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THE
WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE

Volume XII

MAY, 1915

Number 8

SHORT STORY NUMBER

CONTAINS

The Burning Shanty

Clara

A Question of Service

Poor Lo is Rich



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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

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To Those Who Watch

The golden stars trail slowly down the sky,
The pale moon dips into the growing light,
And purple clouds half veil the mystic scene
As fades the wonder of the night.
The still white earth asleep and dreaming lies,
Yet o'er the snows the faintly chiming bells
Grow sweet and clear, as with the rising sun
The new-born day its changeless message tells.
And yet a strange new weight of pain has crushed
The hearts that wait, and watch, and hopeless

pray

Unto the Lord of Life to bring those back
Who said good-bye and gravely marched away.
The pale, sweet faces that are ever raised
To where the dim, white tapers flick'ring low,
Still mark the hour, the night grows old and
dies—

They dream of things that were One Year Ago.
Iva N. Ketcham.



The
**WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE**

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

Vol. XII

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THE BURNING SHANTY

Wallace Meyer

WOLVES DO not ordinarily invade highly civilized communities such as the counties east of the large, inland lake. But this was an extraordinary winter whose never-ending snows and ceaseless cold caused wild animals to perish by thousands in the northern counties, and drove packs of half-famished, desperate wolves, southward into the heart of the state.

When reports reached the newspapers that wolves were attacking domestic animals in the shadow of farm buildings, the managing editor of *The Herald*—the prin-

cipal newspaper of the capital city which lay on the west shore of the lake—assigned Norman Douglas to visit the east shore to obtain the true facts. Douglas was his most resourceful reporter.

Douglas chose to make the trip in his iceboat. He went alone, armed with a camera and a revolver. He did not expect to use the latter, but carried it to please his managing editor. During the day the reporter visited at many points along the east shore and talked with farmers who had lost heavily through attacks on their pigs and calves. In the village of Perot he took

pictures of wolf pelts that were brought in by farmers who claimed the bounty offered for killing wolves.

While he was taking dinner at an isolated farmhouse, wolves attacked the prize yearling of the farmer's stock, and Douglas obtained an excellent snapshot of the wolves in retreat after the farmer had shot three out of eight back of his barn. The reporter had no difficulty gathering information and pictures regarding the wolves' atrocities.

As the reporter sailed away from the village of High Cliff, at the northeast corner of the lake, late in the afternoon, he heard the dismal hunger cry of wolves in the tree-covered cliffs behind him, and he was grateful for the steady west wind which carried him over the sixteen miles to the city without loss of time. The lake is thirty miles long and ten miles wide, and to have been becalmed upon its surface at nightfall, with wolves prowling on shore, would not have been a pleasant experience for any man.

Reaching the Yacht Club, Douglas paused only long enough to ask the caretaker to put up the boat for the night, and to partake of hot coffee and a sandwich. Then he boarded a street car and went immediately to The Herald office, where he received an unusual welcome from the managing editor. "I've worried about you Doug," said the editor, almost affectionately. "I've blamed myself a hundred times for permitting you to go across the big lake alone with all those wolves running loose."

In a short time the film in the reporter's

camera was being developed, and the reporter was busy writing his story. Newspaper men work with a good deal of energy. At nine o'clock Douglas turned in the last page of his story. Then he realized that he was tired. Therefore he was willing to heed the advice of his friendly editor, to go home at once. Accordingly he soon crossed the threshold of the apartment which he shared with Dr. Draper, his closest friend.

Dr. Draper, too, was relieved at the younger man's safe return. The doctor, only a few years the senior of Douglas, was a man whose brown eyes reflected kindness, and whose face would have been boyish still except for the professional looking Van Dyke.

"I have waited to see that you are all right," said the doctor to his friend. "I won't ask you to tell me about your trip because I can read it before you get up in the morning. And now that you're back, with never a wolf scar, we'll both turn in. Fact is, Doug, I've got three major operations to perform in the morning, and I want to be in the best of condition."

The reporter needed no urging to retire, for there is nothing that makes sleep more enjoyable than a day of iceboat sailing.

The tired young man was almost asleep when the doctor's doorbell rang. Presently he heard a man introduce himself as Lawrence Franklin, of Calumet Harbor. He told the doctor that his brother, Alexander Franklin, the New York magazine writer, was very ill at the Lawrence Franklin farmhouse at Calumet. The doctor, very politely, asked Mr. Franklin whether some other

physician would not do as well in this case, inasmuch as he had three operations in the morning. The visitor, however, while he was sorry to ask Dr. Draper to go out on such a long trip, knew that if any other physician came his brother would be very much disappointed, for he had heard of Dr. Draper through professional friends in New York. Finally, with his usual disregard of his own comfort, the doctor agreed to accompany Mr. Lawrence.

"I suppose you have a fresh team for the return trip," said the doctor.

"Yes," Mr. Franklin replied. "They are all ready for me at the livery where my own team is resting. I drove the fifteen miles over here in an hour and a half, but my horses are young and well conditioned. It may take us a little longer getting back."

Meanwhile Douglas was thinking swiftly. He realized fully the possibility of an attack on the men and horses by the wolves. The horses, he knew, would furnish a strong scent for the hungry beasts which infested the east shore country. With these things in his mind he jumped out of bed and stepped into the light of the doctor's office.

"We'll all three go over to Calumet in my iceboat," he said to the doctor's and Mr. Franklin's surprise. "Don't say no. I will have you there in half an hour. I know where the cracks are in the ice, and I'm sure that an iceboat will offer less attraction to wolves than a team of horses would. Get out your heaviest driving clothes, doctor. I'll be ready before you if you don't hurry."

They started in the iceboat from the Yacht Club at ten o'clock. The wind was

blowing fresh and cold from the southwest and clouds scudded now and then across the three-quarters moon. Half an hour later they were at Calmet.

After the three men had warmed themselves before the log fire in the living room, Mrs. Franklin took the doctor away to the patient's room, and Mr. Franklin thoughtfully made Douglas lie down on his luxurious couch in the library. The host had scarcely thrown a cover over the young man's body when slumber claimed him.

He was awakened some time later by Dr. Draper. "Doug," the doctor exclaimed in low tones, "Doug, old man, wake up. You've got to help me save this man's life."

"Yes, what can I do? Tell me. What?" Douglas stammered, half awake.

"It is necessary to perform an operation as soon as possible. I haven't the proper instruments here. I must ask you to sail back to the city and get the case in the lower drawer of my larger chest. Don't lose a minute."

Douglas was all ready on his feet. His newspaper training had taught him to take an assignment on the run, so to speak.

"There is one thing more," the doctor said. "The patient's daughter has been with him so constantly that unless she gets out into the open air she will soon be used up. I shall order her to make the trip with you."

This last request Douglas considered an imposition, but out of consideration for the doctor, he said nothing. He was relieved, however, when Mrs. Franklin introduced her niece, to discover that the girl

was not at all objectionable from an ice-boater's viewpoint. She was sensibly dressed; Douglas had observed that many girls go for an outing as though they were to be on dress parade. This young woman walked with a free stride, her hair was brown and heavy, her carriage erect, her face (notwithstanding traces of the long vigil at her father's bedside) was altogether sweet and wholesome, and health was the characteristic note in her appearance. She had little to say.

As they started away toward the city in the iceboat, Douglas realized that there was a change of atmosphere. The chill wind smelled like snow. The moon was more and more obscured by swift flying clouds. The young man felt a storm coming.

On account of the darkness he was obliged to exercise great caution in crossing the cracks which ran parallel to the east shore. He knew that a solitary fishing shanty a mile north of Calmet marked the safest and easiest crossing place, and toward it he steered. Near the rough shelter of boards he turned suddenly to cross the largest crack at right angles, and in swinging around, the cockpit of the ice boat crashed against the shanty, tipping it over. The iceboat was not damaged. Time being precious, Douglas continued on his way without a halt. He knew the fisherman had gone to shore before nightfall.

The course from Calmet to the city lay to the northwest. Tacking was not necessary, and they reached the Yacht Club without a mishap, notwithstanding that for minutes at a time the moon was hidden behind the gathering clouds. Once at the

Yacht Club, Douglas ordered a taxi-cab in order to expedite matters, and in the briefest possible time he had secured the case of instruments from the doctor's office, and, with Miss Franklin, was back on the ice.

During the half hour that had been consumed in their dash to the doctor's office, weather conditions had grown decidedly more forbidding. The first scattering flakes that herald the approach of a snow-storm was sharpening the wings of the biting wind. Clouds had nearly encompassed the moon, and the lake looked vaster and more forbidding to Douglas than it had ever seemed to him in his many years of sailing. He grew hot and cold by turns when he thought that the life of Alexander Franklin, fifteen miles across that dark, snow-swept lake, perhaps depended upon him. But he faced the responsibility coolly.

He made the girl comfortable in the cockpit of the iceboat, spreading cushions for her to rest upon, and placing robes over her. He was careful to inspect the ice-boat's rigging and to tighten the turnbuckles. Presently they were on their way back.

As Douglas feared, the storm overtook them before they had gone many miles. The driving snow half-blinded him, and the blizzard hid the moon entirely. He looked back, but the lights of the city also were invisible. There was nothing to steer by. All around him was a wall of gray-black. Still, he knew that so long as he held his present course, with the wind

CLARA

A TRUE STORY

By Emma G. Corstvet



LARA STOOD on the shaky door-step of the rickety old tenement house, and gazed towards the east. Behind her the glory of the setting sun shone only in a mass of gold above the high buildings. Before her was only the dirty, stenching alley, and beyond that other tenements, as bleak and squalid as her own. But Clara's brown eyes were gazing far beyond all this, beyond the mountains and cities, beyond the ocean, into the springtime land whence she had come, only so short a time before, beautiful idyl-like Coatia.

"I wonder if it is still the same," she mused. Again she saw the trees, green-brown with their sprouting buds, the brooks, the green, green grass, and the flower-clothed sides of the hills. Oh the hills! She remembered how restful they had been, now whenever she had read in her Bible, that passage, which is, "I shall look unto the hills, from whence cometh My strength," she had gazed in childish awe and understanding at her own beautiful hills. Oh, she had dreaded to leave them, and to leave the homely, loving friends who dwelt among them; but she had thought of this new, grand country of

which she had heard so much, where all was freedom and ease, and fine clothes. She had not had time until today to think of those dreams, yet now—.

"Clara," it was a strident woman's voice which called.

The girl started. Slowly her vision faded, and a little wearily she turned.

"Yes, mother," she answered in Coatian, for she knew no English yet.

The dark, coarse featured woman in the doorway spoke impatiently also in Coatian.

"When you are through with staring at the alley, come here and clean the fish. No, clean yourself up first, Paulo will be here soon."

"I don't want to look good, when he comes," growled Clara as she entered.

"Well," returned her mother sharply, "For why did he pay your way from the old country?"

"But—I—I don't like him."

"What matter that, me and my man we like him."

While she talked she was bustling about the kitchen, emphasizing her remarks by an occasional clatter of dishes, or bang of a pan.

"Well, the girls here, they laugh if I

marry a man I don't like." Then with a burst of stubbornness, she concluded. "An' I won't neither."

"You won't eh?" the mother's ever ready temper had been already aroused by a glass or two too much, and now it flared up. Angrily she aimed a blow at her daughter, who swiftly avoided it. Then seizing her by the arm, she barked:

"You get those crazy American ideas that you don't need, so mind your ma. You are one fool. I say you will marry Paulo, and if you don't, I—I—" She paused, seeking a threat dire enough to cow the girl. Just then the policeman strode through the next alley.

"You see that fellow?" she asked quickly.

Clara gazed out in awe.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, if you don't do like I tell you, we will throw you out, and that cop will find you, and he, he will shoot you."

To an American girl such a threat would seem ridiculous; but to Clara, accustomed in her own country to the tyranny of the government, it seemed all so likely and she cowered.

A step was heard outside.

"It is Paulo," whispered the mother, letting her go quickly. "Remember what I said."

The door opened and Paulo entered. He was a short man with black hair and black eyes, and across his face was a hideous scar, a reminder of some recent saloon brawl. Paulo had a fruit stand at a neighboring business corner, and thus was considered a man of means; small wonder

Clara's family furthered his suit.

"Hello," he said in his accented English.

"Hello Clara." He tried to kiss the girl, who shrank under his caress.

"Don't touch me," she said pettishly.

"Say," he turned to Clara's mother. "What da matter for Clara?"

"Aw noting, I say she gotta marry you."

"Yah," the man's eyes were eager; his tainted breath came fast.

"An' she say no."

"For why?" he began roughly, "for why I spend de mon—?"

"Yes," interrupted the mother swiftly, "I say if she not marry you I trow her out."

"Well?" They turned toward Clara.

"I won't," she screamed. Clara had a temper of her own.

Then followewd one of those scenes which alas, are too often enacted in our tenements. Perhaps it would not have occurred, if the sense of the man and woman had not been benumbed by drink, but now their one feeling was mad fury against the girl.

When it was over, the girl lay unconscious on the floor, and they roused her by their blows and drove her out of doors.

It was dark now, and revived somewhat by the chill of the air, she half staggered, half ran on, seeing in every shadow the face of Paulo or her mother in pursuit. Finally her feet failed her, and she sank down on the pavement.

"Oh God," she prayed, "let me die."

It was a child's prayer. Many another child has prayed it in the moment of his agony. While she was praying, she only half heard the footsteps ahead of her,

the merrily whistled tune ended in a long drawn out whistle of astonishment, and a voice called out.

"Well, what in the world——?"

The tone was distinctly sympathetic. So much so that Clara looked up in amazement.

It was a policeman.

With a final gasp of despair, she sprang up and staggered off. No matter how desirable death may seem from afar, it loses much of its attraction when close at hand. At the thought of the policeman's weapon, Clara lost all desire to have her prayers fulfilled.

"Hey, wait a minute."

She darted off. He followed. In and out of the shadows she went, and he followed her. Finally he clutched out with his long arms and grasped her dress.

"Say now," he began protestingly, then he stopped. Even in the moonlight he could see that she was cut and bruised, and his heart filled with pity. He was a big, kind fellow, just the kind who always rescue maidens in distress, only he was German, not Irish.

"Say, tell me what's the matter?"

But the few English words she had ever known, left her entirely in her fright, and she could only moan in Coatian.

"I do nothing. I do nothing."

The policeman spoke to her in German and in Polish, but received no answer.

"I'll be blamed if I know what to do with her," he groaned.

So he took her to the Detention Home.

The matron's eyes filed with tears, when she saw the mangled flesh of the girl's

body.

"Poor little girl," she said, putting her arms about Clara. "Don't be afraid."

And Clara understood the tone, if not the words, and ceased to tremble.

The next day was bewildering indeed to Clara.

"Is it I?" she asked herself when she awoke. And many times that day she whispered the same question. When she scampered into the auto awaiting her; when she followed the matron and policeman as they threaded their way through the crowd to the court house. The court room was so large and the people so many and so strange, that Clara gasped in absolute amazement and fear. But when she saw the judge, she lost much of her terror.

The judge was a little man, with a head too large for his body, and with snapping eyes. But everyone who came in contact with him felt unbounded faith in his wisdom, and the children with whom he dealt fairly worshipped him. It was from this that he gained the nickname of the "children's judge."

"Well," he said crisply, yet kindly, "how about this girl?"

Her protectors had pushed her toward the desk, and now the policeman bent forward and said.

"Your honor, she don't speak no English."

"No?" the judge turned to the interpreter at his side. "Find out what she does speak, will you?"

The interpreter was a man of marvelous linguistic powers. Dialects and languages

THE VIOLINIST


*As, bending to his cherished instrument
 The master first doth gently touch the strings,
 And the quick bow, responsive, lightly sings
 Of happy moods and laughter and content;
 Then, one by one, he frees the furies pent
 Within the violin, until he flings
 Restraint aside, and wild the chamber rings
 With sobbing music, lawless, passion-rent,
 Breathing unuttered sorrow and regret
 And wailing of the dead and their despair
 Until it seems unbearable, and yet,
 Because the great world's throbbing heart lies bare
 Beneath the harmonies that he hath set
 In motion, we are fascinated there:
 So Life, the master, on his violin,
 Ourselves the tool, at first a merry song
 Of happiness and dancing and the long
 Delights of childhood lightly doth begin;
 Anon there comes a change—entangled in
 The melody, a graver note that strong
 And full resounds—then, one by one, ere long
 Awake the cries of passion and of sin.
 O fearful symphony! How wildly swell
 Thy notes of sorrow, blurred with scalding tears,
 Of high ambitions and the threats of hell!
 Unbearable thy voice! Yet of the fears
 And hopes of life thou sing'st so grandly well,
 Awe'd and enchained we listen through the years.*

—Howard Jones, '14.



AN IDYLL OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE

Jesse H. Reed



RIVERSIDE DRIVE is at its best in the springtime. Before it lies the Hudson, a shimmering mirror of blue and green, framed by the grey Palisades beyond. Behind it the apartments rise tier on tier—greystone and colored brick, artistic, beautiful. Itself is a fairyland of many-shaded green, where all the lovers of the city come enchanted.

On this particular afternoon David Querenden sat on a park bench, dreaming, if the truth must be told, of spring. Which was indeed remarkable, for David Querenden, as Junior Professor of Chemistry at Columbia, was not given to dreaming about spring. His dreams had always been about alkaloids and polypeptides and other disagreeable things which had nothing in the world to do with spring and Riverside Drive.

Several of these chemical dreams had, indeed, come true and made him famous despite himself. But that was to be expected, for David Querenden had lived and breathed and had his being in a chemistry laboratory for thirty of his thirty-seven years. When he ought to have been playing marbles he was studying quantitative analysis, and when he ought to have been playing football, he was engaged in some elaborate research in the Detection of

Phytosterol—whatever that might be.

But for all that he was passibly good looking, and his shoulders were broad enough if one were not too fastidious.

Because he lived in a chain of equations and paid little heed to the frivolous things of life, the world called him absent-minded. It laughed over his breaks in unseemly glee. How was it to know that David Querenden was merely thinking out another paragraph for his latest book?

Just at this time he was dreaming about spring. Perhaps that is why he failed to notice the girl who sat down on the opposite end of his bench. Perhaps, too, that is why she dropped her book.

At any rate, David Querenden awoke from his reverie to look into the most wonderful pair of eyes he had ever seen. Not that David Querenden was at all qualified to judge. He had always been too busy over his notes and lectures to notice the co-eds in his classes, pretty or otherwise. But she really was pretty. Had he been a novelist, he might have described her as golden haired and coral lipped and so on down the formulas. Had he been seventeen years younger he might have gone a bit further, and made up his own description. But he was only a chemist, and there was no equation for describing distractingly pretty girls. So he called her—mentally—

by the only adjective he could remember. It was "charming."

David Querenden remembered suddenly that he had no business staring at pretty girls in the park.

"I-er-I beg your pardon," he stammered, and reached for the book on the ground.

Subconsciously he glanced at the title before he handed it back. It was his latest work on Chemotaxis. He was so surprised that he almost dropped the book, but he was not too surprised to look at her again when she thanked him.

David Querenden sat down and tried to think it out. Here was the most—charming—girl in the world. And there was his latest—and most difficult—book. He remembered vaguely the storm of protest which had arisen from his co-ed section when he had presented the book to them. They could not understand the simplest parts of it.

Yet here was this girl, reading it with as much composure as if it were one of those foolish novels. It was an equation that he could not solve, so he looked at her again.

"Er—" he said, "Isn't it a glorious afternoon?"

David Querenden paused, aghast. He had intended—fully intended—to ask her what she thought of his chapter on Cholesterol, but the words had gone astray! What would she think of him? Vainly he tried to recall them, but it was too late. The girl looked up at him and smiled, and David Querenden was lost.

"Isn't it?" she replied. "If there were only a ruined castle over there, with a terraced vineyard and a legend, one might

almost think it the Rhine itself."

Now, David Querenden, in the course of his studies at Heidelberg, had taken a ride up the Rhine. To be sure it was for the purpose of inspecting a wonderful chemical factory in an unpronounceable place, and he had sat in the cabin most of the way talking chemistry with a very wonderful German professor. But he remembered some things, and, being reckless, what he couldn't remember, he made up.

The shadows lengthened across the road and began to climb upon the apartments beyond. The lovers began to wander in from the city's heart. But David Querenden heeded them not. He had just found out that her name was Bettina, and besides, the bench was well protected.

He was worried a bit, however. What if the Senior Professor should pass by on his evening stroll and find him there? What would the world say if it knew that he, David Querenden, had spent the best part of a matchless afternoon in the park—talking to the most charming girl he had ever met in all his life? As a matter of fact the world would have smiled and called it an ideal way to spend an afternoon. But he did not know it well enough for that.


The sun went down behind the Palisades in its glory of red and gold and yellow. The shadows deepened across the water. Somehow a change had come over the Junior Professor of Chemistry. He was no longer a cold creature of formula—he was a poet who had just found himself.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are

(Continued on page 41)

A QUESTION OF SERVICE

By Maude Louise Parker

 IT WAS again New Year's Eve, and the Club of Four were having their tenth annual reunion. They were sitting in front of the fireplace in the Dreamer's tiny apartment, smoking, and rehashing the old, old discussions that had never failed to arouse four totally different viewpoints.

At last the Adventurer spoke: "Well, boys, I have a new contribution to the question of service,—when it is Service and when it is not." Taking a worn letter out of his pocket he held it in the air. "This, gentlemen, might be called exhibit A,—and then again it might be called Exhibit Z. It all depends upon the way you look at it. But before I read it to you I want to tell you something of the man to whom it was written. I don't usually carry around other men's letters, but this was given to me by one of the finest fellows I've ever known, an hour before he died. I don't even know the name of the woman who wrote it.

"Last spring I went down to South America by way of Panama, as I guess you all know. Well, going down I met this chap whom I'll call Mac, because that isn't his name, and we took quite a liking to one another. At first he reminded me of you," turning to the Jester, "but after awhile I

saw that his humor was only a disguise for some malignant wound,—some hurt too deep to be thought of at all. His manner was never serious.—We decided to go on down together, so we made the trip across the country on mules. All this time he did not say one thing that would give me a clue to his trouble, though we were together every day for months, and discussed everything under the sun,—especially our pet hobby, 'Service'. I have never known a man whose ideal of women was so high,—even our Dreamer's,—but in other than abstract discussions, he never spoke of them.

"Finally we landed at a camp where some American engineers were having a hard time with the Indians, and in a reckless spirit that was totally unlike his usual self, Mac volunteered to show us how to 'tame the savage tribes', as he put it. One of them got him in the back, and in a short time we knew that he was done for. He asked me to stay with him, and for the first time talked of himself. He gave me the address of his mother, and told me to write to her. Then he had me write out, at his dictation, a bare statement of his death, and enclose it in an envelope, which he himself addressed, and gave to me to mail. At that he seemed to have used up all of his energy, and for awhile lay per-

fectly still, just smiling in the bravest, most heartrending way I ever hope to see. Finally he asked me to give him the little bag he had always carried with him, and out of it he took this letter. 'Read this after—afterwards', he said. 'You are always talking of 'Service', maybe this will tell you something about it. But I don't think—', and then he was gone."

"For Heaven's sake read the letter," the Business Man demanded.

So the Adventurer unfolded the many sheets covered with a woman's heavy, individual writing, and read.

"Very early in the morning, on Sunday."

"I love you."

"Proudly I say it, for the first time.

"It seems impossible, now, that I could have hesitated to say it before.

"I want you always to keep this letter, for the reading of it will give you, I am sure, the courage that its writing gives me, and while never there has been the necessity for *words* between us, sometimes they help. I think, too, they are safer than the beautiful, dangerous silences we have known,—the silences that drew us together, and bound us with a cord that neither Time nor all Eternity shall sever.

"Do you remember the day we discussed the definition of love? The impersonal way we analyzed, or tried, at least, to analyze it? How in desperation you summed it all up by saying that the best love means Service? The idea delighted me. I hugged it to my breast, for I felt that the time would come when those words would give me the strength to show you what Service could mean. So now I *have* the strength,

but of a far different kind than I then dreamed of.

"Ten years ago, a girl of eighteen, I promised to 'love, honor and obey' (we were old-fashioned then, you see,) the man who is still legally my husband. I knew then, as much as a girl of eighteen knows anything, that it was I who would have to 'cherish' and to be obeyed, for I knew Jim's weaknesses. Since I have loved you, I see it all clearly. I am tolerant of Jim now, for our love has given me a soul big enough to understand many things that before I could not see. I see that he has lived up to the letter of his contract as nearly as he is physically able. You have never been deceived by the farce of loyalty I play continuously, so I shall say to you the truth. It is true that I have 'outgrown' Jim, as I understand the world phrases our relationship. When I was eighteen, and he twenty-one he was not my mental equal. I knew it then, but,—*I married him*. That, you see, is the thing that counts. The winter when he was sick, and I had to hustle around to make a living, I found that I could write. When Jim was on his feet again, I was the 'head of the family' and of course it was inevitable that he resented it. I am not sure that I blame him. A man whose wife is superior must suffer more than the wife. But to Jim I am perfect. Can you realize what it would mean to him were he to know how I feel toward him in my heart? If he and I were equals mentally, I could go to him and say that I did not love him, and it would be simple to arrange matters so that I could follow the almost uncontrollable impulse of my heart, and go to you.

But I am dealing with a child. Can I,—dare I destroy the one thing in life that he holds sacred,—his trust in me?

“Now I’m coming to the part that concerns Service. In the easy, obvious sense, Service would mean loving you well enough to follow you to the ends of the world, regardless of all else. And that would be so easy,—ah, too easy! Slowly, slowly, the answer has come to me. Our love is Service,—to ourselves, and to the world! I love you with a love that inspires me to do the biggest thing I can conceive of,—to give you up! Never again will I see you, and in this I am counting on your love, the greatness of which needs no test.

“It is easy enough to have the ‘courage of your convictions’ but how hard,—and how *big* to have the conviction of your courage. It is like a vast, wonderful, living memorial to our love,—this chance to make our lives those of Service, in its big sense. When you understand, you will see that you must not say that Jim’s life is worth less than yours and mine, that we have *the right* to sacrifice him and his weakness to our greater need. You will see, with me, that it is because we are bigger, that we can keep from doing this thing. You and I have no need for symbols. I am not ‘giving you up’ really. I shall have the real *you* with me always. And so, instead of sacrifice, it is Service.

“If there is anything fine in me, it is because of you. All the bitterness, the cynicism, the poison, that might have come with the clearness with which I have been forced to see life has been overwhelmed,—crushed out, by a desire, almost super-natural, to

do the right, because of your love.

“Always, always, I love you. I shall never see you again, never write you, but every day of my life will be a reminder of my love for you, and never shall you be apart from me.

“So now, for the last time, I say to you, proudly, reverently, I love you.”

For a few moments there was silence. Then the Business Man exploded: “God! what a shame. Wrecking two lives for a worthless fool!”

The Dreamer smiled. “At least it was artistic.”

“Artistic?—Hell!” the Jester returned, with warmth. “Cheap melodrama, if you mean the death-bed scene and all that.”

“But how about the ‘service’ end of it?” the Adventurer insisted, folding up the letter and putting it back in his pocket.

“Service nothing,” the Business Man exclaimed impatiently. “Fine kind of ‘service’—that ends in a fine chap like you say he was, dying in a God-forsaken hole in South America.”

The Dreamer looked up quickly. “He didn’t die there because of the woman’s idea of ‘service’. Perhaps his life came to an end in that way because he himself didn’t understand what the world really meant.

“Social consciousness might have saved him?” queried the Jester, amused.

“Well, he wasn’t doing anyone much good down there, any more than I am of any account,—‘a wanderer, without a home,’” the Adventurer interposed, honestly.

The Business Man cut in with, “But what I want to know is where her idea of

'service' comes in. I think she was just sentimental and weak, and hid her lack of backbone in words."

"No!" the Dreamer cried. "She had a Vision, and she tried to live up to it."

The Jester looked into the fire. "I wonder what she thinks of 'service' now?" he questioned softly, "and how the Vision seems?"

"I wonder!" said the Adventurer.

THE LAST CAMP

Georgia Amundsen

The moon lies on the sable lake,
 A slender, shattered, silver bar.
 The close-set woods are shadowless
 Save where the glowing fires are.
 Dark waters lap along the sand,
 A million night-winged insects hum
 And chanting voices rise and fall
 Above the measured, throbbing drum.
 The longing in their wordless song
 With haunting sadness fills the night
 For morning brings but sad farewells
 When Red gives way to White.
 The tom-toms moan in monotone,
 The women's minor-voiced laments
 Rise with the yearning of regret
 And fall when fall the empty tents.
 The fires soft and softer glow.
 The east with promised dawn is pale
 With heavy hearts and silent head
 They take the northward trail.
 The dawn creeps o'er the sable lake.
 The soundless forest fills with light.
 Gray ashes sift among the leaves
 And Red gives way to White.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T JUMP

By Hubert Frederic Juergens



EXCHANGE STREET'S prevailing tone was dark—not the dark merely of sullen Buffalo skies, nor of the smoke of the three railroad terminals and the two soap factories fronting upon its curbs, but the darkness was that of race. Exchange Street was the city's plantation quarters, only its inhabitants instead of wielding the hoe and cotton chopper, presided over the whisk broom and water bottle of Eastern Pullmans.

With the exception of the three depots and the two factories (and some civic aesthetes would not even accept these) the street was lined with one jumbled mass of whiskey shops, pool halls, ratty hotels, dirty restaurants, dives and fruiterer's stands, always swarming with loudly-clad and noisy-mouthed porters off duty. There was one break in the street. This was between the lunch-room end of the E. R. I. & E. station and a dingy saloon, and was about thirty feet wide. From the sidewalk you had a glimpse of the tracks, separated from the alley (for it was really that) by an iron picket fence. It served as a passage for the ice trucks to ice and provision the diners, and also as a short-cut for train crews and porters to reach their made-up trains.

White commuters always hurried past with their coat collars turned up, for the

draught of the alley had a habit of hurling condensed steam clouds, black with soot, upon immaculate morning linen. But upon such a sweltering summer's day as this, the alley was the coolest spot on the street. Here gathered all such colored citizens of the road, who were not sleeping, off day runs in the fly-infested lodging houses across the way, or who were on board their trains.

This afternoon they were amusing themselves by feats of skill, consisting in jumping over an iron railing set in two concrete posts, something over four feet from the ground. It was a favorite recreation, for it gave occasion for a vast discharge of African wit and chaffing. Indeed, the narrow alley rang with guffaws, as the more awkward contestants sprawled and fell over the rail.

Somewhat aloof from the throng, leaning against the decaying bricks of the saloon, stood an undersized, coal-black negro, with a wizened face that was fairly ugly, and a shriveled form clad in an E. R. I. & E. porter's uniform. He had been standing there for some time, and no one had taken notice of him. But now the last man had leaped the railing, almost breaking his bull neck in the effort, and more contestants were in demand. It was then that they

caught sight of the ugly little porter, and hustled him forward. He tried to squirm out of their grasp, and his face was writhing with fright, while he tried to stammer objections through his chattering teeth. But the jolly bucks would have none of it. Tobe must do his share, they yelled.

Poor Tobe was given a shove, but when he reached the barrier he stopped dead. Again they started him off, but his fright again halted him at the rail. He turned around to face his jeering fellows:

"I cain't do it. Yo see I cain't. I jes' know I'd fall and hu't mase'f. Lemme go. I ain't no jumper. Yo c'n see it fer yo se'ves," whimpered the little man.

Some of the young bloods seemed likely to use force, but others couldn't see the use, and said something about it being only Tobe, and something about a married man, and under cover of the impending squabble the wizened little negro disappeared.

A few hours later "Number 102"—south bound—was click-clacking out of the E. R. I. & E. yards. Old "102" was but a ghost of her former self. The long train of rich green sleepers, diners, and chair cars was a thing of the past. Only the staunch old "Baldwin" with her crew intact, a moth-eaten smoker and two dusty day coaches remained of her old-time glory. And even these would have disappeared, but for the ruling of the Public Service Commission. When the little train had jerked across the River, she began to gather headway, and the snorts and pants of the "Baldwin" became last in the rumble of the wheels and the clatter of the chandeliers overhead. Besides the one-eyed, one-armed conductor,

who was leaning over talking to a drummer in the Smoker, and the green brakeman, dozing in the baggage room, there were only about a dozen passengers. Most of these were in the Smoker. The sole occupants of the rear coach were a poorly clad, tired-looking, young woman and a prattling little baby girl of three or four years, and leaning against the rear door, the shriveled little negro, who had failed to jump the railing that afternoon in the alley-way.

He was standing in the very same position that he had held against the saloon wall. In his battered porter's cap (a trifle large for him) his face seemed uglier than ever. Now it could be seen that it was mottled with deep pits and pocks. A few straggling hairs grew upon his upper lip. But when one caught his glance, his eyes were of a singularly timid and gentle brown. It must have been that the little girl, who had crawled on to the seat facing her mother, at this moment caught one of those glances, for she smiled and laughed at him, and crowed to her mother to look. The tired woman turned, and seeing the little porter, she, too, smiled faintly.

Tobe shuffled forward and sat down upon the arm of the seat across from the woman and child. Before the next station was reached Tobe and the baby girl were fast friends. While the wheels clacked wearily over the rails, and the baking landscape of the Cattaraugus Reservation sagged by, and now and then the whistle of the Baldwin crooned sleepily, the girl and Tobe visited. She confessed that she "loved his funny buttons," and insisted up-

on feeling of them. And Tobe, whose face had gradually worked itself into a grin which gave the lie to its ugliness, thought he had never seen such curly yellow hair. Occasionally the woman dropped a tired word, and then turned again to the window. At irregular intervals the train slowed up, clattered up beside a row of freight cars, and stopped at some hideous yellow station, whereupon Tobe would shuffle forward, open the vestibule doors, and call "Cheer—ry Cre—ek" in a queer, sing-song voice. But no one ever got on or off, and after a fit of coughing and sneezing, the old "Baldwin" would jangle her bell, and leave the yellow station with its yawning operator and dozing idlers behind.

The afternoon wore away. At about six o'clock the woman produced some bananas out of a paper bag. The coach soon reeked with the fetid smell of the fruit. The little girl insisted upon sharing with the grinning porter. They were better friends than ever.

"Yo know, honey, I've got a little gel 'xactly yo're size home right this minute. Only her curls ain't yaller like yo'rn, an' her name's Polly—not Molly, like dey call yo—."

"And does she love dollies like I do? Mama wouldn't let me bring—not one of 'em, you know."

"I reckon she does. I don't see much o' her, count o' havin' to sleep mornin's, an' go out agin 'long about three."

"Do you sleep *daytimes*, Mister Tobe? Mother never—never—lets—me—sleep—"

The little head which had been nodding so drowsily, fell back in her mother's lap,

and Molly was fast asleep. The porter sighed, and shuffled up forward to where the brakeman was getting his taper ready to light the lamps, for it was getting dusk.

Old "102" trundled along, but at a better gait, for at Chenango, where she was usually held up for the North-bound Mail, orders had been given to keep on to the next siding, Falconer, for the Mail was forty-five minutes late. This was not unusual on a single-track road, and no one gave it another thought, except to think of some chaff to hurl at the crew of the Mail when they passed them at Falconer. Falconer Station consisted of a rough-boarded shack on the fringe of the reservation, without even an operator.

They were passing through the darkening Seneca woods. Tobe, the conductor, and the green brakeman were standing in the open vestibule, taking in deep, grateful breaths of the cool woods air. Suddenly from around a wide turn of the track came the loud harsh screech of a whistle, and with it the rush and roar which meant but one horrified thought and one terrible realization—the Fast Mail was upon them.

"Jump, Tobe, jump," screamed the brakeman, as he and the old conductor shot out from the step. But the black porter couldn't jump. His face grew a sickly gray. He rushed back into the car. He had only reached half way to the rear, when the cataclysm overtook him.

He was brought to himself by the sting of bitter smoke. For a moment he could not realize where he was lying, for the second coach had crashed and telescoped

CLARA.

(Continued from page 9)

he tried one after the other; but to all she remained stolidly irresponsive.

At last he threw up his hands in despair and turned to the judge.

"It's no use, your honor," he said. "She speaks no civilized language at all. I can't understand her gibberish."

"Well," said the judge again, "we'll have to send her to the reform school then, till we can find out about her."

Two policemen stepped forward, and Clara shrieked in terror and shank back. Although she had overcome her terror for one policeman, two strange policemen were more than she could bear. She clung to the matron and raised imploring eyes to the judge.

Just then a woman stepped forward. She was a stately, gray-haired woman, with a broad forehead, gray eyes, and a mouth which, though singularly strong, was infinitely tender too.

"Your honor," she began. "This girl is so young, wouldn't it be wrong to send her to learn evil from the hardened criminals of the reform school? Let her go with me, till we can decide what to do with her."

"Gladly, Miss Loyd," said the judge. "I shall be delighted to find her in such good hands."

The woman turned to Clara.

"Will you go with me?" she asked, holding out her hand; and unquestioningly Clara followed her.

They went out together, and Clara clutched closely at the woman's hand,

afraid, always afraid that she should see one of her people—once she fancied amongst a crowd on a corner she saw the face of her stepfather, and she half started to run.

"What is it?" asked the woman.

At the sound of her voice, the girl stopped and blushed in confusion. After what seemed a century of terror for Clara, they arrived at a huge old-fashioned house, with a broad veranda in front, covered with vines. There were bright lights in the windows, and on the lighted porch, girls were sitting, reading and sewing.

In a moment, with shouts of "Little Mother, little mother," the whole bevy had descended upon them, and were hugging Miss Loyd with supreme disregard for hat or clothes.

"Girls, girls, be still a moment, please," called the voice of Miss Loyd, muffled under frequent embraces.

"Girls, we have a new member in our family now," she said, putting an arm about Clara. Girls from Finland and Poland, Italy and Greece, bombarded her with greetings each in her own tongue, while Clara hung back shyly and smiled.

Then Miss Loyd thinking that Clara must be tired now said, "Girls, Clara had better go up to her room now and rest."

With many good nights she ascended the stairs, escorted by half a dozen laughing girls.

The next morning Clara awoke with a start. She was in a room which held half a dozen cots beside her own, and the other girls already arisen were chatting girl-fashion as they dressed, trying by stage

whispers not to disturb the sleepers.

"Good-morning," six girls shouted in six different tongues when they saw she was awake. Though all of them could speak English more or less, they always gave their greetings in their native tongue, it seemed to them more sincere.

Clara jerked herself to a sitting position. "Say," she called to one of the girls in Coatian. "You speak my language?"

"Yes," cried the girl, hobbling to the bed with one shoe in her hand, she cried, "Are you Coatian, too?"

She sat on one side of the bed, and as she buttoned her shoes, Clara plied her with questions.

"This place, what was it? What did the girls do here? Were there other Coatian girls here? Who was the lady who was so lovely, and what did they mean when they called her 'little mother'?"

"Wait, till I get my breath," laughed the girl. "Now this is a home for girls who work; they mostly work in the factories or offices or at house-work, and they pay as much as they can afford. No, there are no other girls here who speak Coatian, that's why I'm so glad to see you. My name is Alma, I can speak English too, almost so well like Coatian. The Lady? Oh, they called her Miss Loyd, most people; but we call her 'Little mother', because we love her and because most of our mothers are in the old country—or some place; mine is in jail. But the 'little mother', she spends all the time helping us girls and making this home for us."

She paused at last and gasped for breath. Just then the breakfast bell rang.

"There's the bell—got to hurry," she sputtered, and scrambled off, jerking on her collar as she ran.

Wonderful for Clara were the days which followed. She was not to go to work, they decided, until she could understand English, and in the meantime she did a little house-work, and a great deal of playing. For Clara was hardly more than a child, and she began to make up now for the childhood she had lost. She used often to play in front of the house with the children of the neighborhood, who regarded her as very learned and very widely traveled.

One day, during an exciting game of hide and seek, she rushed into the house breathless, and cried in her broken English.

"Dey coming—coming."

"Who is coming?" asked Alma, who was dusting the parlor.

But she got no answer, for up the stairs rushed Clara to the garret, and there she cowered behind the old beds and the trunks, and shivered.

When Alma rushed to the door she encountered a strange procession. The mother of Clara was in the lead, bearing a stick and a look of adamantine obstinacy. After her trotted Paulo, trying to look equally determined; while the step-father, very florid; very sheepish, and somewhat shaky, brought up the rear.

"We wanta de kid," remarked Clara's mother, with an accent hardly polite.

"What?" the girl gaped in her amazement.

"Wanta de kid—Clara."

"Wanta de kid," repeated Paulo mechan-

ically.

"Yah, wanta de kid," murmured the step-father apologetically.

"Oh! just a minute—Miss Loyd."

"Yes," the "Little Mother" appeared in the midst of an excited group of girls.

"What is it?"

"Wanta de kid," repeated the three, in their various tones of demand.

"You cannot have the girl," Miss Loyd explained very carefully. "The court has given her to us, and we shall do for her what we think is best. We do not think it is for her good to return to you."

While she was speaking, one of the girls had gone to the phone and called up the nearby police station.

"Wanta de kid," repeated the mother with stolid obstinacy. She raised her stick, brandished it as a tennis player sometimes tests his racket, hesitated a moment, and then prepared to thrust her way into the house. Just at that moment a policeman sprinted up. Only a few words were needed for explanation, and he turned to the mother, who stood petrified between anger and fear, her stick still uplifted. Paulo stood discreetly behind her; and the step-father, wise soul, had already retreated to a safe distance. He had had experience with the hard-heartedness of policemen, and he feared more experience to come.

"Here youse," drawled the policeman roughly. "Get a move on. And don't you come near this here place again, savvy? Unless you wanta get a free ride to the station. Now get out."

The assailers obeyed with more speed than dignity.

The policeman grinned after them a moment, then turned to Miss Loyd.

"Anytime they get cocky like that again, call me," he said, and swaggered down the steps. Miss Loyd went into the house.

"Where's Clara?" she asked.

"We can't find her anywhere," said Alma. "Oh Cl—a—ra, Cl—a—ra."

But her calling brought no reply, and it was only after all the house had been searched and Miss Loyd was hunting through the attic, that she heard a very small voice say in a very hoarse whisper.

"Is dey gone?"

She turned—the lid of an old trunk was half raised, and there appeared a little scared face with two brown eyes full of terror.

"Foolish," laughed Miss Loyd tenderly, as she helped the girl scramble out. "Of course they're gone. Did you think we'd let them get you?"

The girl made no reply, only with a quick, impulsive movement, she bent down and kissed the woman's hand.

Yet when she was alone, Clara gazed into space with wistful eyes. She had been terrified while the danger had lasted; but now—they had beaten her, yes, they had turned her out in a strange city, a strange country, among a strange people, who could not speak her language, whose language she could not speak. And yet, they were her people, her family, and the girl's heart yearned for her own blood.

It was soon after this occurrence that I came to know Clara. Miss Perdue had been speaking to a group of the girls at our

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Spring! There is a world of magic in the word. We think of canoes gliding over the lake, lapped by the waves with many voices—now leaping forward over the sparkling waters like living things, with paddles flashing in the sunlight—now drifting quietly in the shade of some great tree upon the shore. We think of hikes—real, long, soul-satisfying hikes—through the country just awakening to life, with the young fragrance of flowers and the fresh clean scent of the soil in the air. We think of moonlight, and walks through the woods with persons who shall be here nameless, dances and fetes,

It Is Fated

and all the other pleasant experiences to which our quickening blood impells us.

And also, we thing of—exams! How like a knell this word sounds! Not pleasant and enticing like the other, which rang in our ears like a silver bell. No, this resembles more the hoarse-throated voice of the brazen monster that clangs out warnings of fires, or the sepulchral tone of one tolling a requiem for the dead. For when this word besieges our affrighted ears, we fancy ourselves already dead, slaughtered by the implacable Fates who mark our blue-books and write interesting notes on the margins thereof.

It is the old, old situation, which genera-

tion after generation of us students have to face. And the advice is still the same as ever—study now, and so avoid the slaughter of the fatal day to come. And we will doubtless meet the situation in the old, old way, just as generations of those who have passed before us met it in their time. Namely, we will close our eyes to the Day of Judgment drawing nigh, and we will harken to the singing of the blood in our veins and follow its behest. And then, a week before the day descends upon us, we will start to study madly, and by dint of furious exertion and mental torment we will succeed in hitting the exams for a—pass or fail?

It is fated!

* * * *

Student self-government has recently passed one of the mile-stones in its progress. The Conference of Self-Governments held here at the time of the Exposition, marked a long stride in advance.

The Self-Rule Meet

In many ways it was an event of great significance. An earnest, business-like spirit ruled the sessions of the Conference. There was no empty and idle speech-making, no fatuous, half-baked oratory. The delegates were there for business, and they talked business, earnestly and without waste of words.

This Conference was rich in information. The representatives were eager to learn how other universities were solving the problems of student self-government. They were anxious to gather suggestions that would help them to meet the difficulties ex-

isting in their own institutions. Methods of regulating class finances, election machinery, control of student publications, financial support of self-government, and like problems were thoroughly discussed. A wealth of valuable information was obtained, which will doubtless be published by the time this editorial sees the light.

On one point the Conference agreed. It was this. Students should have practically complete control of student affairs. **ALL OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES SHOULD BE REGULATED BY STUDENT SELF GOVERNMENT.** For students are in closer touch with student thought and conditions than the faculty can ever hope to be. Consequently they can deal with the problems of student life better than any faculty committee, however well-disposed. Ultimate authority would, of course, reside in the faculty. The faculty would also help with suggestions and a mild form of supervision. But the students should have practically complete immediate control.

The mere fact that it was possible to hold such a Conference is significant. Student self-government is no merely local affair. Seven other universities in the middle west sent delegates to this Conference. The Conference is significant in another way as well. If these institutions were willing to go to the expense and trouble of sending representatives here, student self-government must be of more than passing importance.

Self-government is no mere toy or plaything. It is real and vital. It has a record of big achievements behind it, and even bigger possibilities before it. At the pres-

ent writing there is a bill in the Legislature abolishing student self-government. Probably by the time this number of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE is issued, that bill will have been passed or defeated. If it is defeated and self-rule is allowed to go unmolested, student self-government is bound to assume more and more importance. Its progress is in the natural order of things.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T JUMP.

(Continued from page 19)

itself to within six inches of the spot where he lay. The smoke was getting thicker and blacker. As he crawled along toward the rear, he remembered the two passengers of the afternoon. Where were they? The little girl? He crawled past two more seats. Already the debris of the crushed second coach was on fire. The smoke was

biting out his eyes and throat, and was absolutely impenetrable. Past another seat he dragged himself laboriously. And then he came upon the woman crumpled up between the two plush seats. In her arms he felt the soft hair of the baby girl. Seizing both he tried to pull the mother from between the wedged seat backs. Something cracked dully, and he heard the woman moan. But the resistance was removed, and with his double burden he reached the rear door.

Someone pulled the mother and baby from his arms. The little porter felt his senses leaving him, but tried to summon up every last ounce of strength to jump from the tilted platform. And just then, when the spirit was willing, he fell senseless into the arms of the crowd of Mail passengers, and in his roaring ears the great cheer that burst from the throats of the men and women seemed the jeer of the jumpers in the alley.

ADOLESCENCE

*Dreaming broken dreams of power,
Catching fleeting gleams of God;
Fiercely stating the next hour
The gross craving of a clod;
At morn to splendid heights aspiring,
Glimpsing visions grand, immense;
By night, the physical alone desiring,
Surrendering soul to savage sense,
Bowed in frenzied bursts of prayer,
Clinging to time-hallowed thot;
Swept by stormy doubts that dare
Demand the new, untried, unsought
Battleground of Lie and Truth,
Much-sung, longed-for, terrible Youth.*

—Ruth Boyle.

CLARA.

(Continued from page 22)

school, and we, fired with zeal for service, volunteered to teach English to her girls. There were two of us, Laura and I, who had charge of Clara's education.

Our hours of instruction were a source of delight, and a little, I must confess, of impatience; for Clara was sadly indolent, and seldom studied her lessons.

"Clara," some one would shriek as we were ushered in in state. "Here's your teacher."

"Hello," she would say as she popped in, her clothes a trifle greasy, her smile very large, revealing the place where one of her teeth had departed.

"Nice hat," she would murmur, as we took off our wraps.

"Pretty waist," as we sat down.

"We will begin with the reading lesson," I would say. "Here, page twenty."

"I see—a coat."

"No. No," Laura would interrupt. "Cat."

"Cat? Wats dat?"

"A cat," we would explain righteously, "is this," and we would jab at the picture.

"Oh. In my country dey call it different. You speak Coatia?"

"No," I would remark, "I'm sorry to say I don't."

"Well—I like him," and her eyes would become dreamy for a moment; then she would break out, "Got any dolls? I want one!"

Thus in some ways she was a grown woman, in others the merest child, a true type of her people.

One day Clara was playing house when

the house-keeper called to her:

"Clara, I want you to wash the windows of your room."

"Oh, I don't wanta," grumbled Clara.

"Miss Loyd said you should, so you'd better."

Slowly and grumblingly Clara went to work. As she was scrubbing with vengeful force, a young voice called up:

"Hello, Clara."

Clara looked down. At the foot of the vine which grew to her very window, stood a young girl, also a Coation, with the same dark hair and eyes as Clara.

"Hello, Toney," cried Clara, proudly displaying her knowledge of English.

"Like your job?" There was a slight, a very slight suggestion of a sneer in Toney's voice. The tenement did not approve of such attempts at "uprightness," as washing windows; when their windows became too begrimed, they rubbed off a few layers of grease with a newspaper, and let it go at that.

"Like your job?" repeated Toney.

"Uh-ha. Want it?"

"Not much. "Say when you coming back?" Toney had been longer away from the old Country, and spoke English more fluently.

"Me?" returned Clara. "No time."

"Seen your ma lately?"

"Na-aw."

"Well I did, and they told me—"

"Wa-al."

"Dey said if you come home, dey's going tah give youse clothes like de swell peoples wear, and, and—" she paused impressively, "dey's goin' to give youse a silk skirt."

"How do you know?"

"Didn't I say dey told me? Your ma's sorry she was so mean to yuh, says it only shows how much they love yuh."

"Ugh!"

"An Paula, he's gwine give yuh a big doll."

Now at least the small tempter had struck the right cord.

"Who say so?"

"He did, showed it tuh me. Oh Clara," the girl clasped her hands in ecstasy. "Its got hair like the—the sun, and blue eyes and it—it moves its legs, honest!"

"Well, I—I—I guess I ain't going home."

"All right, I am though. Goin' where yuh don't have tuh eat your gravy vid a de fork, and wash yer hair every day."

Toney's ideas in regard to culture were rather limited. "Well, so long."

"Oh, oh Toney."

"Yah!"

"I, I ain't goin' back; but Toney, come for to see me some time, yah?"

"Huh, your swell's, what for they want me round?"

"Doncha," Clara's wrath was roused. "Doncha talk data way from them. They nice veri nice. Don——"

"All right."

"Well," Clara was torn between loyalty and the feeble rays of a new conscience, and finally longing conquered.

"You come for to see me tonight, yeh?"

"Righto, I'll come," and Toney crept away to dream of the reward offered her, if her mission should be successful.

All that day Clara was moody and abstracted. The girls missed her usual play-

fulness, and wondered, but at first said nothing. Finally at the table, when Clara had spilled her coffee, and knocked over the sugar-bowl, one of the girls remarked, "For the Land's sake, Clara, you look like a funeral. What's up?"

"Oh, notin!" she said, then suddenly began to cry.

"Prehaps she's sick," suggested one. Then as Clara shook her head, Miss Loyd said,

"You'd better go to your room and rest. I'm afraid you're tired." And Clara crept away.

Alone in her room, with the seven white beds staring at her, she tried to think, to decide something. Should she go? They were her people, her race. They had said that their conduct only showed how much they loved her. Her heart grew warm at the thought. There is something of the primitive in every woman, which makes pain a joy when inflicted in the name of love, and Clara was of a still primitive race. And then—the doll! Toney had said it had blue eyes, and hair like the sun. It must look like a baby she had seen one day in a big auto. She would give up her soul for such a doll, and yet—. "Could" s'te go? Could she leave Miss Loyd, and all those people who had been so good to her, to go back to those people who had driven her out, might do so again. Could she leave her pretty little white bed, for the squalid surroundings of her own home? A few months ago she would have gone without a struggle, but now—she dug her fists into her eyes, and, smothered a wail

POOR LO IS RICH

By Wallace Meyer



IT IS no longer true that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Nor is it the truth that the descendant of the original Americans, as he has been called, is poor and shiftless. Furthermore, the Indian has succeeded in disproving another fallacy, namely that one agricultural fair is quite like any other.

The Menominees each year hold an autumn fair on their reservation in northern Wisconsin, at the village of Keshena. The fair is planned, managed, and carried out by Indians. Their grounds form a most beautiful park in the hollow of hills which are covered with the deep forests of pine trees and the brilliantly colored hardwoods. The entrance to the fair grounds resembles nothing so much as an old sketch of the gate to a Vincennes, or a Fort Dearborn; but the Indians who greet you at the gate use good English, and speak of the condition of the military road, or the invigorating weather, as they take your tickets. They welcome rather than repulse the white visitor.

Inside the grounds are the concession and exhibition buildings, sheltered beneath towering pines. A half mile track with a rail fence around it occupies the central position. Pony races are held every day

over that track, and exciting races they are. Within the track many contests are going on—trap-shooting, a sham battle, la crosse, and other events. But baseball is the game which fascinates the Indian. He plays it well. His elders, and those who are not skillful enough to play in match games, applaud every good play as vigorously as a world series' crowd approves of star plays in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago.

The quality of the exhibits at the fair proves that the Indians produce as good farm products as the farmers of famous agricultural counties. The crowd, however, is vastly more cosmopolitan than that at any ordinary fair. For here are Indians in the old pagan dress, mingling with Indians who are half modern and half uncivilized in garb, and other Indians who dress as well as the young men and young women on State street. There are the rifle bearing Indian cadets from the schools, khaki-clad government employees riding good mounts. Franciscan monks and nuns of that order furnish sombre black settings for the more gorgeous colors of the fair crowd. And among the white visitors are Indian commissioners, railroad presidents and their families, newspaper men from the cities, and plain United States citizens.

While on the reservation, covering the fair for a newspaper, I made the acquaintance of many Menominees, and, I hope, the friendship of several. I like them. I no longer believe that the best Indians are those who sleep beneath the sod. They are fair-minded alert, companionable. One of them, a Carlisle graduate, who came to the fair each day with his family in his touring car told me that the Indians have now a definite aim.

"We aim," said he, "to so improve ourselves that we shall become equal to our white brothers in industry. We are determined to bring ourselves up to a point where we can compete with them in industry and commerce on terms of equal footing. We realize that the principal object we have to overcome is an aversion to regular toil. But we are forcing ourselves to discharge regular duties day by day. It is no longer difficult for the Indian to work steadily at an irksome task. When we have all learned to work we will have advanced far.

"We are opposed to the payment of annuities by the government. Our tribe would not go back to that system. We look upon it as a curse. The Menominee with self respect never dreams any more of going to the government office and waiting with outstretched hand for a paternalistic payment by the government. Instead he will plow and sow his land in the spring, driving his own well-fed horses; he will harvest his crop, and sell it in the nearest market like any independent business man. With his own money in his pocket he takes his wife and children to town to shop.

"We aim also," my Indian friend told

me, "to encourage and improve our schools in industrial training. The schools on our reservation are our pride. They are well graded and are in charge of good teachers. They teach more than the rudimentary cultural subjects, and they are of greater value for the reason that one-half of the time is devoted to practical work. The boys learn carpentry, blacksmithing, electrical work, general farming and dairying, while the girls learn to cook and sew and manage the household."

I discovered for myself, some time ago, that the notion that Indians are all poor is indeed a silly one. The Oklahoma Indians, for example, include many millionaires, some of whom I know personally. They owned excellent farming and grazing lands upon which flowing oil was discovered. Then the lands attained fabulous values and not a few of the Indian landholders now spend their summers at comfortable lake shore cottages in Wisconsin.

The majority of the Indians of Idaho are also well-to-do. For years they have been attending their schools faithfully, and have worked their farms according to up-to-date methods. Today they are not only able to read and write as well as the intelligent white citizens of their neighborhood, but they can write checks against their banks for larger amounts than the average citizen would dare.

The Menominees of Wisconsin are not so wealthy as some of the southwestern Indians, although the tribe includes 1700 enrolled members, who in common own and operate a sawmill worth \$1,500,000; who

(Concluded on page 39)

CLARA.

(Continued from page 27)

amongst the pillows. She would stay.

But now she jerked herself up. She heard a soft voice outside, which called, "Oh Clara, Cla-ra."

For a moment she only plunged her head deeper amongst the pillows, then slowly, she raised it, and as though fascinated, crept to the window. Outside, in the moon-light, stood Toney, and beside her were two other figures.

"Hello, Clara."

Clara choked.

"Ain't yuh comin'?"

She shook her head mutely.

Paulo moved forward a little, a very little, and held out his arms. They are a dramatic people, these Coatians, and each is an actor by very instinct. The night was merciful to Paulo now, it hid the scar on his face, and the glint in his eyes, and for

the moment he appealed to all that was romantic in the girl.

Only a moment did Clara waver. They were fine now, yes; yet perhaps it would be better to stay here, yes it would—:

The mother moved a little restlessly, so that the shaft of the moonlight shone on her, and fell on something half concealed in her cloak.

"See, Clara," she called.

It was the doll!

There it lay in her arms, and Clara saw the moon gleam on the light hair, the hair of which she had dreamed so often, and saw the fine grandness of the dress.

"Oh, Clara, will you come?"

"Yes," said Clara. "I will—come."

The mother moved into the shadow again, leaving only three figures dimly visible in the darkness. And Toney, laughing happily, ran off, clutching in her arms something whose grandness gleamed like gold in the moon's sad light.

POPPIES

They hang, half dazed with slumber on slim stems

Or sway in languorous measure, bending deep

Their scarlet heads that droop, half opening,

Like wide red lips that give the kiss of sleep.

They have the beauty of an Orient maid

Whose dark eyes burn with passion through her veil,

As she lies dreaming where the fountain drips,

Or gazes, languid, through her laticed pale.



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A SUGGESTION.

Respectfully submitted to the State
Legislature.

Ven der students iss all banished—
Since dey live across der vay,
Und der professors all is vanished
Mit reductions in dere pay.
Ven der campus iss deserted,
Und der treasury iss deplete,
Vy nod call der Kaiser ofer?
Let him mage der chob complete!

W W W

VARSITY WIT.

Hotel Clerk—I found that “Not to be used except in case of fire” placard which those college boys stole out of the corridor.

Manager—Where did you find it?

Clerk—They’d nailed it up over the coal bin.

Jovial Monarch—A joke! A joke! My kingdom for a joke!

Obliging Jester—That’s what we always took it for, your majesty.

W W W

FINALE

Contributor—What did you think of my last poem?

Editor—Well, I’m glad to hear you call it your last.

W W W

Chauffeur (under auto)—“I beg your pardon, sir, but would you mind backing the car up a little?”

Owner—“What’s the matter?”

Chauffeur—“My face is caught in the works.”

YOUR ROOM-MATE

A man's room-mate is the man who owns most of the firm's clothing. He is the guy who will loan you his only clean shirt, his overcoat, shoes and suspenders, and then have the nerve to wear the necktie your best girl gave you for Christmas. A man's room-mate is a natural born crab. He will use all the hooks in the closet and then crab because you want the floor. He will keep the firm in tobacco for a week and then crab when you want him to clean the ash-trays. He will loan you the money to take your girl to the Thanksgiving game and then walk right up like a little man and dun you for it the day before the Junior Prom.

A room-mate is a confident in both love and war. When you leave school (for professional reasons) he takes care of your girl. Sometimes he takes care of her too well. When you are blue your room-mate sits up and smokes with you. When you are happy he has the blues and wants to sit up all night. Truly a room-mate is the biggest part of a college education. Your room-mate can tell you more about yourself in ten words than Commandant ever heard about Coxy's army. And he tells you, too. But as the insurance agent said, "We have nothing against the bedbug except the way he gets his living."

W W W

Teacher—"What is it that binds us together, and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets, sir!" piped a bright little girl of eight.—Penn State Froth.

WHAT SOME 1914-ers ARE SAYING NOW

"Can I git off today, boss?"

"What for?"

"A weddin'."

"Do you have to go?"

"I'd like to, sir—I'm the bridegroom."

—Cornell Widow.

W W W

'18—If we win we throw our hats over the bar.

'17—Yep.

'18—And if we lose?

'17—Just lean on the bar.—Exchange.

Reverend Gentleman—Of course you have read Shakespeare?

W W W

Giddy Girl—Yes, I glanced through it, but I don't like the way it ends.—Penn State Froth.

W W W

SOME RECIPES.

I—WAR.

Add one Kaiserfull of tartar

To some Frenchmen steeped in hate

Sprinkle them with ultimatums,

Mix them in a neutral state.

II—A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Stir one large imagination

With some foreign sympathy;

Add a little dissipation,

Send half-baked across the sea.

III—A BATTLE.

Make two large and hostile armies,

Mix for all they're worth;

Then when they lie down together

Cover well with earth.

(Continued on page 43)

THE BURNING SHANTY.

(Continued from page 6)

striking the boat almost at right angles, he would be running in a southeasterly direction toward Calmet.

Steering an iceboat at night, even in bright moonlight, is never an easy sport, for the speed is such that the ice looks gray whether the boat is running toward rough ice, cracks, or snow banks. In the blizzard it was impossible to see the gray surface beyond a boat length or two. And to depend for sense of direction entirely upon the wind, as Douglas was obliged to do, is at best a gamble, for it is a rare storm wind which does not change.

And change it did. First the strain on the sails was eased, then the sails jibed, and the big iceboat spun around like a top, once, twice, three times. It came to a standstill with bowsprit toward the wind, runners deep in a snow drift.

The wind was unsteadier too, blowing now with vicious force, now with playful gentleness. Though absolutely at a loss as to direction, Douglas kicked the snow away from the runners to clear a starting path, gave the boat a pull so that the wind filled the sails again, and started off. He imagined that the wind had shifted more into the west, and if that were true, his new course would carry him toward the south end of the lake, many miles from Calumet where the doctor waited for the instruments which were necessary to perform the delicate operation which might save the life of Miss Franklin's father.

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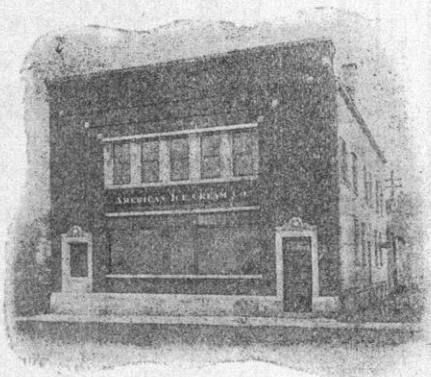
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our destination, than to remain on the ice until we are snowed in, waiting for the storm to clear away," said the skipper to himself as he strove with all his might to hold the boat steady through the blinding, chilling blizzard.

But once more the fitful gale caught the iceboat's sails and spun the boat like a toy top, many times around. As Douglas shouted to the girl to hold fast to the handrail his grip on the tiller was broken and he was thrown far over the ice, suffering many painful bruises.

The boat was in a bad drift when it stopped. The wind, even more changeable than before, was blowing from first one quarter and then another, as it does when a storm center is near at hand and atmospheric conditions are most unsettled. All around was the monotonous gray of the blizzard, and beyond that the impenetrable blackness.

To add to the desolation of their situation, the young people heard the far-away cry of wolves. On second thought, however, the wolf cry gave Douglas a gleam of hope, for he did not think the animals would be many miles from shore. Straightway he began to dig the snow away from the runners. Miss Franklin insisted upon helping. When the wolf cry sounded again, nearer, Douglas permitted her to work with him in the snow.

Always while they dug at the snow the wolf cry came nearer, and the stiff sails rattled, and the rigging shrieked in the gale, and their hands and feet grew numb with the cold, in spite of the exercise. Douglas felt to see if his revolver was ready for

I say, fellows, I'll tell you a secret, I find I do lots better work if I take a little time off for recreation in the form of a game of billiards.

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service. He doubted if, in case of attack by a large pack, one revolver would be of much effect in the darkness. As if she read his thoughts, Miss Franklin stopped her fighting with the snow and said, "I have my revolver ready and loaded."

Suddenly she seized his arm. "Look. See that light," she shouted in his ear. "Over there, to the right."

There it was, a faint, uncertain, flickering light. Any light meant hope. Douglas and Miss Franklin worked eagerly. They got the runners free, and as he ordered the girl into the cockpit the skipper swung the iceboat to catch the wind and they were off toward the mysterious light. Sometimes the light seemed to die, but each time it flared up stronger. It was the fishing shanty which they had tipped over as they left Calumet harbor, burning; lighted no doubt by live coals from the fisherman's stove.

Douglas sailed close to the fire in order to cross the crack safely. In the edges of the crimson radiance he saw shaggy wolf forms. They slunk away as the big white sails sped toward them. Most, but not all of them were cowed; three of the brutes rushed toward the yacht. Two were bowled over by the leeward runner. The third landed in the cockpit, on Douglas' shoulders. A shot rang out from Miss Franklin's gun, and the beast dropped off into the snow.

And now, years later, Grandfather Alexander Franklin, who no longer writes stories for the magazines, tells the Douglas

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children the exciting story of the iceboat trip in the blizzard, which saved his life. He calls it the story of "The Burning Shanty."

POOR LO IS RICH.

(Concluded from page 29)

own the largest amount of standing white pine; who own ten townships of land, which as fast as cleared, is converted into good producing farms; who have more than \$3,000,000 in savings in the United States Treasury Fund; whose total wealth amounts to upwards of \$10,000,000. This means that each member of the Menominee tribe, man, woman, and child, is worth \$6,000. Poor Lo is rich!

W W W

OFF TIMES.

Biff—What's Banner doing now?

Boff—He's a storage egg tester.

Biff—Hum, A student of ancient history.
—Chaparral.

W W W

TIME TO GO.

Prof.—"Can any gentleman tell me the question of the moment?"

Voice (in anguish)—"What time is it?"

W W W

Prof.—"Decline 'the sparkling champagne.'"

Student—"Sorry, Professor, but I never decline that stuff."—Lehigh Burr.

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College Book Store

AN IDYLL OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

(Continued from page 12)

the most charming girl in all the world?"

It was his only adjective, but he had just learned how to use it.

The girl looked at him, with a demure smile.

"Oh, no," she said, in a very small voice. "I am only a frightened little co-ed who can't understand a one of your awful lectures."

"But——," began David Querenden.

"Oh. Your book?" Suddenly she began to laugh—quite a charming laugh, he de-

cidied, in spite of the shock she had given him. "Why, I was reading it upside down. You never noticed it."

"You little wretch!" said the Junior Professor. And then, very softly. "But I love you just the same."

He found her hand in the gathering darkness, and then——.

The chandeliers along the Drive flashed out one by one in the gathering gloom. Across the river an amusement park sparkled with a thousand yellow diamonds. But the lovers of Riverside Park burn many candles in the memory of the electrician who wired the Park and left out the lights.

WRITTEN ON A MINER'S GRAVESTONE

*"Often I strolled—in God's country—
A thinker of idle thought.
A dreamer of idle day dreams
Of the Yukon's hoard which I sought.*

*"No word can express my wonder
When I found what I wanted sore,
Though thousands I had about me
I dug for more and more.*

*"Some say that the spell of the Northland
Is easy to cast aside,
But I know that it held me fast until
I laid me down and died."*

—Harold R. Wieben, '18.

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HUMOROUS SECTION.

(Continued from page 32)

IV—DESERT.

Fill six nations full of ruins,
 Set them back an age to cool;
 Serve the war-lords their deserts
 Made according to their rule.
 —Chaparral.

W W W

Mrs. Blank is a Christian Scientist. Her husband is not. He came home from the office one afternoon complaining of a bad cold.

"Nonsense!" she said. "You haven't any cold; that's only your imagination."

That night she heard him prowling about their bedroom.

"What are you after?" she asked.

The answer came, "Oh, I just want to get something for my imagination."

W W W

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W W W

NOTHING TO LECTURE ABOUT

"Prof. Igloo, of the University of Bologna, will lecture, this afternoon at 3:30 in 10 McCosh, on 'Glimpses into the Life of an Early Babylonian Historian'."

W W W

THE CAUSE OF IT

(Enter two Scotchmen in kilts.)

Conductor—How many?

Scotchman—Twa.

Conductor—What?

Scotchman—Twa, twa.

Conductor—Twa, twa yourself.

(And the fight was on.)

—Purple Cow.

W W W

He—At a football dinner a man got up and left the table because someone told a story that he didn't approve of.

She—Oh, how noble of him! What was the story?—Yale Record.

W W W

Dear Sweet Thing—"Aren't you feeling well?"

Steady—"No, I ate German noodle soup and French fried potatoes for supper and they won't arbitrate."—Lehigh Burr.

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Mr. Smith—"I thought you said that Green was a budding genius."

Mr. Jones—"I did, but he turned out to be a blooming idiot."

W W W

'18 (writing home)—Dear Dad, send me \$500. Money makes the mare go.

Father(by return mail)—Yours received. Enclosed \$50. That ought to be enough for a jackass.

W W W

The center passed the ball so well

'Twas wonderful to see!

But there is still one thing to pass—

'Tis German 103.

—Princeton Tiger.

W W W

He who hesitates is bossed.

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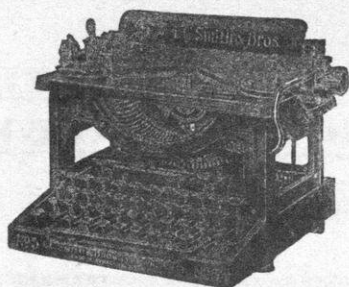
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