



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **The Wisconsin magazine. Vol. VII, No. 6 March 1910**

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], March 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.

*William B. Kemp.*

# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE



Vol. VII

MARCH, 1910

No. 6

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY

# GET WISE

*If you are not already informed.*

\* \* \* \* \*

In the last half year we have added or enlarged two departments, both popular with all students.

\* \* \* \* \*

## I.

An extensive line of Cameras, Films, Papers and all kinds of Photographic Supplies at *right* prices. We also do Developing and Printing of a High Standard.

\* \* \* \* \*

## II.

We handle a Fancy Line of Delicious Sweet and Bitter Sweet Chocolates, made especially for us, and as a professor recently remarked, "the best in the city." These goods have a rich, mellow center and a high grade coating.

\* \* \* \* \*

Purchases in both lines *apply on your rebate* at

# THE CO-OP

# 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.*)

VOLUME VII.

MARCH, 1910

NUMBER 6

## CONTENTS

---

THE HONOR SYSTEM FOR WISCONSIN—Theo. R. Hoyer.....	1
JUST BECAUSE—James Dearborn.....	2
TO MARION ( <i>Verse</i> )—G. L. B.....	9
THE THIRTEENTH HOUR—Chamer B. Traver.....	10
THE HOUSE ON THE HILL ( <i>Verse</i> )—Glenn Ward Dresbach.....	15
ONE SIDE OF GERMAN STUDENT LIFE—Robert Earl Coleman.....	16
THE WOMAN ( <i>Verse</i> )—William Brand.....	19
URBAN PASTORAL—Elizabeth F. Corbett.....	20
MARCH WIND ( <i>Verse</i> )—Glenn W. Dresbach.....	25
THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET—Paul J. Morris.....	26
HELEN—J. M. ....	29
AT THE CROSSROADS ( <i>Verse</i> )—Paul Danton.....	33
INTERLUDE—D. A. Merriam.....	34
EDITORIAL .....	37

# CHOCOLATES

— AND —

# CREAM BON BONS



**THESE Dainty CHOCOLATES**  
**Packed in Half, One, and Two Pound**  
**Boxes - Six in a Cartoon for Halves and Ones - One**  
**in a Cartoon 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.

MARCH, 1910

Number 6

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.

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.)

## The Honor System for Wisconsin

THEO. R. HOYER

With the institution of the student court the first step of a broader system of student self-government has been taken. The noble traditions which have been growing up for years have finally culminated in an action which reflects credit upon the student body of Wisconsin. We are indebted particularly to the faculty for its sympathy in this advance which, if backed by enthusiasm and kept aflame with student interest, should solve the problem of student government at Wisconsin.

As a system of self-government the court stands as the only one of its kind in American universities. As a factor in promoting self-responsibility and awaken-

ing the sense of duty among students the court is unquestionably the most reasonable institution devisable.

To suppose, however, that the court is a perfect and complete means of exercising control over all forms of discipline would be erroneous, for cases involving dishonesty in university work are withheld from it. The all important power has been thus withheld, and the really serious problems which confront the students, namely, those of law and order in the examination room, are still in the hands of the faculty discipline committee. Dishonesty, the greatest source of evil, can still not be overcome by the student body, who should overcome it, and discipline in

the class room is still maintained by a system of espionage. This is a serious fault. If the court should be successful it must have control over all forms of student affairs, within as well as without the class room. If the court should be clothed with the dignity to which it is entitled it must be granted the jurisdiction in the more serious cases of dishonesty in examinations as well as in cases of transgressions which grow out of mere youthful levity.

The establishment of a perfect system of self-government at Wisconsin requires only the voice of the student. If the faculty receives more evidence of the sincerity of the students in this matter there is no reason why full control over all male student affairs should not be granted and the best possible proof that the student body can bring forth to show its interest and good will in taking responsibility upon itself the most powerful evidence of its sincerity to further and develop true Wisconsin manhood can only be proved by petitioning the faculty for the privilege to inaugurate the Honor System. But one more step is required to make the court serve its end. One more step is necessary to satisfy the faculty that the student body is in earnest and that self-government at Wisconsin is not to be a joke but a real vital issue which will tighten the bond of friendship between professor and scholar and exalt to purer aims all the activities of the university. This step is the Honor System.

There are many reasons why Wisconsin should inaugurate the Honor System. The present system of espionage is repulsive to everyone who has had experience under it. Faculty members and students alike disdain police administration. Were not the methods of conducting the examinations just past deplorable? Sentinels paraded up and down the aisles, ever searching for the cribber. Honesty counted for nothing. The guards scrutinized the entire class, and everyone knew that these spies were placed over the students to search for evidence of the most disgraceful and most contemptible of acts. They were placed there to watch the honest man as well as the dishonest. The room in which cheerfulness and complete free-

dom of mind, honor, and trust should reign supreme was not unlike a prison ward. Imagine the effect in these examination rooms if through some miraculous means the motto of the university—*Numen Lumen*—"The Divine Will Is Our Light"—would suddenly have flashed in fiery script upon the plaster of the walls. To say the least it is a dark suspicion that hangs over the students of Wisconsin at examination time. They have not the choice between doing right or wrong. They labor like galley slaves under guard.

Under this system of supervision our development is sadly handicapped. To no small degree our ethics are "where there is no trust, deceit is no crime." The best student considers it a gain to "crib" when the professor's spies are placed over him. It is a case of beating their game. Instead of exercising his honor, by repeatedly applying it in the examination room, the student allows it to become stunted from disuse or abuse.

Cribbing has become a fine art among us. The concealed cuff, small cards easily hidden in the blue book or safely stored away in the vest pocket, the powdered hand with engravings of formulae, the sham blue book leaves, figures prominently in the practice of the art of deception. It has been whispered that even our girls pin cribs in the folds of their dresses. Some actually boast of their inventive genius. If all the energy expended in thinking out such devices were expended in ways which would strengthen the honor within the student the Honor System would alone have proved itself worthy of adoption as an economic conservator of energy for good.

The working of the Honor System is known to most students, but a general outline may be of value. In the University of Virginia, for instance, if at any time a student suspects a fellow student of cheating he takes as many students as necessary into his confidence, and together they watch the suspect until they are satisfied of his innocence, or have enough evidence to prove his guilt. An explanation is then demanded of him, and if unsatisfactory they request him to leave the university. This matter, has up to this time, been kept secret, and if the suspect leaves it is kept so, but should he refuse

to leave or if he requests it, he is tried before the Honor Committee. This trial is an open trial before members of the particular class and friends of the accused, at which the accused and complainants are represented by the student counsel who may examine the witnesses, but not argue the case, and at which the accused may speak in his own behalf.

Princeton university and the University of Virginia have proved fertile ground for this system. Princeton university inaugurated the Honor System of conducting examinations in 1895, and its success has been wonderful. In a recent letter to the writer President Woodrow Wilson writes regarding the practical value of the system, "The success of the system has been complete. There was from the first a very cordial attitude toward it on the part of the faculty, and the few members of that body (never more than two or three) who were at first inclined to doubt the wisdom of it very quickly altered their opinion completely. Among the students it is a special subject of pride, and it has not only operated with success, but has undoubtedly affected the whole standard of student life in dealings among themselves and with the faculty. The interest in it has increased from year to year rather than lessened."

In the University of Virginia the system dates back to the foundation of the school. In fact, the Honor System had its origin in Jefferson's plan of academic government. Virginia claims no monopoly of the system. The equivalent of this system existed in other schools from the day of their foundation. It was not, however, until Professor John A. G. Davis was shot and killed by riotous students that the Virginian faculty learned the art of government. Now the students of Virginia jealously safeguard the purity of the examinations. This same spirit prevails with them in the case of every breach which destroys confidence in the offender's inward soundness of nature. Students have been dismissed for plagiarism before literary societies and in the university magazine; for willful lying in other forms; for cheating at cards; and for violent and insolent conduct to ladies. Secretary H. H. Thurlow of the Uni-

versity of Virginia concluded his letter by stating, "The Honor System is now being guarded with devout and unceasing care, and the faculty, alumni, and undergraduates are all in thorough sympathy with it."

President D. B. Purinton of the University of West Virginia was interviewed during his late visit at the university on the subject of student self-government in his institution and said "The Honor System is an excellent system. The college of law of the University of West Virginia instated a student court and the Honor System, and thus far all decisions have been approved by the faculty. This same court takes over athletic affairs and handles them admirably well."

The Honor System is then not a mere dream or some Utopian ideal, but it actually exists, and is in force in American universities. In the schools just mentioned it has been successful, and there is no reason why Wisconsin cannot compete in honor with any institution on the globe.

The popular arguments advanced in opposition to this system are that it is unpractical, that it gives dishonest students opportunities over those who are honest and able, that the honest student will not cheat, and particularly with reference to Wisconsin, that the students are not ready for it.

The practicality of the system has been established. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University writes: "In the period of fifteen years during which the system has been in operation amongst us there have been a number of cases reported. There has been never the slightest indication of any disposition on the part of the student body to criticize adversely those who reported on their fellow students." This statement, coming as it does from the president of one of our leading universities denies the argument of impracticability. William M. Thornton, in his treatise on the "Genesis of the Honor System," quotes this plaint from some rag-time poet:

*"Of atom force and chemic stew  
Nor Socrates nor Caesar knew,  
But the old ages knew a plan—  
The lost art—how to mould a man."*

Commenting on this verse, Professor Thornton says: "Is the art lost forever?"



Let us who have faith in Jefferson's ideal answer NO!" Does Wisconsin agree with the poet? Is the art of moulding a man lost? Is the Honor System impracticable? No, we cannot believe it. Wisconsin's ideal is high enough to include the Honor System, and without doubt many a Wisconsin man has already looked forward to the time when this system would be put in operation.

The second argument of giving dishonest students unfair opportunities is based upon narrow views and misunderstandings of the working of the system. The Honor System, once established, will affect every student. They will jealously guard the fair name of their class and of the institution, and will observe the unfair student. It would be casting reflections upon the honesty of the students if it be supposed that after having adopted the Honor System they would use it for so low a purpose as cribbing. Only those who have lost all faith in man can doubt the students' sincerity in the matter after they have pledged their honor to carry out this system to the best of their ability. Who dares to say that the student body of Wisconsin would trample honor into the dust if they were given a fair chance to display that there is virtue in them even in the class room?

That the honest student requires no such government appears to be a strong argument, but it falls to pieces if we are reminded of the fact that the good in most men must be coaxed out of them, and that some men's idea of what constitutes honor is far from the correct one. It is safe to say that many morally clean students sometimes fail to distinguish right from wrong when it comes to a test of rivalry in shrewdness between them and the instructors during examinations.

If the system helps the mass of students would it be reasonable to oppose it on the grounds that the honest students require no such form of government?

The last argument expresses in general the faculty members' opinion regarding the immediate inauguration of the Honor System.—*The students are not ready for it.*—The members interviewed were in sympathy with the system, but argued that in the court the students had sufficient food

for a time. Would the institution of the Honor System now be a case of "over-feeding the child?" Let us examine this matter carefully.

In the last semester the following cases of dishonesty in university work were tried before the faculty discipline committee: "A second year student in pharmacy suspended for the month of November for dishonesty in an examination in chemistry. A freshman in the college of letters and science, suspended from Thanksgiving to Christmas for dishonesty in an examination in history. A graduate student suspended to the end of the semester for dishonesty in connection with laboratory work in chemistry. A sophomore in the college of engineering suspended from Thanksgiving to Christmas for dishonesty in examination in mathematics. A sophomore in the college of letters and science suspended from January 10 to the end of the semester for copying notes of laboratory experiments in biology. A freshman in the college of letters and science suspended from January to the end of the semester for copying notes in an examination in German."

Six serious cases were tried in all. The chairman of the committee of dishonesty writes in his report that the number of actions is small in proportion to our numbers, and is, of course, far from complete even in proportion to the number of cases of dishonesty which occur. Herein lies the confession that the present system of espionage fails utterly in rooting out the evil of dishonesty in university work, and on these grounds this system should be abandoned. The cases, it is claimed, are small in proportion to the number of students even if they do not represent all cases of dishonesty which actually occur. If the serious cases are small what right has any one to maintain that "the child will be over-fed," that the court will have more work than it can handle?

The opponents of the Honor System would have us wait until we are perfect. Is not the Honor System a means to an end? What is the use of putting off a system which would mean so much to the university and the world of tomorrow. Can it be reasonably supposed that youths of this land ten years from now will come

to the university with a higher sense of honor than prevails among the students of today? Surely not. The time to take the step towards perfect student self-government is now while the movement is active and the students have given evidence of their sincerity by demanding a court.

It is hoped that those members of the faculty who have opposed the immediate inauguration of the Honor System will carefully reconsider the matter and join hands with the progressives who are laboring to raise the moral standard of Wisconsin.

To plant the nucleus of the Honor System the following constitution of the Princeton University Honor System, altered to serve the needs of Wisconsin, is respectfully offered to the students of Wisconsin for their careful consideration:

#### ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. The student court shall have the power to summon the accused persons and witnesses and conduct a formal investigation, and in case of conviction the penalty shall be recommended to the faculty of the seperation from the university of the man convicted, with addition in extreme cases, of publication to a mass meeting of the student body.

SEC. 2. The court shall make a single report to the faculty of all cases acted upon during one series of examinations, consisting of a brief resume of evidence taken, their decision in the case, and the recommendation of the penalty to be imposed.

SEC. 3. The court may at any time summon a mass meeting for instruction to support their action in any disputed question.

#### ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The place and time of meeting shall be left to the chief of the court.

SEC. 2. The trial shall be formal and conducted in the following manner: Wit-

nesses against the accused shall be heard first and the testimony taken. The accused shall be allowed to present witnesses for his defense and to make his statement. The nine members of the court shall have the privilege to question the accused and to render a decision according to the law and evidence.

SEC. 3. Seven of the nine votes shall be necessary for conviction.

#### ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. Violations of the Honor System shall consist of any attempt to receive assistance from written aids or from any person or paper, or in any attempt to give assistance, whether the one so doing has completed his own paper or nor. This rule shall hold within and without the examination room during the entire time in which the examination is in progress, that is, until all papers have been handed in.

SEC. 2. Violation shall also consist in obtaining or attempting to obtain, previous to any examination, copies of the examination papers, or the questions to appear thereon, or to gain any illegal knowledge of these questions.

#### ARTICLE IV.

The court shall keep a record of all cases acted upon in its sessions and also a record of successive actions of mass meetings with respect to the Honor System. These records, together with the constitution, shall be preserved by the secretary of the court of each year.

#### ARTICLE V.

This constitution may be amended by a three-fourth vote of those present at a mass meeting of the college.

#### ARTICLE VI.

This constitution shall be published in the Daily Cardinal during the first two weeks of each college year.

## Just Because

JAMES DEARBORN

*Scene: The parlor of a sorority house during the holidays. A boy and a girl seated in two chairs before the fire. The boy, with his hands in his pockets, is huddled up in his chair. The girl is playing idly with a book and staring at the wood fire that is getting very low.*

He: Just like life, isn't it? The flames burn up brightly for a while—such a little while—and then they get very low and only an occasional flicker and the gleam of the coals remain to show that there was a fire. Just like life, all right!

She: Yes, isn't it funny?

He: *(A sarcastic smile lighting his rather grim face.)* It's funny as can be—just side-splitting.

She: I think you're horrid. You know what I meant. Did you notice Frances with her latest. They say he has just oceans of money and his dancing is grand. He is going to take her to their formal next week—I wonder how Frances manages to catch so many men of that kind each year?

He: Oh, she's a typical Wisconsin girl, is Frances. They say that to make the first typical Wisconsin Girl they drew the wickedness out of the soul of Agrippina and used the remains for a foundation. Then they added small portions of Helen of Troy, Minerva, Cleopatra, a large amount of Cassie Chadwick, stirred the whole mess well, half-baked it and—there's your typical Wisconsin— Oh, I beg your pardon!

She: *(Stiffly.)* Never mind. The Wisconsin Man can't even boast of as many ingredients. He is just a muddled

combination of Hinky Dink and Mary's Little Lamb. Oh, I beg your pardon!

He: *(Smiling again.)* Never mind. you do us honor. I never thought we were anything but just plain dubs.

She: *(Tartly.)* I wouldn't presume to set my opinion up against yours for the world.

He: *(Laughing and plucking a pillow from a nearby divan and holding it gently in his arms. While he talks he looks at the pillow.)* Mildred, you're pretty much of a child, aren't you?

She: *(Looking at him with serious eyes.)* Why do you think so?

He: *(Still looking at the pillow.)* Just because—as you girls all say always.

She: I don't think all girls say that always. I don't.

He: Are you sure of that?

She: Quite sure.

He: *(Looking up suddenly.)* Why are you sure?

She: *(Thoughtfully.)* Oh! Just because.

He: *(Smiling again.)* Just because?

She: *(Straightening up indignantly.)* John Hammond, I think you're just horrid. I'll never speak to you again, I won't, I won't.

He: *(Leaning toward her and looking her squarely in the eyes for the first time.)* Won't you really ever speak to me again? Never again?

She: Never aga— *(Stops suddenly, biting her lower lip. He laughs.)*

She: Why are you always so mean to me? Why do you always trap me, laugh at me, make me say things that—make

me say things? You must know me better than I know myself now. And I don't know you at all—why do you always do that?

He: (*Looking at the pillow and holding it a little closer.*) It's the nature of the beast—

She: (*Flushing and indignant.*) The nature of the beast?

He: (*Calmly.*) I'm the beast, of course. It's the nature of the beast to want to know.

She: Then why don't you play fair and let me know you, too?

He: That's the nature of the beast again. When you try to find me out and get "warm," I look earnestly into those gray eyes of yours and lie. I can lie pretty well, can't I? I always was proud of my lying; it's a family gift.

She: (*Sarcastically.*) If you were known no one would have anything to do with you, and you're afraid. Isn't that it?

He: (*Huddling down into his chair again with the pillow hugged very close.*) Not at all. You, for instance, would love me.

She: (*Looking at the fire.*) You are very confident.

He: Sure thing. That, also, is a family gift—and it is seldom unwarranted where women are concerned. We know what interests them, we know what makes them laugh, we know what makes them cry, and when a man knows that much about a girl, or a woman, he can make her love him, if he wants to. Generally, however, he doesn't want to because the thing's too easy. He will probably wait until he falls in love himself before he tries his strength. (*She does not answer.*)

He: Also I don't want to make anybody love me because it wouldn't do any good here. You know, or rather you don't know, I'm not a marrying man.

(*She still looks steadfastly at the coals in the fireplace.*)

He: (*Still hugging the pillow and talking to it, apparently.*) You see, the wise doctors tell me I'll be dead pretty quick. Another family characteristic. We're a fine family, we are. Few of the men live to be forty.

She: And you are?

He: Oh, I'm only twenty-one, but the doctors assure me that I have the most interesting case of hardening of the arteries that they ever saw in their lives—and I've seen a bunch of doctors. I never was stuck on dying; living is more my style.

(*A small piece of charred wood in the fireplace catches fire and flares up brightly.*)

She: Just look at the fire. It's burning brightly again and it almost looked quite out a minute ago.

He: (*Not heeding her remark.*) They do tell me that if I will go down into the high southwest country I can last quite a number of years. But I'm not going—just yet.

She: (*Leaning toward him eagerly.*) You'll go, won't you, John. You'll go and—

He: And?

She: Oh! Nothing. I was just thinking. It's so funny—

He: (*Smiling grimly.*) I assure you, my dear Mildred, it's not a bit funny. But perhaps I can't see the point.

She: (*Half putting out a hand.*) You know I didn't—oh, why did you tell me?

He: (*Sitting up in his chair and looking down at her half-bowed head.*) I'm sure I don't know. It was foolish of me, wasn't it?

She: But why don't you go down there immediately? I would.

He: I wouldn't. I'm a determined sort of a cuss, you know, and I'm going to finish what I'm here for if it's the last thing I ever do. And I'm half afraid it will be the last thing, but I said I would and I'm going to. When I'm through I'll go mighty pronto, believe me! I don't think I'm afraid to die, but I'd like mighty well to live. Funny, isn't it?

She: (*Looking at him gravely.*) No, it isn't funny.

He: Why not?

She: Just because.

He: (*Rising and laying the pillow very gently upon the divan.*) I must have been boring you; I think I'll go—it must be getting late. You're clock isn't going, as usual. I never yet saw a sorority house clock that wasn't stopping half the time.

She: (*Rising also and standing with her back to him, looking at the fire that*

*is still flickering bravely.)* Really, you mustn't go yet. It's awfully early.

He: No it isn't. The dragon will be down in a minute. Good night.

*(He shakes hands with her, begins to draw her to him a little, stops, bites his upper lip and turns to go.)* If you ever tell anyone what I told you I'll strangle you.

She: *(Looking up with a pale smile.)* I'll never tell. Good-night.

*(He buttons up his coat and goes cheerily into the dark. The girl returns, looks*

*at the chair in which he sat, sits down in it. The charred piece of wood is flickering feebly. One of the girls, in a kimona, comes in through the rear door.)*

One of the Girls: I thought that man was never going to go.

Mildred: I wish he would go, and—what did you say, Emily?

One of the Girls: What's the matter. You look teary.

Mildred: Do I? How funny!

*(She turns swiftly and goes out.)*

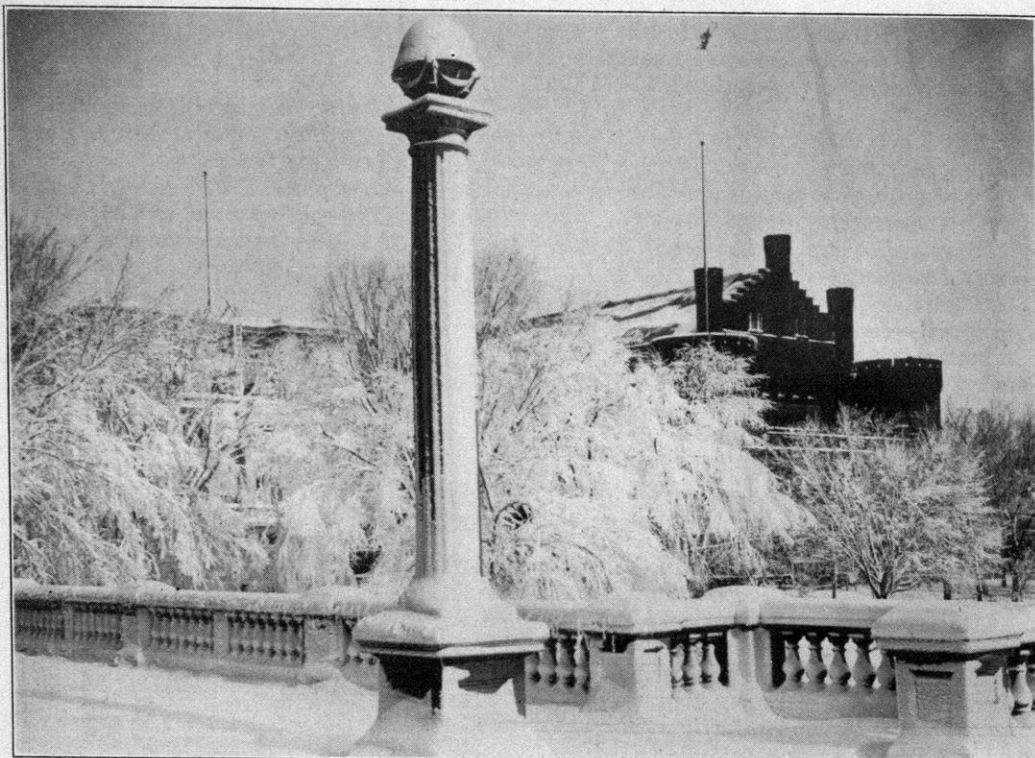


Photo by Nadeau

## To Marion

G. L. B.

*Afar, far off, you go your way,  
Unmindful of my heart's desire.  
You know not that my eyes are turned  
To follow you; they do not tire  
To watch you, and behind their lids  
There lies a sudden kindling fire.*

*Each morn, when through the low hung mists  
The sun leaps up to brush aside  
The doubts of night! anew my soul  
Doth hasten forth, and at your side,  
In constant hope doth walk, and all  
My wish that there it might abide.*

*And when in peace and deep content,  
The sun sinks down into its bed  
Of burnished faye-spun golden fleece,  
And blood-dyed majesty of red;  
It follows to that inner shrine,  
And smooths the pillow for your head.*

# The Thirteenth Hour

CHALMER B. TRAVER

Five of us were gathered before the huge, rough-stone fireplace in Northrup's library. The occasion was a dinner, a farewell dinner for Haverleigh, who was to sail for London the following day, date of his return not specified, for Haverleigh was not his own master but the bond slave of a great trust which put so much faith in him that it was ever sending him on missions in places where angels feared to tread, and often kept him in those places—until they were made safe for the angels. We were all bachelors and all friends, as far as friends can exist in a great city. It was a strange circumstance that the host himself was perhaps the least known to the rest of us, even to Haverleigh himself, for Haverleigh confessed to never having been in his house before. This was easily explained, though, in circumstances under which men know one another for years without delving farther into each other's lives than that part which is spent in the cafe, the club and the theater.

Northrup was a bachelor of means and kept a large place out on the edge of town, to which he seldom invited his friends, although no one was more genial or hospitable among the bachelor haunts of the downtown section. This was about all any of us knew of him before the dinner. At the dinner we discovered two more characteristics—that he could be as hospitable in his own palatial home as elsewhere and that he was an eager collector of clocks. Clocks bordered the entrance hall, the dining room and the library, all sorts and shapes of clocks, ticking merrily

away and now and then striking the quarter or half hour. I expected a perfect bedlam of sound when, as we sat down to the table, I noticed that it was just eight o'clock. But only two or three of the clocks struck and I remarked on the fact to my host.

"I've drawn the sting to most of them," he smiled; "I couldn't endure having them all strike every hour—there are fifty-four of them—so I had the strike killed in all but three."

The dinner lasted late and it was not until after ten that we left the table and entered the library. There were more clocks here, but I had grown so weary of looking at them that I merely swept the four walls with my eyes and dropped into one of the big chairs before the fireplace without examining any of the time-pieces more closely. The time and the place were fit for reminiscence, and every man of the company having traveled more or less and seen considerable of life the time passed quickly and interestingly.

Suddenly from out of the shadows above the fire-place came the deep, mellow booming of the strangest clock gong I have ever heard. In pitch it resembled very closely a gong I had heard struck in a temple at Nagasaki several years before. But the quality of this sound seemed more like that of a moaning whistle than of a bell, every stroke rising and then slowly dying away before the next came. I noticed Haverleigh start forward with several of the others as the clock began to strike. Nine—ten—eleven, it struck, then

twelve. As we settled back the low, whistle-like sound rose again, after a considerable pause. Thirteen! Haverleigh rose suddenly and walked over to the clock. Northrup laughed.

"One of the first clocks ever made in China on the American plan. I picked it up in Fu Chow last summer," he explained. "Had it fixed up last week, but she's been off on the strike ever since." Several of the men laughed a little at the pun. Haverleigh did not.

"It wasn't that. I mean——" He walked back to his chair and sat down rather precipitately. The host noticed his uneasiness and asked, "You mean—— what?" Haverleigh placed his fingers tip to tip and gazed dreamily into the fire for an instant. Then he turned sharply and said:

"You know the Chinese have a superstition about a clock's striking—thirteen," he said slowly. We were all alert.

"Tell us," asked Northrup, very much interested.

"Oh, nothing much," answered Haverleigh. "They think that sometimes—when there's been a death—and a clock strikes thirteen—like—that—it is to fool the evil spirits into thinking another hour has been added onto the day—thus giving the dead man's soul a little more time to make the Good Place before the devils get wise and start chasing him."

Northrup laughed delightedly.

"Great!" he shouted. "Say that's good, isn't it. I'll always think more of the old clock now in spite of the fact that she takes more attention than all the rest put together and is, even then, always on the bum." I could see that his rather boisterous air and slangy phrasing annoyed the sensitive Haverleigh a little and endeavored to smooth matters.

"It's a strange superstition," I interceded. "Come to think of it one seldom hears a clock strike thirteen, even a broken clock. There's a fair basis for the belief. What do you think about it, Haverleigh?"

Haverleigh started up rather surprised as I addressed the question directly to him.

"Me? Well—to tell the truth—I don't think about it—that is, any more. I did, though—once."

"Story?" exclaimed several at once, playfully and insistently.

"No-o-o, not much of a story. Just a queer thing that happened to me one time over in Canton. Near where you got that clock, I believe," he turned to the host. "It was the clock that reminded me of it—brought it all back very clearly, in fact—surprisingly clear!" He seemed to shiver just a little and the obliging Northrup got up to close the window slide. "Tonight's the first time I have heard a clock just like that since then."

"Tell us," said Carter soberly and with none of the bantering eagerness which I felt sure would have closed Haverleigh's lips instantly. Haverleigh was reassured by Carter's earnest request, and the sober, attentive attitude the ~~of~~ rest of us had unconsciously assumed, and began:

"The week I graduated from college was a round of class and college stunts. We planted the tombstone of the class of 1870 in the class graveyard, smoked the pipe of peace and handed it down to the junior class of that year; we attended receptions and other 'girl' stunts, we listened to numberless speeches, ate numberless dinners and drank numberless toasts. But the event which I remember most clearly was the smallest, the most unpretentious gathering of all. It was the occasion when Jack Lansing, 'Buck' Crombie and myself gathered at the old Poplar Inn the night before we were to leave the place. Pals all through our four years at college, we had determined to hold this meeting, probably the last for years. But they wouldn't let us off even for one night and it was not until after ten that we managed to break away from the Senior banquet and make for the Inn, about a mile over on the other side of town. The place was deserted, all the doings we had left were keeping the usual crowd away. I think we all dreaded the occasion, much as we should have sacrificed to bring it about, for we sat quiet for several moments after Max had brought the steins and left us alone.

"I come to praise Caesar, not to bury him," finally remarked Crombie, twisting the quotation, appropriately. That started us and the time did not lag again until we broke up two hours later.



"Jack Lansing relieved the strain at parting by offering a suggestion. I have never made up my mind whether it was beer or the moment, but the idea, hackneyed as it was, seemed sparkingly original, coming from Jack, the man without sentiment, as we called him. He rose, stein in hand, as the clock struck twelve.

"I propose that ten years from tonight, twelve o'clock on the night of June twenty-fifth, we hold a reunion—place to be decided by a vote, but the time—twelve o'clock on the night of June twenty-fifth, ten years from now—is hereby fixed." He slowly raised his stein, we did likewise, and the moment seemed a very solemn one as we drank our steins 'bottom up' to the next reunion. Then we walked back through the dark summer night to the glimmering campus lights.

"Although I fully expected that we should meet often after that I was disappointed. Jack Lansing went west to Seattle and married, and the only time I was ever in Seattle I found that he and his wife were spending the winter months in Japan. 'Buck' Crombie did come around to see me in New York once before he went south to develop a Mexican gold mine. Later he wrote me that he had 'made good' but would be unable to return for some time. All three of us exchanged letters at intervals of about a year, just often enough not to get hopelessly out of touch with one another. One time I was grieved to hear that Jack's wife had been lost, with many other passengers, when an excursion boat from Seattle to Victoria had burned.

"All I have to live for now," wrote Jack despairingly, "is the hope that the same thing may happen to me some day not far away." I was very sorry for Jack, and wrote him a long letter, but never having known Mrs. Lansing I of course could not understand. I also received a letter from Crombie about a year later, saying that he would be in New York on a certain date. But I had to go over to Canton in the interests of the tea wholesaling house with which I was connected at the time and so missed him.

"Two years later I was again in Canton and while walking along the waterfront one day was astonished at having

my way blocked abruptly by a short, fat man in white flannels, who reached out his hand and said, 'Well! Havvy! Havvy! I guess I can run you down even if I do have to follow you across the world to do it.' It was 'Buck' Crombie, fatter and bearded, but the same old 'Buck.'

"And do you realize that the ten years we began that night back in the Poplar Inn is nearly up and that our reunion, poor old Lansing's reunion, is due in less than a year?" he asked as we sought shelter in a nearby tea house from the many prying slant eyes that were immediately directed our way.

"I was astonished to have the fact borne so pressingly upon me, although I had remembered the pledge and had realized hazily that the time was fast slipping away. Crombie, I discovered, had found life dull after acquiring his 'pile' and had gone into the diplomatic service. He expected to be in China for about two years.

"I like the place—for a change," he said, "and there's enough doing here to keep me from getting the willies that often assail a bachelor of my excitement-loving nature. Wouldn't think it, would you?" he asked, smiling, as he glanced down at his generous belt line "but I've developed an awful taste for excitement these last few years, Tom, an awful taste, worse than the taste for drink and it sticks to a man just as bad."

"Knowing that my business interests made a visit to Canton much easier for me than the leaving of it would be for Crombie I promised to come over for the reunion and to notify Jack Lansing.

"But he may not be able to come," I said doubtfully as we parted.

"Try him," said Crombie. "I think he will. Have you seen him since—since it happened?"

"No."

"Well, I have and—I think he'll—come."

"Anything to take it off his mind?" I asked, as if I was answering the question.

"Crombie nodded. And so the reunion was fixed for that very tea house at the appointed time. It all seemed very strange and dime-novel like. I wrote a long letter to Jack about it and he answered, saying that he would be there

and that we needn't meet him. He said that he knew the tea house I described—that he and his wife had stopped there the winter they were in Japan and China. I let the matter go at that and ten months later left for China. It was a long way to go for a class reunion and I was glad that a kind fate had so arranged matters in the last ten years that I was able to do it.

We entered the muddy, sampan-dotted harbor of Canton on the afternoon of the fourteenth of June, and the fat Crombie himself met me at the dock.

"Where's Jack?" was his first question.

"Didn't say when he was coming or on what boat. Just said he would be at the tea house 'on time' and that we needn't meet him, I explained.

"Couldn't get a word out of him myself, although I wrote twice," was Crombie's contribution of information, then he added:

"Well, let's go up. He's probably coming out on the Asiatic that gets in here on the twenty-third. He's running a risk, though, of missing the reunion he himself suggested, for two days is a close running margin even for the big boats, and lots of things can happen."

"The twenty-third approached rapidly and on the day the boat was due we went down to the docks, despite Jack's instructions not to meet him. The boat was late. It didn't come in that day nor the next. We began to grow a little worried. But imagine our feelings when the big 'Asiatic' did finally swing into the harbor on the morning of the twenty-fifth and disgorged her passengers and Jack was not among them.

Buck scratched his right ear, as he always did when he was puzzled.

"Don't know what kind of a game the old boy's putting over on us," he finally said, "but I have faith that he'll keep his word—if he can. What gets me, though, is that there are no more boats from anywhere today and tonight—was—the night—you know." We were both silent a while.

"He may be around somewhere," I finally hazarded.

"Perhaps,—but—why couldn't he let a fellow know? It's—funny—" I thought so, too. But there was nothing to do but

wait. The afternoon dragged endlessly as we sat on the coolest spot of Crombie's 'gallery,' as they call the verandas over there, and looked out at the ships in the harbor. Eight o'clock finally came and we could stand it no longer.

"I know a swell little place down near the water where I think we can get a drink—a good, old American drink," said Crombie, suddenly. I had been thinking of the same thing and we were soon ordering good, old American drinks at a surprisingly good imitation of an American bar. Finally a bunch of naval officers, who had been holding forth in a screened recess in the rear, went out and we seized the opportunity to go back and sit down. Here we had several more good, old American drinks. The time did not drag so slowly here, and after what seemed only a short time I looked at my watch and was surprised to find that it was half past eleven. I held the watch dial close up to Crombie's eyes and he was also surprised.

"It's pretty near time," he said, "I guess we'll start." The distance to the tea house was short, consuming only five minutes, in fact. Lansing was not there when we reached it. The night was oppressively hot and our swift walk had made us thirsty. So we had several more mixed concoctions purporting to be American, although not as good as we had found at the first place. The little rat-like waiters, in their felt shoes made me nervous, too. They had such a beastly way of sneaking a fellow's drinks over his shoulder when he thought they weren't around. There had been a good, red-haired, loud-mouthed Irish barkeeper at the other place. The light was dim, too, coming from only eight or ten flimsy paper lanterns with small electric lights in them. Crombie surprised me by voicing my own thoughts.

"Wish we'd decided to hold the jamboree down at the other place," he said, nodding his head to the left. "Never noticed that this place was so different in the day time. Hell of a place at night, isn't it?"

"I agreed.

"What time is it now?" he asked.

"I looked. It was only two minutes of twelve. An exclamation from Crombie made me look up quickly.

“Well, if here isn’t the old war-horse himself!” he exclaimed rising from his chair. “Thought you wouldn’t make it after all.” Sure enough, there was Jack Lansing standing in the door, not changed a mite that I could see for all the ten years and the sorrow that had come to him. Just then a deep-gonged clock began to strike somewhere out in the night. One—two—three—four—Lansing did not move. I stood still, unconsciously counting the clock strokes as I waited for Jack to come in.

“What the h——,” began Crombie. He also stood still, with his hands on the chair from which he had risen. “Why don’t you——” ten—eleven—tewlve——THIRTEEN—boomed the clock, and by the dying reverberations we felt, rather than knew, that it would not strike again. But a strange thing happened as the last stroke sounded. Instead of coming in Lansing just moved away—backward—sidewise—until he had, in some mysterious way, disappeared. It seemed minutes before we looked at each other—Crombie

and I. And then we both started for the door together. The street was quite empty. Lansing was not in sight.

Crombie was the first to recover, but all he said was merely in repetition:

“‘What the h——’

“We forgot about the reunion, and it was not strange.

The next morning the North China News contained the story of an accident that occurred on a sampan coming over from Hongkong the night before:

“The craft was warping up to the dock about midnight when an American, who exhibited signs of great haste, recklessly jumped for the wharf while about eight feet of space remained between it and the boat. He missed the stringers and fell into the water. He never rose, and it is thought that the body lodged among the piles in its downward plunge.’

“We, Crombie and I, hired divers to go down at the spot where the accident occurred and they brought up the body of Jack Lansing.”



## The House On the Hill

GLENN W. DRESBACH

*Who built the house on the hill,  
Where winds the path of grey  
From the valley wide and still?  
A dreamer, so they say!*

*He brought with him to dwell  
His young hopes, eager-eyed,  
But oft at the twilight bell  
He looked down the vale and sighed.*

*Till out of the vale, they say,  
By the grey path winding still,  
Young Love came up with May  
To the house upon the hill.*

*And her's was the song we heard  
As we passed this way last year;  
But flown with the rose that stirred  
To her song, she has left a tear.*

*For out of the valley's gloom,  
Between the night and day,  
Came Death to crush the bloom,  
And steal young Love away.*

*And pale grew the dreamer's brow,  
As wan hopes mournful-eyed;  
He said, "I have nothing now;  
I would that I had died."*

*But later, so they say,  
When the vale was dewy bearded,  
He came, his young hairs grey,  
And passed into the world.*

*And despots feared his voice,  
And cringing slaves were freed.  
He said, "Let some rejoice  
Since my own heart must bleed."*

*The house on the hill is still,  
And winds are at prayers in the pines,  
And sunset over the hill  
Blood-red on the windows shines.*

*Last year as we passed this way  
The door was open wide,  
And skies, as now, were grey,  
But we heard a song inside.*

*Now leaden clouds wing by,  
Hearts heavy as our own,  
For scattered ashes lie  
With dust on the cold hearthstone.*

*And we to the valley fare  
And leave the house all still,  
With hill winds hushed in prayer  
Where the wild rose has its will.*

# One Side of German Student Life

ROBERT EARL COLEMAN

The influences which surround the average German youth before entering the university are very different from those to which the American lad is subjected. His preparatory course is extremely strict, both as regards his scholastic work and his freedom. At the "gymnasium," which corresponds to our high school, the youth hardly dares to call his soul his own, because his behavior is so closely watched and insubordination is so severely dealt with. It is no wonder that when the youth is released from his rigid discipline he enjoys his freedom to the fullest extent.

This comes when he enters the university. He may go to Berlin, Bonn, or perhaps famous old Heidelberg. He is possibly elected to a "corps," which corresponds to our Greek letter fraternity. He resides at his corps house or at a "pension." A "pension" is a regular boarding-house.

I will take up his various activities in contrast with the activities of the American student during the first two years of his university career. The German student is not inclined to study during his first year, because it is too full of other things which occupy his time. He pays his fees, signs his class slips, and probably attends the first few lectures of the courses. He attends his corps "earlyfest," as it is called, which consists of a session of beer-drinking. In the evening, he doubtless attends a duel, followed by a beer-fest with his fellow students. While the American

student is hustling to procure news for his college daily, or training for some athletic sport, or engaged in preparing some debate, the German corps youth spends his time in attending duels, drinking, or insulting some fellow student for the purpose of bringing about a duel. On the other hand, a favorite evening pastime is in the form of a band concert, which is very dear to the hearts of the patriotic Germans. I had the good fortune to hear a very enjoyable concert at the Statgarten in Heidelberg. It was during that evening that I took particular interest in noticing the student customs, and observing their manners. During the intermission, the men would promenade around the oval and through the gardens, bowing low to their feminine friends, but with a mere stiff nod and hat-raise to their fellow-students. All carried canes, which they swung loosely, a thing we tried to do when we sauntered around with our "necessary" sticks. It made me curious to know why the students gave their classmates such cool and forbidding nods, with absolutely no facial sign of recognition. I learned afterwards that only very close friends received a smile from another. Beer was served freely in the gardens, and the steins were raised usually to the toast "Prosit." It is a custom there if one drinks his stein and places it on the open stein of another for the covered one to buy the following round.

Each corps has a regulation hat, which

is worn by the members of that corps only, These hats, or more nearly caps, which resemble the hats worn in the Civil war, are of various colors with differently-shaped visors. The hat of the nobility is made of white satin with a small visor. The nobility were not so prominent in numbers, but they seemed to command the greatest attention and respect. Their hats were not the only thing to distinguish them, as their haughty appearance and prepossessing manners marked them distinctly. According to history, Kaiser Wilhelm belonged to the Borussia or white cap corps, which has a magnificent house at Bonn. Out of a membership of something like seven hundred, only one man was ever taken outside of the nobility, and he was the best friend of the Crown Prince and his financial backer.

The main sport is dueling. Each corps, of which there are four big ones; namely, the nobles, the high nobility, the rich merchant class and the ordinary citizens, instructs its men in the art of dueling. The corps' main object is winning duels. There are two kinds of duels: the duel of honor and the duel for fight's sake. In the duel of the second class, the men fight to revenge the wrong of one or to get revenge for an insult where no enmity is entertained. This duel is fought with the common four to five pound solid sabre with the straight blade. The duel of honor, where the family has been slandered or one entertains hatred for his foe, is a serious affair, and is fought with two-edged swords, with slightly curved blade. Pistols are rarely used.

The freshmen of a corps are taught to fight with their brothers, and are then matched with the men of the opposing corps. All wear the breast ribbon of their class. During the corps life of a student, which lasts only for two years, he may fight anywhere from ten to forty duels. If the neophyte fails to show strength as a duelist, he is dropped from membership in the corps. If a man is physically unable to keep pace with his brothers in beer-drinking, he may be pardoned, but in his ability to stand blows and give them—never. It is considered a high honor to wear the life-long face and head scars received in an honorable duel.

The duel is a spectacular fight, rarely witnessed by outsiders, unless as guests of a member of the corps. It is an attempt to cut the head or face of the opponent, there being no thrusts allowed. The blade is raised in the air and brought downward. Inasmuch as it is the object of each to be in a position of defence at the instant when the blow falls, the strokes follow each other alternately, until the experienced duelist increases his speed, and overtakes his opponent. Blood comes and the fight is stopped. During the moment of rest, the wound is examined and the armor, consisting of goggles for the eyes and a breast pad, is adjusted. If the wound is not serious the fight continues until the loss of blood or serious injury compels the contest to be stopped. In the case of a bad laceration, the man is put on the table and his wounds sewed up by the attending physician. This is the crucial test of a strong man.

No drug is given to dull the pain, yet if a man flinches in the sewing, his brothers consider it a great dishonor and he is liable to be dropped from the corps in disgrace. In one fight, of which my friend told me, forty-one stitches had to be taken in a man's head, which he stood without a flinch, and the fight continued.

After the duel-day (*mensurtag*) is over, the crowd go to their halls for the all-night beer session, which customarily follows the *mensurtag*. Wounds are often poisoned or enlarged by these alcoholic excesses. I heard that men sometimes rub salt into their wounds so that large scars will result.

The "fight for blood" or "*pro patria*," as the duels in revenge for the family insults are called, are very secret, and only members of the corps, doctors, guards, and a few friends are admitted. The contests are held in an old house, in a large, bare back room, which is carefully guarded and kept secret from the authorities. Kegs, tables and chairs fill the room before the contest, but these are pushed to the walls to be used as seats by the spectators later on. Before the fight, the room becomes blue and suffocating with smoke, while the men are stirred with drink. It is under these conditions that the duel is fought. After the affair is over, one man is sent to the hospital, the students mop up the

blood, and proceed to their all-night session of beer-drinking.

This is but a one-sided account of the German student life, for his last two years are spent away from his corps and he settles down to a serious endeavor. He now hopes to gain his four-year degree in

two years. This he is able to do by close application to only the material things in his courses, and by total isolation from the amusements of his younger brothers. He becomes a student in the truest sense of the word.



THE 1911 PROM

*Photo by Nadeau*

## The Woman

WILLIAM BRAND

*O Ruby on the Scarlet Woman's arm,  
Great Diamonds flashing in the cloud of hair,  
O Pearls so cold upon the throat so warm,  
You feel her blood and how you must despair!*

*O Hand that won you for the market place,  
O Cunning Hand that freed your glorius light,  
How you must feel your work now void of grace!*

*Poor Rose, so red amid the dusky hair—  
Black hair, a queen of devil's crown of coal—  
How you must curse the tinsel and the glare  
That to this scum is breath of life and soul!*

*O Heart of sin and crimes, the Heart that knows,  
O Vain Soul striving ever after Art,  
Why must you curse a tortured, dying Rose!*

*O Silks that rustle forth soft sighs of pain,  
O Laces that sway slow in sick despair,  
You deck her, for she is of those who reign,  
And moan the while soft curses on smirched air.*

*O Brazen Woman with the shameless eyes,  
O Subtle Mistress of black hearts of men,  
The Life—the Lust of Life you love so—quick it dies!*



## Urban Pastoral

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

"I am settled now," Gilbert wrote home, "me and all my possessions, in the four-square extra bedroom of a Chicago flat. You see, in this part of Chicago all the flats are built with a bedroom that has a separate entrance from the hall; they let these bedrooms 'furnished,' and it pays part of the rent. I believe I have read somewhere that these rooms are frequently taken by crooks and criminals. They have some association with low life, anyway; perhaps it's enough to make one a criminal just living in one of them."

Probably Gilbert intended this for humorous exaggeration; in reality he had no sort of grudge against the hall bedroom. He was an inveterate, if uncritical, observer of his kind; he loved to watch people and wonder what they had been like when they were children, and what they would be like when they were old; to imagine their relation to other people that he saw them with and even to figure them in some relation to himself, as a final ready rule-of-thumb for testing character. He had come to Chicago as much for this reason as for any other, and even his daily trips to and from his work gave him abundant material for speculation, to say nothing of the widely diversified types one saw at restaurants and at the theater, where it was sometimes difficult for him to screw his attention around from the audience to the stage.

To a man of his temperament there was then something of perpetual interest about the extra bedroom of the flat across the hall in a place where one does not usually know one's next-door neighbors, and the imagination is not held in check by the bounds of harsh fact.

Gilbert's first neighbor across the hall was a pale young man who was living there when he moved in. The pale young man always spent his Sundays away from his room, and presently left it. Gilbert imagined that he was going to be married, and was glad for him, though he could not suppress a passing gleam of wonder that any woman could bargain for such a dreary future as must lie before that man's wife.

The pale young man was followed by a whiskered, loud-voiced individual in a Windsor tie with large purple spots, who came and went very irregularly, and smoked an evil-smelling pipe during all his waking moments. Gilbert privately called him "the anarchist," and made him the subject of a string of highly-colored adventures, but on the whole he was not sorry when he left. His room stood vacant for almost two weeks; then as Gilbert was coming in one night a woman went up the stairs ahead of him and entered that opposite room. She was dressed in dark blue, and moved with an elasticity suggestive of youth; that was all the impression that Gilbert gained of her on that first view.

He met her in the hall two mornings later, and opened the outer door for her. She nodded pleasantly in acknowledgment. She was small and slight, and rather hollow-chested; no one would have thought of calling her strikingly pretty, but there was something undeniably attractive about her quiet little face and the merry twist of her mouth.

Gilbert saw her often after that, and noticed that she was always quiet, always intent on her own concerns, and in spite

of the fact that she worked in down-town Chicago always dressed with a neatness and freshness that seemed somehow the token of a gracious spirit. She was not, however, an easy person to fill in a background for, and little by little Gilbert became curious to really know more about her.

The first step toward acquaintanceship was taken when he helped her put down an unruly umbrella one evening. After that she always spoke to him when she saw him, and once he walked to the Elevated with her and talked more or less appropriate nothings. Then, as his interest was beginning to wane, an incident occurred that gave it a fillip.

Gilbert and another young man from his office had gone together to see a popular play, and their seats were well toward the front. Gilbert was as usual absorbed in that full and free contemplation of a group of people that is only possible where one does not know a soul in the gathering, when a man and a woman came down the aisle and were seated just ahead of them. The man, in adjusting his overcoat on the back of his seat, he turned full around and revealed a countenance of so gargoyleish and libidinous an ugliness that the very sight of him startled Gilbert. A moment later the woman turned enough to show her side-face, and he recognized the girl across the hall.

He had looked forward to getting a good deal of enjoyment out of that particular play; but several times during the evening he found himself having to force his attention back to the stage. During the entr'actes he frankly stared at the couple ahead. His interest in the girl was quickened by the discovery of a man in her life—of a man, moreover whom he might reasonably judge from his appearance, to be considerably older than she, of a different social station, and of a curious and possible dubious personality. Evidently she had a story of her own as well as several of his inventing; he spoke to her in the hall with greater interest from that time onward.

One Sunday morning he opened his door just as she opened hers. He had on his overcoat, but she was not dressed for going out. She said "Good-morning" to

him, hesitated with the door-knob in her hand, then came out into the hall. "Have you anything to read?" she asked. "It's a rainy Sunday, and here I am without a thing that I haven't read a hundred times."

"Won't you come in and choose for yourself?" he asked, throwing his door wide.

She came in and stood before his bookshelf; then she gave a little cry of genuine delight. "Oh, what good stuff!" she exclaimed.

"A few favorites brought from home," he explained, "and some new things that I've bought this winter. The book-shops here are a temptation to me."

"They're such a temptation to me that I have to keep away from them," she admitted frankly. "My own books are mere waifs and strays, and as for library books—well, they're usually rather dirty, and they're always sort of formal things; you can't get very intimate with 'Use with care and return in two weeks.'"

She began to take the books from the shelf one by one, and to turn over their leaves. Gilbert did not know whether he ought to ask her to sit down, so he stood awkwardly beside her and watched the almost caressing way she handled the books. She finally decided for a novel of John Galsworthy's "because the binding and paper are so good that my eyes and hands at least will be satisfied," and took herself off with a nod and a smile.

Two mornings later when he emerged from his room he found the book propped against his door with a slip of paper in it that said: "Thanks. I was interested. Adela Scott." He realized that he had not known her name before, and he caught himself saying it over and over as though to familiarize himself with the sound. Then he selected another volume of Galsworthy, curious to know what she would make of it, looked into it to be sure that his own name was written on the fly-leaf, and arose early the next morning to deposit it at her door before she left.

It came back three days later, endorsed "Thank you again. I think the story falls to pieces at the end with rather a clatter of bones. A. S." He grinned, selected a volume of Dumas, and told himself that

a woman's reaction on a book was an invaluable clue to her character.

The passing of books back and forth across the hall continued for some weeks. Then, as he was returning from work one damp and dreary December evening, he saw Adela Scott just ahead of him. He overtook her and spoke on a sudden impulse. "I haven't had my dinner, Miss Scott, and I don't think you've had yours. There's not a bad restaurant a couple of blocks away, and you'll be doing a favor to a stranger in a strange city if you'll come over there with me."

She stopped under an electric light and looked at him questioningly. Then, "Thank you, Mr. Gilbert, I'd like to," she said quietly, "if I may telephone to my landlady from there."

Seated opposite him, she smiled and drummed on the table with her fingers. "A hard day today," she said. "My fingers are pretty tired."

"You are a stenographer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I have the honor to be—one of the humble and useful cog-wheels in the giant machinery of commerce. Giant machinery of commerce is neat, isn't it?"

"I'm a cog-wheel myself this winter," he answered, "and I find there's a good deal of friction around the edges sometimes."

"I've been one for six years," she announced, "and I'm only waiting until my ship comes in to get out of it."

"Then you're not working for business success?" he asked to keep the ball up.

"I'm working to keep Br'er Wolf from the door, like thousands of other underpaid women in this town," she answered.

An echo from something he had once heard or read prompted Gilbert to say: "I only wonder how, with the salaries that are paid, most women keep themselves straight."

He regretted the bad taste of his remark almost before he had uttered it. Adela, however, took his words serenely enough. "The problem is to keep oneself at all. I'd like to get hold of some of these people that write it up so calmly for the magazines and Sunday papers. I'd like to show them the inside of a cheap Chicago boarding-house. I'd like them to show me a decent furnished room that

your landlady likes to have you launder and kitch in. I'd like to see the person who never wants any amusement except what he gets from art-galleries and public parks. I'd like to see the woman who can keep whole and make her own clothes in the evening when she's worked in an office all day. I'd like to see the individual who never has any doctor's or dentist's bills——"

She broke off with a laugh, and picked up her soup-spoon. "There's no need for my getting so oratorical over it," she said. "If I was worth more in the scheme of things I should be paid more, I suppose."

"You're hungry now," he said mildly. "Things look very blue when one's hungry."

"It's your patience that encourages me to run on," she said with a shy little smile. "And I'll admit that I've been awfully rebellious to-day. I've been in the mill six years—I came to Chicago when my father died; and then mother died, too, and I've shifted for myself—oh, indifferently well; I get more than most stenographers of my experience. But anybody has his bad days, when he doesn't want to go on forever being a mere cog in the machine."

He nodded understandingly. "A commercial hewer of wood and drawer of water."

"Just so. The wood has to be hewn and the water drawn, but always let some one else do it. Mr. Gilbert, you know that last book you let me take?"

"Newman's Apologia?" he asked. The book was a particular favorite with him.

"Yes. It's a fine book for slow, intimate reading, and of course there's a fine personality in it. But do you know, Mr. Gilbert, it strikes me as just a little bit—as almost pathetic, for a man of Newman's fineness to admit that all through life his one object has been the saving of his own soul? Yet I suppose that's just why we object to being mere cogs in the machine. I use the words with a different context, but that's what I want—to save my own soul."

"That's rather cryptic," he suggested.

"It's absurd, to talk like this to a man who's almost a stranger to me. No, it isn't," she said with a sudden flash of

merriment. "No one but a stranger would ever sit and listen to anything like this."

She turned the conversation resolutely to impersonal matters, and talked to him so well that when they arose to go he was surprised to discover that it was nine o'clock.

He thanked her with great sincerity for a pleasant evening, and he meant it to be only one of many. But other things intervened, other acquaintances drew him off; and though he still lent her books, he saw little of her for the next two months. Then he met her, twice, with the singular looking man he had seen her with before. Both times she was wearing a big bunch of violets, and both times she seemed in holiday mood.

His mind began to run upon her; but he had neglected her for so long that he was ashamed to pay much attention to her now. He managed, however, to walk to the Elevated with her one morning. She seemed listless and abstracted, and he remarked that the weather was trying. "Yes," she said abruptly, "that and other things." His eye was caught by a small bunch of violets pinned to her coat.

He did not again attempt to join her, but he saw her on her way to and from work. He noticed that at night her step often dragged, and that she had a trying little cough, rather of weakness than disease. He bought some new books to lend her, and tried hard to find cheerful ones, though his own taste did not lie that way. She kept his books longer now than formerly, and he thought of her as reading less and musing more. The thought was singularly distasteful to him, and had a way of recurring when he least desired to entertain it.

He had been making a determined and more or less successful effort to keep her out of his mind for a matter of some two weeks, when one Sunday morning his landlady came in to make his bed. Usually Gilbert planned to be out at that time, but this morning she caught him looking idly out of the window at the milk bottles and jelly glasses across the air shaft. He had not even a book to protect himself with, and she loosed the tide of her garburity full upon him.

"They say we're going to lose one of

our neighbors pretty soon," she announced.

"Yes?" he said with manifest lack of interest.

"It's the girl that rooms just across the hall from you," went on the landlady, thwacking a pillow. "Mrs. Cummings was telling me yesterday that she was going to marry a man old enough to be her father. He has lots of money, though, and judging from the way he takes her out and keeps her room filled with violets he must think a good deal of her. You can't blame her for marrying him; she's young, and she naturally wants to have a good time. I wonder how she happened to catch him—she's not a bit pretty, and such a sickly little thing. Now my husband's niece——"

Gilbert had ceased to listen to her. He was watching a cat on the opposite window sill, and telling himself that he was glad she was going to do it, glad she would take herself from her stenography and her hall bedroom to an atmosphere of ease, glad—— and then he remembered her blue eyes with their wide child-like gaze, lifted to the peculiar repulsive face of the man he had seen with her. He jammed on his hat, went out and began to walk at random. Presently he found himself near a florist's; he went in and ordered all the flowers that he had money in his pockets to pay for sent up to Miss Adela Scott. As he hesitated in picking them out the shop man suggested violets. With a wrathful glare Gilbert ordered jonquils.

Adela met him in the hall the next evening and thanked him for them. She stood and talked with him for a few minutes; he vaguely felt as if he had an advantage just then, but he did not know how to follow it up.

He saw her in the hall sometimes after that, and he thought that she seemed to feel better and to cough less. She was always pleasant to him, but perhaps because she felt the constraint in his own manner she was less friendly than she used to be. The lending of books gradually ceased. Gilbert told himself that their acquaintance was at an end, and that it had been slight at best; then he found himself marvelling as to the difference that so slight a thing could make. He

purposed to ignore her as much as possible, and when he went home in the spring to forget her as soon as he could. The possibility of going home earlier than he had planned or of moving to another room never entered his thoughts.

All his good resolutions were upset by an accident of the weather. Easter Sunday was a beautiful sunny day, with a decided feeling of spring in the air. Gilbert went out to his breakfast, and when he came in all his wisdom had crumbled away. He did a thing that he had never done before: crossed the hall, and knocked at her door. She answered it with her hands behind her. "Miss Scott," he said, "won't you make me happy by coming downtown to dinner with me?"

She smiled and nodded. "If I can get my Easter bonnet trimmed," she said, taking a big black hat out from behind her. "That's one thing that I can economically do. What time are you going?"

"Half-past twelve," he said, and went to get ready. Time dragged the rest of the morning. When he finally presented himself at her door and she came out in the bravery of her new hat he felt as if he had something more buoyant than solid earth under his feet, and he acted rather like a boy just let out of school. They took the Elevated, and walked from the Loop toward a lake shore hotel. Gilbert, happy in Adela's company, unable for the moment to imagine any other possible happiness, stepped behind her for a moment at a corner. Just then she spoke to a man who was approaching alone. It was the man with whom Gilbert had come to associate her. That accidental meeting started another train of thought going, and it was with difficulty that he managed to make sensible replies to her remarks.

Adela, however, was obviously enjoying her holiday; and seated opposite her in a quiet corner over a good dinner he presently began to feel better.

"The country must be lovely now," she said, "and from now on."

"It is," he said, "back where I come from, I know it is even this early. But it's with a kind of obvious loveliness that anyone can appreciate. I like winter better

myself, when it's white and still and remote. You don't see anyone outside your own place for weeks sometimes, and if you're like me you don't want to. During all those long winter evenings my father and I sit on opposite sides of the lamp and read, or he talks to me about the winters in Devon—he's a Gilbert of Devon, and he never forgets that. He must have been lonesome this winter, but I shan't leave him alone again. I'm going back in a few weeks now."

He stopped, amazed at his own volubility. It was the longest speech he had ever made to her. She took up his last remark.

"I shall miss you," she said gently.

"Miss me? In a city so full of people? One poor solitary man?" he asked with very obvious irony.

"You're not like other men," she answered slowly. "You've been awfully good to me, and I've somehow always felt that you were so just because you were goodness itself. Lots of men are nice to a girl, but they want something, amusement or other men's envy of the company they're in, or something. There was even Mr. Phil Bainbridge, that man we met on the street a little while ago. He was an old friend of Dad's, and he's always been awfully sweet to me. I liked him, but he wanted to marry me, and I finally had to send him packing. Now you're different."

She was looking out of the window as she talked, and she did not see his expression. After a moment's pause he spoke thickly. "No, I'm not," he said, "not different from that man or any other man. I want to marry you and take you back to a farm a hundred miles from anywhere, to drag out a dead-and-alive existence in the company of two stupid men. That's what I want. That's all I want."

She looked at him then with that wide-eyed stare of hers, but she did not speak. "I suppose I've disgraced myself now," he said bitterly. "I couldn't help it; it came. Adela Scott, will you marry me?" he asked with a final touch of irony.

"Not to-day," she said sweetly. "Next fall, maybe."

They sat and stared across the table at each other. "Do you mean it?" he

asked. For answer she reached out her hand to him across the table. He held it in his a moment, then pushed back his chair. "Let's get out of this," he suggested. And leaving their dinner half finished they took the road to Arcady.

## March Wind

GLENN W. DRESBACH

*O, strong March wind  
From white cloud caverns blowing,  
By rain-splashed ways  
And temples of the sun,  
We long to find  
The fields that wait the sowing,  
And learn of days  
To do, nor be undone.*

*O yearning years  
With dreams but dreamed for dying,  
And loves long lost,  
With words beyond recall,  
With fevered tears,  
And hearts that aged with sighing  
We paid the cost—  
The writing on the wall!*

*But now, March wind  
We hear thy fearless laughter,  
And rush once more  
Into the maze of things.  
Since we have sinned  
We long the more hereafter  
To raise, to soar  
The heights with eagle's wings.*

# The University of Wisconsin Inter-scholastic Meet

PAUL J. MORRIS

One of the greatest problems confronting athletics at Wisconsin is the question: *Where will we get our athletes?* Our coaching may be bad; our facilities and equipment may be inadequate; our climate may not be suited to some kinds of athletics; and our faculty may be trying to down intercollegiate athletics of all kinds. But the fact remains that we do not get the material to work with that some of our rival universities do. Wisconsin is a strong school and should draw the best athletes from all over the state. It is remarkable how many sons of Wisconsin attend colleges elsewhere. The Universities of Chicago and Michigan have drawn many of their best athletes from the Badger state. In the past men with athletic ability were enticed to come to Wisconsin by offers of snap capital jobs and other financial aids. But now little effort, financial or otherwise, is put forth to secure material for our athletic teams. If a good athlete comes to Wisconsin by some chance, we sit back and congratulate ourselves. But what do we do to bring men here to fill the vacant positions on our athletic teams? We do not believe in hiring athletes. The athletic department is not in a position to give financial aid to anyone. However, any help coming from the student body could bring no discredit to the university.

Aside from financial inducements there is another and much better way of drawing athletes to Wisconsin. Let every student do a little "rushing" for Wisconsin and let the university have a big "rushing stunt" at interscholastic time. A committee could be formed to keep track of all the good prep athletes in this state and those surrounding it as well. There are students at the university from nearly all the towns of any size in this part of the country. From these men information could be secured in regard to all prep athletes of promise. Every student ought to feel it his duty to influence good men to come to Wisconsin and an opportunity ought to be given to show off the university at its best. A small number of prep men are entertained in an indifferent fashion at the indoor relay carnival and a basketball tournament has been planned which will give a small number of high school men a chance to see some of the advantages of the University of Wisconsin. But the best time to show off the university is at interscholastic time.

The interscholastic meet as it has been held in the past is a disgrace to the 'varsity. We are progressive in other matters. Yet we are content to have an interscholastic meet which is far inferior to that of Beloit college in many respects. Many of the best athletes in the state at-

tend other meets in comparison with which our interscholastic makes a very poor impression. We have the facilities for holding a great meet and the opportunities for entertaining visitors are unrivaled in the west.

At the University of Illinois interscholastic time is one of the big occasions of the year. The meet is open to all high school athletes whether they are from the State of Illinois or not. A large excursion is run every year from Chicago and athletes flock to Champaign from all over the state. There is always a crowd of students at the depots to meet all of the trains and escort the visiting athletes to the various fraternity houses to which they have been assigned. The fraternities have agreed among themselves to do no rushing at this time. Beside the interscholastic meet itself many events of importance take place, such as the 'varsity circus, a dual track meet between Illinois and some other conference college, a baseball game, a college dramatic production and a May pole dance. To all of these affairs the man who competes in the meet is admitted free of charge. Everybody talks "Illinois" and tries to get the visitors enthusiastic over Illinois.

The entertainment of the Michigan interscholastic is less elaborate, but the meet itself is larger. It is open to men from academics as well as to high school athletes and the visitors are entertained by the fraternities as at Illinois. Some remarkable records have been made at this meet. One year a young high school athlete named Cook won the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds flat, the pole vault at 11 feet, and the broad jump at 23 feet 5 inches, and got second place in the high jump with a mark of 6 feet  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. The high jump was won at 6 feet  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches.

The greatest interscholastic in the west is that given by the University of Chicago. The meet is open to all prep school men and teams are entered from all over the country. The athletes are entertained with auto rides through the city and launch rides in the parks. The size of the meet is in itself a great attraction. Here the champions from all over the country gather to fight for the big loving cups

which are given as prizes. After the meet an entertainment is given at which the cups are presented by Stagg himself. Each man goes upon the stage to receive the cup he has won, amid the cheers of the assembled crowd. The whole meet is carried off in a most orderly manner. The events come off on time and the officials are the best that can be had. This meet has brought many of Stagg's best athletes to Chicago.

At Wisconsin the interscholastic is a third rate affair, run by a committee of high school principals who know as much about running a track meet as the average student does about the student court. In the past the university has tried to get control of the meet, but the committee has refused to give it up. The meet reflects discredit on our university, but we cannot control it and make it a creditable affair. It is disgraceful the way visiting athletes are treated. No effort whatever is made to entertain them. They are left to find their own way around town and unless they are lucky enough to have some particular friends are pretty poorly taken care of. The medals offered as prizes are slightly better than the souvenirs given away at a Sunday school picnic. If we want to make a good impression on men we want in our university we must give them medals as good as those given in other similar meets. The number and quality of men competing in our interscholastic is far below that of other big western institutions.

The primary object of the interscholastic meet is to serve as an all-university "rushing stunt." We want good athletes to attend our school. We want to show them that our university is the best in the west and that they can profit by attending it. The one big chance to get a large number of athletes here is to have a big live interscholastic meet. All of the other big universities realize this fact and are taking advantage of it. It is a good thing to decide the state high school track championship here at Madison. But it is a better thing to get a large number of desirable men here, so that we can show them what Wisconsin is like and influence them to enter our university. Let us have a real University of Wisconsin inter-



scholastic run by ourselves and let us do all in our power to make it the best in the west. The fraternities ought to be willing to do away with their own rushing and entertain the visiting athletes as the fraternities at other schools do. The meet should be open to prep schools of all sorts, in and out of the state. The best athletes often attend academies. Chicago is a great source of athletic material and every effort should be made to induce men from

that city to enter our meet. Suitable medals or cups should be given as prizes and various entertainments should be given such as a 'varsity circus, a hare's foot opera, a glee club concert, or an athletic meet. No pains should be spared to show the visiting teams a good time. If these things are brought about we will get many good prep athletes and will have an interscholastic meet of which we may well be proud.



# Helen

J. M.

Jerome was sitting on the edge of his bunk writing his diary. The flies buzzed monotonously. I gave one more futile drag on my pipe and laid it down—too lazy to reach for a match. I looked up through the mosquito netting defense over the head of my bed and wondered how many flies there were in the tent. I finally decided, on a conservative estimate, that there must be at least ten thousand of them. I glanced out the open tent door toward the channel, but my view was interrupted by an array of dirty tin dishes which lay on an improvised table with the fly-covered remains of breakfast. I looked at my watch.

"Jerome, we've got to get those dishes washed." No reply; his pencil scraped steadily. I sank back on my bunk vaguely considering whether I wanted to go swimming or not.

"I wonder if she will be down this morning." This from Jerome. I am sure the remark had nothing to do with swimming or with dirty dishes—but I was not in the least struck with its irrelevancy. Camp life inures one to irrelevant remarks—and actions. I didn't reply—didn't even think of replying.

"I didn't tell you why I have stopped going over to Hildebrand's, did I?" This again from Jerome; again no reply. He commenced making up his bunk.

"Well, you know, last Friday night when I was down there Frances said some things I didn't like. Somebody has told her I go to see the Girl in Cove. She says that girl has a bad reputation—she is only a shop girl anyway; that if I continue the Cove business I'll have to give up her friendship."

"She seems quite interested in your welfare, Jerome," I said.

"Oh, she's interested, alright; but I don't care for that kind of interest. It made me rather sore. I told her that Helen was at heart more of a lady than most more fortunate girls, although she had not had the opportunities for culture. She said, 'Very well, if you wish to consider it in that light.' And the matter was closed. I haven't seen her since and don't expect to until she sees fit to make an apology."

There really was no need of his telling me this; I knew it before. And I also knew that Frances had fully repented the stand she had taken and was very much at a loss for company since Jerome had left the job. I found energy enough to reach to my hip pocket for a match and lit my pipe.

"Helen is going to leave tomorrow. I keep wondering about her. I am more impressed the better I know her. The first night I went to see her I went for

trifling, and found there was no trifling. It doesn't matter much what she said—but I left that night with a good deal of respect for a certain shop girl."

"She's pretty smooth," I said—more to see what he would say than for any other reason.

"Do you know, Fred, she has lived for twenty years above a little saloon in one of the rottenest districts in Chicago. She said last night it had been a hard fight, but she was glad she had made it and was going to keep it up. She's on the square."

"The right man can get any girl, Jerome."

Jerome flared up:

"You make me tired with your eternal cynicism. Listen to me. A wealthy English woman three years ago wanted to adopt her and bring her up, but she wouldn't leave her sister. Her father and mother both died some time ago; her sister married that weak-kneed fellow she is staying with over at the Cove—I think he's got consumption—and she felt it her duty to earn a living for the three of them."

During a long silence the flies continued to buzz. My pipe was out, but I didn't much notice it.

"There isn't a girl on the Lake as good looking as she is. Why she's almost perfect—and hair—well, if you'd strip the artificiality off most the girls around here they'd look like scare crows beside her. And brains—she's got them alright."

Jerome slammed his diary into his suitcase, walked out of the tent, and began carrying the breakfast dishes down to the lake. I thought I better leave him alone so I lay lazily on my back, gazing at the flies—and thought.

That night I went down to the hotel and got into a game of cards with some old college pals. There was plenty of good wine flowing, and it was late before we broke up. My feet were a bit to the bad, although my head was still clear, and as I stumbled over the rough path back to camp I cursed the way. Helen kept coming into my head—and perhaps that made me curse more. As I passed by the little cottage in the Cove I noticed a light in the window. It wavered and I

stopped to make it appear steady. I wondered if Jerome was there with Helen. Then I stumbled on. As I neared camp I thought I saw a light in the tent. I stopped and looked carefully. Yes, there was a light. Jerome and Helen must be there—they had spent the evenings down at camp before. Somehow a not very laudable curiosity got the better of me and I decided to look in on them. I approached cautiously from the rear, but discovered that there was no need for caution—they would not have heard a bunch of cattle stampeding past the tent. The lantern, surrounded by moths, hung from the ridge pole. Helen was seated on a camp stool—her head slightly bowed. The light shone on her hair; I had never noticed how beautiful it was before. Jerome sat on the ground looking up at her and holding one of her hands in his.

"No—no, Jerome—it cannot be." It was Helen's voice, low but clearly distinct in the silent night air. "To-morrow I go home—and to—mo—" her shoulders shook and her voice broke into a sob.

I withdrew as quietly as possible, walked around the tent down to the shore, and crawled under our overturned canoe. I could not sleep for some time in spite of the wine. I kept looking up at the tent where the lantern still burned. After about half an hour I slept.

The next day was indeed a mournful one. The Hildebrands left on the noon train. They lived in the same town that Jerome and I did—just outside of Chicago. Jerome wouldn't go to see them off and my head ached so disgracefully that I decided not to go either. I laid around camp all day trying to read. Jerome effected a thorough cleaning of the camp; scrubbed the tinware, and drove out the flies. We didn't get any regular meals—just ate cold ham and crackers. About sunset I saw Jerome start off in the canoe and I knew he wouldn't be back until late. I went down to the hotel and drank. He had not yet returned when I fell asleep that night, decidedly out of hitch with the world.

At seven o'clock next morning I was awakened by his voice:

"Fred. What do you say we go home?"

Are you awake? What do you say we go home? I'm dead sick of the camp."

I really wasn't much awake, but I caught his idea alright—mainly because I had been harboring it myself for the past twenty-four hours. That day we packed up, made arrangements for the shipping of out kit, and evening found us at home.

I secluded myself in literary work and it must have been a week before I again saw Jerome. I was reading over a volume of French tales at about 11 o'clock one evening when he walked into my room.

"Well, Jerome, how are you? I've got a good bunch of stories here. Ever read any of them?" I showed him the book.

"No." I could plainly see he had no interest in stories.

"Have a cigarette?" I offered him one.

"Yes, thanks. Don't let me bother you—go on with your reading."

I lit his cigarette and mine and we smoked for a while in silence.

"Frances called me up the other night," he said as he tossed the stub of his cigarette into the waste basket.

"Well, how is Frances? I have been intending to go and see her."

"She wanted me to come and have a talk with her. I went over and the whole business has been fixed up. She says she must have been a little hasty—perhaps she didn't quite understand—and she was sorry."

I offered him another cigarette.

"No, thanks, I've been smoking all day."

I lit one myself, and waited for the rest of the story. He reached into his inside coat pocket—I noticed a letter there—then appeared to change his mind, and did not take it out.

"Frances is a mighty fine girl," he continued. "She's very clever."

I was waiting for the letter now—and was not disappointed.

"I must be going—its late. But look here what I received this morning. I hardly know what to make of it."

He took out the letter and handed it to me. "Read it."

The paper was rather cheap. The hand writing was clear, but plainly showed a lack of practice.

"My Dear Friend:

I have meant to write to you ever since I came home. I suppose you have come back from camping by this time. I want to tell you how much I appreciate the last night I spent at your camp. I had thought all along that you were only leading me on, but that last night proved to me that you were sincere. I have never before known a true gentleman and I felt very proud when I knew that you were not deceiving me. I have told Walter that I do not care to see him any more. Can you come and see me? Sincerely,

HELEN DALZELL."

I read the letter through twice and slowly returned it.

"Are you going to answer it?"

"No."

Another week passed by and I saw nothing of Jerome. I was just leaving my house one evening for a stroll under the stars before going to bed when I saw his familiar figure round the corner one house down.

"Hello, Fred."

"Jerome. I had thought you had given me up—decided to cut my acquaintance—as it were. Come up to the room and have a smoke."

We talked about inconsequential matters for some time. He smoked one cigarette down to the cork and lit another.

"Have you heard anything from Helen since the first letter," I said, after a pause in the conversation. He reached into his pocket and drew out two letters. One of them was rather soiled—as if it had been carried for some time—it was the one I had read the week before. The other, apparently written hurriedly, follows:

"My Dear Friend:

I am so tired to-night—but I must write to you. I hope you are happy. I have had an absurd idea you might write to me—or even come to see me—but I know now how foolish I have been to think of such a thing. Walter has come every day this week to see me—but I hate him—I will not see him. I have given up hope of ever seeing you—I know how it is, now—you are so far above me I cannot hope for your friendship. It must have been just pity you felt—and when

I think that I hate you and I hate myself. Oh, Jerome, I say I hate you—but you know it isn't true—you are my friend, aren't you? I do not hate you—you know I do not. Oh, my brain is in a whirl to-night—I cannot think—only there is an awful suffocating feeling over my heart. It chokes me. It takes all my strength to be kind to my brother and sister. I think if I could only see you walk by out in the street I would feel better—everything is whirling about me. I know this is a foolish letter—you won't dislike me for it will you? If I could only see you I wouldn't ache so and I guess I could think better. I won't read this over for I know if I did I would never put it in the box.

YOUR HELEN."

I looked at my friend. His eyes fell before mine. I sat still, thinking.

"It sounds melodramatic, doesn't it?" Jerome said.

"No, Jerome—not to me."

After a pause, I said, "Are you going to see her?"

"No."

"Are you going to write to her?"

He looked out the open window. A square of light penetrated a few feet and was lost in the darkness. The wind was beginning to stir in the thick foliage of the trees outside. He turned back.

"I am going to marry Frances in the fall."



## At the Crossroads

PAUL DANTON

*Here is the road to the sunset sea,  
 Gold that dies in grey.  
 Turn at the cross-roads here and see  
 Narrow trails that wind away,  
 Bittersweet grown to yesterday.  
 Look and sigh, then turn this way.  
 Wiser now, for the road that waits  
 Come, far down to the golden gates—  
 Time enough there is for rest,  
 When, at last, through breeze and gale,  
 Comes the night and ends the trail  
 In the silence of the West.*

*Would we yesterday have known  
 Cross-road lore we know,  
 Back-road ways of sward and stone—  
 And that hearts can nobler grow—  
 Seeds be weighed before we sow,  
 Though the spirit's voice be low!  
 From the cross-roads to the sea,  
 Since we suffered there will be  
 Sterner hopes with wider wings;  
 And along the golden ways  
 We will learn of sober days  
 Solving masteries of things.*

# Interlude

D. A. MERRIAM

After dinner Alexandra sought the empty library, and with an open book on her lap sat in front of the fire and gave herself up to meditation. The usual bridge tables had been formed, and something approaching a tournament was in progress in the billiard room; but a heavy snow fall had kept the Sturdevants' guests indoors all day, and after a morning at billiards and an afternoon at bridge, Alexandra preferred the seclusion of the library, even with such thoughts as were hers. If she must be bored, she would be bored alone for a change, she told herself grimly.

She was, in truth, rather vexed at fate just then, as well as unquiet in spirit. If she had been seeking an exciting situation in the beginning it would not have been so bad. But she had accepted Mrs. Sturdevant's invitation without knowing that Gaylord and his wife were to be members of the house party, and when she was once there it seemed unsportsmanlike to think of an excuse and go. So she stayed on to take her punishment, though not without a childish sense of ill-usage.

She was surprised to find out how she really felt things. She not unnaturally supposed that the passage of the years and her own marriage and widowhood, not to speak of all that had taken place in far-off days, ought to have largely obliterated her old feeling for Gaylord. But in spite

of long argument and experience to the contrary she had never lost her fixed idea that he was the one person on earth built to understand her perfectly and instinctively; and even if she had never seen him before she would have felt a shudder of indignant sympathy for any man of Gaylord's fine, if somewhat weak, personality, condemned for life to the companionship of a handsome, hard, brilliantly dressed and not too brilliantly endowed woman like Mrs. Gaylord.

Nevertheless she had been faintly amused to see how Gaylord carried off the situation. His admission when on his arrival before dinner the previous day they had been introduced, that he knew Mrs. Scofield, and the ten minutes of polite inanity that succeeded, had in them almost an element of the ridiculous. But after dinner she had taken care to find a place at another table from the one at which Gaylord played, though she could not help glancing at him out of the tail of her eye now and then. Gaylord playing bridge struck her, in the light of her old knowledge of him, as a spectacle well worth looking at.

She had seen little of him to-day, but that little gave her the idea that he had drawn into himself a great deal of late years. She sat staring at a mental image of him now, until presently the curtains parted and the original came in. An

involuntary look of pleasure crossed his face when he saw her.

"Still the same bookish old Alexandra," he said.

"There are some delectable books here," she answered, "and they are lonely without me to keep them company.

"Yes," he admitted, running his eyes over row after row, "the general tendency here seems to be toward bridge rather than books. And one has to play sometimes, to show gratitude for one's board."

"The board is very good," she suggested idly, "and it's kind of them to ask us up here away from the Christmas stir."

"Aren't your merry Christmases very merry either?" he asked impulsively.

"Are holidays ever very enjoyable at our age?" she retorted not without grimness.

He made no answer, and presently went out, without having come near her end of the room. She tried to resume her book, but it seemed as dreary as the rest of the day's dreary business, and her eyes frequently strayed to the fire. Presently, during one of these fits of musing, she heard Gaylord's voice again. He had come back, and was standing looking down at her.

"I can't read," he said, "and you don't look as if you could. It's a lovely snowy night. Don't you want to go out in it, Lexy?"

His use of his old name for her, which she had half forgotten herself, struck Alexandra almost painfully. In her present mood, however, she would have accepted any proposal for action gladly. "If I can scratch together some togs——" she agreed.

"I'll wait for you by the outer door of the smoking room," he said promptly.

"Fifteen minutes," she stipulated, and left him.

After all, she reflected as she hunted out a short skirt and stout shoes, the thing had a certain flavor of adventure in it that made it worth the doing. It would even be a bit improper, she thought, if they were discovered; and beside, it was Gaylord who had asked her to go, and she had once had a deeply-rooted habit of refusing Gaylord nothing.

He was waiting for her as he had promised in a shooting coat and high

boots. "Borrowed," he assured her, "and without the formality of asking the owner's leave."

"My stocking cap is borrowed from the little Sturdevant girl," she confided, "and my sweater from her nurse." Without knowing why they both laughed suddenly, and as suddenly subsided.

They were out in the snow a moment later, headed down the drive. The snow was badly drifted, and the wind blew into their faces. They turned into the main road, and plodded silently along for a few minutes.

"Quite a Christmas card effect, isn't it?" said Gaylord presently.

"Quite," agreed Alexandra. "Let's," she proposed, "let's get across that fence, and go straight up that hill there, right into the heart of the Christmas card."

The hill sheltered them from the wind as they began to climb it. They stopped for breath once, and when they went on again Alexandra slipped and almost lost her footing. Gaylord took hold of her elbow to steady her, and she shook herself free and then seemed to repent of it. "Take my hand if you really want to help me," she said. Gaylord laughed, half at her request and half because it was so typical of the old Alexandra, but from then on they went hand in hand.

Near the brow of the hill they stopped as if by mutual consent and faced about to look at the level ground below them. It was almost hidden by the falling snow, and they could not see any lights.

"We might be the only people in the world to-night," said Alexandra suddenly.

Gaylord nodded. "The first man and the first woman, watching the first snow-fall," he said.

Alexandra laughed drearily. "Only then we should be a little fresher of spirit," she said.

"I don't know that I can complain of that particularly," he answered. "I feel to-night almost as if a great snow storm had fallen on my spirit too. I'm getting sentimental. Do you want to go on to the top?"

She set off silently, and he kept beside her. When they reached the top the wind met them again, and they faced about to avoid it and stood still. Gaylord was



quite near her, and suddenly he laid his hand on her arm. "Lexy, Lexy, Lexy," he said. "'I'd rather be here with you on such a night, than be even the first man watching the first snow fall."

Deliberately he put his arms around her and kissed her; and he felt with a throb of the pulses that she kissed him back. Then she slipped her hand into his, and they

began the descent through the white world.

They regained the house by the smoking room door, and faced each other in the light in amazement. Then, their short exaltation ended, Alexandra picked up the book she had dropped an hour before, and went upstairs, a heavy frown between her eyebrows.



JUNIOR CLASS PLAY CAST

## Editorial

As we lounged negligently down State street yesterday to get our weekly shave we met a confrere (we are proud to say that we got through in French) of ours. He had a suit-case in his hand, a drawing board under his arm and a stung expression on his face. We remembered the vague allusions about four hundred promising young people having been conned out this semester and so we said, careless-like, "You one of the Wisconsin Four Hundred?" "Yep," he answered cheerily, but the dean doesn't seem to enjoy my society appreciably and I haven't the heart to inflict it on him." We meandered down to the C. & N. W. depot with him, shook hands sympathetically, hoped earnestly that he would be back next semester—for he was a good scout—and patted ourselves on the back as the train swung around the curve. As we wandered homeward we thought very tenderly of the many good men and true who have gone to the aid of their party, wondered whether the Gee Pi pippinry had lost any of its population, mourned about man's inhumanity to man and ending by feeling sorry we dropped in at Charlie's for one with which to soothe our troubled spirit. These be mournful days, these be mournful days for the glory is departing from Israel and only the grinds and the lucky dogs are left. The Daily Cardinal notwithstanding, we can see by the depleted ranks of the men we used to meet—they were always going

somewhere—that the slaughter has been awful. Wherefore we smoke a good cigarette to the memory of the good scouts that are gone, many of whom will never come again, and wonder why everybody can't be bright, industrious or lucky.

---

The success of the last Junior play revives the intelligent query so often heard, "Why don't we have a University theatre?" The question is not caused because anyone thinks that Mark Heimann is getting away with too much money. Not at all. Mark is a good scout, although he recognizes that business is business, and doesn't demand any more money for the use of Fuller opera house than it is worth. (We think, though, that he should allow men working on university publications to get a "heaven" ticket for a quarter with no questions asked.) There are a number of dramatic clubs here that give a play annually besides the Glee club, the Germanistische Gesellschaft and other organizations whose names we either can't spell or can't remember. There is enough material and activity here to provide either a dramatic or musical event for each week of the school year. Of course, we don't pretend to say that amateur acting is the ne plus ultra of all things good and beautiful, but there can be no doubt

that it is a praiseworthy activity for the utilitarian stude to take part in. The law sharks wish to learn how to weep at will, the commerce men need dramatic ability in their every practice, the engineers need it to convince unruly boards of directors, the Hill men need it to help them think that they have learned something, the Agrics need it to make Missouri mules believe that they are just fooling when they swat them—the mules, of course—over the back with a pasteurized milk can. We all need it, but getting experience in rented opera houses is both expensive and more elaborate than necessary. The next woman's building put up will be, let us hope, one containing a theater large enough for university purposes.

---

The Prom this year, according to all accounts and probabilities, was conducted as it never has been before. The business administration was economical, careful, excellent; the conduct of the affair itself was altogether above criticism; it was a swell Prom, all right, and those who conducted the affair are deserving of much praise. The conduct of Proms in the past has not always been irreproachable—if we have our university history straight.

---

In our February number we wrote somewhat extensively about the rude-neck practice of placing the people who attend the Junior play in the full glare of the spotlight. On the night of the play we observed, with the greatest personal regret, that the practice was as rampant as ever and the gallery gods were a little more joyous than usual. We fully agree with the communication that appeared in

the columns of the Daily Cardinal the Monday after the play. The men who perpetrated this rude-neck addition to the gayety of the first performance of "Three Queens and a Joker" are deserving of censure.

---

The man who planned the inter-scholastic basketball tournament to be held at Madison, made a move in the right direction. We want good athletes, and lots of them, and we realize that the way to get them is to go after them. In the past we have acquired the habit of being rather indifferent toward all prep athletes, while our rivals have been gobbling up all the promising men they could lay their hands on. Our university may be the finest in the country, but the average high school man will not know it unless the fact is brought to his attention. The tournament in itself is of no small importance in the high school athletic world, as it will decide the interscholastic championship of the northwest. Only the best teams will be here and consequently we will have the best athletes. Let's get the habit of treating the men right whom we want for our athletic teams. Talk "Wisconsin" into them and get them enthusiastic over our university. We want the men. Let's get them.

---

We would like to mention the vampid fumings of on of the town papers on the subject of Prom, but we dislike to do it because the remarks made by the paper in question were so ridiculously far from the mark that it would be beneath us to discuss them in detail.

The College Book Store has offered a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best short story submitted to the Wisconsin Magazine before April 15th. We desire to call the attention of the budding authors and authoresses to this fact. There must be thousands of good stories locked up in the sons and daughters of Wisconsin. Some of them have seen this country from coast to coast, have sweated on the desert, frozen on the plains and mountains, lolled in the southern sunshine, cursed at the winds of the north; some of them know men, know their weakness and their strength, their honor and lack of honor. Some of them know a little about and a great deal about children; some of them know the Road, some the Silent Places, some the lakes and some the valleys. Every one of them must have at least one good story locked up in him. Why not write that story, win the prize, and gain a little credit, besides having the satisfaction of having done a good job? Why not? We eagerly look forward to reading the large number of manuscripts carefully written on one side of the paper only, marked "For the College Book Store Prize Contest." Stories may be mailed to the editor or dropped into the magazine box at the entrance to Main Hall. The board of editors hereby extends a special vote of thanks to all those who typewrite their manuscripts.

'DAY'S' CREAMERY-BUTTERED POPCORN a Specialty

Well, Here We are  
Again!

## Hamburgers

As Good As Ever

Peary and Cook have discovered the North Pole.  
We have discovered a new car which will soon be where the Sorority View now stands.



WATCH FOR THE NEW CAR

COEDS—WE GIVE YOUR ORDERS SPECIAL ATTENTION

## Diederich & Meier

Proprietors

Corner University Avenue and Sterling Court

HOURS OF DELIVERY, 8 TO 10 P. M.

PHONE 2154



## Trefousse Gloves

The make that fastidious dressers want, because it is perfect in quality, color and fit.

It is classy in cut and effect and you feel "dressed" when you wear the "Trefousse" Glove.

Every desirable length for street or evening wear, and in every new finish and closing

## Keeley-Neckerman-Kessenich Co.

11-13-15-17 NORTH PINCKNEY STREET

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