about two years ago, which features included the formal prom dance on Friday evening immediately preceding the opening of the second semester, dawn teas followed the prom, matinee dance on Saturday afternoon, a play in the evening, and a drive to one of the suburbs on Sunday afternoon. Up to the 1907 prom, as has been before stated, the dramatic clubs had alternated in giving a play in connection with the festivities. For this year, however, some brilliant junior evolved the idea of a class play, and staged the first junior play with a caste of actors recruited from the same class.

Regarding the 1908 prom there were several interesting incidents. George Hill, '08, writes as follows on his class prom as well as some others with which he was familiar; "Previous to the 1908 Prom it had been the custom for several years for the fraternities to send representatives to a meeting at which a prom chairman was unofficially chosen, the job being rotated among the fraternities. The prom chairman was nomially appointed by the president of the class elected in the fall, but really he always picked the man nominated by the fraternities. Before the junior fall election of the class of 1908 this fraternity caucus named James Robertson. Three or four fraternities got insurgent after the meeting, and persuaded Claudius Hopkins, one of the two candidates for class president, both of whom were non-fraternity men, to agree to appoint Walter A. Rehm. Hopkins won the election 98 to 97, and

appointed Rehm. But Rehm immediately found himself not only in office, but in hot water, for the Faculty Social Committee, which was the forerunner of the present Student Interests committee, issued a ukase lowering the admission to the prom to \$3, from the \$6 it had been before. The idea was that more students would attend, and the function would be more democratic. It didn't work that way. There was hardly any increase in attendance, and no very striking increase in the non-fraternity attendance, though there were several independent box parties. Rehm tried to give a \$5 prom for \$3, and came out with a huge deficit. He attempted to make this up by levying a voluntary extra cloak-room fee, for which he was suspended, though later reinstated by the faculty. The junior play committee was appealed to, but replied that the prom committee could have avoided the deficit, and gave their profits to the crew, which was also broke, athletics being then in the throes of reform.

"The following year the custom of fraternity nominations of chairmen was finally abandoned, and each candidate for president was pledged to the appointment of a different Prom chairman. The candidate supporting Fred Baumbach won out. The 1909 prom was again limited to the three dollar rate. Expenses were cut, and the girders of the gym were left in all their classic nudity, except for a few inadequate strings of flowers that looked like immortelles. The boxes and lighting effects were, however, as usual. In spite of economy, there was a deficit, the attendance being unexpectedly cut down. The junior play contributed \$33, and the rest of the

deficit was raised by a dance the next year. The following year the Social committee authorized a raise of Prom price to \$5, and Chairman Dode Falk put on a prom for the class of 1910 that was a great success socially as well as financially. The class of 1911 broke away entirely from the anomaly of having the chairman 'appointed' when the appointment was cut and dried before-hand and used as an election issue. The candidates for Prom chairman ran openly on different tickets of class officers, Charlie Moritz of Madison winning on the ticket headed by Ben Stiles. The 1911 Prom was the first in years to come out with a surplus." Hill's letter also reveals the fact that the idea of Prom was first originated by a man named Arndt, a member of the class of 1897.

Later faculty regulations grew more strict, according to the 1910 chairman, Gordon S. Falk, who states that "They could not be enumerated on less than three pages." He also adds that the junior play although held at the same time, did not as yet have any official connection with the prom program. With the adoption of the electoral method of choosing the chairman in 1911, the rest of the committee was selected by his personal appointment. In the following year Reed L. Parker, the cheer leader, was selected. The faculty regulations, passed by the Student Interests committee, became definitely outlined, and the prom grew to be a smoothly organized event.

In spite of strenuous efforts to strip the now full fledged brilliance of the prom by reducing the admission price

to two dollars, the members of the class of 1914 voted to retain the function which has been in vogue with more or less variation since the class of 1895. In the course of its development the party has grown from an affair even less pretentious than the dances given every week-end to catch the shekels of the university students at the present time, to a function costing each attendant who affiliates himself with a house party never less than thirty-five to forty dollars, to include all the various events, and often costing many times that sum. Practically every fraternity now holds a house party, and all the house parties have prom boxes on the dance floor. Decorations, programs, and musical repertory are always as elaborate as the five dollar admission price will permit. The Student Interests committee has limited such things as dawn-teas, and the lavish distribution of flowers, as well as parties given outside the city limits, and last year the fraternities living nearest the gymnasium discontinued the use of carriages on prom night. In recent years about sixty per cent of the girls have been "imported," and one of the most interesting items in the daily paper is the list of those who attend the prom, and their guests, which is always published a short time before the house parties are opened. At this time it is difficult to forecast what the future of the event will be, but between the watchfulness of the Student Interests committee on the one hand, and the worshippers of ultra-democracy on the other, it is not probable that the brilliant affair will be carried to the extreme in the mad rush of the social whirl.

THE GAME OF HOCKEY

By Rodger Wolcott, '13

THROUGHOUT the East all schools play hockey and consider it as the major winter sport. It is better known than basketball, and of greater importance; in many institutions it is on the same level as football and baseball. Furthermore ice-hockey is a game worthy of the high place accorded to it in the East, for it requires skill, speed, nerve and endurance to a greater degree than does any other sport.

It is a game with a long and honorable pedigree. As far back as 1527 it is known that ice-hockey was played in Ireland, and undoubtedly the origin of the sport was far earlier than this. Hockey is the national game of Canada, and is played widely in the British Isles, France and Germany. Canada has two enormous hockey associations, each with slightly varying regulations; the Eastern Canada League, and the Ontario Hockey Association. Thousands of both amateur and professional teams compete each season. In this country there is the American Amateur Hockey Association, and also a league composed of professional teams.

A hockey team is composed of seven men; goal, point, cover-point, right and left centre and right and left wings. The right centre is popularly called the centre, and he together with the left center, the two wings and point are the forwards. These five men bear the brunt of the offensive play. The cover-point's duty is to break up the opponent's

offense before they can shoot for goal. Perhaps the most difficult position to fill is that of goal. This position calls for a man of iron nerve and lightning speed. Often he alone is left to block or ward off the opponent's final shoots for goal, when his team-mates have failed to break up their offense. It is a dangerous position, and the player must be well padded and armored, as it is often necessary for him to stop the flying puck with his body if he cannot reach it with his stick, hands or skates.

The field must be at least 112 feet by 58 feet, with a goal six feet wide at either end. Instead of a ball a solid rubber puck is used, three inches in diameter and three quarters of an inch thick. Each player has a regulation stick, which can be no more than three inches wide at any point. The game is started by the two centres who fight for the puck upon signal from the referee, and then the game is on. In technique ice-hockey is much like baseball, only far faster, being played on a field of ice by men with skates. The rules in regard to forward passing, fouls and other details are very strict. As in basketball the game is divided into two halves generally twenty minutes in length.

Hockey is a thrilling game for the spectator, and even more so for the players. It is thoroughly a man's game, and requires absolute training to produce a team able to go the limit.

Four years ago Yale played Princeton

during the Christmas holidays in New York City. A crowd of ten thousand saw the match, and the excitement was as tense as at any football game the writer has ever attended. In this particular game four men were knocked unconscious and one was cut too badly to remain in the play; since then the rules have been modified so as to eliminate roughness and danger as much as possible, but ice-hockey will always be a hard and fighting sport.

One of the many arguments in favor of hockey is that it fascinates everybody, and all who skate can learn to play it, getting a great deal of pleasure out of it and invigorating exercise, without necessarily playing the rougher 'varsity calibre game.

Practically all the members of the Western Conference are so situated that skating is possible for three or four months. Conditions are ideal for the development of hockey as a recognized conference sport, and already there has been some agitation to this effect. Saint Paul's School at Con-

cord, New Hampshire, probably turns out the best school hockey teams in this country. It has an enrollment of only 250 boys, many of whom are too young to compete for varsity, yet this preparatory school turns out hockey teams each year which consistently defeat Harvard, Yale and Princeton universities, the pride of the East. The attributed reason for this is the fact that Saint Paul's School enjoys a twelve weeks ice season. So do we here at Madison. Last year Nitchi Cheeman started a movement to establish ice-hockey as a sport in the university. Let us all get together and keep up the good work, and not only make the game popular here at Madison, but by our example make it known in college circles throughout the West. Thus we can establish a great game as a recognized college sport, and make it possible for Wisconsin to add each year another western championship scalp to her large collection.

THOREAU

By Charles N. Webb

Whimsical seer of Nature's solitude
 Who watched the fleeting seasons come and go
 By Walden Pond,—whose purpose now we know
 Was by a deeper sense of truth imbued
 Than to live humbly in a cabin rude,
 —A misanthropic recluse who made show
 Of standing as Society's stern foe,
 And all save savagery called cross and crude.

No hater but a lover of mankind;
 "Freedom's True Friend" is written by thy name.
 In beanfield and in woodlot thou didst find
 Signs of the infinite,—an humble aim
 To worship Nature that the mortal mind
 Might profit, but it brought undying fame.

BUTCHER, BAKER, OR CANDLESTICK MAKER?

By Belle Fligelman, '13

SEVEN eighths of all women who have been graduated from the University of Wisconsin have taken up teaching as a profession. One sixteenth have entered library work, and the remaining sixteenth is divided up among thirty-five different vocations.

From these statistics it may be seen that the teaching profession is a tremendously overcrowded one—overcrowded to a large degree by women who have entered it not because they were inspired by the noble possibilities of the work, but because it seemed the line of least resistance after a more or less general academic course.

And so, partly to dignify the profession of teaching by relieving it of the hundreds of participants who are not in it fundamentally for the love of the work and the joy of the service they may be able to render, and partly to suggest other professions in which women may perform a greater service by virtue of the fact that they are engaged in a work that is not only congenial to them, but in which they are giving the best that is in them because they love their particular work and are temperamentally fitted for it, the women's Self Government Association called a vocational conference last year. And because that conference was a success, it called a second one this year.

To advertise the conference, brightly colored little tags—three sets of them—were handed out to women students on the

campus, bearing the legends: "After College, What?", "Have You Landed a Job?", and "Have You Decided?" and these questions were admirably solved by all who attended the conference.

Three afternoon sessions were held, during which nine speakers representing nine vocations other than teaching, were secured to tell Wisconsin women what they might do after graduation from the university. The speakers were all women who have been particularly successful in their own line of work; and they told the women who came to listen to them not only of the ins and outs of their respective professions, but of how they might enter a given vocation, what training is required, and what salaries are paid. The conference was held at the end of the first academic semester in order that girls who attended the sessions and who decided on their vocations, might elect such courses as were required for training in their chosen profession when they registered for the second semester.

The conference was formally opened by Miss Katherine Sprague Alvard, the vocational adviser of women in the university, and at the first meeting Miss Frances Cummings, manager of the Inter-collegiate Bureau of Occupation in New York City, told of opportunities in secretarial work. Miss Blanche Trilling, director of the women's gymnasium in the University of Wisconsin, talked on "The Significance of the

Play Movement, and Its Opportunities for Women." Miss G. Pierson, of the National Board of Y. W. C. A. explained opportunities as Y. W. C. A. secretaries.

At the second session, Miss Abby Marlatt, Professor of Home Economics in the University of Wisconsin, enumerated the administrative positions open to women trained in home economics. Mrs. Claudia Murphy, who made her reputation as an advertiser in connection with "Albastine," described the widely diverse fields open to the business woman of to-day. And opportunities in interior decorating were discussed by Miss Euphrasyné Langley, of the department of Arts in Chicago University.

During the closing session Miss Mary L. Goss, Welfare Secretary of the International Harvester Company of Chicago, and a pioneer in the vocation, talked on opportunities in welfare work. Public positions—municipal, state, and federal—were described by Miss Edith Shatto, of the Milwaukee Health Department. And Miss Helen Bennet, of the Chicago Record-Herald, concluded the conference with a talk on women in newspaper work. Following each session informal teas were held, so that the students might meet the speakers and have personal chats with them, and ar-

range for private conference hours to be held the following day. The proposition met with a keen and intelligent response on the part of the women students. And the demand for private conferences and the interest that was awakened indicates a significant step in the development of woman's economic position in this country. It means that women are eager to venture out into more widely diverse fields of work—that, as that eagerness grows, more and more fields will be opened to women, and, best of all, the work will be dignified by the participation of women who are not only anxious to get, but also to give—women who will be successful because they have found the work for which they are best fitted, and who, as successful and intelligent members of society, will radiate the joy and inspiration of their work.

This conference was unique, in that it was the only one of its kind (with the exception of its predecessor last year) ever held by college or university women in America. It was planned and conducted by the woman students of the university, with the help of Miss Alvard, and as one of the constructive enterprises of the Self Government Association it was truly worth while and surely merits annual repetition.



THE LAKE OF THE ECHOES

By Ruth Boyle, '16

AROUND the camp-fire sat a circle of Indians, their firelit faces impassive save for the intense interest gleaming from their black eyes. The story-teller's voice was the only sound that broke the hush. Just outside the group, La Mar, the half-breed, squatted, his mouth curled in derisive scorn at the credulity of the others.

"To the high mountains the murderer fled," related the story teller, solemnly. "Forgetful of the all-seeing eye of the Great Spirit, he thought himself safe. To the Lake of the Echoes he fled. He was thirsty. When he bent over the lake, the death-face of his victim looked up at him from the water. Terror smote him; but when he drew back, he found a white horse by his side. Unseen hands lifted him to its back. Around and around the lake he rides forever, suffering forever from hunger and thirst, listening forever to the mourning of the murdered brave's family. You can hear the cries and weeping yourself if you journey to the Lake of the Echoes. No man cares to wander there. There is a shadow over the waters."

With a jeering laugh that jarred the very silence, La Mar rose and left the fire.

"The Lake of the Echoes. None of the cowards will follow me there," he muttered.

A week later, though it was only four o'clock on a brilliant autumn afternoon, the dusk was already gathering around the Lake of the Echoes; and the sudden chill that hints of coming frost had unexpectedly

replaced the dreamy warmth of an Indian summer's day. Huge, abrupt cliffs, of singular shape, broken by dark caverns, rose on one side of the lake, and over them towered high peaks, cold and frowning. Enormous pines, casting their shadows far out into the water, made a broad gloomy border around the lake; but its center, where the darkening mountains did not obscure, the sunlight shone white and unsparkling.

There was a rustling, a sound of stealthy movement, in the forest, and a man, leading a saddle-horse, emerged from among the thick of the trees. It was the half-breed, La Mar. He glanced fearfully around; then, straightening himself as if he had just thrown off a heavy burden, said with a mirthless laugh:

"They won't come here."

Instantly, a mocking chorus caught up the last syllable, and it was repeated and repeated in a thousand various tone, as if every rock and tree and water ripple was answering him.

La Mar shrank back against a tree, his eyes wide and wild. The sounds echoed and re-echoed again and again, became fewer, fainter, fled far up the ravine; and there followed stillness.

Once more, the man drew up his slight figure, and took a long breath.

"I had forgot the echoes," he said whisperingly. His heart was beating rapidly.

Coming so soon after the unearthly

chorus, the heavy silence was terrible. In a sudden frenzy, he picked up a fallen bough, and struck his horse brutally. The animal reared and backed quickly, and the familiar sounds of its hoofs on the ground seemed to reassure its master.

He unstrapped the blanket fastened on the back of the saddle, rolled himself in it, threw himself on the ground, and almost immediately fell into a heavy slumber. Before long, the horse sank to the ground near its master, as if utterly exhausted.

The light on the lake slowly faded, the water became leaden-hued. The pines grew blacker and blacker, and the mountains melted gradually into the darkness. There was a long oppressive hush, and night closed in. Suddenly, the wind rose; the trees bowed before it, wailing and sobbing, and every wail and sob was answered by the speaking rocks.

In the midst of the storm, the half-breed awoke, and sat up in terror at the tumult and the dense opaqueness of the night. A fierce gust swept down the canon at the right, another tore between the mountains at the left, and the two, struggling and roaring among the cracking branches, like blind giants battling, met crashing at the lake.

The man dropped prone on the ground, pressing his body close to earth. No storm he had ever been through had filled him with such intolerable dread. The most appalling tempest, when he stood in the midst of his fellows, was as nothing compared to this whirlwind in the heart of the mountains, in darkness and utter loneliness. The mad rushing of his brain matched the clamor outside. Had he made

that terrible journey only to die by the Lake of the Echoes? At the thought, he groaned in agony. At last, a merciful stupor settled upon him, and he lay rigid in the arms of fear.

Slowly, the violence of the wind began to diminish; the wailing of the pines subsided to a low moaning; and, in the quiet, the water could be heard softly washing against the banks. Presently, light broke through the blackness, and the moon slipped quietly from behind the clouds, edging them with silver, and transforming the grave army of pines with her spectral beams. The rays touched the lake till its leaden-hued waters reflected the still luster, and it lay, in its mountain-guarded bed, like a pearl in an ebon setting.

The man, cowering on the ground, felt the change, and knew, without looking up, that the moon was shining. He gave a long, shuddering sigh and stumbled to his feet. His horse, which had risen during the storm, was near; and, overwhelmed by the awful solitude of the place, La Mar staggered over to the animal for companionship, and flung his arms around its neck. The horse whinnied loudly—unexpectedly—and, with a cry that was half a shriek and half a curse, La Mar slipped back; for the whinney was answered from the forest, and both sounds were caught up by the frowning cliffs, and passed in fantastic succession, from rock to rock, from cavern to cavern.

The animal moved away a little, and the half-breed caught at it, clung to it. He was cold; he felt as if his blood was congealing. The neigh of the horse in the forest! What did it mean? The old story

that the Indian tale-teller had told about the lonely lake flashed into his mind.

The Indian in La Mar's nature had the ascendancy. Not now was he sitting securely before a camp-fire, listening with jeers and scornful laughter to the wild legends of the story-teller. He was at the melancholy scene of the tale, listening to the countless pines, whispering like so many black-cassocked, praying priests.

Agonized, he looked up. Over the mountains hung, white, wraith-like mists—huge shrouds descending to envelope him. They were not shrouds of death, but of life, horrible, mysterious, unearthly life to which all cravings came and none were satisfied.

In his anguish, he tried to cover his face, to close his eyes; but the atmosphere seemed dense, thronged with unseen people, stagnant with their breaths. They were closing in on him, crowding him, stifling him.

He crushed against his horse. The fear of the master seemed to have been communicated to the animal, for he was standing tensely alert, his eyes wide, his nostrils distended. Of a sudden, a terrible agonizing cry rang out from the woods. Instantly it was caught up by the cliffs and flung back—echoing, echoing, echoing, until it died away in the vaguenesses of the forest. Crazy by fear, the horse started up and galloped madly through the trees. La Mar reeled after it, but checked himself as he gazed into the shadowy aisles. Again and again came the cry, like the long-drawn shrieks of a soul in unending pain.

The man fell on his hands and knees

groaning. "It is he, Larandeu!" he screamed.

"Larandeu!" answered the echoes.

The cries in the forest became more numerous, and, ever, the wild troop of echoes responded in hideous, hollow-sounding concert.

The man was gibbering brokenly to himself. "Larandeu," he muttered, "You have everything. I hate you. I have nothing. I hate you. Even the cards are with you always. You win, win, win. I will choke you. I will kill you. I hate you."

He had forgotten the still shine of the lake, the grim, black pines, the mist-swathed mountains, the wailing that filled the air. He was creeping over the ground, knife in hand, eyes seeing only the white, slumber-stilled face of the man he hated. Again, he saw the closed eyes lift, saw the terror leap into the white face, saw the lids draw back at the corners, the mouth drop open, again they were locked together, struggling. Again, he felt the hard muscles in his victim's neck yield under his clutch; thrilled as he felt the steel strike, enter deep, deep—

The knife dropped from La Mar's fingers. He was gasping. His twitching face was covered with sweat. The place seemed filled with figures, phantasmagoric, terrible. Evil eyes were peering at him from every side. He had a dreary idea that they were all Larandeu's eyes, not filled with terror now, but leering and exulting as if he were winning still. Larandeu would always win.

The half-breed became conscious of an unbearable thirst. He got up clumsily, as an aged person might, and reeled uncertain-

ly toward the lake. It lay in the pale light, white, mysterious, unshining. The cliffs hung over it, like somber, protecting giants.

As he stood gazing into the unchanging depths, the words of the Indian storyteller came to his mind. "And when the miserable murderer looked into the white lake, the death-face of his victim looked back at him."

With a choking cry, he glanced over his shoulder. Issuing from the black shelter of the trees, was a tall, white horse. With the sickening suddenness of a falling mass of earth, the man dropped on the ground.

As the dawn was breaking next day, the

sheriff and a party of men broke through the trees near the Lake of the Echoes.

"Why, there's that white horse of La Mar's now," exclaimed he, as he caught sight of the animal that was standing near the lake. "And look here! I tell you this solemn place is too much for any man with a drop of Indian blood in him, when the echoes get to working and the wolves and mountain-lions are howling in the forest."

The men gathered around in a curious and somewhat awed circle; for, there on the ground, with one hand in the water, lay the half-breed La Mar, dead, punished by a power swifter and far more terrible than the arm of the law.

WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES

Rough, untrodden wilderness, with no trails, no inhabitants, not a trace of man. A region plentiful in game, its streams teeming with trout, and all far away from the beaten track, a virgin country. These had been the promises of my guide. Two days on an ocean steamer, four hours by rail, three hours on an ox trail, and two miles by canoe, had brought me gradually far from the zone of typewriters, skyscrapers, newspapers, and finally, man. How I would glory in it. The tales I would tell to the boys at the office, of ten days in the woods, of fishing in black shady trout pools

with a speckled beauty on every cast, and the best of it all, away from men. But alas, it was not to endure. My dream of solitude, the enchantment of civilization-left-behind, was doomed. My guide, squatted on his haunches, was slicing bacon into a sizzling frying pan. I strolled about, prospecting. Not forty rods from our camp, at the foot of a mighty hacmetac tree, in what I, in my delusion, had supposed to be a virgin country, lay a half empty box of fresh Uneeda Biscuits.—C. J. A. in the "Williams Literary Monthly."

JOHN SMITH, GENTLEMAN

By Murray Ketcham, '13

THE SUBURBAN car was crowded with the early morning jamb. Every available seat was occupied by a motley number of individuals who had been lucky enough to board the car the instant it stopped at the station, and elbow a path up toward the front. Mr. John Smith picked up his unfolded paper, (he was seated well up in front), pressed his nose glasses down a trifle more firmly, and began to scan the headlines.

Mary carried a music roll under her arm as she came down the aisle. It was suspiciously bulky and flattened out a little bit at the middle. If it contained sheets of music, they must have been of intrinsic value for she carried the roll most carefully, putting her hand beneath it as she very nearly tripped over John Smith's patent leather toe which jutted out unavoidably several inches into her way. Glancing up hastily, Mr. Smith heard her words of apology without so much as a trace of surprise or annoyance upon his good-looking face. His quick eye rested for a fleeting second upon Mary's slightly faded suit of brown serge, her made-over hat, with its single touch of smartness, a wide velvet bow, the piquant face beneath it, and then upon the music roll with its center flattened into a square.

If she had carried her lunch in a basket and worn a shabby, doudy gown, or a placard which would have labeled her, definitely, as belonging to that great number

of women who ride upon the suburban daily to remain down town all day, perhaps in some dingy office, he could not, with his second glance, have ignored her more completely.

It was a long way down town, to the heart of the metropolis; and he kept his seat.

Miss Fluffy-Ruffles gathered her dainty dress about her, sniffed a tiny bit at the stale air, and slipped her hand along over the seats to steady herself as she stopped beside Mary. Mr. John Smith was upon his feet in a moment, his open paper crushed into his hand, as he bowed with his winning smile to Miss Ruffles. She accepted the seat with a slight bend of her head, settled down into it, and began patting the large white hat back into place. Our hero took his place in front of Mary, stretched up a shapely, tweed covered arm toward the nearest strap, and smiled down pleasantly and good-naturedly at the picture hat.

Mary hung on to the strap and looked out of the window. If she too thought it a long way to her destination, no one in the car could have known it, for her chin was tilted high, almost a little too high. One might have said it was tilted bravely, just then.

Two girls with wavy pompadours seated just a few paces in the back of him, whispered to each other. One of them murmured in a half audible tone: "Isn't he

the perfect gentleman though? Wasn't it just grand of him to give up his seat the minute he saw that a lady was standing?" Then the wavy-haired one went on discussing Mr. Smith in soft undertones all the rest of the way, until they reached their station.

If Mary saw underneath the sham of the perfect gentleman and found there the cheapness of his ready chivalry, she did

not enlighten his admirers. But, perhaps the image which she treasured in her heart, even on that sultry morning in the early Indian summer, of the man whom sometime she would know as being worthy, manly, and kindly chivalrous, was someone very different from the one who stood just ahead of her in the aisle, Mr. John Smith, gentleman.

LONELINESS

By Ruth M. Boyle, '16

I wandered restlessly o'er yellow hill
 And shadowed coulee, where the sunburnt range,
 Brown, barren, treeless, lonely mile on mile,
 Its solitary length in stillness stretched
 To meet the faintly outlined mountain edge.
 Here, ragged gray-green sage-brush crowded thick,
 Like herds of sheep close huddling for the night;
 There, clumps of buckbrush broke the tawny stretch
 Or willows marked the pathway of a creek.
 Sudden, I came upon a crazy cliff
 That sank abruptly to a dim ravine below;
 And half-way down—lo! close embracing great
 Protecting rocks, a scrubby fir tree grew.
 A waif it was—a ragged cast-away,
 But crippled, dusty, helpless tho it seemed,
 Its spicy breath tree-thronged the barrenness
 The forest soul—its hush and quiet faith—
 It brot, and made the waste-land home to me.

So, love, if out of all this alien crowd—
 This wilderness of unresponsive souls—
 Your face should flash an instant's thotless smile,
 'Twould seem the whole strange throng to humanize,
 'Twould make each walled-in city soul my kin.

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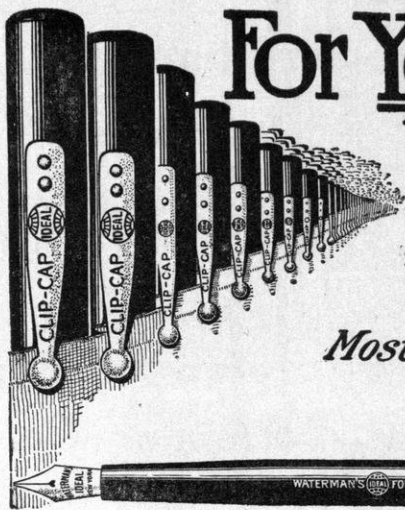
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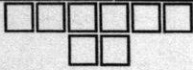
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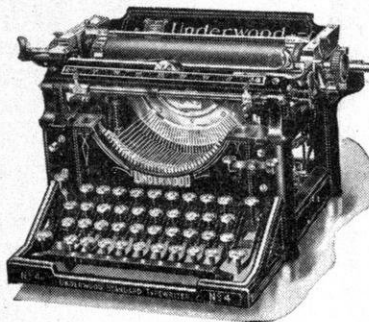


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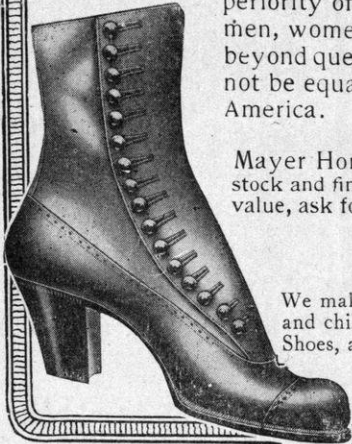
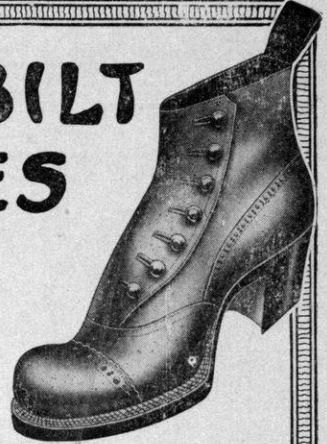
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