



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin magazine. Vol. VII, No. 8 May 1910

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], May 1910

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE





Regal Oxfords

are made of the very best quality of leathers, and are strongly and skillfully built by the most expert of New England shoemakers. You will find them the most satisfactory outing shoes you have ever worn. They insure comfort and style as well as long service. Moreover, in Regal quarter-sizes we give you the exact fit of made-to-measure shoes.

University
Co-Operative
Co., Madison, Wis.

\$3.50
\$4.00
\$5.00

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE "STUDENTS MISCELLANY," FOUNDED IN 1849

Published Monthly from October to May, Inclusive, by the

Wisconsin Literary Magazine Association (*Inc.*)

Entered at the Post Office at Milwaukee, Wis., as second class mail matter.

VOLUME VII.

MAY, 1910

NUMBER 8

CONTENTS

A WESTERN POUGHKEEPSIE—Morris B. Mitchell.....	1
FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW (<i>Verse</i>)—John Carroll.....	3
MAKING HISTORY—Chalmer B. Traver.....	4
FESTIVAL SONG (<i>Verse</i>)—Shigeyoshi Abata.....	9
THE WILLIAM F. VILAS MEMORIAL PRIZE STORY CONTEST— Chalmer B. Traver.....	10
RIRABIEN—R. Rideo	12
THE PRIEST OF JUAREZ (<i>Verse</i>)—Anonymous.....	16
THE GREATER UNIVERSITY—Theo. R. Hoyer.....	17
THE DULL NIGHT—Ralph Birchard.....	21
AS ONE (<i>Verse</i>)—Anonymous.....	23
THE GRAY MARE—Elizabeth F. Corbett.....	24
TO A BLIND VIOLINIST (<i>Verse</i>)—Glenn Ward Dressbach.....	26
THE UNDERSTUDY—Harold P. Jarvis.....	27
IF DREAMS WERE TRUE (<i>Verse</i>)—Anonymous.....	28
FROM A FAR COUNTRY—Chester C. Wells.....	29
RELIGION (<i>Verse</i>)—Anonymous	30
ATHLETIC SYSTEMS—Robert Earl Coleman.....	31
ADMONISHMENT—Rizpah	33
THE STUDENT ATHLETIC MANAGER—F. N. Natwick.....	35
THE PROBLEM OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION—Charles F. Smith, Jr., '08..	37
Editorial	40

CHOCOLATES

— AND —

CREAM BON BONS



THESE Dainty CHOCOLATES
Packed in Half, One, and Two Pound
Boxes - Six in a Carton for Halves and Ones - One
in a Carton for Twos, We also Pack them in Five Pound Boxes

MILK CHOCOLATE CARAMEL CREAMS
MILK CHOCOLATE MAPLE WALNUT
DELICIA CREAM CHOCOLATES
DELICO CHOCOLATES, ASSORTED
THE ABOVE ARE CREAMS OF GOOD QUALITY

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING STORES IN TOWN

MADE BY
GEORGE ZIEGLER COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume VII.

MAY, 1910

Number 8

WALTHER BUCHEN, *Editor-in-Chief*
PAUL MORRIS, *Athletic*

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT, *Ass't Editor*
OSCAR NADEAU, *Illustrating Editor*

ASSOCIATES

WILLIAM B. KEMP
RALPH BIRCHARD
KENNETH F. BURGESS
CHALMER B. TRAVER
GLENN W. DRESBACH

STUART BLYTHE
MORRIS B. MITCHELL
HARRIET MAXON
ALICE L. WEBB
ROY PHIPPS

CARL H. JUERGENS, *Business Manager*

GEORGE D. BAILEY, *Assistant Business Manager*

GEORGE H. A. JENNER, *Assistant Business Manager*

HARRY G. ABENDROTH, *Circulating Mgr.*

Terms: \$1.50 per year if paid before December 15th. \$2.00 if paid after December 15th of the current year. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the front entrance to Main Hall, or mailed to the business manager. If the magazine is not delivered by the third of every month phone the manager.

Entered at the Post Office, Milwaukee, Wis., as mail matter of the second class.

Published at 385 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis., by The Wisconsin Literary Magazine Association, Incorporated.

Monthly from October to May, inclusive.

Branch Office, 740 Langdon Street, Madison, Wis.

(Copyright applied for.)

A Western Poughkeepsie

MORRIS B. MITCHELL

Near the town of Prairie du Chien, Wis., is a long, straight stretch of the lazy Mississippi river, along the shore of which runs a double tracked railway. These tracks are so close to the river bank that, in flood times, the water covers them and often causes long delays in traffic. The current at this point, owing to the wide expanse of the river, is very slow and there are high hills on each bank which prevent the wind from ruffling the water to any extent.

At first glance, the above statements do not appear to carry any special significance or to be of any import, but when considered in connection with the frequently

agitated and much talked of western intercollegiate crew regatta, such a place as the above would seem to add greatly to the prospects of such a regatta ever becoming a reality. Taken up in detail, the advantages of such a location as this would be somewhat as follows:

In the first place, an observation train could be run over the railway tracks which would start with and follow the crews, thus allowing the passengers to see every yard of the race. The course of the big intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie is situated on this order and the observation train which follows the race there usually carries between four and five thousand peo-



THE WISCONSIN 1910 CREW

ple. Several of the eastern colleges have organized rooting from this train and this certainly serves as a spur to their respective crews. The fact that an observation train allows the spectator to see clearly the whole race from start to finish, is bound to greatly increase the interest in the event, as little enthusiasm can be raised among the spectators when only one end of the race is visible.

There are many other advantages to this place for the holding of a western regatta, among which are its central location, accessibility by railroad, slowness of current and smooth water. But, someone asks, granted that this is an ideal location for a regatta, what western school besides Wisconsin would enter a crew. This is a question to which a definite answer is impossible, but which can be partially solved by separately taking up each western institution and considering its latent possibilities for crew work.

Of the conference schools, Purdue, Indiana and Illinois may be excluded from consideration as they have no natural facilities for it. Northwestern, although situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, is practically in the same category, as it would be impossible for a crew to row regularly on Lake Michigan because of rough water. The University of Chicago, also situated on Lake Michigan, appears at first glance to be precluded from crew work by the same cause. Chicago, however, is different from Northwestern in that it is near the wide lagoons which run through Jackson park and which, although not wide enough for races, would serve splendidly for practice crew work. Agitations for Chicago crews have been started sev-

eral times, but nothing has ever materialized from them. If a western regatta were started, however, it seems probable that Chicago would eventually enter a crew. Recent reports from the University of Iowa are to the effect that the branch of the upper Mississippi which flows past Iowa City will probably soon be dammed to provide power for the city and that, when this is done, it will afford an excellent body of water on which Iowa crews may row. The athletic authorities are reported to be actively figuring on establishing crew work at Iowa as soon as this is done, but it will probably be a number of years before the university will be able to participate in intercollegiate rowing.

Having disposed of six of the conference schools and found but scant hope that they will any of them produce crews inside of five years, we now come to the two conference schools which appear most likely to be interested in such a regatta, Minnesota and Wisconsin. It is unnecessary to say anything of Wisconsin in this article as, if such a regatta ever becomes a reality, it will be due in a large measure to the efforts of Coach TenEyck of the Wisconsin crew.

Minnesota, however, presents an interesting situation in this regard. Minneapolis and St. Paul have long been noted for the number of eastern college men who have made their residence there and who come from institutions where crew races are the big athletic events of the year. As Minnesota is the only big institution interested in athletics around the Twin Cities, these men have naturally become interested in Gopher athletics and now back them up in every way possible. For some

time they have longed for a Minnesota crew, but have seen no convenient place on which a crew could row. Recently, however, the United States government constructed a dam across the Mississippi near the university, thus making a long and narrow lake. This was just what the ardent easterners had been looking for and they immediately started a strong howl for a Minnesota crew. The cry has been taken up by many students and it now looks (according to the letters Coach TenEyck has received from Minnesota, asking for information), as if a Minnesota crew will be a reality either next year or that following. At the summer camp of the Minnesota students at Lake Minnetonka, four four-oared barges have been purchased and will be used this summer by prospective varsity candidates. Already there is much talk at Minneapolis of a Minnesota-Wisconsin race and it seems almost certain that Minnesota would be willing to enter a crew in a western regatta on the Mississippi.

In addition to the conference schools, it is highly probably that some of the coast schools, such as Washington and Leland Stanford, could be persuaded to enter the middle western regatta. Probably more interest is taken in the navy at Washington than at any institution of its kind in the country and, if their race with Wis-

consin proves a success, it is certain they would make a strong effort to send a crew to a larger event.

Marquette has also been talking much of organizing a crew if they could find anyone to race with them and they would, if allowed to enter the race, doubtless do so. Michigan has been trying for some time to get the stream which flows through Ann Arbor dammed and say they would be given a two mile course if a very small dam were erected. They would doubtless find some way of erecting such a dam if any incentive such as a western regatta were offered.

The first step towards holding a regatta would be to form a western intercollegiate rowing association, composed at first of Washington, Minnesota and Wisconsin, to take charge of the event. A triple regatta at Prairie du Chien between these schools would probably be the second step, and if this were repeated every year, it seems fair to assume that Chicago, Michigan, Iowa, Marquette and one or two of the coast schools would enter inside of a few years. If enough interest were aroused the passengers on the observation train would probably make it a successful event financially and the good it would do western rowing and athletics in general is inestimable.



THE WASHINGTON 1910 CREW

From My Office Window

JOHN CARROLL

*A drizzling rain is falling on the city,
The wet roofs stretch monotonous and grey—
A scene, in truth, that's never very pretty—
And only makes me dull, depressed, today.*

*For in its drab I seem to see reflected
A mocking image of the life I lead,
A sodden life—the life that I selected
Because it seemed to fill the moment's need.*

*A grey existence, void of high ambition,
Of sordid toil to gain my sordid ends.
I chose it, chose it of my own volition,
And cast aside a life of love and friends.*

*I would I had not chosen quite so meanly.
If I but had the chance to choose again,
I know that I would never feel so keenly
The dull depression of a drizzling rain.*

Making History

CHALMER B. TRAVER

White, burning white, sand stretched away from Kennedy's feet in a long, low lying, shimmering expanse until it met the ocean and was cooled in the lazy blue waves that lap-lapped in careless solace and comfort to the parched shore line. The blue ocean, in turn, met the blue sky still farther out and the blue sky completed the ark, touching the fanlike fronds of the gigantic olulehua tree at whose base Kennedy was sitting. After all it was a very narrow universe, Kennedy thought. Even the white gulls soaring far overhead could not escape the blue boundaries of that low hanging tropical sky and the little white fruit steamer ten miles out and bound Honoluluward was doomed to sail throughout its patient existence between that same blue sea and that same blue sky, no matter how much black smoke it belched from its funnels or how the grimy stokers in its bowels sweated in an effort to escape. There was no escape, so why not be contented on this happy, carefree bit of God's universe, small and wild and desolate as it was? For it was only a smaller confinement in a large one, a circle within a circle and not necessarily the more depressing for its closer limitations.

The idea pleased Kennedy, sentenced to four months' imprisonment on the tiny island of Ulapelakna in the interests of a copra refining concern in San Francisco, until their own expert should come to relieve him and pass upon the value of the Ulapelakuan cocoa groves upon which they held options. It was a "snap" job and one which Kennedy, worn with five years uninterrupted magazine work, had jumped at when the opportunity offered. But only a month of his sentence had expired and it had seemed endless. Kennedy was surprised at this for he had often dreamed of being cast, by a kind providence, into some such neglected portion of the world's scrap heap, a soft barked olulehua tree behind

him, white sand before him, and blue ocean farther on and——

"Wake up, eater of the poppy seed, and show the gods that you are a man instead of part of the sand you are sitting on," the words were spoken in the soft Ulapelakuan tongue.

Kennedy started at the sound of the voice—a vibrant feminine voice—for it was the rest of Kennedy's dream speaking. Somehow the scene he had pictured to himself years before had never seemed quite complete with just the trees, the sea, and the sky. There must be a girl there, a beautiful dark haired, dark eyed, brown girl, plump but not fat, a girl by his side—with—perhaps his arm around her. And this part of the dream had also come true and the girl sat by his side, just as he had imagined she would, and—he had his arm around her—just as it should be—in compliance with the dream. But live brown beauties are more exacting than dream beauties, and this one particularly so.

"Take away your arm or else—let me know it is there," the dream maiden spoke again in a shriller inflection of Ulapelakuan than before.

"Yes, dearest—I was thinking," he answered self-reproachfully.

"Thinking?—Of whom?" Burning jealousy shone in the dark eyes and the girl gazed at him steadily and angrily, chewing her betel nut nervously until enough juice had accumulated in the fair mouth to admit of a vindictive expectoration at the innocent white sand.

"I was thinking that all my dreams have come true, and that I am happy," he said.

"Then act happy," she returned, somewhat mollified. His only answer was to draw the gradually numbing arm more closely about the little, lithe waist, which act completely won her. She happily set about the manufacture of a cigarette,

placed it between his lips, rolled another for herself, and quietly waited for him to light the two—which he meekly did. For he was in her power, although he would not admit it to himself. If only his arm wouldn't get tired, Kennedy thought he could really enjoy this life. Waikiki, for that was her name, was fair—fair beyond his dream expectations—moreover she was a king's daughter, which counted for something even on the hundred square miles of Ulapelakua. But even the continuous embracing of a princess makes one's arm grow tired in time, a state of affairs he had never made allowance for in his dreams.

"Let's go up to the castle," he suggested.

"This is lots nicer—here in the shade," she demurred. He thought so too—nicer than the smelly, dog infested bamboo shack called the castle by him out of deference to the king, its owner, and the king's daughter. Silence reigned for a time and his arm laxed. Lowanna jumped to her feet—pretty bare brown feet they were too.

"Stupid!" she spat again on the sand, "We'll go—now." They left the shade of the olulehua and walked slowly down the sand to a point where shell path penetrated the undergrowth. Following the path in expressive silence and in single file, Waikiki leading, they came to the castle.

An uproar issued therefrom and they knew that king had returned from a political expedition up country. Pausing in the rickety gallery to await the abatement of the storm they were regaled with the following somewhat expurgated dialogue:

"Yellow pigs! Crawling sea scum! Their bones were better boiling in the soup kettles of the Ijijirami than holding their vile, stinking bodies together in order that they may simp'r and quirk in my face and harass me behind my back!"

"Does Your Majesty speak of the Kalepolepas?" inquired the Chief Minister of the Kingdom deferentially.

"You know it as well as I! Why ask?" exploded the king.

"What are they doing now?" asked the Chief Minister, "It must be something exceptionally base to trouble Your Highness, to whom little things as are nothing."

"Doing? They have started a kingdom

of their own since my last visit. Three hundred men with about five hundred women, children, and dogs. They think they have grown too large to remain a part of the Ulapelakuan nation. Let them go. Let them take their women and children and dogs and jump into the sea. But there will be only one king for this island as long as Matai lives." The listeners heard a hollow sound such as an empty water cask might give in response to the blows of an axe and knew that His Highness was thumping his great chest, a favorite manner of showing his confidence in himself.

"And Your Majesty told them that of course?" asked the Chief Minister admiringly.

"That and more."

"And the pigs' answer was——?"

"Was astonishing. They had the impudence to ask me by what right I held the throne! Their three hundred sickly men and five hundred more sickly women, children, and dogs have given them great assurance. Ugh-gh——" The king's disgust had gone beyond the means of expression, and he grew ashy under the paroxysm of fury into which he had worked himself.

The Chief Minister recognized the futility of farther probing at the present and tactfully withdrew, the reassurance demanded of his office having been proffered and spurned. Waikiki tripped into the smelly throne room the minute the fat Chief Minister had left, and threw her arms about the royal neck.

"We missed you, father Matai, Kanayde and I," she always called him Kanayde. At the words the King turned toward Kennedy who had sheepishly followed her in, not knowing just what was expected of him under the circumstances.

"Welcome, Kanayde," said the King graciously, quickly recovering from his anger, and extending his not too clean palm to be kissed. As Kennedy stooped in some confusion to at least pretend to take advantage of the favor he added, "I hope the American has found sufficiency of entertainment during my absence."

"Plenty, Your Majesty," answered Kennedy, dropping the huge paw in relief.

"And the writings and the cam—camera

pictures, how are they?" inquired the King.

"Your Majesty's beautiful daughter has allowed me little time for work," answered Kennedy. At which the beautiful daughter coughed, ever so lightly. The King did not notice the remark, having become suddenly absorbed in the tall, freckled and browned Americano, at whom he gazed steadily for an instant, much to the embarrassment of the latter, who thought the stare was occasioned by his last flattering remark.

"You who write, do you know about the history?" suddenly inquired the King.

"What history, Your Majesty?" asked Kennedy.

"History—any history——" the King groped for words to express his thought processes. Then suddenly he ran from the throne room and brought back a delapidated magazine, printed months ago and far away in God's world, where even now the printing presses were rumbling out their message to mankind. Kennedy had presented it to the King, who had marvelled at its wonderful illustrations and the subject matter which Kennedy had translated into very stilted Ulapelakuan for him. With greasy thumb on a certain page he held the periodical out to Kennedy.

"This kind of history—with pictures," explained the King eagerly. The article strangely enough, was one that Kennedy himself had written, and dealt with the vicissitudes of a certain South American potentate and his domain during one of a series of revolutions.

"Why, yes," Kennedy answered, "I wrote that myself."

"You wrote it?" the King's eyes beamed with satisfaction; "and could you write another one?"

"Perhaps, Your Majesty—why?"

"For the glory of the Kingdom of Ulapelakua——" began the King.

"Ulapelakua—that is, I beg pardon, Your Majesty," Kennedy had been taken rather by surprise and could not conceal it. The King disregarded the interruption.

"Ulapelakua needs a history," he explained. "It has never had a history. If it had a history—with pictures—like

this—and a picture of me and the castle—and the prison, the yellow dogs of the Kalepolepas would never dare to snicker and shuffle and say: "By what right do you, Matai, hold the throne of Ulapelakua?" For the history and the pictures would show by what right I held it."

This new aspect of the efficacy of "history" at first amused Kennedy. And still——

"Will you write it—a history of Ulapelakua?" asked the King impatiently. "You will not lack for reward. Fifty maikaikala will be yours for the work—twenty-five when you have finished the writing and twenty-five when it is put in the—the letters," he indicated the magazine, "with the pictures."

Kennedy started at the mention of the fifty maikaikala, or one thousand dollars. He would do almost anything for fifty maikaikala just then—even make history. And, besides, there were the three remaining months of his imprisonment on the island to be whiled away. There was his camera. There was a reasonable hope that the same magazine would take this article for a consideration and pay him another fifteen maikaikala or so. And above all, the adventure promised excitement, a rare luxury in Ulapelakua.

And so it transpired that the history of Ulapelakua was written. Kennedy quite outdid himself on the photographs as well as on the subject matter. There were photographs of old Matai himself, of Waikiki dressed in festal, if scant, apparel. Then there were pictures of the King's army in battle array, of the city and of the military prison. Kennedy went even farther. He instituted a mock battle, part of the army impersonating the hated Kalepolepas in full flight, and leisurely photographed different aspects of the situation. The posing for the battle scenes occupied three days of hot and nervous labor, but when it was over Kennedy eyed the wet prints with satisfaction. He had reason to be proud.

The writing was more difficult, for even the King was totally ignorant of that part of the history of Ulapelakua which had preceded his own childhood. Kennedy supplied this deficit with his own fertile imagination and a general knowledge of

"what the magazine wanted." He introduced brief sketches of the visits of different representatives of world powers to the island and described most realistically the King's attitude toward them and their relations to each other. One passage of the "history" read:

"Although the vast cocoa palm forests of Ulapelakua are under the control of American capital, the English have of late looked on the happy island with greedy eyes and visits of the Crown's representatives to the island have become so frequent as to irritate the copra interests and rouse the natives into open threats of violence if the visits are repeated."

Kennedy wrote blithely and fluently and headed the article, "The Ulapelakuan Situation." And finally the great day came when the article and the photographs were sent away to America on the little puffing steamer to be published and distributed broadcast. Kennedy received his first twenty-five maikaikala and King Matai celebrated the day by opening a carefully husbanded cask of native wine, which heightened festivities to a state of frenzy until the historian himself drew Waikiki into the intricacies of the cakewalk to the howling applause of the army officers, and the latter picked their own maidens and followed, capering wildly up and down the moonlit beach to the deafening noise of the tom-toms. It was a great night, thought Kennedy, as the fumes of the wine mounted higher and he swung Waikiki round and round on the white sand to the time of the weird music and with the great green tropical moon smiling down. But the next day he awoke with a headache unbecoming a historian and began to think that perhaps he had been a trifle rash in sending "The Ulapelakuan Situation" in for publication.

Six weeks later the puffing fruit steamer dropped several articles for "Mr. R. S. Kennedy, Esq." One was a letter from the magazine which had been the happy recipient of the "history," stating that the article had been accepted and enclosing a check for three hundred dollars, which Kennedy pocketed, there being small use for checks in Ulapelakua. Then there was another letter dated a fortnight later, acknowledging an order for ten extra copies

of the edition. Lastly, and most importantly, there was a bundle of the "histories" themselves, done in brown paper and binder twine. Kennedy read the letters and then bore all up to the castle where the big bundle was unwrapped amid hushed expectancy.

Sure enough, there was the history on page thirty-five, with the pictures—all the pictures—and each bearing the thrilling label of Kennedy's composition. The King was jubilant, and after paying Kennedy his remaining twenty-five maikaikalas, ordered another cask of native wine opened and again the royal family and the royal historian and the officers and their brown ladies danced on the white sand under the tropic moon. It was a great day and night in the history of Ulapelakua.

The following day the King sent one of his officers who understood English with three copies of the history over to the Kalepolepas dogs. The officer's knowledge of English composition was very rudimentary, but he succeeded, with the help of the pictures, in explaining how the fame of the great Matai and his victories over the yellow Kalepolepas had penetrated miles over sea, resulting in the tabulation thereof, which the officer held before them. And there was the unmistakable likeness of His Majesty, King Matai himself, to prove the officer's assertions. The Kalepolepa swine were convinced much more easily than the officer had anticipated and were soon howling at his heels as he retreated into his own country. Such was the immediate effect of the history on the Kalepolepas. It was somewhat different than the King had intended, for instead of subduing, it aroused them to increased wrath over the pretensions, and mutiny burned more hotly than ever. One night the Kalepolepas even dared invade the royal village and attack the prison in which two of their number lay confined. The attack was repulsed, but the prisoners escaped in the uproar that ensued, thereby carrying out the designs of the attacking party, however indirectly, and giving them cause for unjustifiable pride. This was only the beginning of a guerilla warfare that tore the kingdom in every corner of its one hundred square miles area and made old Matai

curse the history and the compiler thereof every time the latter crossed the royal path.

"Ya-a-a-a, the King who sits on a throne of paper," yelled the Kalepolepa bolomen from the brush and the cry never failed to strike deep in the royal heart no matter how great the noise of the conflict. Kennedy was appalled at the effect his history had had upon the national life of the island and began to count the days until he would be able to escape the strife resultant on his own handiwork.

In the meantime things were conspiring across the water. An English statesman who possessed considerable influence, but yearned for more, chanced upon Kennedy's effusion while at breakfast in his London apartments one morning, and a bug was set buzzing under his hat. Did the island of Ulapelakua, wherever it was, belong to the United States or did it belong to Great Britain? It was worth looking into, and so it chanced that the captain of H. M. S. "Fearless" received orders to "drop in" at Ulapelakua on his way east from Sydney and "look things over."

A United States congressman, who was as ignorant of things maritime and of our island possessions as a prairie schooner, also chanced upon "The Ulapelakuan Situation" in a Congressional reading room one day. With the concern of a second Monroe over what appeared to be an encroachment of American rights, he talked gravely to several department heads and pulled certain strings, and lo—several weeks later Captain Lancaster of the U. S. S. "Baltimore," stationed at Honolulu, received orders to drop down to Ulapelakua "to be on hand to protect American interests should occasion arise."

And it so chanced that as the little fruit steamer left Ulapelakua towards sunset of a very hot tropical day and grew small on the horizon two monster dreadnaughts, coming from different directions and flying different colors, approached the tiny island and dropped anchor two miles out where the surf line warned of a treacherous beach. And soon a boat put out from each leviathan and approached the island, the oarsmen good-naturedly vying with each other and occasionally crying to each

other when either or both topped a swell. Landing, they found things in a state of plenty pilakea, to use the Hawaiian expression. Rival bands of half-naked brown men advanced on each other in normal attack through the cocoa groves and then retreated. The smouldering ashes of a large building of some kind was the focal point of a large throng of weeping women and children and barking dogs.

The American sailors and marines landed first amid cheers and the commanding officer leaped out, followed by several marines. A rather handsome, but tearful brown girl, pacing the beach, stopped, fascinated and too frightened to move as the men approached.

"What's it all about?" asked the officer, and the question was interpreted to her by one of the marines who thought he knew the native tongue. She was dumb for a moment and then weepingly informed those assembled, through the interpreter, "that it was all Kanayde's fault; that is, the fault of the history which he had written for her father," all of which proved most enlightening to the men. Just then the English came up and the girl suffered a second dumb spell and fell to admiring the gaudy uniforms of the new arrivals.

"Who is this Kanayde?" asked the lieutenant, "and where is he?" Kanayde could doubtless explain all since he was the originator of the mess. The girl pointed to a thin wisp of smoke which ascended straight up from the horizon, its origin already buried in a shimerly blue line.

"Gone," she returned, "there on the fruit boat that left but two hours ago. Gone—and I will never see Kanayde again." She relapsed into uncontrolled weeping. Both the English and American officers endeavored to ascertain something about the mysterious Kanayde from the half savage storekeeper and postal clerk at the rickety wharf in the bay, but all in vain. Kanayde had never deigned to talk to the storekeeper on his brief visits for supplies and on the rare occasions when the fruit boat stopped with the mail.

Then the officers eyed each other in perplexity until a laugh came that relieved all, and agreeing on the report they would

make to their superiors, embarked again for their respective ships. Next morning many boatloads of marines landed from each ship and scoured the island. King Matai was found toward noon and told his part of the story, which cleared matters up considerably. He was replaced on his throne with military pomp and the Kalepolepas made to come back into the fold by means of dire threats from the uniformed strangers. Finally Kennedy's successor, who had arrived on the same boat that bore Kennedy away, was discovered hiding in terror in the basement of his bungalow. Although at a loss to explain the militant state of affairs at his arrival, for he had hardly seen Kennedy, he told of his company's option on the cocoa groves, which was later verified for the satisfaction of the British Ambassador at

Washington. And anyway, what was the use of starting a war over a few square miles of cocoa covered sandbar in the middle of the southern Pacific, a good ten days fast steaming from all beaten paths of navigation.

When the two white leviathans rattled up their anchor chains and steamed majestically away from the white Ulapelakuan water front, the affair had been straightened up to the satisfaction of every one concerned except, perhaps, a pretty brown girl who stood leaning against a monster oluhelua tree, gazing dreamily out at the place in the shimmery blue line of the horizon where Kanayde—Kanayde, the Historian of Ulapelakua, had disappeared at sunset of the day before.

Festival Song

SHIGEYOSHI ABATA

*Be glad, O Fields, and creatures winter chilled!
Rejoice, ye rills and fountains!
For on the East-wind's wing
She comes to you to bring
From far beyond the mountains,
The happy, happy spring.
Praise Saho, praise the goddess fair,
Thank Saho for her gift so rare.*

*O hear the lark from high above the skies
Send down the music of her paradise!
O look! In pink and white and burning red
The hills, as with the morning clouds arrayed;
The long haired willows fondled by the wind;
The bearded banks kissed soft by ripples kind.
There, wing to wing,
The butterflies among the grass,
Here, arm in arm, the lad and lass.
'Tis spring; 'Tis spring!*

*Rejoice, rejoice,
With loud and happy voice.
Come forth afield and tarry
To sing there all day long.
Sing, ye that have a tongue,
Aloud through all the valley
The happy, happy song.
Praise Saho, praise the goddess fair,
Praise Saho for her gifts so rare.*

The William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest

CHALMER B. TRAVER



MRS. WILLIAM F. VILAS

By the kind generosity of Mrs. William F. Vilas in memory of her husband, the late Col. William F. Vilas, the following prize story contest, to be known as the

William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest, has been made possible. Mrs. Vilas offers two prizes; one of fifty dollars for the best story, and one of twenty-five dollars for the second best story, which will be awarded under the following conditions:

1. The contest is to be open to all undergraduate students of the University of Wisconsin.

2. The length of the stories that are submitted shall not be less than two thousand, nor more than four thousand words. There are no limitations imposed on the subject matter. Contestants are requested to have all copy typewritten.

3. The stories must be in the hands of the Business Manager of The Wisconsin Magazine not later than the third of December, 1910. The story shall be enclosed in a large envelope addressed to the Manager of The Wisconsin Magazine for the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest. This envelope shall contain a smaller, separate envelope, sealed, which shall contain the correct name of the contestant together with a *nom de plume*. Only the *nom de plume* shall appear on the story.

4. The following members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin have consented to act as judges of this contest:

MISS F. C. BERKELEY.

MISS I. M. STREET.

PROFESSOR T. H. DICKINSON.

PROFESSOR F. W. ROE.

MR. W. J. NEIDIG.

Stories submitted in the competition will be judged as to timely subject matter and power of appeal to the student body as well as literary perfection and attention to details of composition, such as grammar, punctuation, and general structure. As a matter of fact, the stories will

be judged on the same basis as the stories which are daily being submitted to the national magazines. The subjects and plots need not necessarily be based on university life.

Throughout his life Colonel Vilas had the best interests of the university at heart, first as a student, then as a regent, in which capacity he served for many years. Before his death in the fall of 1908 he willed to the university his entire fortune, constituting the largest endowment ever made to any university.

As a student Mr. Vilas was elected editor of the "Student's Miscellany," in May, 1858, after a short term as one of the board of editors of that publication. During the period in which he was identified with the publication he wrote a large number of articles, most of them in the nature of essays. The range of subjects is wide, embracing philosophical, scientific, historical and literary topics. The original manuscripts of some of the following, which appeared in early numbers of the Student's Miscellany, are still preserved among the late Col. Vilas' papers: "The Millenium of Society," "Recollections of Greece," "The Literature of the Commonwealth," "The Republic—the Home of the Orator," "The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin," and "The Song of Hiawatha," a humorous criticism of Longfellow's insight into the character of the red man.

The following paragraph from "The Millenium of Society," the topic paragraph of the whole essay, shows the trend of thought of Wisconsin's great statesman while he was still a young man in college:

"Among the many political questions to which the rapid development of social philosophy has given rise, there is none more important, or which more justly claims the attention of men, than the inquiry, What are the boundaries which reason and nature manifest, as the proper confines of the civil states? Are those ancient landmarks, the mountain ranges, the wide rivers, the inland seas and the broad ocean, which, to men of olden time, were almost impassable barriers, at this period when the improvements of travel and intercommunication have swept away the difficulties of their passage, still to limit

the advance of the civilizing influences of the political community? Against such a dogma reason rebels. But a candid examination of the history of civilization, of the wants of our age, and of the tendencies of our improvement in every branch of science and art, will reveal the fact that there is but one natural boundary to the state—immeasurable, impassable space, that the limits of the civil state should be continuous with those of the earth, and that our social progress will only culminate in the organization of the general society of mankind." The article takes up, one by one, the reasons for such an organization, and the probable steps by which it will be evolved, stating that "the existing system of international law is but the unfinished code of the general society of the human race, that society still being unformed."



THE LATE COL. WILLIAM F. VILAS

Besides being interested in the university publications, Mr. Vilas was a member of the Hesperia Debating Society and many of the debates and orations which he delivered before that body are still preserved.

Rirabien

R. RIDEO

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mrs. Herne—A widow of forty-five years.

Chaperone of the Omega Alpha Sorority.

Erma Slocum—A sophomore at the University, member of the Omega Alpha Sorority.

Grace Slocum—Her older sister, formerly a student at the University—not a member of Omega Alpha.

Hubert Waite—A sophomore, member of the Gamma Delt Fraternity.

Lotta Rone—Also a sophomore, member of the Omega Alpha Sorority.

<i>Florence Reiter</i>	} Dear senior sisters in Omega Alpha.
<i>Fanny Wilkinson</i>	
<i>Gladys McClain</i>	
<i>Glendora Falk</i>	

The action takes place in the Spring-time on the evening of one day, and the afternoon of the following day.

SCENE I.

Representing the Omega Alpha Sorority parlor. In the center, at the back, is a large, comfortable ingle nook. In the foreground is a dark stained table with books on it. Two easy chairs stand before the fireplace. On the mantel, one at each end, are two slender brass vases, and above it hangs a Wisconsin shield. To the right are silk-curtained, double, glass doors, left open, giving a view of a wide, pillared porch, dimly visible in the moonlight. On the left is a doorway through which can be seen the hall, and a staircase. Electric lights in plain frosted shades on either side of the ingle work furnish the interior light.

Erma Slocum and Hubert Waite stand looking out through the doorway on the night. She is an attractive girl of nineteen years, with light hair and blue eyes. He is probably about twenty or over.

Suddenly he turns to her.

Hubert—Erma, there is something troubling you. Please tell me what it is.

Erma—There is something troubling me. I have wanted to tell you all even-

ing, but I have been afraid. That is why I have been so silent. Come, Hubert, come and sit here on this chair. (They sit in the chairs before the empty fireplace, facing each other. He looks at her anxiously. She sits silently, with her eyes cast down, nervously twisting and untwisting her handkerchief.)

Hubert—Erma, now tell me what it is, and I am sure it can be fixed up all right.

Erma—(Looking up at him for a moment, and then dropping her eyes again.) The girls say you are not to come to see me any more, Hubert.

Hubert—(Sits erect in his chair, and leans forward, watching her closely. After a pause.) They say I am not to come to see you any more! What's the trouble? Don't you want—

Erma—(Looking at him) Hubert—don't. You know I want you to come. (She pauses, turning her eyes to the floor.)

Hubert—Well, what is it? I don't understand. I have been coming to see you, at least for a few minutes, nearly every day during the past three months—and quite frequently, for many months before that. They never objected. Now they say—well?

Erma—(She looks around to make sure no one is within hearing.) They have lots of reasons. Listen to me—don't be angry. Perhaps they are in the right—Maybe it would be better—for a little while.

Hubert—What have the girls to say about this? This is not their affair. I will not—

Erma—O, Hubert, listen to me. Wait till I have finished, and then I am sure you will understand better. You see, the girls think I am spending too much of my time with you, and—

Hubert—Do you think for a minute that because of what they think I am going to stop coming to see you?

Erma—Please wait till I have told you everything. They do not understand, I

know, but this is what they say. People will talk about me if I go with one man so much. Besides, I ought to have lots of friends in the other fraternities besides Gamma Delt. They say, look at the Delta Omegas.

Hubert—O, those Delta Omegas! They want you to go with them—and they know what they are as well as I do—and you know. Never—you will never have anything to do with them.

Erma—Then they point to other fraternity men in school whom I could go with. They say it would be a good thing for the Sorority, and for me, and that it is wholly wrong for me to go with you so much—that I will lose my reputation—bring criticism on the Sorority—that people are talking about us now—that you are spoiling me—that I am becoming indifferent to everything—

Hubert—O! You will lose your reputation by going with me, and save it by going with those fellows—well, you know. Absurd! What did you say to all this?

Erma—I told them just what I thought of it. They argued, and argued. Finally just in order to show them how poorly it would work out, I told them I would try it for a little while. I don't care for that sort of thing—and they know it. But I don't want to cause trouble in the Sorority or bring any criticism on my sisters. They are my best friends—excepting you. It is only right that we do this.

Hubert—I will not submit to it! There is no criticism. There is not the slightest grounds for what they say. They know that as well as I do. I will not—

Erma—Yes—you must, Hubert. Because—I told them you would—and now—I ask you not to come—for a little while. Don't you understand?

Hubert—But that is an injustice. They have no right to dictate whether I shall come and see you or not. They can go with those men if they care to, and advertise the Sorority with their persons and their silly conversation if they care to. But I will never submit to having you do that. Erma, we have been friends since childhood, and it is not right that this should be. Erma, you know you will not do it.

Erma—(Nearly in tears, but still controlling herself.) Just for a little while

—just for a few days. I promised, Hubert, and we will have to do it. Please—tell me you will. (Looking anxiously at him.)

Hubert—(Sits silently thinking for awhile. Then rises, taking her hand.) Don't worry, Erma. We will fix it up all right. I must go now. It is getting late. I will think it over, and call you up in the morning. Don't worry. It is sure to come out all right. (They walk to the outer doorway.)

Goodnight, Erma. (He leaves.)

(*Erma*—Good night, Hubert.)

(She bursts into tears—hurries across the room into the hall, and her steps are heard on the stairway. Just after she has disappeared, a heavy set girl, stepping noiselessly, passes the left doorway on the outside and goes upstairs.)

SCENE II.

Same. A short interval after close of scene 1.

(Enter Florence Reiter, a heavy, red-faced girl; Fanny Wilkinson, who is slight and nervous appearing, and Gladys McClain and Glendora Falk, both ordinary co-eds.)

Fanny W.—Nobody here. We can talk without being overheard.

Florence—She told him. I heard. I was just outside the door there. (Pointing to the door on the left.) She didn't see me.

The Others—(Together.) What did he say?

Florence—O, a whole lot of mean, dastardly things. Said he wouldn't submit—and then left.

Fanny—We're going to have trouble with him. What did he say about us? She didn't let on about the argument we used about his neglecting his university work, and letting opportunities slip for making a name for himself in school?

Florence—No, she didn't say a word about that. I guess she knew that wouldn't have any influence with him. We slipped one over on him this time, all right! Down with Gamma Delt. O, how I hate them!

Gladys—But, girls, I feel sort of badly about it. Erma is such a nice girl—and so capable—and Hubert, well, there really isn't anything against him. And we told such lies.

Florence—O, you faint heart! It's just because Erma is capable that we want to stop this business. She's the only girl here for next year who can manage finances. We need her time in the Sorority. Hubert is a cad. Lord, he's conceited. He won't have anything to do with the rest of us. He takes her off, and they read a book. They never go on stunts with the rest of us.

Fanny—Besides, we have just got to get a graft with the Delta Omegas. They're the finest fraternity in school. They've got lots of money, and its good for the Sorority to be strong with them. And Erma can help that graft. They like her.

Glendora—What do you think I told her after you girls left? I said it was all over school about how she and Hubert stayed in Rondol after the house party last summer till the three o'clock train in the morning, and then came down to Chicago together. Lots of talk about it. She said she didn't care—it was a lie. Well, it was a lie—all around—but I guess it worried her, all right.

Gladys—Aren't you girls afraid that the underclassmen will stand with her?

Florence—(Sneering.) 'Pff! Afraid? You don't know human nature. They care a great deal for her—more than girls generally care for one of their own classmates—but they're afraid to stand with her. Her three best friends, Flissi, Lotta and Gert—are going with Bob and Fred and Harry regularly, and they are afraid that if they stand up for Erma, some of their pranks—like staying out after hours, etc.—will be investigated. O, depend on it, they won't endanger their own heads. I have seen four years of sorority life, and I know.

(Mrs. Herne enters through the door on the left.)

Mrs. Herne—Girls—I have called up Erma's sister, Grace, and she will be out tomorrow. I will see her first, and fix things so she will put a stop to our troubles. Her father is in Europe on business.

Florence—O. Mrs. Herne, you are a genius. Our plans will work out all right now.

Mrs. Herne—I have also sent a special delivery to Mrs. Smith—you know, the woman who brought the Slocum children

up after their mother's death. We really haven't got anything definite against Hubert, but I made some insinuations which ought to fix things, and which are perfectly safe. I don't think she will ask for proofs.

All the Girls—You are a brick, Mrs. Herne. (And other congratulatory remarks.)

Mrs. Herne—I guess I'll go to bed now. Tomorrow will bring results. We need Erma for our own. Hubert has taken her away from us. Good-night, girls.

(She leaves.)

Gladys—I wish Erma didn't know about that stunt we had in the fall—the time we were all—a little—well—you know. And that other time.

Florence—O, don't worry, Gladys. She won't say anything about it. We've got her scared. She thinks her reputation is ruined. Come girls, let's go to bed.

(She closes the outer doors, and they all go into the hall, and upstairs.)

SCENE III.

Same. Next afternoon.

Florence Reiter, Fanny Wilkinson, Gladys McClain, and Glendora Falk, seated in the ingle nook, whispering excitedly.

Mrs. Herne comes in hurrying. She sees the girls.

Mrs. Herne—(Taking off her hat and gloves, and placing them on the table.) O, girls. There's trouble ahead. Somebody has let it out. Hubert knew Grace was coming, and was at the depot.

The Girls—(Variously.) How did he find out? Where is Grace now? O, what shall we do? Who told? etc.

Mrs. Herne—I tried to get hold of her first, and speak with her, but Hubert stopped in and said he would take care of her and bring her up, and she said she preferred to go with him. I couldn't get a word in edgeways.

Florence—Somebody has told. I'd like to find out who. I'd fix 'em! I'm in a pretty predicament now. I told Erma this morning that if she would stop going with Hubert I would break off my engagement with Gilbert for the rest of the year. Now that will get out, I suppose.

Fanny—Oh, dear!

Florence—No, no! Not yet! We

haven't lost yet. We can still get them. Let's think up a plan.

Mrs. Herne—Where is Erma? If she finds out all that I have done she will hate me. I have pretended to be all for her—and now she will find out. It must have been one of the underclassmen. Could it have been Lotta?

Gladys—I will go and get Erma, and we will talk it over with her. (She goes out hastily.)

Glendora—Isn't it awful? Hubert will talk Grace into his way of looking at it, and get the family on his side.

(Erma, Grace, Lotta Rone, and Hubert appear at the doorway on the right. The girls stand up amazed. Gladys McClain comes back through the left door.)

Gladys—I can't find her. (Seeing the new arrivals!) O!

Hubert—Good afternoon.

(The girls and Mrs. Herne stand awkwardly, not knowing what to do.)

Mrs. Herne—Good afternoon—come in and sit down. How are you, Miss Slocum?

Grace—(Coolly.) Quite well, thank you.

Mrs. Herne—(partially recovering herself.) There must be a mistake somewhere. Miss Slocum, won't you come in and sit down? Come in and—we will talk things over.

Grace—Yes—evidently there is a mistake somewhere. I am quite sure there is.

Mrs. Herne—Miss Slocum, could I see you for a few minutes privately? I wish very much to talk with you.

Grace—I should be very glad to talk with you, Mrs. Herne—but don't you think it would be just as well to speak right here? I am sure I have no secrets to disclose—and if you have anything to say concerning Hubert and Erma, I am sure they would be glad to hear it. The other girls here are evidently interested—and it might be well for them to hear. I am sorry I don't remember all your names; it was some time ago that I met you.

Mrs. Herne—Well—well—ah—well perhaps—that might be best. (She stops, flustered.)

Grace—Well?

Hubert—It may be that this letter will help. (Drawing a letter with a special delivery stamp on it from his pocket. Mrs. Herne starts.) You see, Lotta saw this

letter in the hallway yesterday afternoon waiting for the postman, and she took it, and kept it. She did not wish to disturb Erma over the matter as she knew she was having trouble enough. In fact, she didn't know just what to do about it so she called me up this morning. (The girls look daggers at Lotta, who returns them with a vengeance, and steps closer to Erma.) Well, you see, Erma and I had one friend over here who was not afraid to stand on her own convictions, and she knew what was going on.

Mrs. Herne—Give me that letter, Mr. Waite.

Florence—This is not your affair, Hubert Waite! This is between Erma and the Sorority.

Hubert—(After looking alternately at Mrs. Herne and Florence.) Perhaps this will help clear the matter up. (He takes the letter from the envelope.) I will read part of it.

"My dear Mrs. Smith:

"A very unpleasant duty has devolved upon me. That is, the duty of writing to you concerning Erma and a certain young man here in the University. I do this not of my own accord but at the request of my dear girls in the Sorority here. I most sincerely regret that any talk has arisen in the University about Erma—as I love her as I would a daughter, and would do all in my power to make her happy,—but the truth is that this young man has so persisted in his attentions to her, and has been so constantly with her, that some criticism has arisen. Erma has made, I fear, a rather bad choice in selecting her friends (among the men, I mean.) Now, for her sake, and for the sake of our Sorority, it is advisable that she give up going with this young man. I am sure you will see this the same way my girls have seen it," etc., etc. We do not need the rest. What accusations have you to make?

(Mrs. Herne fidgets—looks angry and says nothing.)

Florence—This is a shame! Lotta, how could you do such a thing? Miss Slocum, it is this way. Mr. Waite has a bad influence on Erma, and we think it best that he should not come to see her. She is becoming indifferent to her University life, and to the Sorority.

Grace—What definite accusations have you to make? Can you cite examples of his bad influence, or of any talk which is circulating. Erma appears to be doing excellent work in her studies. I have known Hubert all his life, and I need definite proof against him to believe it.

Mrs. Herne—I am very sorry that all this has arisen. Very sorry, indeed—

Erma—Yes—we also are sorry. Mrs. Herne, yesterday you told me that everything was all right—that nothing more would be done—that you loved me very dearly, as a daughter, and would do anything for me—that you understood how things were, and that you would see that no trouble arose. I trusted you. Then you left me, called my sister up and alarmed her, and wrote to Mrs. Smith. Can you explain your conduct?

Lotta—Every word of that is true. I have been keeping watch.

Mrs. Herne—Well—you see—well, I thought it was—Erma, don't you understand?

Erma—No. I wish I did.

Hubert—Anything against me? If there is, I would be glad to hear it. I want these people to hear also.

Florence—You broke rules. You remained out after ten o'clock. You came here evenings when the girls weren't supposed to have callers.

Grace—Mrs. Herne—would you like to have an investigation of the number of girls in your Sorority who break these same rules? I am afraid there is hardly a sorority in town which could stand up under such an investigation. Probably Erma and Hubert haven't been as under-

handed about it as most, and consequently you know more about them. I don't like the looks of this—it is not right. You are not giving Erma a square deal. Is there anything else?

Mrs. Herne—(Angrily.) Give me my letter. (Hubert hands it to her.)

Floss—(Crimson with passion. Her fat face and body seems about to explode.) This is a miserable shame!

Hubert—Yes.

(Dead silence. The opposite parties glare at each other. Erma looks at the floor. Fanny Wilkinson is on the verge of tears.)

Grace—Well, there isn't much to say. Of course, after what has occurred, the underhanded treatment she and Hubert have received from you—Erma will sever her relations with the Sorority. Lotta has decided to go with her. She and Lotta have arranged for a comfortable rooming and boarding place on the other side of town. Erma will at least finish out the year. Lotta, come, we will pack up now; the baggage man will be here in an hour or so.

Florence—(exploding) No! No! O! O!

The other girls and Mrs. Herne—O!

Hubert—I guess Erma and I will go for a walk. Sorority nature is a rather surprising thing—until you get to know it. Don't you think so?

Erma—Yes.

(She turns quickly to him, and they walk off through the open door on to the porch, and disappear. Grace and Lotta go across the room, out on the left, and up the stairs. The girls and Mrs. Herne stare at each other stupidly.)

The Priest of Juarez

ANONYMOUS

*The throb that follows the boom of the bell,
When the host on high is raised,
Still rode on the air with a lordly swell
And I listened—moved, amazed.*

*The priest came out of the vestry door
And I gaped at him, aghast.
A fighting cock under his arm he bore,
But he blessed me as he passed.*

*I followed him to the cocking pit
And I backed his bird alone;
I won their dinero, quite a bit,
For the Lord still guards his own.*

*I gave to that priest a mighty mite
That a high mass might be said
For my father's soul; that very night
I painted El Paso red.*

The Greater University

THEO. R. HOYER

On the second floor of the Administration building, in the university architect's office, carefully arranged along the wall can be seen drawings and pictures of beautiful grounds and buildings. The grounds are the future campus of our university, and the buildings are those of the great university of probably thirty years to come.

The present administration has inaugurated a new policy of selecting sites which will afford sufficient space for increase in the size of buildings and which provides for arranging the buildings according to a general design. The Board of Regents, in taking this progressive step, realized the urgent necessity for making provisions for the rapid expansion and growth of

observer so practical that our readers will undoubtedly regard it as an unusual privilege to get a glimpse of what may be the future design of the University of Wisconsin.

President Charles Richard Van Hise in his inaugural address delivered in June, 1904, said: "If the University of Wisconsin is to do for the sons of the state what Oxford and Cambridge are doing for the sons of England, if it is to do even what the eastern institutions are accomplishing for their students, not only in producing scholars and investigators, but in making men, it must once more have halls of residence, and to these must be added a commons and a union." This statement

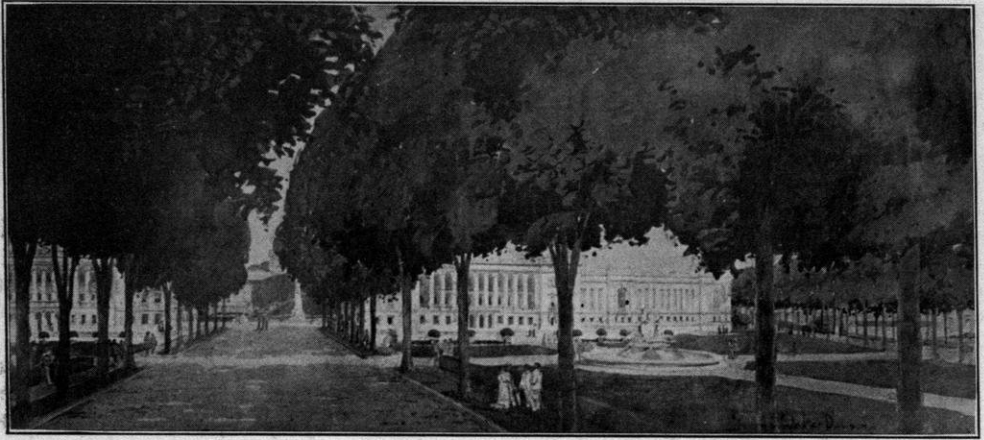


PROPOSED MEN'S DORMITORIES AND STADIUM

the university, and appointed a commission to draw up a design. This commission consisted of Mr. Warren P. Laird, Professor of Architecture in the University of Pennsylvania; Mr. Paul P. Cret, Architect, Professor of Design in the same institution, and Mr. Arthur Peabody, Architect of the University of Wisconsin. Several designs have been prepared by this commission, but none of them have as yet been accepted. The last design, however, is so extensive and appears to the ordinary

marked a definite policy, and the actions of the Board of Regents have since tended that way. Only a few weeks ago the president again brought up the question of the necessity of a union building in an address before the student body.

Thirty years from today the university will dominate an immense campus extending from Murray street, north of the University avenue, along the lake shore almost to the University Heights. Instead of buildings loosely scattered with no par-



PROPOSED PLAZA TO REPLACE LOWER CAMPUS

ticular harmony in color or design there will be completed a great architectural scheme of many new buildings grouped according to the respective departments in which they belong. The plans as have been proposed provide for almost indefinite expansion of all the various colleges, and hence the College of Engineering, which stands on extremely limited grounds, will be transferred to the west of the hill. In fact the greater portion of the university will lie behind main hall.

University hall is the keynote of the general design of future buildings, and even though buildings such as Science hall, and the Law building are entirely out of harmony with the original design future architects will consider it a duty to abide by the scheme laid down by the first designer. Recently constructed buildings such as Lathrop hall and the agricultural buildings are constructed according to the early models and do not clash with the prevailing tone and color.

Approaching the grounds from State street we may find two new avenues commencing at the junction of State and Lake streets running diagonally so that one will terminate at the end of Park street, the other at the corner of Park street and University avenue. The Historical Library will undoubtedly have outgrown its present quarters, and an extension built northward may be erected across Langdon street. Symmetrically opposite, on the south side of State street we may find a large, hand-

some theater combined with a new Administration building. Already we hear agitation in favor of the establishment of a dramatic chair, and it is not entirely improbable that in the future this new theater will stand at the prominent junction of State and Park streets. In front of these buildings an elaborate park scheme has been provided for—a court beautiful—around which the intellectual life of the university will gather by inevitable attraction. The old battleground of many an interclass baseball game will also be transformed into a park, and will lend an air of dignity to the entire campus.

The hill will look entirely different. Opposite Science hall a new building housing the History and Economic Departments will displace the old chapel. Two new buildings similar to North and South hall will be back of Science hall and the History building, and will be connected to these buildings by porticos. The once sloping hill which terminates abruptly on Park street will receive at its base an architectural treatment of ballustrades, steps, and a statue. Directly in front of Main hall we look for the *arvonolis* of the future university. The court or plaza already started with North hall, South hall, and Main hall will be completed by a museum on the north and a biological building on the south side. The contract for the biological building was to be let some time this month, and the structure

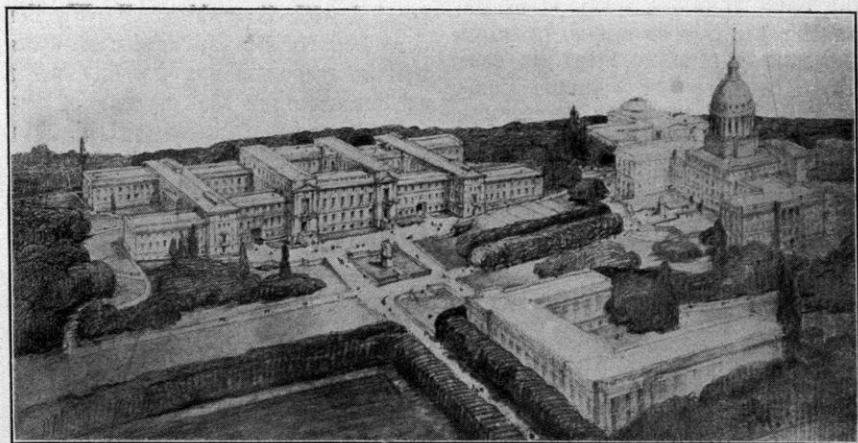
is expected to be completed in October, 1911. This building will be surpassed only by the biological building of Princeton University, and will cost when completed almost \$200,000. It will contain a large aquarium, 2,000 feet in dimension, in which numerous plants and animals for biological research will be kept. Botanical and zoological departments will be located in this modern structure, and provisions are made for an addition to be built later on in which will be the medical departments. Geological and physics departments will occupy the rooms vacated in Science hall.

On the south side of the campus along University avenue a new Women's Union and dormitories will be located between Lathrop hall and the Chemistry building. These new structures have been definitely decided on by the Board of Regents at their last meeting, and should be completed in a few years. Sciences will have expanded sufficiently to warrant the completion of the Chemistry building of which now only the central portion is standing. The pathological chemistry department will have its own quarters in a building erected north of the Chemistry building at the foot of Charter street, and if the College of Engineering expands at its present rate we may expect a new group of buildings on the corner of University avenue and Charter street opposite the Chemistry building. On the south side of this block the new central heating plant has already been erected, and if the pro-

posed plans are followed two entire blocks will be utilized for machine shops and experimental engineering.

Camp Randall will be turned into military grounds with a new drill hall facing University avenue. The agricultural buildings and the Forestry Laboratory are now under construction in accordance with a definite plan and the additional buildings when completed will reach far into the present experimental farm.

The real life of the university will be found in that section lying between Linden drive and Lake Mendota. North of the Observatory House along the shore of the lake the women's dormitories will show their facades, and west of this group, extending well two blocks farther up the lake, will be the men's quadrangles. An elegantly equipped boat house and a large stone pier will be built in the bay. This new location of the boat house will be a decided improvement since the water in the bay is frequently calm, while the main body of water is too rough for the light crew shells. A union building, the long wished for *hangout* of the students, will occupy a prominent position near the men's dormitories. It will be a commodious structure, comfortably, simply but artistically furnished. It will be a center for university activities and a place for the expression and development of social life. For the alumni it will be a home during their stay in Madison, and will stimulate a live interest in the affairs of their Alma Mater. For the proper real-



PROPOSED GROUP OF BIOLOGICAL BUILDINGS

ization of all these ends an adequate club house is necessary. In the evening when the students are done with their work, the union will be at hand where refreshments may be had, and a pleasant hour may be spent in games or in a social chat.

The general design and dreams of the men who see in Wisconsin one of the leading universities in the country, in athletics as well as in arts and sciences, will be completed by the construction of a new athletic field with a large stadium, a gymnasium, and grounds for minor sports such as tennis, hockey and lacrosse. This field will lie in the same area between the agricultural buildings and the men's dormitories on the extreme west end of the grounds.

It is of course not the intention of the state to carry out this gigantic undertaking regardless of the development of the institution within. The future of the university depends on the progressiveness of students and faculty, or better as President Van Hise stated in his recent address on optimism before the student body.

"The future of the university is as boundless as the ideas and ideals of those entrusted with its guidance."

These immense and beautiful plans will have developed as a result of Wisconsin's progressive spirit, and the environments so created will again affect the lives of the men and women, and lead on gradually but surely to the goal of better manhood and womanhood—better citizenship.

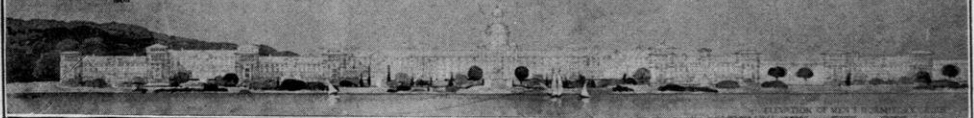
The women's dormitories out there on beautiful Lake Mendota, away from the noise of the town, surrounded by elms and landscape gardening must be conducive to a new type of woman. Communism will lead to truer democracy. Cliques and groups, considered by some to be the sore spots of university life, will be absorbed in one big family life with common interests. Let us hope if caste

and social position do exist they be banished from college life and result in truer fraternal spirit.

Who can calculate the effects of the new men's dormitories on college life? The quadrangles prettily grouped on the lake shore and surrounded by recreation grounds must mean an entirely new life for the future Wisconsin student. The entire life of the student body will centralize about the shore of the lake; and the lone student now hidden under some low attic roof will be thrown among men and learn how to associate with them. If students of the greater university wish to be on the inside of college affairs they must live in the dormitories. To carry out the Oxford plan instructors as well as students should make their home in these quadrangles. If an instructor is valuable to a student in the class room he should be still more valuable as a comrade and monitor, and fortunate will be the day for Wisconsin when students, instructors and professors mingle daily in close companionship, for in this sort of intimate communal life every fellow learns to adjust himself to others. It will be a training in adaptability, and instructors will also learn to understand the student's view point better. In this mixing process the product of the University of Wisconsin will be well rounded, adapted to the highest usefulness in political and private life.

Let us then remember that this great future of the university will be bounded "only by the ideas and ideals of those entrusted with its guidance." We the student body of the University of Wisconsin will be responsible in possibly the greatest measure for the success of the immense plans that have been laid. May the growth of student spirit lead on towards the consummation of the Greater University.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
GENERAL DESIGN
OR FUTURE CONSTRUCTIONAL DEVELOPMENT
MAY 1916
ARCHITECTURAL COMMISSION



The Dull Night

RALPH BIRCHARD

Collins had been telling me about a girl he used to know. He said her name was Mary Willard and that she meant to him everything that was good in the world. She lived in a little town in Ohio. Some day he was going back to get her and bring her out west. He had never told me so much about himself before. The story brought out a new side of him—a side I didn't think he had.

At eleven we left the Courier office and went out to get something to eat. It was a dull night for the newspapers. The world seemed to be suffering with drowsiness. There was not even a local story of crime—something unusual in Frisco where the citizens seem to have the faculty of getting into action on short notice. Garth told us he had no assignment worth chasing. He said to come back at one and see him, and in the meanwhile to ease around.

A cold drizzling rain was falling. The streets were almost deserted. We went up Market two blocks, walking fast. Why we walked fast I don't know, for we had no idea of where we were going. When we came to Geary Street we saw the electric sign of Eddie Hanlon's cafe. Collins suggested that we go there for our lunch, so we did. I didn't think much of it as a place to eat, but it was as good a place as any to hang around.

The cafe was in the basement of a big building. The main floor of the building was used for stores. The upper stories were occupied by the Crystal Hotel. It was a cheap hotel without much reputation. Except for the sign and the globe lights at the top of the stairs leading down to the cafe, the building was all dark. The naked incandescent lamps were steaming in the rain and the white marble stairs were wet and slippery. I wondered why they built stairs to a place like that so steep. I thought it must be dangerous to some of their patrons.

We opened the lace-curtained glass door

and went in. The air was as bad as usual. A cloud of cigarette smoke hung over the room. When we opened the door a gust of it rushed out as if even it wanted to escape the confinement of the place. We crossed to one of the little tables against the wall and sat down. A dress suited waiter dusted off some imaginary crumbs and waited for our order. He had an evil, leering face. We ordered club sandwiches and beer, and then looked around the room to see if anyone we knew was there.

Most of the people seemed to be regular habitues. There was the usual sprinkling of huge plumed hats and too-elegant gowns. The men seemed ordinary. In the opposite corner six college boys were seated around a big table. A girl went over to them and drank the wine they bought for her. When they got demonstrative she returned to her party which left the cafe amid general laughter. I recognized two of the boys and was afraid that one of them had seen me and that he might come over and perhaps fall on my neck. But he soon became engrossed in ordering another round of drinks and forgot all about me. The four entertainers provided by the cafe shouted a popular song at the top of their voices. Afterward, they improvised parodies on it and got a good deal of applause.

Rollins is never what you could call voluble. That night he was even quieter than usual. He yawned and said he was tired and that he would be glad when it was two o'clock so he could go home and go to bed. So we did nothing but look on and perhaps that was why I noticed a couple that came in just after the waiter had brought our sandwiches. They sat at the table next ours toward the middle of the room.

The man was tall and dark. He was very handsome. His face was strong. He had one of the most decisive looking

chins I ever saw on a man. I thought I had seen him before. The woman was different from most of those you see in cafes like Hanlon's. Her face was pale. She had big gray eyes. She was dressed in plain black. Her hair was arranged simply. On her head she wore a small fur toque. I thought she was probably an actress from one of the theaters.

The man looked cautiously around the room till he was sure no one there knew him. After that he looked only at the woman. And she looked only at the table and at him. They talked in low tones and I found myself wondering what they were saying. Neither of them ate much of the supper which the man had ordered, but the man drank deeply of a fiery liquor, while the woman barely touched the white wine in her glass.

They seemed to be arguing. It looked to me as if the man was urging her to do something she did not want to do. Also, I don't know why, it looked as if he had to convince himself as well as her. The more I looked at the man the more certain I was that I had seen him somewhere. He was so distinguished-looking you felt that he must be someone of consequence. I noticed that Rollins was watching them too. I asked him if he knew who the man was, but he only shook his head.

I looked at my watch. It was twenty-five minutes past twelve. I started to rise but Rollins motioned me to sit down. Just then there came a burst of maudlin laughter from a party of six who were leaving. Right after that a big man came in and there was a woman—a lady, with him. They must have fallen on the steps for he was trying to brush himself off with his right hand. She was hanging on to his left arm and the lower part of her opera cape was all wet and dirty.

I knew her the minute I saw her. She was Mildred Blood, the swellest girl in Frisco, and the richest. And then, like a flash, I knew that the man at the table next to us was her fiance, Rogers. I had seen his picture in Tuesday's paper. The marriage was set for the end of the week. I wondered what would happen. Then I thought of the paper. Here was a story that *was* a story.

I guess Miss Blood had been drinking.

There was a sort of silly smile on her face. Her partner wobbled. A waiter started to guide them to a table. A real lady drunk is about as sad a sight as I ever hope to see. But if she had been drunk the sight of Rogers sobered her. They saw each other at the same time. He stood up and they stared in each other's faces. Everybody in the cafe seemed to be watching them. It was so still you could hear her catch her breath.

"So this is how you spend your evenings, Mr. Rogers," she said!

He didn't answer her. He just took one look at the big man beside and then he said:

"Who is he?"

Miss Blood looked down at the little woman in black.

"Who is she, if you please," she said. Then she straightened up and started to move away. "Never mind," she said, "I don't care to know."

But Rogers grabbed her by the wrist. He leaned over till his face nearly touched hers, and he said low and quiet but very distinctly, "Mildred, who is that man?"

The big man had turned around by this time. He looked at Rogers and began to get mad.

"What's the matter with this fellow?" he said, "Is he drunk?"

Then it happened.

Rogers hit out with his right fist. He hit the big man squarely in the face and he went down like a log taking a table with him. A woman screamed. I expected a general stampede. Usually when there is anything like that everybody tries to make a quick getaway. But nothing of the kind happened.

Rogers raised his right hand and everybody listened.

"There is nothing at all to be alarmed about, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Good night to you all."

A little woman over in the corner let out a scared "Good night."

He never loosened his left hand grip on Miss Blood's wrist. With his right he lifted the woman in black. "Put on your coat, please," he said, "We're going to leave."

She obeyed him. The three of them went out together. Miss Blood strained with all her might to get away but he

was too strong for her. The other woman went willingly.

I followed them out. Collins was just behind me. An auto was standing at the curb. Rogers put both the women into the tonneau.

"The Blood residence. Drive fast," he said to the chauffeur.

When they had gone I whirled around to Collins. I was thinking what a story

we had. But he looked me right in the eyes and said, "You haven't seen anything worth making a story of tonight, have you?"

"Haven't I though——" I began.

"No, you haven't," he said. "That girl with Rogers was Mary Willard."

"That's right," I said, "I haven't."

It was a dull night for the newspapers.

As One

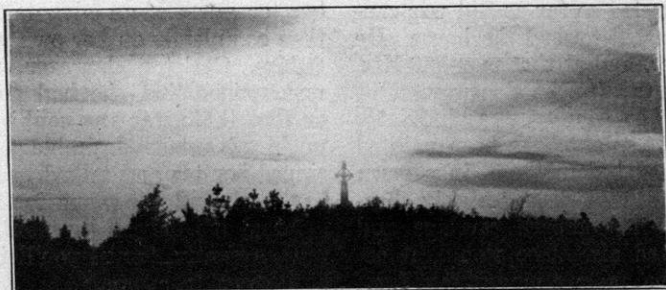
ANONYMOUS



*The sun comes up and the sun goes down
And the day and the night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of somber or shining sand
Gliding into and out of the hand.*

*And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting Steadily into the night.*

*The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And a maiden dreameth her love-lit dream
And what is it all when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks
And from her dreaming the dreamer wakes.*



The Gray Mare

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

"It is the worst kind of mother-in-law problem," said Agatha. "She's not only my future mother-in-law, but she's your step-mother, and so fearfully distinguished too. And every time I talk to you I have another set of virtues unfolded to me. Don't you see how complicated it all becomes?"

They had halted on the terrace on their return from their walk, and now stood looking down over the river. Sid turned his head at Agatha's words and looked at her with that illuminating smile of his. "It's a good thing that she is distinguished," he said. "We should be a flat family without her, I am afraid. And if her being my step-mother doesn't worry me, why should it you?"

Agatha dropped her head until the roses on her hat hid her face from his view. There were moments when Sid's total lack of sentimental complication irritated her. He could hardly be said to resemble his stepmother in this, for she had a more refined intellectual grasp of things than Sid, and could understand even where she was incapable of experiencing; but it was more like her than like his father, his handsome, charming, sympathetic father, whom Agatha had loved from the first moment that she saw him. Sid heightened the contrast by his next remark. "You like mother, don't you?" he asked.

"Oh, of course I like her," said Agatha, forcing herself to look up at him. She turned then, as the possibilities of the subject were exhausted so far as Sid was concerned, and started toward the house. He turned with her, and at that moment Mrs. Carleton appeared in the doorway.

To Agatha her coming was singularly opportune. She might have been painted just as she stood before them, in a gown at once perfectly modish and highly characteristic, with her superb carriage and her distinguished air. She would, it occurred to Agatha, make a magnificent fam-

ily portrait; and one of the advantages of family portraits was that one could keep them on the wall and did not have to enter into personal relationship with them. Sid, however, took a vastly different view of her, as was evident from his remark when they met.

"Mother," he said, "won't you give Agatha her tea in your study? She goes tomorrow, you know, and you've hardly seen her alone."

"I should like it above all things," said Mrs. Carleton. "Will you come, Agatha?"

Agatha went meekly; her small size and delicate, winsome little face gave an air of meekness and youth to all that she did, and on this occasion hid inner rebellion. Of course, as Agatha had repeatedly told herself, it was all right for her to make the introductory visit to Sid's parents, especially as she had no people of her own. But she felt at this moment as if she were bearding the lion in his den; every article in Mrs. Carleton's study, from the signed photograph of George Meredith above the mantel and the shelves of favorite books all uniformly bound in grey morocco with a silver "H. C." on the cover, to the yellowing antique statuette flanked by a slender glass filled with lilies of the valley and maidenhair fern, placed where they would make a study in ivory and green for Mrs. Carleton's delectation whenever she looked up from her writing—every article in the study reflected its owner's personality and celebrity. It was giving her too much of an advantage to meet her thus completely on her own ground.

Mrs. Carleton, however, seemed quite unconscious that she had any advantage, or that there was any conflict raging that made advantage desirable. She sat and sipped her tea and talked to Agatha about her work and her plans for the future.

"And it's only three months now," she said presently, "until you'll be taking my boy away from me."

Agatha scanned her face for a trace of emotion, found none, and answered smartly, "It is rather a mean thing to do."

"He's been mine so long," said Mrs. Carleton, "that I feel as if all proprietary rights in him belonged to me."

Agatha wondered why Mrs. Carleton confined her claim of proprietary rights to Sid. "You've had years of him that I shant have," she said.

"Have you ever seen my picture of him taken when his father and I were first married?" asked Mrs. Carleton. She opened a drawer in her desk and took out a small photograph.

Agatha bent over it. "He was a dear boy," she said.

Mrs. Carleton looked steadily at her drooping profile. "Agatha," she said suddenly, "You don't like me. You're jealous of my influence in Sid's past, and you wish that I'd remember that I'm only his stepmother."

Agatha sat up flushing. "Mrs. Carleton," she said, "Sid thinks everything of you, and you've done everything for him, and I'm glad that he feels as he does toward you. I can say all that fairly, and if I can't say anything more—"

Mrs. Carleton nodded, her eyes looking far away at nothing. "The gods have been very good to you," she said slowly. "There are two kinds of strength in this world, man's strength and woman's strength; you have the one, and Sid has the other. It's bad when one has to have it for both."

Agatha recalled stray hints of gossip that she had once heard from an acquaintance of the Carletons'; she remembered her own impression, which was that in their particular double harness the grey mare was decidedly the better horse; then she looked at Mrs. Carleton, as she sat with her head against the back of her chair and her fine hands folded in her lap, and it seemed to her that the atmosphere of the room suddenly became oppressive. This woman's everlasting strength and efficiency must be hard on Carleton; he might be ineffective, but then, perhaps Mrs. Carleton never had given him the chance to be anything else.

Mrs. Carleton leaned over presently and

took up the picture of Sid. Agatha watched her as she bent over to study it, and suddenly her hard young judgment softened. After all, here was a woman who had struggled and endured all her life for what Agatha herself called "fearful distinction" and the love of another woman's son; now the son was being taken away from her, and the distinction seemed a bit cold and lonely. If Mrs. Carleton would only look always as she looked at that moment—but unfortunately she raised her eyes from the picture a minute later, and the muscles of her face adjusted themselves as if she were being photographed for publication.

"Time to dress for dinner," she said rising. "It's too bad that the Ingersolls are here on the last day of your visit, but after all while you are taking your family-in-law you might as well take them all, Sid's aunt and her husband as well as Sid's papa and stepmother."

Agatha, alone in her own room, was able to throw off the incubus of mother-in-law that threatened to become a night-mare to her. She dressed slowly, and then, as she still had some time left before dinner, seated herself at the open window. The river below was grey in the lessening light; a clump of willows at its margin were absolutely still. Agatha sat and looked at them and smiled. Once she interrupted her reverie to say half aloud, "That's the difference between Mrs. Carleton and me; she never sits and smiles to herself and thinks how happy she is. That's the difference between people anyway, I suppose."

She left her room a few minutes before dinner-time, expecting to walk on the terrace. In the corridor she met Mrs. Carleton, coming hastily from the direction of her own room, with a servant behind her. "Will you go back to your own room, Agatha, please?" she requested when she caught sight of the girl. "Stay there till I send for you."

Agatha went back into her room and resumed her station by the window. She saw the motor start for town, with Sid in it; presently it returned with another man, who went into the house. A maid knocked at her door with some dinner for her on a tray. Agatha would have scorned

to question her, but she felt that she must find out what had happened. She pushed her untasted dinner aside, went out into the hall, and made her way to the top of the main staircase. She could hear hurried footsteps below, passing and repassing; once a door opened, and she heard Mrs. Carleton's voice, "Ask them to hold the line a minute, please. I'll talk to them." Then a man was admitted at the front door, and then everything was quiet.

At 9 o'clock Mrs. Carleton knocked at her door. She was rather tired looking, but aside from that she was more the family portrait than ever.

"You had some dinner, Agatha?" she asked. "I didn't mean to leave you alone so long, with the atmosphere so intonse. There has been an accident, and we were busy trying to adjust things. Mr. Carleton's brother-in-law was examining a revolver before dinner, and it was discharged."

"He is——"

"He died instantly. His room was in the other wing, and that is why we didn't

hear the shot. There has been so much to do, so many people to see——"

"How awful!" said Agatha. "What a dreadful thing to have happen."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carleton, "it was a dreadful thing."

Agatha, searching her face with her eyes, suddenly cried out. "It wasn't——"

Mrs. Carleton laid her hand gently over the girl's mouth. "It was accidental," she said. "Purely accidental. Remember that, Agatha. No one was there at the time, and the coroner's jury will bring it in accidental death."

Agatha stood quite still a moment, letting this sink in; seeing in her mind's eye Mrs. Carleton taking command to obliterate the consequences of some one else's misdeeds; seeing in this a symbol of what the woman's life had been, and understanding in a flash how sweetness had dropped from her long ago. Suddenly she put both arms around Mrs. Carleton and drew her stately head down to her shoulder. "Mother!" she said slowly. "Mo—ther."

To a Blind Violinist

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*O violinist, blind and gray,
Why should you play of May?
Your heart has hungered through the years
In want of all but loss and tears;
And yet you pass along the street
Much as a year ago,
Led through the rush of hurrying feet
By the little grey dog so quaint and slow.
Now the robin of spring mid young leaves sings—
You hear the song and touch the strings
In praise of that you cannot see,
As those who pass your misery.*

*O violinist, blind and gray,
Why should you play of May?
O woo the mellow strings to tears,
Till every heart within them hears
The weeping of a soul that waits
To curse our charity
Before the Keeper of the Gates—
For the eyes that know not what they see,
For the hearts that give their dress for gold—
I wonder what our fate would be,
If through the mad crowd as of old
Should come the Master healing thee!*

The Understudy

HAROLD P. JARVIS

Paul Hollister gaily ascended the steps of the Bradley residence and tapped lightly on the plateglass door. Instantly the portieres of the drawing room were swept apart, a slender figure darted across the hallway, and a moment later he found himself greeting Alice Bradley in a most fervid manner and lamely explaining the reasons which had made him late. Her piquant spirit would have delighted in telling him that his nose was very, very cold, but instead she led him to an inviting seat before the spacious fireplace within which the logs gleamed a deep cherry. Long ago she had observed that nothing so quickly and completely places a man at his ease as a wood fire into which to gaze occasionally, and besides, Paul rather liked a wood fire.

He was not of a nature to meditate long without putting his thoughts into words.

"Alice," he exclaimed joyously, "Robertson is ill, and I am going on tomorrow evening."

"Fine," she ejaculated, for only too well did she appreciate the impatience and the longing with which he had been awaiting this most golden of golden opportunities.

"Yes, it was only this morning that a note was brought to my apartments informing me of Robertson's indisposition and his consequent inability to appear in the leading role at the first performance of the week, tomorrow evening." He paused. She sat with her chin cradled in her hands enraptured with the man at her side.

"Just to think," she murmured ebulliently, "that the image of your dreams and of your reveries has at last become a delicious reality." He was staring into the fire and as the flames illumined his face she could not but observe the admirable poise of his head, the quiet eyes and the full, passionate lips. For her own part, she had loved him for himself, and

had never doubted that eventually his merits would command fame and perhaps fortune. The reverse of situation would afford an excellent stepping stone toward popularity and a place in the theatrical firmament. "Just to think of it," she reiterated, and this time he averted his head and smiled.

The talk drifted to other topics and the evening wore on. But although other themes were discussed and some only referred to, there was one which remained predominant in the minds of both. When he departed late in the evening, he mentally resolved to more than make good for her sake, and she, devoted little butterfly that she was, resolved to be there to see him do it.

The orchestra had emerged from the dock and had commenced the overture. Ushers dashed up and down the aisles guiding with a reckless assurance the elite of the metropolis to their respective seats in the orchestra or in the loudly adorned boxes. A group of boarding school girls, under the relentless eye of an austere chaperone, jostled down the aisle glibly commenting on everything in sight, and seated themselves with a flourish of silks and furs. Amid the crackle of programs, the opening of bon-bon boxes and the nervous laughter of women, one could hear the belated hammering of a stage carpenter or the scraping of a piece of scenery as it was shoved into place. The last blatant strains of the overture were being rendered. Just then Alice Bradley came in.

She was accompanied by several feminine friends to whom she chatted gaily as the usher escorted the little party to its box. As the usher threw back the curtains at the rear of the box, she covertly handed him a tiny white package and instructed him to convey it at once to Mr. Hollister. Then, serene and charming, she rejoined her party.

Before the little mirror in his dressing room sat Hollister imparting to his visage the finishing dabs and dots of his make-up. Contrary to the usual entrance of a star, he was down for the opening chorus of *THE PINK PIG*, and he bit his lips with a grim resolution to start well. An usher entered hastily, placed a box upon his dressing table and as hastily departed. Hollister was aching to examine it, but the call boy had passed just a moment previous and the presence of the understudy was desired in the wings. Snatching up his silk hat, he precipitated himself through the door into the very arms of the portly manager.

"Right after it every minute," admonished the latter, disengaging himself, and Hollister smiled optimistically.

A frenzied, deafening hurricane of applause succeeded the descent of the curtain on the first act. The very house oscillated under its volume. The manager chuckled audibly and slapped himself upon the back. The chorus girls giggled hysterically and poked each other in glee. Hollister too was delighted with the outcome, but he was likewise aware that there was another one yet to be presented. B-r-r-r-r went his dressing room buzzer, and he quit dreaming and slid with all possible rapidity into his other costume.

Now, if the gentleman whose duty it was to operate the spotlight apparatus in the gallery, had controlled his thirst for but a few moments longer, it never would have occurred, but I am placing the finger-bowl before the salad, for therein lies the story.

It was near the close of the last act and Hollister and the chorus occupied the stage. Hollister had a solo part and as he cavorted across the stage to the rhythm of the selection, it was the duty of the man way up to follow him with the brilliant circle of white light, and to follow

him closely. The assistant who had been left in charge was no tyro, but he was nervous. He bungled the job; failed utterly to pursue the singer with the "spot," and wrecked the man's triumph.

Nothing so annoys an operatic singer as this very failure to follow him closely, and Hollister was constituted the same as other men. He allowed his mind to drift for just a second to the man in the gallery, and he was undone. The reflex action upon which an actor relies for his words or lines failed him. He halted and with a mighty resolution endeavored to recall the words. They would not come. The orchestra leader tapped imperiously on his light shade. A snicker emanated from the balcony, and the awful ignominy of his situation dawned upon him. With a smothered cry he fled to the wings and then to his dressing room, where, locking the door, he abandoned himself to self-castigation and poignant distress.

The cool wind, redolent of spring and blossoms and trees, slipped in through the open window and fanned his fevered face. The depression which had at first seized him had partially vanished. He slowly raised his head from his damp and throbbing palms and glanced around. The tiny white box upon the dressing table arrested his attention, and he picked it up. Methodically and with an unsteady hand he removed the scented wrapping. A card fluttered to the carpet, and upon picking it up he perceived that it was Alice Bradley's. Holding it so as to let the rays from an electric bulb illumine it, he read:

"For Tommy, as a little gift of felicitation. May every evening of your life be as happy and joyous as this evening."

"ALICE."

He gripped the note in his hand. Then sauntering slowly to the window, he stared steadfastly into the street below.

If Dreams Were True

ANONYMOUS

*If dreams were true
As skies are blue,
And bright as dew
On morning flowers;*

*If dreams were rare
As jewels fair
That flash in air
In sunny hours;*

*If dreams were true
I'd dream of you,
My own sweet love—
If dreams were true.*

From a Far Country

CHESTER C. WELLS

Their native land forever closed against them, deprived of their citizenship and menaced by Siberian dungeons, branded as political traitors by their government because they demanded freedom of thought and speech, three Russian students are studying at the University of Wisconsin, attempting to fit themselves for American citizenship and lives of achievement.

Perhaps no American student has suffered anything like the privations, hardships, and risks of death that have fallen to the lot of Boris Emmet, Leon A. Gutowski and Leonard B. Moiseyeff, who are entered as special first and second year students. Each, beginning his education in the schools of Russia, has been compelled to fly from the country, leave his family, and permit absolute confiscation of all of his property, as a sacrifice to his principles. The freedom for which each became an exile from the realms of the Czar, has called him to America. New language, new standards, new people, new life—all those are terrorless where there is liberty.

Pathetic, but vividly romantic, are the life stories of these men. At St. Petersburg university, where constant and terrible rebellion is led against Russian absolutism by the students, Emmet spent three active years. Finally captured as a revolutionist, he fled from Russia to escape death, forfeiting a ten thousand dollar bail—the half of his inheritance—and forever severing himself from his mother, his friends, and his country. Oppressive soldiery service forced upon Gutowski, a student at an imperial military academy, took him into many horrible conflicts with Chinese robbers during the Russo-Japanese war, landed him in the rear of the battle of Mukden, and then in siege duty at Vladivostok, from where he escaped to a new world. Twice Moiseyeff was imprisoned in Siberia because of his membership in one of the thousands of secret societies that

honeycomb the whole Russian monarchy by their manipulations for liberty. These are the tales of sorrow and suffering that are laid at Wisconsin's feet.

Boris Emmet, still a young man, was a wealthy Russian student a few years ago. His father, secretary of the court at St. Petersburg, and official of the Czar, had left him a rich inheritance. But Emmet believed the Russian system was wrong, and allied himself with the majority of students in the work of socialism, as Americans style it; probably nihilism in the eyes of Russia. He was finally implicated and captured. Sentenced to death, he fled. He sought America, where he mastered the strange tongue, and finally secured a position in the business department of a Milwaukee newspaper. He developed an active interest in socialism. He was transferred from the business to the reportorial department of the paper, and successfully covered labor and socialistic news. He is now majoring in economics and political science at the university.

With an ambition to become a leader in the work of socialism, Emmet is working his way through school. He expects to receive credit here for work done in St. Petersburg university and be ranked as a junior next year. Emmet has taken his first steps toward becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States, and is active in the Socialism and International clubs of the university.

Today Leon Gutowski, battalion adjutant, ranking as first lieutenant in the university cadet corps, one of the five best marksmen in the school and a member of the Wisconsin rifle team, regrets the desertion at Vladivostok which forever bars his nation from him. Better would it have been, he believes, to put up with the torturous service than yield to the bravado inclination which led him to embark passage to England. But by hard application he is becoming an American and prepar-

ing himself for the profession of medicine.

Gutowski's father desired him to become an agriculturalist. His mother wished him to be a priest. But he chose a military training, and after work in an agricultural college, and later a gymnasium, he entered the Imperial Military Academy of Alexander III at Vilna, near Poland, and but a few miles from his home at Rosini. He was drafted into the military service in 1904. Then followed two years of oppression as a member of the great Russian army, from which he finally ran away. He learned the English language at the same time that he began to save up money to pay his expenses at a university. After a few years in England, France and Germany, he decided to settle in America, and began his studies. He has attended Michigan, Valparaiso and several other universities, but expects to make Wisconsin his Alma Mater.

In Siberia, where Moiseyeff was born, the hapless condition of the common people claimed his whole attention. He labored in their behalf. He was an active member of one of the secret societies working for the emancipation of the nation. One day the house of his father, who was one of the most prominent citizens of

Tomsk, was searched by the police, and a note from a committee of his secret society was found. Moiseyeff's entire family, including his little fifteen year old sister, were at once imprisoned, but of course all except he were able to eventually prove themselves innocent. Leonard B., who had already served one prison term, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in Siberia under conditions which led him to believe he would never return alive. He escaped and fled to Russia, where, under an alias, he worked with his party in the election of the last Duma.

Then Moiseyeff forever turned his back on his native land, and gave up the work he had been doing. In America he will become an electrical engineer. It is not his intention to ever again return to the propagation of socialism.

These three men, whose lives have been so similar, know little of each other beyond a casual acquaintance. While they are all Russian, personally they draw distinctions, even of country. Emmet is a native of St. Petersburg, Gutowski, a Russian Jew, and Moiseyeff, a Siberian. They worked for a common cause, but have now set for themselves the great goal of American citizenship.

Religion

ANONYMOUS

*Once there was one who sang aloud
And praised right well the Lord of Life,
Then sat him down—elated, proud—
And lusted for his neighbor's wife.*

*Another stood, stiff-necked apart,
His faith fixed him firm in earthly laws;
And, sneering, said within his heart,
"There is no God, there may be Cause."*

*And one there was who bent the knee
To worship in a chapel dim,
And writhed his neck around to see
How well his new coat fitted him.*

*But there was one who had no creed,
Who did his work and went his way;
He cheered the weaklings in their need
And quite forgot to kneel and pray.*

Athletic Systems

ROBERT EARL COLEMAN

Wisconsin is a university which wants athletics. In view of this fact, it is natural to suppose that the university desires a system of athletics which will enable the various teams to compete successfully. Have the university teams in the past been successful? We cannot answer in the affirmative. Is it due altogether to the superiority of the opponents? That is an open question. Other universities do not have the same conditions to contend with that Wisconsin has in athletics. Let us consider the athletic system of Wisconsin as a whole as compared to other universities.

First, the system at the University of Michigan is offered. The Athletic Director is at the head of athletics. He is chosen by the Regents of the University, and may assume such powers and duties as shall from time to time be delegated to him by the Board of Control of athletics. He is held responsible for the detailed accounts of the Athletic Association and is required to submit to the Board at each meeting a written report of the receipts and disbursements of the Athletic Association. He is empowered to draw up schedules and exercise a general supervision over all athletics. The expenditures of the department are recommended by the Athletic Director and sanctioned by the Chairman of the Board of Control. A head coach for the 'varsity and an assistant coach who takes care of the reserve team are employed for football. The baseball coach and the track trainer are paid ample salaries. The Board of Control consists of four faculty men, the director of the gymnasium, and the professor of physical culture, one alumnus, and two students. The athletics are self-supporting; and as a matter of fact, the Athletic Association has put in over \$100,000 in improvements on their athletic field. The Athletic Board of Directors, composed of six students and the Graduate Director, formulate the athletic policies of the As-

sociation, which policies must be ratified by the Athletic Board of Control. The duties of the various student managers, who are likewise members of the Athletic Board and are largely clerical, and act at the direction of the Athletic Director.

The Princeton athletic system is as follows: The Athletic Director has full charge of the selection of all coaches for all branches of sports. His salary is \$1,500 a year. The treasurer of the Athletic Association has full charge of the expenditures. The coaches of football are three in number. The expense for football coaching is \$5,000. The baseball team has two coaches, and the salary is \$2,000. The track coach receives \$1,500 for his services. There are no faculty men in the athletic department, as the athletic department is to a large extent made up of graduates. The graduate system of coaching is employed with great success. Athletics are self-supporting and the surplus is each year carried forward in the general treasury. The Graduate Advisory Committee, consisting of five members, represents the alumni opinion, while the various captains and managers of the major teams form the Executive Committee, which represents the student opinion. These two committees in connection with the Director of Athletics and General Treasurer form a governing body. The student managers arrange the schedules, subject to the approval of the Faculty Committee, and have the general management of the teams while on trips and have charge of the finances.

Harvard is a large university, similar to our own. Their system of controlling athletics is unified and has proven effective. The Committee on the Regulation of Athletics is provided for by the Harvard Corporation. This body controls the athletic policies of the University. It consists of three members of the faculty, three graduates and three undergraduates. The executive officer of that committee is the

Graduate Treasurer, or Athletic Director. He has complete control for the Committee of the Captains, Managers, Teams, Coaches, Schedules, etc., and refers only the extraordinary expenses to the committee. The Treasurer is the administrative officer of the Committee. The Athletic Department has sufficient money appropriated to supply the various teams with efficient coaches. Occasionally special coaches are hired for the minor teams at ample salaries. Athletics are prosperous and the surplus is used for improvements on the athletic field. Under the Graduate Treasurer there is a Business Manager who makes most of the arrangements for the trips; that is, he buys the railroad tickets and arranges for hotel accommodations. The student managers follow up and assist the coaches and do the many little things that the captain or coach wants done. All the money goes into the Common Treasury, from where it is disbursed by the Graduate Treasurer.

The system at Yale is similar to that at Harvard. Yale has an Athletic Committee which directs the general policy in athletics. The membership in this committee consists of: (a) Managers of the various major sport associations. (b) Captains of the various major sports. (c) Treasurer of Yale field, appointed by the University Corporation, and (d) three graduates. In short, the committee is made up of eight undergraduates, three graduates (who are elected by the undergraduates), and the Treasurer of Yale field. The students and the alumni have a voice in the management of the athletics, in which they play the important part. The Financial Union of Yale Athletics has charge of the investment and expenditure of all the money earned and collected by the associations and teams. The Treasurer of Yale Field is also Treasurer of this Committee and he keeps the accounts, which must be submitted to the University faculty for audit. Yale has a number of paid coaches for each branch of athletics. The salaries compare favorably with those paid at Harvard. There are four faculty members in the athletic department, but they do not have the control of the policies

or the coaches. The Graduate system of coaching is used to some extent; namely, the outgoing captain of football is appointed head football coach for the ensuing season. Athletics are self-supporting at Yale, and the surplus is invested by the Financial Union. The various student managers have entire control of the teams, of which they are manager, subject to the rules of the Athletic Union.

The University of Pennsylvania, through its Board of Trustees, has delegated the entire control of athletics to the Athletic Association, but the control is subject to the authority of the Board of Trustees. In practice, the management has rested in the hands of the Athletic Association, and never has the Board of Trustees had occasion to exercise their prerogative. One member of the faculty has charge of athletics, and his salary is moderate. He has charge of the general gymnasium work and the physical department. The coaches are all well paid for their services, and their number depends on the necessities of each particular season. Athletics are self-supporting, and the surplus is devoted to sinking fund purposes for improvements. The students and alumni belong to the Athletic Association by the payment of annual dues of \$5; they choose the directors, and in this way exercise an indirect control of the policy of the Association.

The system in vogue at the University of Wisconsin may be compared to the systems just described. The Board of Regents appoint the Athletic Director, who is subject to their control. He acts as chairman of the Athletic Council, which is composed of five faculty members chosen each year by the faculty. The coaches are three in number, namely, a football coach who also acts as baseball coach, a crew coach, and a track coach. A trainer was recently employed to act as trainer to all the teams, and his duties are those of trainer, "rubber," and general assistant. The students have no voice in the management of athletics, and the student managers have merely clerical duties under the direct supervision of the Athletic Director.

Admonishment

RIZPAH

When an event that everybody had always known was humanly possible and yet that no one had ever really expected to witness actually happened, and death released Timothy Young's firm grasp on his money, Mrs. Anthony Young and her son inherited. Mrs. Young promptly took life up where she had laid it down seven years before, and settled back to prove that seven lean years need not permanently sharpen one's view of things. Stephen Young also, as far as he could, took up life where he had left it, and went back to college. After all, his was a college tradition; his forefathers were all college-bred, and his mother and father had met at the western university where Stephen had spent one year before the crash came. So now he went back, but not with his mother's serene belief that one could at his will drop seven years from one's life. He was prepared to have it all seem utterly different to him from what it had been before; prepared to regret that he was in it but not of it, or to be intensely bored by it; prepared to find that mental discipline would give him tone, or that he was beyond the point where it had any meaning for him. He was prepared, indeed, for almost anything except what actually happened.

One afternoon in the second week of the college year he went into the library to look for an out of the way book. An attendant told him that it was in one of the small upstairs rooms, and Stephen went up for it. There was only one person in the room, a girl reading at a table. As she stooped over her book her profile was thrown into sharp relief against a row of dark bindings. Involuntarily the thought flashed into Stephen's head, "There it is exactly—the profile of Holbein's Erasmus!" The next moment the girl had turned, and he was ridiculing his own notion, for she was irresistibly pretty, with a prettiness at once wholesome and delicate. The contrast between that sharp intellectual profile and the full effect of her

blue eyes and he dimples that kept coming and going about one corner of her mouth was piquant; he stood with his book in his hand and looked straight at her. She dropped her eyes as if she were quite unconscious of his presence.

She had made such an impression on him that he was surprised the next day to find that she was in one of his classes. He could not decide why he had never seen her there before, unless it was because she was so quiet.

He seated himself so that she was between him and the window, and opened his book. It really was a relief to be able to look at her instead of drawing endless series of arabesques on the margin of his pages. The professor, as Stephen had already discovered, was one of those first-class bores who assume that their classes have an absorbing interest in professorial psychology, and deal out three-fifths' Smithson to students who have innocently registered for three-fifths' Heine. This particular day he prosed on as usual, and the earnest students in the first two rows took down his inspired words. Suddenly, to Stephen's amusement, he saw the girl yawn under the professors very eye. It was not unheard of for people to yawn in that class, but they did not usually do it in that patently artificial way. Smithson, with a wrathful look, consulted his notes and launched into a stream of literary reference. Suddenly he came to a dead stop; he was attempting a quotation from Omar, and he could not remember it.

"And that inverted bowl we call the sky—" he repeated.

With an innocent look the girl who had yawned supplied gratuitously.

"Whereunder crawling cooped we live, live and die."

Stephen felt a longing to warn her that the way to get along with some professors was not to force down their throats the unpalatable suggestion that there might in the range of human knowledge be one or two insignificant items that had es-

aped them. But he caught her eye a moment later, and its expression was not wholly grave.

The incident gave him an altogether disproportionate pleasure; when he realized how great the pleasures was he determined to meet the girl. So in the library and an extraordinarily dull class began an affair that went on all year, with ever-increasing seriousness on Stephen's part. Stephen Young and Edith Williams became one of those couples of whom there are always some half-dozen in a coeducational college town. Their preference for each other's company became a matter of course. Nothing went on that year that was not graced by their joint presence; people grew to expect always to see them together. Stephen big, handsome, grave, and obviously devoted, Edith pretty, demure, and enigmatical.

Enigmatical, though, was what she was to Stephen rather than to anybody else. To most women she was Ede Williams, who was very clever, and whose frankness, not to say obtusiveness, in displaying her cleverness kept her from being more widely popular; to most men she was that little senior in brown who was Stephen Young's particular consignment of the eternal feminine, and was chiefly distinguished from other girls by the size of her hat, the kind of furs she wore, and the fact that though she was given to the getting of a line of excellents she was a thorough sportsman about lending her notes the night before examination.

By Christmas Stephen was as far gone as a man can be; by the end of the semester he was glad that she "drew" better marks than he did. Even professors, he noticed, could not help observing her shining merits. He had to remind himself quite severely sometimes just how clever and what a fine student she was; though she usually accepted his attentions with good grace, and seemed to enjoy his society, she would put him off at any time on the plea of work, and especially of work on her thesis, whose importance she seemed to take it for granted was much greater than Stephen's. It was cold comfort for such treatment to hear how Professor Cary had remarked that she was one of the best all-round students he had ever seen. It soothed Stephen rather more to

see her performance in Professor's Smithson's class, where she did not try to pass for a good all-round student; there was something beautifully human about the way that she ingeniously made the instructor pay for every hour of boredom that he caused her. Stephen did not understand exactly what value she put upon her work; in fact there were few things about her that he did understand. But when she turned that little quiet smile of hers on him he felt that understanding was not necessary.

To be sure, he did tell her once about how that "Erasmus look" of hers puzzled him. She kindled and said, "There's no one that I'd rather look like." An enthusiasm for Erasmus struck him as an odd possession for a girl of twenty-two; but he realized that he ought not to treat her as the subject for endless cheap paradox, and he dismissed the idea.

It seemed as if she warmed to him a little as the spring drew on; whether this was true or not he realized that he could never let her go at the end of the year. Her impenetrability kept him from speaking long after he had made up his mind, but on what was to be their last evening together he determined to out with it. She had forbidden him to stay to commencement, and to take the sting out of her prohibition had given him the evening before his last examination.

She came down to him radiant; she was in one of her most gracious moods, and she was evidently happy. He took her canoeing and made his comment.

"You're gay tonight, Edith," he said as he dipped his paddle into the water and headed for the middle of the lake.

She nodded, and looked back at the college and town with her chin in her hand. After a few moments she said abruptly, "Isn't it all dear? I love it every bit."

"Yes," he said. "Shan't you be sorry to leave it?"

"Oh, I'm not going to leave it!" she exclaimed. "That's why I'm so happy tonight. I've just heard from home today, and they're going to let me come back and do graduate work. I never thought that they would, and I'm awfully happy over it—nothing less than awfully, Stephen."

"Aren't you afraid that perhaps it may be an anti-climax?" he asked, his paddle

across his knees and every nerve tense.

"Of course not," she answered decisively. "I shall study what I wish to—no Smithson, and of course I shall enjoy it. Studying is the only work I'm good for, but I do like it. Just to feel the wheels in your brain lock into each other and start round—it may not be the only thing on earth, but to me it makes everything else seem pale."

He realized with a feeling that was akin to physical cold that she was speaking now with the nearest approach to enthusiasm that he had ever heard from her. He took a sudden determination. "Edith," he said slowly, "I quite envy you. I'm not coming back."

"Not coming back?"

"It isn't the life for me, I'm afraid. I'm older, you know, and things aren't the same for me as they are for you, and I'm not interested as I ought to be," he stumbled on.

"I don't see how any man of your calibre can help being interested," she said slowly. Her eyes met his intent look steadily, and he saw nothing in them but wonder.

He knew then that it was useless to speak out to her, and he got through the evening and his farewells as best he might.

Then he cursed his own cowardice all night for not leaving the decision of things plainly to her. As he lay awake in the darkness the recollection of her isolation dwindled, and he remembered the sweetness of her eyes, and the little dimples that came and went around one corner of her mouth. He took a new determination, made arrangements to leave on the 4 o'clock train, wrote his examination, and made one final attempt to see Edith.

She was not at her room, he learned over the telephone, but her room-mate thought that she could be found at the library. To the library Stephen went. She was not in the main reading room, and Stephen, knowing that she often worked in the upstairs room where he had first seen her, sought her there.

She was seated at her usual table, bending over her work. She did not hear him enter, nor did she feel his presence. She sat with her Erasmanian profile distinct against the books behind her, having a last fling at some translation. He turned without speaking and went out into the street, with the picture steadily before him of her slim hands turning, turning the pages of her dictionary, and those blue eyes of her glancing back and forth between it and the text.

The Student Athletic Manager

F. N. NATWICK

There is a feeling prevalent among those interested in and closely identified with Wisconsin University athletics, that the election of the student athletic board of student managers for the various athletic sports, is unfair and discriminatory in its present form. In order that there may be a clear understanding of the situation, it may be well to explain in a few words the nature of the athletic board and its particular responsibility in the case of athletic manager elections. The board, at present, is composed of six non-W. members, five W. members, each representing one of the five major sports, namely, football, track athletics, baseball, crew, and basket ball,

and a president and vice-president elected from the male university students at large. These thirteen members are elected by the athletic association annually, the association being composed of all regularly registered U. W. students.

It has heretofore been customary for the athletic board, in addition to its other duties, to annually elect a student manager for each of the above mentioned sports. This election is usually held in June, at the end of the athletic season. The manager for any one sport is chosen from a list of candidates called assistant managers who are supposed to have been zealously assisting the manager of this sport during

the season. As a matter of fact, due to the general laxity in things athletic at the U. of W., for the past few years, many of these so-called assistant managers have been assistants in name only. However, the fact that a student has handed in his name to the manager as a candidate for the position is usually sufficient to bring his name before the athletic board at election time, even though his assistance has been a rather negligible quantity. Once his name has been proposed to the athletic board, he usually stands at least an even chance with the candidate who has worked hard and faithfully throughout the training season, and under a certain combination of circumstances; circumstances here being synonymous with athletic board members; he stands a better chance of being elected manager.

It is ordinarily true that a member of the board is primarily interested in but one athletic sport, or possibly two, and therefore may be acquainted with the work of the assistant managers in this particular sport, but may not even know the names of the candidates in other branches until they are proposed for election. This may found improbable, but the writer can vouch personally for its truth. This is why, in general, unless personal considerations enter in, each candidate has an equal chance almost regardless of his work and qualifications for the managerial position. It may be argued that it is the duty of the board to become acquainted with all the assistant managers and follow them assiduously with the idea of voting intelligently when the time comes. This is very true, but the board has numerous other duties, and the members in the past haven't seen fit to assume this duty and it is highly probable that they will not in the future.

But even assuming that it may come to pass that members of the board will thoroughly acquaint themselves with the work done by the various assistant managers during the athletic seasons, there still remains a strong personal feeling to be dealt with which has in the past helped to elect—no, elected, inferior managers, and which will likewise influence future elections as long as they are decided under the present system. It has been true, and will continue to be true under similar condi-

tions, that if a candidate has several close friends on the board, his election is almost an assured fact, regardless as to whether he deserves the position because of ability and meritorious work as assistant manager. Quite recently there have been several instances of rejection of the logical candidates, who in addition to their other qualifications, were strongly recommended by the coach, due to personal friendship on the part of several members for candidates not so well fitted for managerial positions.

In view of the conditions as already stated, it is the opinion of a number of representative university students and alumni that a modification of the present system of election of student athletic managers is highly desirable. Election to these positions should be based on merit and ability. It does not seem desirable to continue a system of election in which haphazard voting may be the rule, or in which personal friendships rather than qualifications for the work may determine the successful candidate. The alumni are especially desirous of seeing the *best* men in the university elected as managers of the various athletic teams, men with push and business ability; men who undertake the work not so much for personal glory as with the hope that they may help, by hard work and an intelligent policy, to turn out winning teams and raise the standard of athletics at the U. of W., so that ultimately our athletic organization may be second to none in strength and activity, and that the university athletic policy may be broadminded and liberal rather than (as some of us have dared to imagine at rare intervals during the past five years) slightly bigoted and somewhat niggardly. A student athletic manager may be a mere figurehead, or he may be a tower of strength to his team, and a highly important and efficacious worker for broader athletic policies. There was a time when student athletic managers practically dictated the entire athletic policy. At present the other extreme seems almost true, i. e., that they have no influence or authority whatever in regard to our athletic policy. The resumption of the original condition does not seem advisable, and certainly not possible, but it is surely not too much

presumption to expect our student managers to at least partly determine what the status of athletics shall be.

It is quite evident that the present system of assistant managers tutelage and subsequent managerial elections is not adequate in that it does not induce the best men to try for the positions, nor does it always elect the most qualified candidate. I have pointed out several reasons why this is true, not with the idea of trying to militate against the athletic board in any way, nor with the idea of decreasing its power. To the athletic board is largely due the credit for the prevention of our complete athletic dissolution during several years past. It is the one strong bulwark between athletics for the students and by the students, and the ubiquitous powers of destruction. The athletic board has in the past responded nobly to calls for clean and aggressive athletics, and we are sure that it will eventually devise a system of election for student managers which will have none of the undesirable features so evident at present. It may not be entirely a work of supererogation, however, to point out that many large universities have committees composed partly of alumni which attend entirely to the election of student managers. The universities of Dartmouth, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, for instance, have special committees which elect their student managers, and this plan has been uniformly successful.

The Pennsylvania university system is taken as fairly typical. They have a separate election committee for each sport. Each committee is composed of four alumni who were formerly prominent in

the particular sport for which they are to choose a manager, and the manager of this sport. The committee members meet personally all the assistant managers upon whom they are to vote and become familiar with their work. The alumni committee members are elected by the athletic association, which is practically identical to the U. of W. athletic association already mentioned. Each assistant manager who wishes to become a candidate must get the signatures upon a petition to that effect of ten members of the athletic association.

It is recognized that this particular system would not be adaptable to Wisconsin conditions because there are probably not enough resident alumni in Madison who were formerly closely identified with athletics. It has been suggested that one committee for all sports might be sufficient for our needs, the committee to consist of two resident alumni and one member of the faculty, elected by the athletic board, and the president of the athletic board; these four acting in conjunction with the managers of the various athletic teams; a manager being allowed to vote only for the candidate of the sport in which he is directly interested. This plan seems to remove some of the objections which have been raised against the present system, but it is merely tentative and is offered in the hope that the athletic board or any other organization may be able to develop a system which will more nearly fill the need for a fair and impartial election; an election which will give us the best men without fear or favor.

The Problem of the Alumni Association

CHARLES F. SMITH, JR., '08

The class of 1910 has started a movement, which if successful, will be a long step in the direction in which the Alumni Association of the University of Wisconsin has been working. The plan is sim-

ply to get the class together for the last time before its commencement at what will be known as the "Senior Men's Feed." At this dinner the main aim will be to form some means whereby the class may

be kept united as a class after it separates in June. It has been suggested that this may be done by electing some capable man as class secretary, whose duty it will be to keep track of every member of the class, no matter how far from Wisconsin he may wander.

This plan sounds simple and commonplace, and yet the fact remains that no other class in the history of the University of Wisconsin has succeeded in properly doing this. Even the latest graduating classes have failed to keep track of their members even for the few years they have been out. At present there is an Alumni Association and an active one, too, which is doing wonders to unite the alumni into a united body of loyal alumni, but what can this association do without the aid of the classes? What can this association do when hundreds and even thousands of alumni have gradually buried themselves as far as the university is concerned. At the present time there are approximately nine thousand living graduates of Wisconsin, of whom less than one third are members of this association. Of course this does not mean that less than one third of the graduates are loyal to Wisconsin, but it does mean that as far as any concerted action is concerned such action comes from less than one third of the alumni body.

Pause a moment and consider the needs of such an association as will include every single member of this great body of alumni. The University of Wisconsin being a state institution is entirely dependent on the state legislature for its financial support, which in turn is dependent on the good will of the taxpayers throughout the state. How better can this good will be obtained and maintained than by an organized body of alumni whose aim will be to boom the university? A few active workers in each community could do a great deal to create such a favorable sentiment as would result in increased appropriations. Another object, one probably closer to the student's heart, would be obtained, namely, such advertising as would result in more and better athletes entering Wisconsin. A case of especial loyalty which occurred recently in Wisconsin is but an example of what could

be done in this line. One alumnus, a principal of a school for boys, gave a Wisconsin dinner to ten of his students who had hopes of going to college. Another incident of this kind was that of the Wisconsin graduates who recently have organized an Alumni Association at South Division High School of Milwaukee, with the avowed intention of booming Wisconsin in the eyes of the high school students. Imagine such things going on in every city in Wisconsin and then see if you can imagine an athlete going from this state to the University of Chicago or Michigan for his college course. This method of advertising the university throughout the United States as well as in this state will appeal to every one as a very cheap and at the same time very efficient medium.

Consider also the personal advantages of having an active association. At graduation many old chums and friends separate, firmly expecting to meet again in a short time. Each becomes engrossed in his or her occupation, and possibly changes his or her position so many times that finally they lose track of each other. They may or may not meet again, they may or may not hear from one another again, but at least they are at a disadvantage due to the lack of any central bureau through which they may get in touch with each other.

By an adequate central governing body of such an association, to which every one belongs, all these difficulties may in part at least be done away with. Such an association is in existence and it only remains for every alumnus to enter and complete the work necessary to make it the power it ought to be. Every alumnus of the University of Wisconsin is eligible to join this association on paying dues of one dollar per year, which also entitles him to a year's subscription to the Wisconsin Alumni Magazine, the official organ. This magazine aims to be the mouthpiece of any alumnus of the university, through which any criticisms or comments may be made regarding any part of the university. It also aims to keep every one posted on the doings of the university, thus taking the place which the undergraduate publications fill in the life of the under-

graduate. It also aims to keep every one posted as to the whereabouts and doings of all alumni. This is done by means of an alumni news section which prints all items which it is able to gather as to what alumni are doing, including marriages, birth, deaths, changes of residence, and business occupations. If this magazine keeps up to its aims, and if every alumnus were a member of the association there would then be no reason for any one losing interest in either the university or his old classmates. The grand old body of alumni could then step in when they desired and call attention to any defects in the administration of the university that they happened to notice. In a word, the University of Wisconsin would then be under the control, at least indirectly, of those who have been through the wear and tear of student life, and thus know its needs first hand.

Those graduates who are now lost to the university through their having lost their interest in the university must be left to the general Alumni Association officers to awaken as best they can. The one thing, however, that lies with the undergraduates to do to perfect such an organization, is that they perfect their class organization before leaving the university for the last time. Such an organization is found to be imperative to the undergraduate while he is an undergraduate, for without it he finds it impossible to enter into the college life as he should without some active unit through which he may act and speak. But is the student's duty to act and speak on Wisconsin questions over when he graduates? Of course not, and for just that reason he must make sure that his class is so organized that, when its members separate to the four corners of the earth, there will be some one through whom he may voice his ideas to the undergraduate and faculty world.

Let every class then before it closes its college career choose some man, who through natural ability and fondness for his Alma Mater, will make it his business

to keep the entire class in touch with itself and with the university. This secretary might keep a card index of the members of his class, on which he would register changes of residence. This would require that in addition to this one central officer every single member would be appointed a committee of one to report the doings of himself and others who come within his horizon. Also every member of the class must on going to any place find out whether there is an active local association in that place and if not he must organize one, a notice of which organization must then be forwarded to the class secretary. All of these communications which would thus reach the class secretary would through him be communicated to the editor of the association's official organ, and through him would be communicated to the entire alumni body. If it does not seem feasible to leave the communication of such items, and the forming of such associations to the individual members of the class, the secretary might be empowered to appoint such men or women as he saw fit to attend to these matters. Anything of this kind that is done is but another step in the right direction. The primary thing to be done by each individual of the class, however, is to see that he or she joins the Alumni Association before leaving Madison in June, so that each will then feel some tie which binds the individual to the university. He will then have something to remind him to notify the association officers or his class secretary of his changes of residence, etc., without which notifications the university gradually loses knowledge of him and he gradually loses knowledge of the university.

These are but a few suggestions as to the carrying out of the plan under advisement by the present senior class. Let the class of 1910 remember that the eyes of the general Alumni Association are on it and that on the success of this plan depends in large part the future welfare of the university.



Editorial

THE VILAS PRIZE

The Vilas prize has been given special attention in this issue. It needs no further exposition. Now that a prize of such importance and material worth has been generously offered there can be no excuse for a lack of interest unless expressed through the lack of ability. The work submitted in the recent prize story contest is hardly worthy of the opportunity offered to show the unknown powers of some young Zola or aspiring Balzac to our anticipating readers. The prize story contest is a worthy institution. It deserves the sort of literary production that comes from natural ability strengthened in its effort for expression by honest, intelligent study and careful execution. A story dashed off on the impulse of the moment for the money in it is neither a credit to the scribbler nor of use to the board of editors, unless it be to try their patience. Perhaps there has not been enough money offered as a reward to bring out the best material. Next year the Vilas prize will do away with this implied argument.

We hope to see stories of interest and of power submitted for this contest. Surely among all who have ability to write well at Wisconsin there are some who can produce through experience and inspiration a work worthy of the reward. There are several months in which to work out this great story you are going to write to win the Vilas Prize. And let the story be real, let it be vivid as seen by eyes that know what they see; let it be of your own world and of your own people. Dreams are fine things but their chief mission is to teach us Reality in our wanderings through the silver maze of the Empyrean Ideal—whatever that is.

MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain is dead. He leaves in his work and his memory a monument as enduring as the true heart of America. He

saw into the depths of mysteries that are Life. He told what he saw to the world in a way that made Care a jester crowned in cap and bells. Some kind, church-going lady of your acquaintance may tell you that Mark Twain was sometimes profane in his work and not always nice. Yet you will smile and know that the lady does not understand the life that her eyes have lost and that her prayers have never been said to bless. We know that his kindly humor and his art takes away the tinsel threads and leaves us the honest homespun. Yet often Mark Twain goes beyond the Real and shows us the beauty of his dreamland, and it rests the eyes weary with counting up columns of figures, and gives new life to hearts numb with the toil for bread, while even the humor of realism could not please.

We know that Mark Twain will live in the world with the millions of hearts that beat to the same pain, the same hopes and the same love; and that this world of his own people will be happier and better because he lived and wrote to them of the joy of living.

"ALPSBURG"

The success of "Alpsburg" as given by the Haresfoot players has attracted attention even beyond intercollegiate bounds. The excellencies of the production—the combination of a good book, good music, good lyrics and a near-professional presentation, need no comment. We saw and heard all; we applauded; we went home satisfied, even if the other fellow did take our one girl, our best girl, and hide her in the back row. We thought of the philosophical tramp romping away with circumstances and pondered that this other fellow had asked the best girl three weeks before we had. Isn't it wonderful how circumstances alter cases even today?

"Alpsburg" has done more than please audiences and make us proud that it is of Wisconsin's own. It has made the University of Chicago take rather keen no-

tice. Now, even the most optimistic students of dramatics at Chicago are pondering how far Blackfriars is behind Haresfoot. We grant it is in the rear, and that the maroon players should be glad to come near to the foothills of the happy "Alpsburg." We cannot help boasting a little about this. Chicago, you know, has had a long laughing spell at us about athletics, and has been unkind enough to laugh out loud. It pleases us to meditate that it is not with all things between Maroon and Cardinal as it is in the department of Stagg. Some day, we dream, even the University of Chicago may look over the heights of its self-imposed dignity (which

that we are generous as friends and entertainers, modest in victory or honest in defeat. Let us hope we may show them our many virtues—and our modesty in Victory!

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

With this number the Magazine closes its career for the year 1909-1910. During the year the Magazine has held the stand it has always taken for the best interests of Wisconsin. With an earnest endeavor to avoid the infusion of personalities we have tried to point out error and offer substitutes for what we believed was not for



THE ALPSBURG CAST

no doubt is justified by honesty and glory) and see that Wisconsin has a splendor of her own.

W. W. REGATTA

In a few weeks we will be hosts for the University of Washington crew. Our friends in the east have seen Wisconsin crews for eight years and have their estimate, either favorable or unfavorable. Our friends in the west have heard about us and our crews. What have they heard?

Let us show them that anything good they may have heard about us is true; that Wisconsin is indeed a worthy opponent in manly games. But let us show them, too,

the good of the University. We have not attacked without pointing out a remedy; we have refrained from the tendency to sit still in our chairs and cheer for anything and everything that was, is and shall be—as some of our eager-eyed citizens, who think cheering the true evidence of patriotism, do. "By their works ye shall know them" has been our creed. If we have in any way failed to live up to it it has not been due to a lack of painstaking effort. With the consciousness of having labored earnestly for a worthy ideal the present board of editors turns the publication over to the new board which has elected Glenn W. Dresbach editor-in-chief and Chalmer Traver assistant editor.

'DAY'S' CREAMERY-BUTTERED POPCORN a Specialty



Yes,
*at the Sorority
View Lunch Car
all are happy
while enjoying
one of those
ever-delicious
Hamburgs*

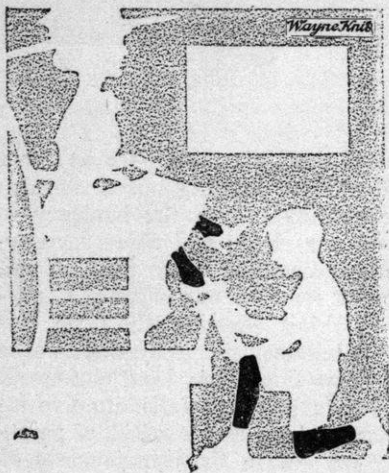


Diederich & Meier

Proprietors

Corner University Avenue and Park Street

PHONE 2154



Clever Hosiery

*is an important feature
at this store*

For the Spring season we exhibit an especially attractive assortment of good wearing stockings

*Guaranteed Hose :: Lace Hose
Silk Hose :: Lisle Hose
High-Grade Cotton Hose
very reasonably priced*

Keeley-Neckerman-Kessenich Co.

11-13-15-17 NORTH PINCKNEY STREET

FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS AT "THE WAGON," Kronke's Cor. on the Square