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# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE "STUDENTS MISCELLANY," FOUNDED IN 1849

Published Monthly by the Wisconsin Literary Magazine Association (*Inc.*)

VOLUME VII.

NOVEMBER, 1909

NUMBER 2

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# The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume VII.

NOVEMBER, 1909

Number 2

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## The Team

STUART BLYTHE

Now that the Moll case is definitely settled and Ostie is able to watch the practice at the stock pavilion in a bathrobe, we should be able to breathe more easily, grab a few shares of Rooters' club stock at par, and practice that apt but profane refrain, "Is This Chicago, etc.?" In the meantime a few sidelights upon the players and their ways might be interesting.

At full is that ever tall and stalwart youth, John Woodworth Wilce, captain. It is needless to say that very few of that ardent and loving host of admirers ever call him "John." No, Clarice, guess again; it is not Woody, either, but simply "Jack." And Jack Wilce means something more than Jack, the football captain. There is no other solution to the matter: Jack

is a natural born leader. He, the basso, in sooth a second Plancon, likewise guides with able hand the destinies of the Glee Club, rows a mighty good four on the crew, plays a rattling good game of basketball, and in his spare time holds down the chief executive's chair in the Y. M. C. A. Last season Jack was considered the greatest western fullback; this season Wisconsin is confident of his proving the greatest western captain.

Although he is one of the greatest all-around athletes that ever attended the university, although he is prominent in every walk of university life, although he is the cynosure of all eyes, Jack Wilce is the most modest, the most unassuming man in Madison. He blushes like a sweet girl

graduate on every occasion, and rumor has it that he is having a terrible time in a class where he is the only man among forty women students. It is also said that the Y. M. C. A. was far from his thoughts when he first heard of Keckie Moll's suspension.

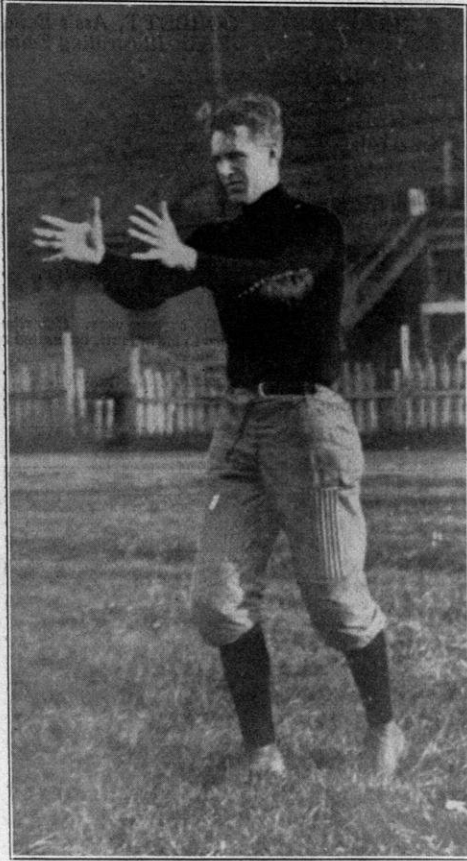


Photo by NADEAU

JACK WILCE

Passing rapidly from the left of Mr. Wilce we come to the Hon. Harry Culver, expert halfback, commonly called "Bud," because Harry is a hard name to remember. The present season is Bud's third upon the Wisconsin gridiron. He is a hard, heady, consistent player, reliable and sure. He can be relied upon to fight to the last ditch.

Upon Captain Wilce's right we find Robert Alexander Fucik. This is Bob's second year of 'varsity football, and from

the class (pardon the term, gentle reader) he displayed during the Lawrence game, one can well predict a brilliant year for him. He has been switched from place to place, backwards and forwards, but Bob is a willing worker and has taken it all good naturedly.

At quarter is Keckie Moll, excellent field general and kicker. What can one say about him that is not known to the Wisconsin student? For the past two weeks the eyes of the whole college world, and particularly those of the West, have been focused upon him. Keckie played a wonderful game last year, and should do even better this season.

At the ends are Jimmy Dean and Eugene Bunker, both speedy, sure of their man, and always on the top of the heap. Dean got his rudimentary football training with the Madison H. S. team, Bunker with Morgan Park Academy.

Frank E. Boyle, tackle. Sounds queer, doesn't it, after that delectable morsel "Butch." "Butch" same to Wisconsin with the title of the "Eau Claire Wonder" some years ago, and he has lived up to it ever since. While Butch is no novice at juggling law tomes and is the terror of the 'varsity line, it is as an after-dinner and mass meeting speaker that he particularly shines. His speech at the mass meeting before the Indiana game will go down into the annals of Wisconsin oratory as a classic.

Next to Boyle at left guard will be either Neprud or Iakisch. The former is a comparatively new man; his future is before him. The latter played a strong guard on his class team (1910) and was a sub on the 'varsity the year before last. He is big and should prove a tower of strength. Iakisch has been almost heart broken since his unavoidable accident at Poughkeepsie two years ago, and it is for this reason if for none other that all Wisconsinites would like to see him make good on the gridiron.

At center is "Merry" alias "Hairpin" Arpin, who was a sub last year. His game at center so far this season has been nothing short of the marvellous. Fierce as a tiger, strong and alert, he is playing a game that is infinitely better than that of Jumbo Stiehm.

Mackmillan, who hails from Ashland,

is at right guard. He is by far the biggest man on the team. This is his first year on the varsity, but he was one of the stars of last year's freshmen. He spent the whole past summer firing an engine, the hardest kind of work, for the sole purpose of getting into fit football trim for the fall. Is it any wonder that he has the earmarks of being invincible?

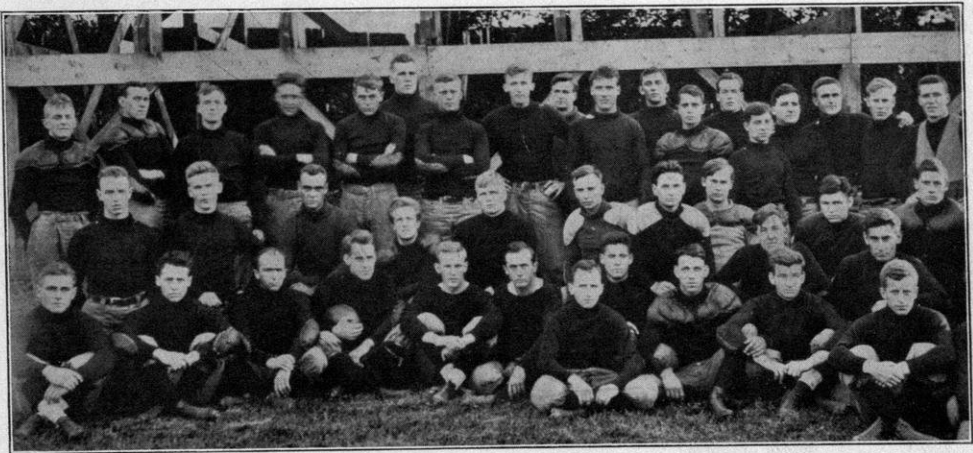
Buser, right tackle, is another '12 man; also a Madison star. He mixes football with cutting up and playing football tricks. It is needless to say that he is one of the most popular men of his class. Unlike "Butch" Boyle, however, Alfred is not much pumpkins as a "We have with us tonight" artist. His game will be a strong one for he is a strong and a good man.

Sid Anderson and Fred Peterson are players who are liable to break into the game at any minute. Sid is a former Mercersberg star. He is extremely con-

scientious and painstaking. Like Jack Wilce he blushes easily. Peterson showed to good advantage during the last few minutes of the Lawrence game. He is another '12 man.

Like "Brudda Sylves" Ostie Osthoff is "a stronga man," in fact he is credited with being the strongest man in the university. As soon as he gets over the poisoning in his toe he will be back in the line at his old place of tackle. Ostie is an all-Western certainty, a whirlwind of speed, fearlessness and strength. It is said that no one has ever yet had the nerve to drag him out of bed Saturday nights.

These men have Wisconsin's destinies in their hands. Everyone is confident that they will make good—and beat Chicago. And when they do everyone will arise and join in that good old classic, "Well! Well! Well! etc."



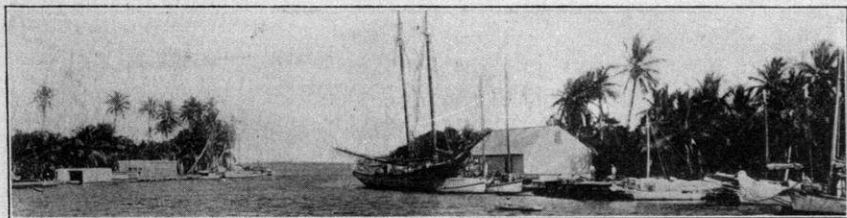
WISCONSIN 1909 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Photo by NADEAU

# Translations from the Old Hawaiian

THAXTER C. THAYER

## I. Air: "Aloha Oe."



"THE HULA GOD IS WAITING BY THE SHORE."

*The lonely days are lengthening into years,  
The wild flowers have come but not to stay,  
Since you kissed and left me struggling with my tears,  
And journeyed to the battle far away.*

CHORUS.

*The slender trees are bending by the sounding shore,  
The Kona sighing northward fans the sea;  
O lift the sail to greet it, O bend the willing oar,  
My chief, come back again to me!*

*The ula boughs are drooping low and bending,  
The brown fruit is falling from the tree,  
The red fish from the drying ponds are wending  
Their alas to the caverns of the sea.*

CHORUS.

*La-u-ma-u-ma-u list and hear me praying,  
Sweep your ipu round the shores of Molakai;  
Search the seas and find where Haai pu is straying.  
And waft him to my arms in Waianae.*

CHORUS.

## II. Air: "Eleile!"

*Come, wreath your neck with maile and with flowers,  
The hula god is waiting by the shore.  
With Pahu we will count the midnight hours,  
And dance until the morning comes once more.*

CHORUS.

*O Lakukani, Lakukani, dwelling  
Amid the clouds and all the gods excelling!  
O hasten where you hear the music swelling,  
And tarry till the stars are out of sight.*

CHORUS.

*The hokupulu through the clouds is smiling,  
Its twinkling light is sporting with the spray;  
The ulili is every heart beguiling,  
To sing and dance the cares of life away.*

CHORUS.

*The waters down the mountain side are singing,  
Deep in the glen I hear the pueos' call;  
The nightbirds' song is through the halas ringing,  
Come, let us join the chorus with them all!*

CHORUS.



Photo by THAYER

THE SURF BOAT AND ME-  
NALA ARE BROKEN AND  
DESTROYED.

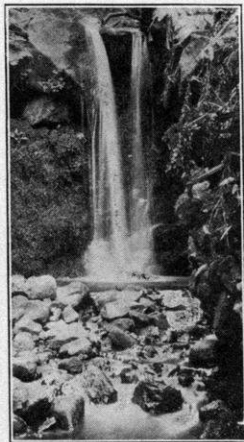


Photo by THAYER



### III. Air: "Ka Ipo Lauae."



Photo by THAYER

"IN THE GARDEN OF THE HUT WHERE I WAS BORN."

*O my heart is rent beyond the power of healing!  
The ohelo and the cane are turning sour;  
The surf board and menala have been broken and destroyed,  
And the haole's foot has blasted fruit and flower.*

CHORUS.

*The maro and the pau have vanished at the last  
With the meles our Kahunas used to tell,  
And the pahu and Kaike are buried with the past—  
Farewell, Hawii-nei, O farewell.*

*The paths that skirted 'round the smiling waters  
Are choking now with thistle and with thorn,  
And the ula and the gourdvine have been rooted from the ground  
In the garden of the hut where I was born.*

CHORUS.

*The holua slides are washed to rocky gulches,  
The kalo fields and fish ponds have gone dry;  
The music that once charmed us has been stilled by other notes,  
And all that now is left us is—to die.*

CHORUS.

## IV. Air: "Ahi Whela."

*Like the singing of the stream, like the whisper of the sea,  
Like the cadence of a dream—what music can it be?*

CHORUS.

*Sweet as zephyrs through the halas,  
Wild as Kona o'er the palis,  
Soft as ohe in the valleys,  
Is the appapanis call.*

*Like the voices in the caves, like the story of a tear,  
Like the rippling of the waves—what sound enchants my ear?*

CHORUS.

*Sighing through the ula boughs, like a pahu far away  
Coming through the leafy haus—what strains make glad the day.*

CHORUS.

Ala—a path. Apapani—the Hawaiian linnnet. Haole—a foreigner. Halas—the pandanis tree. Hau—a large, low tree. Hokupula—the moon. Holua—dry coasting. Hula—a dance. Ipu—the vessel from which Laumaumau liberates the winds. Lakakani—the hula god. Laumaumau—the Hawaiian Aeolus. Kahuna—a priest. Kona—a wind from the south. Kaike—a musical instrument. Kalo—an edible root. Maile—a fragrant plant. Maro—a loin cloth. Menala—a native palanquin. Nei—present state of being, as it now is. Ohe—a musical instrument. Ohelo—the Hawaiian whortleberry. Pali—a precipice. Pahu—a native drum. Pau—a short skirt. Pueo—a sacred bird. Uhli—a small guitar. Ula—the breadfruit tree.

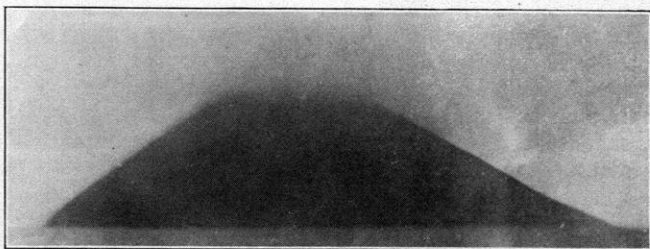
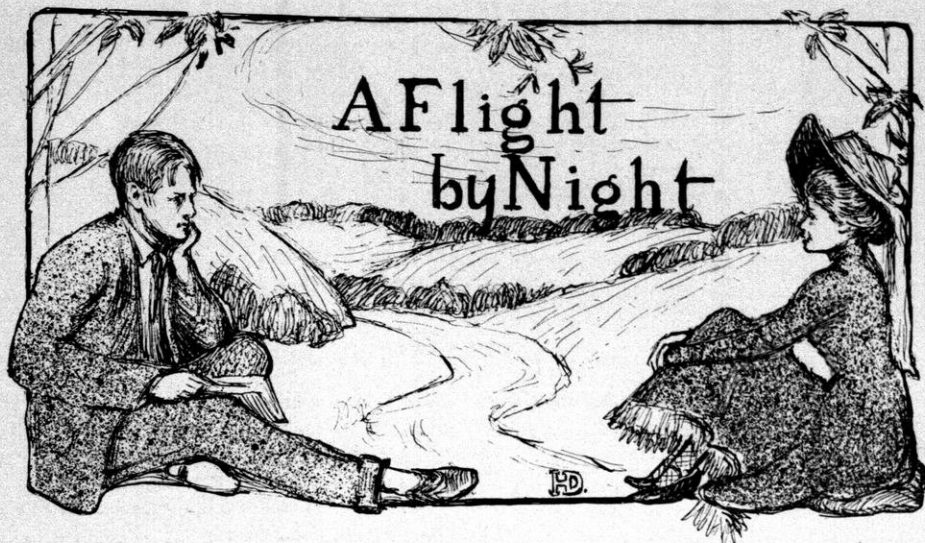


Photo by THAYER

"SWEEP YOUR IPO 'ROUND THE SHORES OF MOLAKAI."



ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

About 2 o'clock Stetson went out to the porch and settled himself to read. It was a wonderful afternoon in early autumn, and he really would have liked to walk down the drive and across the valley, and see what lay beyond the eternal wooded hills whose outline he was getting to know so fatally well. But his limbs were like lead, and the headache that seldom left him these days was sharper than usual. So he turned the pages of his book slowly, and his gaze frequently wandered idly away toward the horizon.

It was after the middle of the afternoon when Polly Adair came up the path. As soon as he saw her, Stetson knew that he had been thinking of her, and the line between his eyes deepened into a hard frown. Polly came up to the porch with her usual little swaggering motion of the shoulders, tilted her chin at him and sat down on the top step. Stetson closed his book on his fingers and asked, "Have you had a nice walk?"

She answered in his own tone, without turning her head, "A splendid walk."

There was silence for a moment, then Stetson said a little more cordially, "You like the place, don't you?"

Her face broke into a smile. "Like it! Well, I should say I do. If you'd spent the greater part of last winter playing one-night stands, and all summer doing nine performances a week in stock for the benefit of your versatility and your board bill, you'd like this place pretty well yourself."

"I dare say I should," said Stetson, drily.

"Why do you stay here, Mr. Stetson?" she asked abruptly.

"Doctor's orders," growled Stetson. "He wished me to stay in a quiet place, and I suppose that this is about as quiet as any place can be."

"You mean it's remote," corrected Polly. "No place can be very quiet while I'm in it, as I guess you know to your sorrow. Now to me it's perfectly delicious to be

five miles from the postoffice, and to have the postoffice thirty-six miles by stage from the railroad. It's so mediaeval. By the way, this is the day that Mr. Blake goes down to the town for the mail, isn't it? Did he get it, do you know?"

"I believe I saw him bring it up to the house some time ago," answered Stetson indifferently. "I haven't been in to inquire. Were you expecting something?"

She nodded. "I guess it's about time I got some definite idea of what I'm going to do for my living this winter. It's getting rather late. I've had a card in one of the dramatic papers for two weeks; I ought to be getting something that will do pretty soon. I'm not impatient though; if worst comes to worst I can always get a job as a manicure, I suppose."

Stetson, who had not been following very closely, looked at her with a slight start. She laughed impudently up at him, and feeling slightly foolish, he took refuge in his book.

Polly, however, was apparently determined to be sociable; she crossed one lavender clocked ankle over the other, folded her arms, and leaned her head against the post. "Have you read much this afternoon?" she asked. She went on without waiting for him to answer, "I read a good deal in the season, especially on trains, but I can't get much done out here. Billy Dudley left me a lot of things to read, too."

"You've known him a long time, haven't you?" asked Stetson, laying down his volume.

"Ever since we were kids," she said promptly. "Poor Billy! I'd have given everything I have on earth, even to the job I haven't to have kept him from going off the way he has."

Her tone interested Stetson; although he felt that questions might be impertinent, he was willing to trust to Polly's habitual unreserve. "Did you send him off?" he asked.

Polly laughed cheerfully, not in the least offended. "Oh, bless you, no! He wasn't in love with me. He came up here to wait for something; he wanted to be in a lonesome place, and he always liked to have me around to cheer him up. This is a lot worse mix-up than I'm capable of getting a man into. You see, there were

two women at the bottom of this, so that didn't leave poor old Billy much chance to pull out from the very first. There was a widow down in New York—whether widowed by process of law or of nature I don't know—who has had more or less of a hold on Billy for years. She was one of those women whose specialty is men, and she played Billy for all she was worth on account of his money and his good looks." She leaned forward with her hands on her knees, and frowned as she went on.

"She hadn't a good influence on him, and he realized it. Two years ago he broke away from her, went west and fell in love with an awfully dear woman in California. Things were going along very sweetly and swimmingly, and I was beginning to save my money to buy cutglass, when my lady finds out about the widow, and packs Billy off in disgrace. He thought he could reinstate himself quite easily when the first tempest was over, so he went quite peaceably. But his fall from grace has been more than temporary. She forbade him the house in Redlands, and has returned most of his letters unopened. He hasn't heard a word from her since the smash, and he came up here to make his last stand."

"And it wasn't successful?" asked Stetson.

Polly shook her head. "He sails tomorrow morning for Europe, and when he was saying good-bye to me he happened to let out the fact that the widow crosses on the same steamer. I couldn't make him see how wrong-headedly he is acting." She stretched out her arms suddenly with her fists clenched. "I'd do anything on earth to help him, if I only could—anything on earth."

Stetson was embarrassed at her confidence, and at the same time strangely taken. That little burst of generous feeling at the end of her speech, the ring of her voice and the earnest expression of her usually flippant little face impressed him against his will. For a moment he regarded her fixedly, wondering if he had been ignoring splendid possibilities in her because the cant of her world was not the cant of his. Then suddenly her cloudy gray eyes brightened and she got to her feet with a little laugh. "I'm going in to see

if there isn't an offer from some good, kind manager to star me next season," she said. "Shall I see if you have any letters from admiring readers?"

"No, for Heaven's sake, don't," he groaned with a feeble attempt at humor. "See if I have any advertisements of new health foods."

She went into the house, and he could hear her ask for the mail. A moment later there were hurried footsteps behind him, and he turned to see her standing in the doorway with a letter in her extended hand. "It's come," she said breathlessly.

"What's come?" he asked.

"The letter Billy was waiting for—a letter in a woman's writing, postmarked Redlands. It's been missent to some place in Georgia. And he sails tomorrow morning at 10."

"Cable him so that he'll get your message when he lands," suggested Stetson.

She shook her head. "That won't do. The fat's in the fire if he ever leaves on that steamer and in that company. We've got to get him before he sails."

"How can we?" he burst out irritably. "You seem to forget that the nearest telegraph office is forty-one miles away, as you joyously proclaimed this afternoon, and that there isn't a motor in the countryside. And we've no one to send."

"It has to be done," she insisted.

"It's no one's fault but his own," he went on more warmly. "He's put himself into an absurd predicament, and he'll have to get out as best he can."

"You say that?" she fired out. "You dare to stand there in the pride of never having cared a straw for anybody but yourself, and let a good, generous fellow ruin his own life and a woman's just because you won't go a jot out of your accustomed way?"

They confronted each other in silence; then she said through clenched teeth, "Well, I won't give him up. I'll get word to him if I have to crawl to the telegraph office."

She turned and rushed into the house. Stetson was beside her in a second, talking with an impetuosity that astonished himself. "I'll do anything that you want done—do it gladly. Only tell me, and of course I'll do it."

She looked steadily into his face for a

moment, then she said quietly, "Go out and help Mr. Blake hitch up the bronchos and the single rig. Don't tell him where we are going, only that I have had bad news and have got to go; they are not inquisitive for country people. Put in the nose-bags and the light robes. I'll be ready by the time you are."

She was waiting for him on the porch when he drove the bronchos around to the front door. She had changed her lavender linen for tan cloth, and had his overcoat over her arm. He handed her in without a word, and they drove off.

When they had struck the main road she turned to him with a smile. "Isn't it romantic, driving off this way, with important tidings? Just like something in a book?"

"It's what you call mediaeval," he suggested.

"Well, haven't you any mediaeval in you?" she flung back.

He ignored her stab and remarked drily, "You know even if we do reach the station it's only a chance whether we can get a wire to him before the ship sails. Suppose we don't?"

"Suppose and suppose and suppose," she mocked. "Don't you think you're taking an awful risk to be living at all, Mr. Stetson?"

He ignored this barb, too, making a determined effort to tide over the situation with suitable commonplaces. He stumbled on an unfortunate one. "What did Mrs. Blake think of our starting off this way together?"

"I doubt if she thought or cared much about it," said Polly with a touch of bitterness. "You seem to forget that I'm an actress."

A sense of her isolation struck Stetson, and he felt suddenly hot all over. Her mood passed in a flash, however, and a moment later she was declaring radiantly, "Well, at any rate I'm free enough, and can indulge myself in the mediaeval. I'll wager that no boarding-school miss ever eloped this denatured way, with a leading literary light."

Stetson disclaimed the epithet, and asked in perplexity, "Does the off horse always stumble so?"

"Not if he's properly driven, I suppose,"

she said sweetly. "Let me take the reins for a while."

She held the horses up well, making them walk on slopes and giving them their heads on level stretches; they were fresh, and trotted briskly along. Stetson leaned back with his arms folded and tried to realize the situation. He was almost on the point of pinching himself to make himself believe that it was actually he, Christopher Stetson, who was starting on an all-night drive that would probably give him his death of cold, in company with a female Don Quixote who made her living as a second rate actress.

They made a short detour to avoid the town. Stetson had thought vaguely of getting some one there to go on in their stead; but the chance of getting an efficient messenger for such an errand, was, he knew, slight enough. It never seemed to occur to Polly to try, so they drove on.

It was getting quite dark when they had put the town well behind them. Stetson fumbled in his pocket for his cigarette case. "Would you mind my smoking?" he asked. She shook her head. "I believe the mediaeval spirit is getting into me," he went on, lighting up. "I'm not supposed to smoke, but—"

"I'm surprised that a gentleman of your attainments should think that it's mediaeval to smoke," she put in. "But I like it. Cigarette smoke and hoof-beats and the little sense of insecurity, of having to get there—it all makes you feel as if you were doing it in a book, doesn't it?"

Stetson was surprised to find himself a bit piqued at being omitted from Polly's catalogue of the romantic possibilities of the situation. He remarked, "I see that you're something of a connoisseur in emotions," and smoothed the robe over his knees.

The half moon was over their heads, a fine, white moon that cast deep shadows over their path. They passed occasional farm houses with lights in the windows; sometimes dogs barked from the door yards, but they met only one or two wayfarers. "Funny the railroad never has built up through here," Stetson volunteered.

"Nothing for them to build to," she answered promptly. "I'm glad there's one

real land's end in this railroaded country of ours."

"It is picturesque," he agreed.

"It's a change," she said flatly, "especially to a road actor."

Presently she drew up the horses at a small stream that ran between two wooded hills. "Halt for supper," she announced. "Will you help me water and blanket the horses?"

They attended to the bronchos together; then they sat down on the bank of the stream, and Polly produced a package of sandwiches from the side pocket of her traveling coat. "Just like Swiss Family Robinson," said Stetson.

"Portable station lunch counter," she rejoined. This time Stetson saw that she was throwing her "road" life at him merely to shock him. He laughed boyishly. Sitting there on the bank of the stream, making irresponsible picnic in the moonlight, he felt delightfully young and untrammelled. He wanted to laugh at everything that was said; he hummed a gay air, badly off the key. He was conscious of a distinct falling of the heart when Polly gave the word to start on again, and he had to clamber back into the rig and take the reins.

Polly's gayety had deserted her; she sat silent, her gloved hands lying slack in her lap. The road became steeper; the houses had already ceased. The horses plowed along, the reins hanging loose. It seemed to Stetson that all the world was asleep, and only he himself painfully, deliriously awake in the midst of it. Polly asked him for a match once and looked at her watch; it was half past 10.

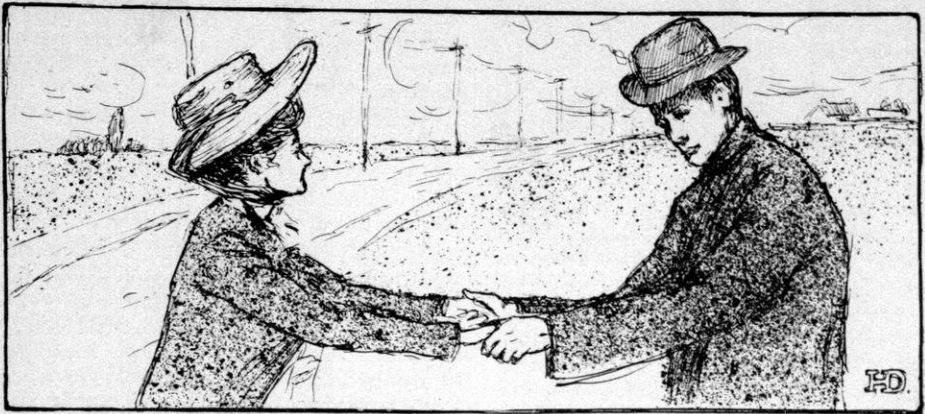
At 12 o'clock she called a halt, and under her direction he unhitched, blanketed and fed the horses. She sat down on one of the robes, her back against a tree. Stetson lay down on the other robe; and with the cessation of hoof beats and motion the tension of his nerves relaxed, and he fell asleep.

It seemed to him that he had hardly been lying there a minute when Polly called to him. He got up, helped clumsily with the harnessing, which was an amateurish performance all around, and resumed the reins. But deadly drowsiness overpowered him. Twice he nodded off, and twice he caught himself in the nick

of time. Then Polly took the reins, and Stetson, shame-faced, but greatly relieved, fairly dozed away.

He half-awakened several times to see the undulating flanks of the horses and the same hardly-distinguishable road, lighted since the setting of the moon only by their own lamps. Then suddenly he started, broad awake in the chill of the morning. Polly felt that he was shivering, and going down into her pocket she brought up a

possible to see if Dudley got Polly's telegram. They sat down in the station. Polly leaned her head against the wall and closed her eyes; she was evidently very badly tired out, but her faith was still strong, for in her hand she kept Dudley's letter, ready for forwarding. Stetson kept his eyes on her face. His head was swimming with fatigue; he felt ashamed of the whole adventure and abashed at the extremely passive part that he had taken in it, but



"WILL YOU LET ME COME BACK TO YOU?"

flask. Stetson took a drink and stopped shivering.

"The beasts are pretty jaded, and the off one has cast a shoe," she said. "A slow walk is the best they can do from now on."

"Are we anywhere near there?" he asked.

"We must be. I'm still counting on getting there," she answered firmly.

The east grew light, then warm. Polly turned grey eyes with "smut-colored rims" on him. "We must be almost there," she insisted. He took the reins without a word, and she sank against the back of the seat. Then as they topped the next rise the long-expected station came into view. "Quarter past 6," she said. "The station will be open for the half past down train."

They made the best of their way into the town, and Polly sent her telegram. Then they put up the bronchos at the town's one livery stable and got breakfast at its one hotel. After that there was nothing to do but wait as patiently as

the thought that held him so quiet in the dingy waiting room made him hold up his head as he had not held it for many days.

Polly's return telegram came about 11, and she read it aloud to him, "Yours received. Have disembarked. Forward letter to Chicago." She looked up at him and smiled.

"We were successful, if we were a bit quixotic," she said. "Aren't you really glad we came?"

He nodded. She yawned faintly, then said, "The up-train gets in at one, and the stage leaves at half past. I'm going to go with it and let the stable man drive the bronchos back. Shall you go with me or rest here and go back tomorrow?"

He took a deep breath and answered, "I'll go with you, but I only mean to stay up there long enough to put my traps together and let Mrs. Blake know what a brick you are. A literary man with incipient nervous prostration can find better things to do than loafing around thinking

about himself, as you were good enough to insinuate today—yesterday. Oh, yes, you were quite right! But when I've got my health back and am square with the world, will you let me come back to you? You'll do so much for a man that you say is nothing to you—you're so generous to everybody else—won't you—?

"Ride, ride, together, forever ride?" she asked with a little half-hysterical giggle. Though his eyes never left hers, their hands managed to meet. So it was with a hackneyed quotation running in his head and definite shapes beginning to body themselves out in the future that Stetson took the half past one stage.

## In the Light of the Morning

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*Why rail at the ill of things when we are in the wrong?  
When hate creeps in with gold and love is sold for a song;  
When the heart in its selfish pride is cold as an age-old stone,  
Willing for thousands to bleed if it gains the blood for its own.  
When faith like a leaf in the street is brushed aside by the wind,  
And the soul of creeds is lost when a starving waif has sinned.  
And men in their greed and spite war on for their cap and bells,  
And leer in a brother's face for the tale that a jester tells.  
And from ports across the sea, the great, grey ships come in  
With anarchist, thief and lout to crowd our marts of sin.  
There are hells in hidden halls of cities under the street,  
But the prating priests pass by and rail where the airs are sweet,  
And the tear-washed years fly on, swift clouds to the silence blown,  
Leaving a splash of rain o'er fields where the tares were sown;  
And the great white ways are bright and the busy wheels whirl 'round,  
While the thorn-crowned Lord of things bends low to kiss the ground.*

*Why rail at the ill of things when we are in the wrong?  
Are bitter words the balm that hearts have sought so long?  
The ills that have always been in ill hearts still must be,  
And blood cry out for blood, and treasures be lost at sea.  
And the wife tonight is sick of the dancer's whirl at her side,  
For her heart cries out for home and the pale little son that died.  
And the husband forgets the gold that has made him a peer of the land  
As he dreams in a tender way of a kiss and a nestling hand.  
Nights on the fields of tares, and nights in the skies above  
And from out the dark a voice is calling, yearning for love.  
The dark is full of shapes and the flutter of raven's wings  
While our souls wait for the dawn and a thrush that sings and sings.  
We are weary of reaping tares and of dreams that rave by night,  
And we call for truth and love and another day of light;  
And in the light of the morning, ere the busy wheels whirl 'round,  
We, with the thorn-crowned Lord shall kneel and kiss the ground.*





# The New Form of Class Rush

PAUL J. MORRIS

The new form of class rush adopted by the class of 1912 and carried out this fall has aroused much criticism, both favorable and unfavorable. On the whole it seems to have been an improvement over the old lake rush. There were two vital faults with the old rush. In the first place it had no purpose. The freshmen would pour out of the gymnasium door, the sophs would meet them outside, and a general ducking match would follow. No one could ever tell just how many duckings were administered by each class. Thus, in most cases, it was impossible to pick out the victor. The new rush offered a solution for this difficulty. It was a scrap for bags and the side holding the most bags at the end of the fight was declared winner by the referee.

In the second place the space between the gymnasium and Association Hall is not large enough to hold all of the people who take part in a rush. The classes are becoming larger year by year. Soon there will be fully two thousand men taking part in the annual scrap. The lake shore location not only is small, but is also covered with rough stones which have caused many injuries in the past. A large field is required for the new rush and if properly regulated the fight could be widely scattered.

The faults of the bag contest were very obvious. They were chiefly faults of details in the general plan. Perhaps the most objectionable feature was the way the spectators crowded out on the field. The fifty policemen were unable to keep the crowd back and no other steps were taken to keep the field clear. If future rushes

are held on the lower campus temporary bleachers should be put up and a rope stretched across either side to keep the spectators out. However, even with these precautions it would be impossible to keep everyone off the field. Camp Randall is the logical place for the bag contest. But, in case the ground should be wet from recent rain, the gridiron would be greatly damaged.

While the new rush took place on a large field, the real fight took place at one end of the campus where the sophomores had placed their bags in a pile and were guarding them together with one they had captured from the freshmen in the first few minutes of fight. Some measures should be taken to stop this concentrating the scrap into one small spot. Several plans have been suggested in this connection. Before the rush it was decided that the bags, in order to count, must be kept in front of a line five yards from the edge of the field. A rule of this sort would have made it illegal for the sophs to pile their bags against the library wall or for the freshmen to pile theirs against the backstop at the east end of the lower campus. However, as this rule was not mentioned in the meeting of the sophomore class where the new rush was adopted, it was impossible to enforce it on the day of the rush.

A new and better plan has been suggested which will do away with most of the massing and make the rush chiefly offensive rather than defensive. It will also make it more spectacular and will not add to the danger to any marked degree. This recent idea is to place twelve bags

on a line in the middle of the field, the bags to be placed in a row which will extend the entire width of the lower campus. The sophomores will have their goal at one end of the field and the freshmen will have theirs at the other end. At the start each side will be stationed behind its own goal. At a pistol shot both classes will run for the bags and bring as many as possible back behind their respective goals. The rush will be divided into two ten-minute halves with an intermission of ten minutes. At the end of the first half the bags in possession of each class will be counted and then placed again in the middle of the field as at the start. Again each side will take its position behind its

own goal and the second half will take place just as the first. At the end of the contest the bags will again be counted and the side having made the most captures in two halves will be declared winner. By dividing the rush into halves the fight will be more widely dispersed as it would require more than ten minutes' time to get all of the bags in a pile; also should twelve bags be scattered over the field the crowd would not be likely to mass in one spot.

This new form of class rush would have little danger; it would have little massing; it would have a definite purpose, and, finally, it would furnish a very interesting and exciting spectacle.



*Photo by NADEAU*

CHIEF OF POLICE MURPHY EXERCISING HIS FUNCTION AT THE  
1909 CLASS RUSH

# Behind the Arras at Chadbourne Hall

A. HOURI

Huge hats on the hill; wonderful coifs cutting off all view of the lecturing prof.; diligent and (sometimes) demure attendance at the evening whisper-fests in the Libe; and, for the brave, a conventional conversation in the parlor, cut off sharply at ten by the warning bell. This is all that the masculine four-fifths of the Wisconsin student body knows of the life of the denizens of Chadbourne Hall.

But, once behind the curtains drawn so modestly close across the inner courts of the dormitory, and—presto! there is revealed a kaleidoscopic whirl of bewilderingly dizzy character, made up of all the wildest pranks and merriment known to innocence stimulated by vivid imagination, high spirits and absolute fearlessness. They pause at nothing short of compound fracture of law civic, social or spiritual; and if occasionally they chip a tiny souvenir from the stone tablets graven with the stern rules of their domicile, by the use of a candle after "lights out," a hidden and diminutive alcohol lamp in lieu of the forbidden chafing dish, or a "pull" with Twinkle, mistress of the doorbell, to get in after hours, why, it can only be said, in the words of the Hoosier poet, that

"It adds a charm

To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm."

And it will, the Badger may speak lightly of the "Chadbourne co-eds, sweet, serene, reliable for a gondolier partner; but that same Badger (for of course 'twas a man wrote that!) would give his hard-cribbed credits for a glimpse of the Houris in their frolics. Hazing, which, in its ingenuity, would make the moth-eaten

pastimes of the masculine sophomores look like Aunt Jerusha's cast-off hoop-skirt for ancient flatness; daring feats that might inspire to awe the lustiest climber of a telegraph pole; and delectable dainties of midnight reflection that would make Charlie's best efforts an execrable memory—these are some of the things which would be revealed, were the arras drawn aside.

*Per exempla:* Jean, '10, decides to espouse Jeanette, '12 as roommate for the year, and invites a select few of the upper classmen to witness their formal installation in suite No. 4. A dignified junior offers her services as parson to join the couple, and lo! a certain solemn professor misses his Prince Albert and best blacks.

"But how the Duce——" queries the uninitiated male.

Sonny, there is no need of a Ways and Means Committee at Chadbourne; like Shakespeare's Anne, the maid of the Hall "hath a way," and when she lists can wile from the most formal wardrobes of the University Club whole sections of masculine attire. Thus it happened that "history" evening clothes decked the groom, and a political science tuxedo garbed the best man, while sundry other professional toilettes attended an entirely feminine function in suite No. 4. The uninvited came from corridors near and far to sniff the refreshments and floral decorations, and disgruntled, organized a hideous charivari beneath the windows, with all the usual horrors of "kettle"-drums, tin pans, horns and bells. But "they lived happily ever after," and it is suspected that the mock wedding will be a popular

form of entertainment in the future, since the girl who caught the bride's bouquet of day-breaks is already wearing a solitaire (and this not yet November!).

Woe to the freshman who earns the title of "a too fresh Fresh," for she goeth surely to her fall, and it is not always a gentle little water-fall, either. Several such were once known to confiscate the nuts and raisins which composed the dessert of certain seniors, carried to the room of one for more deliberate consuming. The guilt was traced to its source, and the aggrieved bided their time in silence. The unsuspecting Freshies locked their fourth-floor bedroom doors and departed gaily to an evening at the Libe.

Hist! Hush-sh! The proverbial "foot-steps on horseback with rubbers on" were no more stealthy and mysterious than the avengers. Locked doors were nothing to them—and they did not stoop to skeleton keys, or essay an entrance through transoms; neither did they evoke brute force. They crept out upon the narrow stone ledge running around the building near the eaves, edged their way along, hugging the wall hard, and made burglarial entrance through the windows.

Then, ye goddesses and little minnows! The stacking which ensued broke every college record; these seniors had three years of practice behind them, and were thus adepts at the art. Not a garment was left folded in its proper place; even occasional buttons were removed; every pin in the pincushion found a new abode in an unexpected and startling place, and all the furniture which could be taken apart without actual wreck was dislocated. Talcum and tooth powder mingled as freely as did ink and perfume. It was a delightful mess, calculated to keep several Freshmen busy some hours in domestic occupation after the avengers had regained their cosy beds, via the dizzy ledge.

The night of the fire all Madison wondered at the bravery of the girl students in walking such a mere hand-breadth of stone; but, pshaw! they had been through a dress rehearsal!

The furious Freshies attempted reprisals, in the nature of a feeble return "stack," were caught, haled before a tribunal of upperclassmen in all the sol-

emnity of bewigged and gowned masquerade, and courtmartialed. The list of indictments was a fearful document; all their past sins were rehearsed, and a doom pronounced for each several crime, ending with a final gloomy march to the attic, where the offenders were piled in a heap on one old and rickety bed, and left to keep warm like the squirrels, without quilts, for the rest of the night, in "maiden meditation" on the enormity of their offences.

The condemned were to have been guests at a spread that night, and their would-be hostesses, failing of a writ of habeas corpus, appealed to the powers belowstairs. Upon the explanation of the upperclassmen that they were merely exerting a healthy restraint and administering a necessary reproof, they were upheld, and the Girls' Self-Government triumphed again.

Hazing episodes between freshmen and sophomores are of the most varied character. Late one night the sophomores made a formal call upon their little sisters, and finding them in bed, carried away souvenirs in the shape of all the right shoes they could find. More than one freshman went to class next day in dancing slippers, or in misfits borrowed from kindly juniors.

Burning with hatred the freshmen retaliated (and this will go down in the annals of Chadbourne as "just as mean as it could possibly be!"), by raiding the sophomore strongholds, stealing all the men's photos, and presenting them for public auction in the parlor after dinner. Imagine poor Geraldine's agony of soul upon seeing dear Harry's beautiful countenance sold for a song to a deadly rival, merely because she had contributed her last quarter to the subsequent freshman banquet in a wild effort to retrieve the man who *might* bid her to the Prom!

Freshmen guilty of dining-room offences are occasionally detained in private and fed upon malted milk only, through the usual bottles with rubber tubes. And woe to the Fresh known to be out late to a dance, for if she do not tread warily the sophomores' provokingly utilitarian hazing stunts may be her portion. Here and there a door opens, a scuffle ensues with punctuation by the victim's protests, and

the door closes behind her unwilling form. In her party finery she must sit till 2 a. m., darning the stocking of the haughty sophs, or hemming window curtains, or embroidering pillows for the den. Two sophomores got their suite entirely furnished in that manner this year. Moreover, any freshman who "cobble" the stockings must rip and darn again until 4, if necessary, to get them neatly done.

The "piano fund" is the annual sophomore plea to the freshmen, who are afterward bidden to a feast, in which they may not participate, bought with the proceeds.

Ah me! The bedding that disappears; the molasses that goes the doorknobs; the fearful fumes of  $H_2S$ , introduced through keyholes by chemical generators purloined from the Lab; and the curious way that sleeve linings have of being sewed tight together when one is in a hurry to make an 8 o'clock. These make up a part of the early training of the Chadbourne Fresh. This year a stern code of laws for the first year girls is in force, posted in a conspicuous place, that none might plead ignorance. In these rules every freshman was required to wear her hair in pig-tails tied with green ribbons every Sunday morning until Thanksgiving; no freshman is allowed to sit down in the elevator; no freshman may precede a sophomore through a door; no freshman may occupy a rocking chair in the parlor if there is a sophomore present; the freshmen must keep the parlors in good order throughout the year, and they must do all the work of "clearing for action" for the half hour of dancing in the parlor after supper before they go to their studies, including the rolling and unrolling of the rugs and arranging of the chairs.

The rules are enforced by the hazing of the unruly, and those who make objection to their penalty are doused in the bathtub. Twelve freshmen have been exempted from the rules on condition that they write an original play to be produced the week before Thanksgiving before the sophomores. Four second-year students were named as an "advisory committee" for the playwrights, and they are expected to render any necessary assistance in addition to exerting a censorship over the production.

Not all of Chadbourne's hidden life is

given to warfare and the instruction of the young, however. There are feasts and fetes of the most amiable nature. Chafing dishes are under ban, to be sure; but the electric curling iron, or better still, an electric flatiron on its back, proves an ample substitute. About these improvised hearths the gathered lasses tell "continuous" stories, in which the climax is left always to the left-hand neighbor. Or they organize stock and opera companies, presenting original plays that might give Stempfelf cause to tremble for his laurels, and travesty on grand opera that would prove a "howling" success, in truth, at the Majestic if given in the informal costumes improvised for the occasion. The audiences, of course, invariably attend in kimonos and study robes.

There are nights when whole sections of the hall are marvelously still, for the simple reason that they are wholly deserted. There is a "slumber" party (a palpable misnomer) on in suite No. 6 or No. 8, and both bedroom and study are carpeted with visiting mattresses covered with fudge-fingered, kimono-clad gossips, who, when they finally doze, in the "wee, sma' hours," are decorated by the reception committee with burned cork or lamp-black.

Hallowe'en is approaching, and the annual midnight spree is almost due. Last year dumbbells from the gymnasium started mysteriously from the top of the fourth floor stairs and bumped their way to the bottom, being assisted through the corridor landings on each floor by fitting ghosts in white. This year the gym and its convenient paraphernalia are gone; what will take their place?

Perhaps the most daring stunt of all is that of the simple life brigade, a party of ten girls who don heavy robes at night, wrap their blankets about them, and Arab-fashion, "silently steal away" up a fire escape to the flat roof, where, without a railing to keep them from rolling off, they curl themselves up and sleep in the fresh air, through the dews of spring and the light snowfalls of late autumn.

All of the college feast days are strictly kept in Chadbourne Hall dining room. Football victories are the *raison d'être* for impromptu toasts, and "'Varsity" is always sung standing—a rule which makes

the upper classmen peevish when the fifth or sixth recurrence of the song in one meal comes from the lips of some super-enthusiastic Sophs. Birthdays are celebrated by the gift of a cake with candles (to tell fortunes by) from the girl thus distinguished, who usually furnishes flowers for the table also. At Christmas time there is a tiny tree on each table, bearing a "slam" present for each girl, often accompanied by original verse.

The night of the Senior Swing-Out the sophomores decorate the tables, and the juniors sing original songs in praise of the seniors, who appear in their caps and gowns for the first time at dinner. One year the juniors also "swung out," having made white paper mortar-boards with red tassels, and cheesecloth gowns.

There are innumerable entertainments given by the different classes for one another, chiefly by the older for the younger students. Fancy dress parties, which might be called "doe" dances, are most

popular, and have a wide range, including "hard times," "old fashioned," "soldier and ballet," "swell," and "children's" parties.

There is a tale current that a youth who called at Chadbourne Hall when the parlor was full, was entertained on the "pie," a circular seat about a pillar in the rotunda. Yes, he *was* "entertained"—a black kitten came sailing down over the fourth floor banisters upon him and alighted in the usual fashion, on its feet and with claws spread. Then appropriate and mocking music followed the cat.

Let not the odium of divulging the secrets of the harem rest upon any present dweller within its sacred precincts, for that which was not exhumed from the past has been extracted piecemeal from the unsuspecting, and none will be more surprised to see the tale in print than she who so innocently drew aside the arras and gave this fleeting glimpse of the Zenana.



## The Search

PIFI SEELE

*A trifle knowledge gained,  
A drop of water to the thirst-starved mind;  
For we would know the secret of the plan,  
Its seal we'd break to read it, Master-signed,  
But at each step, unrolls an endless span  
Of worlds still unattained.*

*A rose beside our way  
O're which the flower-fed breath of summer blows  
While with a child's soft laugh the season sings  
A lark's clear note—the sunlight on the rose  
Scattered the clouds of our dull reasonings.  
Untaught—we kneel and pray.*

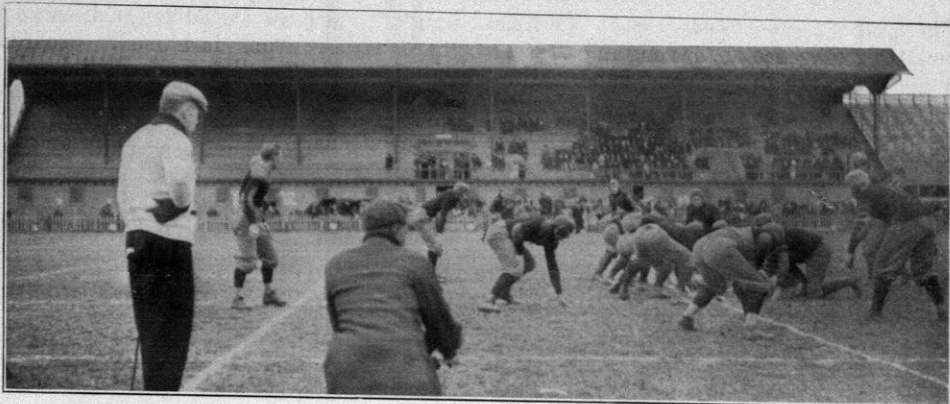


Photo by NADEAU

A PLAY IN THE WISCONSIN-INDIANA GAME AT CAMP RANDALL

## A Seven-Game Schedule for Wisconsin

PETER J. MURPHY

In the discussion of the question as to why we should have a seven-game schedule, the question as to why we should have intercollegiate athletics at all is necessarily involved. Football is a department of intercollegiate athletics and as such its status is more or less dependent upon the status of intercollegiate athletics. However, the purpose of this article is not to discuss the broader question any more than is necessary to establish a premise upon which to base our conclusion.

Intercollegiate athletics are recognized as an important factor in the curriculum of modern and up-to-date educational institutions. They are important as a means of developing that side of the college student not touched by the course of study he intends primarily to pursue. It is important as a means of developing that something, which we call college spirit, which is so essential to the unity and loyalty of the student body. It develops it into something more than a mere mass of individuals seeking information along their chosen lines, making a united, enthusiastic combination of young men and young women

striving for the uplifting of their university.

In view of the fact that legislators, regents and faculty sanction intercollegiate athletics, we must take it for granted that they believe there is a benefit to be derived from such an institution, otherwise they would not stamp it with their approval. Assuming then that we are all agreed on the proposition that it is a beneficial institution we will pass to the principal question involved in this article, "Why we should play seven games of football."

An excellent reason, it seems to me for desiring a seven-game schedule is that we here at Wisconsin should "do things right." We should so manage our affairs as to obtain the best out of anything which we admit contains good. Can we achieve the greatest amount of benefit out of the football department of athletics with our present five-game schedule? Decidedly not. The beneficial success of any form of athletics is directly dependent upon the number of participants in that form of athletics and the amount of enthusiasm aroused.

The number of participants in football and the enthusiasm aroused is dependent upon the success of the representative team. Wisconsin teams, limited to a five-game schedule, cannot be successful contenders for championship honors while their competitors have the privilege of playing seven games. Our football players cannot get into proper condition to meet the more prominent conference teams on even terms when they must meet those teams after having played only one, or possibly two minor games in preparation for the larger events. Their competitors, however, can take on three or four of the minor teams and still have open dates remaining for their championship games. What is the result? Wisconsin arrives second best. Interest in football declines, the rooters become discouraged, fewer men turn out for practice, and an activity which has a great tendency towards the development of manly men and enthusiastic women, falls into a state of decay. Good old Wisconsin spirit wanes for the time until revived by some new hope springing up in the hearts of team and rooters, spurring them on in their uphill fight for Wisconsin supremacy.

Certainly, we admit that the ideal of athletics is to play for love of the game, but we must also admit that it is human nature to love to play a winning game—and Wisconsin students are vitally human. They are willing to play for that ideal love of the sport, but they want to play on even terms with their competitors and not handicapped by any rule which does not apply to others in their class.

Why should we be handicapped with a rule limiting us to five games? Is it because we are not able to play more than five games and carry on our college work? We do not think so. At least we are presumptuous enough to believe that Wisconsin men are as capable and have as much

ability as men in the other leading universities of the West or East. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the objection to a longer schedule lies in the amount of time and energy expended. Will a seven-game schedule interfere with the college work of the participants more than the present five-game schedule? We are unable to see how that is possible. At present, with our five-game schedule, our football squad is practicing daily during the entire season, putting in the same time and the same energy that they would put in if they had to play seven games. On dates left open by our present schedule hard practice games are played between different teams of the squad. Therefore, insofar as time and energy is concerned, we can see no material difference between a five-game schedule and a seven-game schedule. Arguments in favor of a five-game schedule on that ground would seem to be invalid.

The student body desire a seven-game schedule because they believe that there is no good reason for not playing seven games of football, and the student body, the thinking, acting, conservative student body, are seldom wrong when they deliberately arrive at a conclusion. Then, if there is no reason for not having a larger schedule, why make us feel the sting of defeat because of a state of affairs which exists without any justification? If we are going to have intercollegiate athletics at all, why not let us compete on an equal basis with our competitors? Why hamper us with unnecessary rules which handicap us in our chances for victory and leaves us when the smoke of battle has cleared away, a battered and beaten Wisconsin, striving to rise above the ignominy of a defeat brought about by the policy of men who should look to Wisconsin's best interests, rather than the nursing of prejudices?





## Dreams

JEREMIAH

Weary and dreary, old and grey,  
Is the world in the light of the days that are,  
Tinsel her gold and ashes her fires—  
Ashes, cold ashes, her young desires—  
Stripped of all promise pales her star.

*The world is a market place,  
Hard, gloomy, void of all gleam.  
It sold me the thorns of roses,  
I dreamed it would fling me roses—  
Oh give me back my dream.*

Hollow and empty earthly hope  
And a will-o'-the-wisp is the lure of home—  
Leading to marshes wandering feet.  
Kisses of women are bittersweet,  
Lasting their love as a fleck of foam.

*The courts of all love are marts  
Whatever else they may seem.  
They sold me the thorns of roses,  
I dreamed they would throw me roses—  
Oh, give me back my dream.*

Fortune is poor and her gifts are dust  
In the hands of the men who have sought her long.  
Gold and the sway of thousands of men—  
Dust of the winds that they blow again,  
Dust, wind-blown dust, and it blinds the strong!

*Oh, Fortune's slow smile is cold,  
Her eyes have a mocking gleam.  
She gave me the thorns of roses,  
I dreamed she would fling me roses—  
Oh, give me back my dream.*

# The Young Men's Christian Association at Wisconsin

ARTHUR JORGENSON

The recent aggressive campaign conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association has suddenly brought that organization into the thought of the student body more prominently than it has been for some years. In view of this fact a word regarding its *raison d'être* seems especially appropriate at this time. To those familiar, not only with the local organization, but with the International Association movement, such a course is indeed unnecessary. If the few brief years of the existence of the Young Men's Christian Association proves one thing, it is this—to be conversant with its purposes and its achievements is to be its champion. But in a student body of twenty-five hundred men there are, of course, many, some unavoidably and others with more or less intention, who have never become familiar with the movement. The enlightenment of these and the splendid work done by the local association during the past under many difficulties is perhaps the general cause for this statement. A more specific incentive may be found in the interest recently created by "Red Letter Day."

The student department of the Young Men's Christian Association is now represented by a local organization in practically every college and university in the country. The state universities have afforded an especially attractive field. In almost every one of these institutions the Association is filling a place that commends itself highly to the faculty and has their personal, though

perhaps not official sanction. The genius of this organization lies largely in the fact that it is a student movement; that the work is conducted entirely by the students and just in so far as they give themselves to the task does the Association become a recognized factor in the life of any institution. The record of the Wisconsin Association bears testimony to this fact. A few years ago a group of such interested men, deeply concerned as to the social, moral and religious life of the men of the University and profoundly convinced that the agency through which these qualities of character could most sanely assert themselves was the Young Men's Christian Association, laid out the plans for a splendid building in the University of Wisconsin. The present structure, known as Association Hall, is a noble tribute to their wisdom and sacrifice. When the heroic devotion to this cause of men like Chief Justice John B. Winslow and Mr. Harold Gaffin, '04, captain of the varsity crew, is recalled, it should stimulate in every Wisconsin man a desire to have a share in the fulfillment of its purpose. Handicapped for some years past by a prejudice which may have had a measure of justification, but which at the present time at least is more traditional than real, the Association has gradually pushed forward until now it is on a fair way to more adequately realize its mission.

A glance at the building reveals how admirably it is adapted to meet the social needs of the men of the University. The

popularity of the building and the frequency with which all the various club and committee rooms are used is a testimony to the fact that the place fills a need and the results of the recent membership campaign bears witness to the appreciation of the men of the University. The building and its privileges are open to all men of the student body regardless of their opinions or convictions. The Association represents a religious propaganda, but it stands aloof from narrow sectarianism. When men meet under the roof of the Young Men's Christian Association the one word to characterize the circumstances is democracy.

Nothing could be more absurd at this point than an attempt to justify the religious motives that lie back of the Young Men's Christian Association. Motives that

ring true, need no justification in the eyes of thinking men. The Association stands for the promulgation of a sane religious life, for the propagation of standards that are Christian. It lays the emphasis upon life rather than doctrine and always makes its plea to the generous and unselfish side of a man's nature. In all these things the students themselves are the aggressors. The Association becomes an agent to be reckoned with only as the men of the University enter into its purposes. The degree to which they do this is dependent upon their familiarity with the broad and underlying motives of the organization. The Young Men's Christian Association stands for the highest type of manhood; in view of this it will not go begging for supporters in the University of Wisconsin.



ASSOCIATION HALL, MADISON, WIS.

Photo by NADEAU

# The Japanese Trip

GENKWAN SHIBATA

*My Dear Editor:*

It is a sad mistake that you have urged me to write something about the trip to Japan, for I cannot get impressions to suit your readers, and it is a long time since I have taken my freshman English.

The idea of going across a continent and the largest ocean to play baseball may sound rather ridiculous. We know well, however, that mutual respect among brave nations, as among brave men, is the only guarantee of peace. Diplomacy may be all right, but close contact and mutual understanding among nations is far better. Baseball trips are much more economical than a battle, and as a result of our trip the Japanese people are happy to know that Wisconsin can raise other things besides cows. You perhaps do not know much about true Americanism, because you are right in it. Perfect frankness is one phase of it; absolute disregard of ranks and castes—the beautiful fruit of democracy—is another. Our boys are better able to appreciate these American virtues after their trip than they were before, and the Japanese have learned from them this ideal American spirit, so often hidden by the commercialism of their dealings with Americans.

Do you know that all of our team were raised between Pittsburg and St. Paul? If our boys were not true representatives of this great American spirit as well as of one of the greatest of universities, who could better be? The boys appeared in Japan as they would here in Madison. I am proud of them and especially of Dave Flanagan for his perfect naturalness. He visited our dear Count Okuma at his pal-

ace in a blue cotton overshirt. Dave looked quite natural. It looked good to see that frankness and naturalness in contrast to the conventionalities of one of the oldest civilizations. And that is the very reason why Japanese people liked our boys.

## PRAISE OF JAPANESE NEWSPAPERS FOR OUR BOYS

Let me first express my pride over the manner in which our boys carried themselves in Japan, before I touch anything else. And the Japanese public, aided by a herd of newspaper men, kept very close watch over us, you may be sure. They knew every move that we took. What was the result? Praises of course! Were they sincere? The articles and news reports were in Japanese, and they knew that none of us except the writer could appreciate the flattery, if such it were meant to be. Nor did praise stop with the Japanese reports.

English and American papers showered upon our boys volumes of praise. The American Counsel General at Yokohama, Mr. Babbit, told his associates that our trip did more to promote friendly feeling between Japan and America than any other recent event. Why? It was not by scraping and bowing and watching the other fellows from the corner of the eye. Instead, we grasped the other fellow's hand with full heart, which said, even if not audibly, "I like you very much."

You ought to have seen how each of us was invited to the homes of Keio boys. We had fine times. The Japanese are very polite as well as hospitable. It looked

queer to our boys when the Japanese ladies, sitting on the matted floor, bowed to greet them until their noses touched the ground. Yet they noticed that with all this profuseness their entertainers were sincere.

The Japanese are communists where Americans are individualists. That is why Americans often fail to understand the Japanese, and in turn why the Japanese fail to understand Americans. Many foreign tourists get wrong ideas of Japanese life, but our boys could see so much more of the true relations that they saw something worthy, something of profit to them, in all the vari-colored life into which they had come.

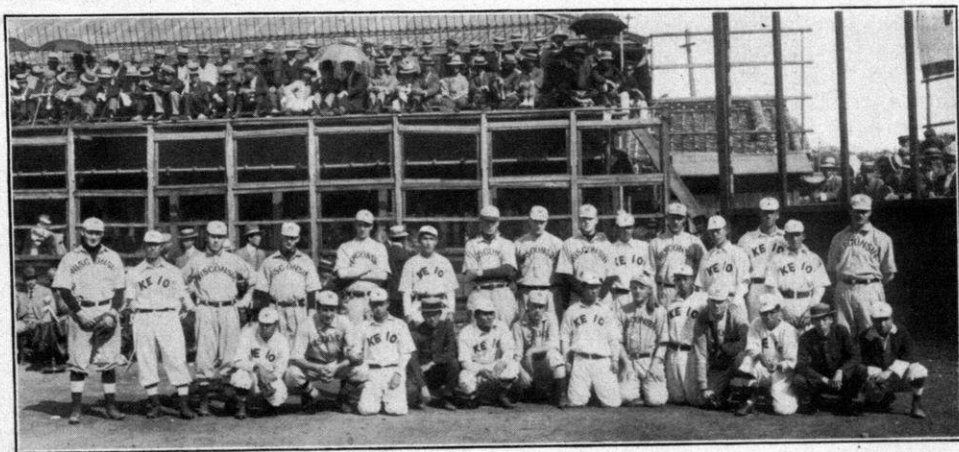
### A LA MODE

When crossing the Pacific and waves were running high as houses, most of us got somewhat sea-sick. Naturally things did not taste quite right to the sufferers. It was then that two of them told me, "I never could go chop suey and those Oriental dishes." I had to explain that these were regular French meals, that pomme de terre were simple Irish potatoes, and that pottage was soup. Oh, how we did tire of those greasy a la modes and how we longed for a nice, thick beefsteak, big

as a tray, with onions that might disinfect all creation, or a big plate full of ripe, juicy tomatoes, or pork and beans, or hamburger with. I wish to beseech sisters, mothers and aunts of the poor fellows who went on that trip to feed them with all they want of these American substantialities for many years to come.

### THE JAPANESE UMPIRE

After all, baseball, although exceedingly popular among Japanese, is still a new game there. So we could not expect to find a perfect umpire, even as there are no perfect ones here in America. Mr. Nakano of Tokyo Imperial University was our umpire. He made some mistakes which cost us one or two games. Almost every losing team is known to complain about the umpire, and it does seem cheap to do so. But in our case the umpire himself came to us after the game and excused himself for his mistakes. Did we kick then? No, the boys generously left everything to the umpire. They believed in fair play; that and not mere victory was their sole purpose in this battle for athletic supremacy. Japanese sporting circles highly appreciated the attitude. It is one of the things they aspire to learn from us.



KEIO AND WISCONSIN BASE BALL PLAYERS BEFORE THE FIRST GAME

## "PECK" AND "SAMMY" INVITED OUT TO BARON GOTO'S FOR DINNER

Professor Reinsch had kindly given us letters of introduction to Baron Goto, present Minister of Communication and former Vice-President of the South Manchurian Railroad. He is a wise and popular statesman. He invited Dr. McCarthy with four of us to dinner one day. "Peck" Nash and "Sammy" Simpson, with the official reporter of our party, "Ned" Jones, were chosen as the lucky ones, because they were taking the course in Commerce at Wisconsin and would so have a good opportunity to meet one of Japan's most prominent progressive officials. "Peck" and "Sammy" (are they not affectionate names) dressed in their black suits, and started with "Ned" and Dr. McCarthy. They met Baron and Baroness Goto, Professor Takahashi, an authority on international law, and Dr. and Mrs. Nitobe, author of several famous books—the "Buchido," and others.

Having passed between rows of splendidly dressed retainers they were led into the dining room. Afterward at dinner the many kinds of wine may have bewildered some of the fellows. It was told me that "Peck" and "Sammy" looked wise and never made a slip, although I do not doubt they would have preferred a berth in the Dog Wagon, Madison, Wisconsin. Somebody did say that "Peck" had begun to dring from his beautiful finger bowl, but I know this is untrue, a bit of the kind of banter that made fun in the camp.

How an American fellow feels at home even in the presence of an emperor! Surely he has the "goods" in that respect. I am proud of those boys who could talk to the highest nobility with perfect ease. You may be sure that the Japanese aristocrats tried to be as democratic as could be when talking to them, whereas they put on a great deal of pomp and ceremony in receiving Orientals, and even Europeans.

## POPULARITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AMONG KEIO BOYS

Keio boys are noted for their adeptness in English. In their daily life they use it to a great extent. Their contact with

us, so bristling with nicknames as has been already noted, resulted in imitation. Most of them had English nicknames, or names of English derivation, though they might not be recognized as such. Shall I mention some of them here? One fellow was called "Ump." He was lazy and sleepy. "Ump," it is necessary to say, comes from unpleasant. Another was called "Pyramid," because his head was shaped like one. "Dimpy" was the nickname for a young fellow with dimples. "Mary" was a handsome, dandy boy. "Dip" was a "foxy" boy. "Dip" was derived from diplomatic.

They acquired another English phrase from us that promised to remain in Japan forever. That phrase was said to have originated with that famous character, "Jake" Sproesser, my immediate predecessor as manager of the baseball team. Jake was accustomed to say "Oh man," when he got excited. So we carried "Oh man!" to Japan. Soon the Japanese students began to ejaculate "Oh man!" at opportune and inopportune times. "Oh man!" was the last phrase that greeted our ears when we steamed out of Yokohama on October 13th. We had been waving and singing farewell to the hundreds of good friends and baseball players of Keio and Waseda Universities, who had come to see us off. As the boat slowly left the pier nine raahs were lustily given by the Wisconsin team for Japan, for Keio and Waseda. Then, when amid singing and shouting of farewell again and again, our Japanese friends on shore began to grow small and black in distance, we heard once more across that long expanse of water, borne on a gentle breeze the moaning cry from shore, "O-h M-a-n!"

## WAR WITH JAPAN

Long as I lived in America I cannot say that I despise things Japanese. I love and respect many Japanese ideas and institutions. Down with the Irish who are ashamed of Ireland and its green banner! I hate the idea of war with Japan perhaps more than any other person. I think it my duty to do my best to prevent any agitation which may bring about such an evil result. I listen to United States people. Some of them think that we can



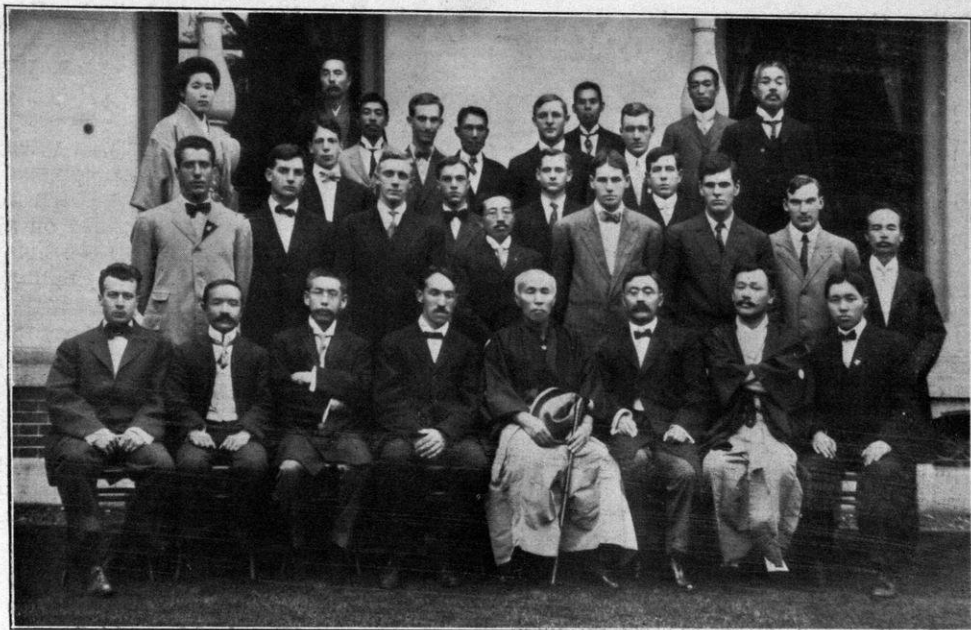
BANQUET AT CHITOSE RO—GIVEN BY YOKOHAMA MITECI

fix Japan in no time. I listen to the Japanese. They think the United States are rich, but think we are merely worshippers of the all-mighty dollar and nothing else. I am in a position to know more about both. Japan may offer a strong resistance, even temporarily, in her desperation. America can always rely upon the dormant patriotism of her people in case of need. We get nothing by defeating Japan, and Japan gains absolutely nothing in fighting against the United States. I pumped a number of Japanese statesmen representing myself as a good Japanese only—for I always believe a good American can be a good English man or anything else when he prizes humanity above narrow patriotism—to find out whether they have actually entertained this dangerous and foolish idea of attacking America. They said, one and all, "Nonsense; that's newspaper talk." I was glad to hear them say that. I believe that if Japan would be more sincere about the open door policy in Manchuria, and if America would be impressed with the idea that Japan is enjoying the greatest prosperity of all nations without pressing other people, there could not be a war between the two nations. This idea of elbowing other people is a wrong one. I do not fancy the celebrated law of the survival of the fittest, especially after a square meal. When going over to Count Okuma's in a jin-

rikisha one afternoon, I met with a number of small Japanese school girls going home. Actually they looked so pretty and cheerful, all chatting and chirping. I had a big dinner and was feeling contented and really sympathetic. "Now," I thought, "if we have a big war with any strong nation these little girls must suffer so much." Then I started to think of the American small children. "No war," I said to myself, and at the same time I felt big tears rolling over my cheeks. Well it must have been a sight to see me cry, but I did. As long as I live I will fight against a war between two peoples whom I learned to love equally well.

It was exceedingly fortunate to have Dr. Charles McCarthy go over to Japan. He studied Japan with penetrating, yet sympathetic eyes. He formed close friendships with the most progressive of all Japanese officials. No doubt his interpretation of Japanese life will be of great service in case of need. Again, by bringing together the future leaders of both nations into a close and intimate contact our trip to Japan did some good service toward bringing about a still better feeling between Japan and America.

Before closing my tedious scribbling I wish to express my heartiest gratitude to those people that have supported me finan-



BALL TEAM TAKEN AT RECEPTION GIVEN BY COUNT OKUMA ("THE GRAND OLD MAN OF JAPAN") EX-PRIME MINISTER

cially and morally on the trip, especially to Dr. Charles McCarthy, who accompanied and guided us safely throughout the trip, Prof. W. A. Scott, who rendered me necessary financial support, and Prof. S.

W. Gilman, through whose kindness we could obtain President William H. Taft's letter of introduction to the American Ambassador at Tokyo, the Hon. Thomas J. O'Brien.

## Our Opponents

### A MEMBER OF THE WISCONSIN TEAM

On our arrival at the dock in Yokohama we were met by the Wisconsin yell. This gave us an idea of what our reception would be. Throughout our stay in Japan, every person, from the smallest schoolboy to ex-Prime Minister Okuma, showed the same feeling toward us as was expressed in that greeting 'varsity yell at the dock. The Keio team met us there and we were taken in "rikishas" to the railway station and from there we traveled to Tokio, twenty miles away. That after-

noon we had our first practice. After we were done the Keio team came on the field. They proved to us that we could not play ball at all. That first practice of theirs was one of the "classiest" affairs that we had ever seen. Later during the games the Keio team played a fielding game which could hardly be improved.

The catching of Fukuda (his name means good luck) was very fine. His arm kept base runners glued to the bases and we were able to steal but a very few times



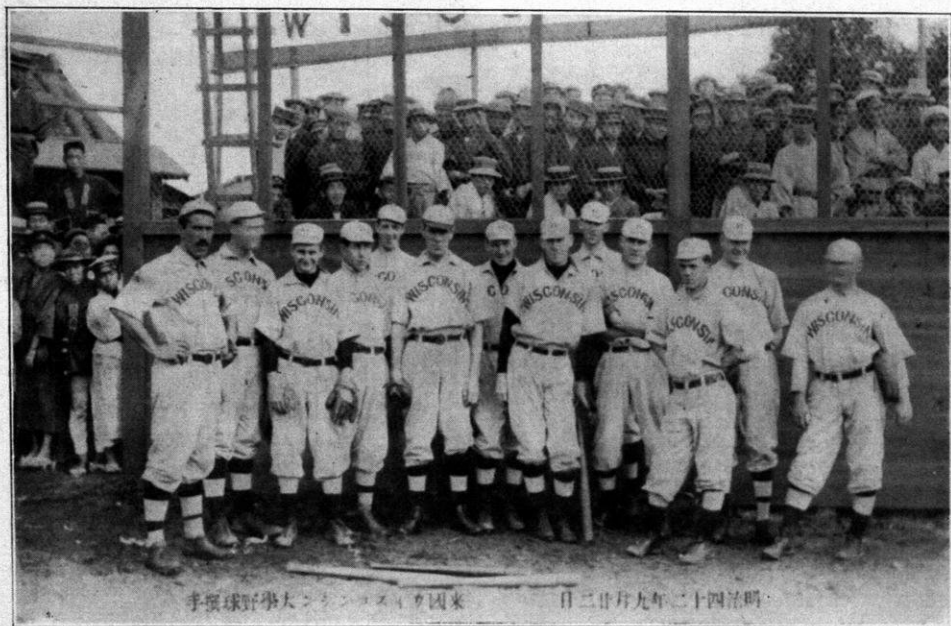
during the whole series. The Japanese pitching staff cannot be called strong, although we were unable to bunch our hits in many of the games. But the fielding was excellent so that many hits were "cut off" which, with ordinary teams, would have counted runs and victories for us. The infield was very good and their throwing arms were in fine shape. Several members of the team had "whips" which would be envied by big leaguers. Sasaki, the Keio shortstop, in particular was one of the fastest fielding players that we had ever seen and his fielding would possibly win for him a place in our major leagues.

The outfielders cover a good deal of territory and have good "pegs" to the plate. The center fielder, Kamareama, is considered the best runner in Japan. His distance is the half mile, although he has done the 200 in 20 $\frac{3}{5}$ . All their men appear to run faster than they do in reality, as their stride is very short.

In batting the Japs were weak, although they are improving in this department. They take a free swing at the ball, but seem to be a little nervous while at the plate. Since our fielding was not at all what it might have been, and since the Japs worked our pitchers for "walks" and

dead "balls," they reached first often enough to cause a great deal of trouble. Once on first base, the Japanese ball player begins to shine. As base runners they are wonderful. They get good starts on every ball pitched and "hit the dirt" well when they slide. They use the bunting game and squeeze play extensively. Often a base runner goes from first to third on a bunt. They play for one run all the time and take daring chances in base running which often materialize in scores for them.

It was not only as ball players that we learned to respect the Japanese. At every move we were met with the greatest attention. The athletic department sent us on many side trips. We were the guests of Kamakura and Mikko, and had honorary membership in the Kojinsha, the finest club in Japan. On every possible occasion we were treated royally. When our boat left the dock at Yokohama the Keio and Waseda teams were there to wave goodbye to us. They had brought flowers, fruit and little remembrances. Every member of our team felt that he was parting with very dear friends. All of us hope some day to meet again as friends, the best true sportsmen we have ever met.



手振球野學大シシノズイウ國米

日二廿月九年二十四法明

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN BASE BALL TEAM IN JAPAN

# The Aims of the English Department

J. F. A. PYRE

It has been observed by a professional humorist that we are most inclined to be funny about serious and solemn matters. When the small boy lands his projectile full on the shining hat, there is a ricochet to a nerve by his fifth rib which jerks up his left leg and twitches him and his admiring comrades double with a sudden notification of his audacity and wit. We are tickled by a challenge to goadation or a leap over the prickly hedge of the law. Our pleasantry is a momentary flight from the trammels of the calamitous or the irretrievable. We joke about death, debt, and matrimony, and are merrily and conceitedly jestful over getting divorces and getting drunk. There is exhilaration in escaping by grotesque dodges of fancy from the hard-and-low tackles of necessity or the statutes of the Board of Regents. A policeman is a cock-shy to the feeblest imagination. Electives elude the joke-smith because they are easily eluded, but a required study is a fixed and irrefragable fact only to be juggled out of this sorry scheme of things by the god of things as they ought to be who laughs at things as they are. Freshman English upsets the gravity of The Sphinx.

Traditions of humor are among the easiest to establish and the hardest to uproot. We hate to bid the dear old jokes good-bye. It requires some wit and perception to invent new ones. "The old order changeth," but the ancient jest survives, "among new men, strange faces, other minds." There is frequent application for Sheridan's sparkling epigram, "The Right Honorable Gentleman is indebted to his memory for his *jest*s and to his imagination for the facts."

So it was doubtless with the merry design of capsizing the orbit of college funni-

ness that the editor applied for a discussion of the "aims and benefits" of the courses in English, by a member of the English department, who should, presumably, know something about the subject. We complimented the editor on his originality and sense of humor. Instead of the conventional undergraduate dancing a buck-wing on the patient, prostrate bones (*dissecta membra portae*) of the department, he presents you the grave professor mildly discoursing on his specialty. Each revolving year brings forth a new Saint George, but the English department has been devoted in the role of the Dragon. "The reluctant Dragon" would have acquired little wisdom at the point of the spear if he did not know that when invited to rise from his long recumbency and give an account of himself, he is expected to limber his joints with a little preliminary jiggery as he comes forward and makes his bow.

Let us gradually get down to business. The editor has warned us "that the aims and benefits which appeal most to the Wisconsin 'stude' are the utilitarian aims and the utilitarian benefits." This offers no real difficulty. The English department is as utilitarian as a cook stove; those who run it know that and rejoice in the fact. The only room for difference is in regard to where utility begins and ends and what utilities deserve the most attention. The analogy of the cook stove is tempting, but let us shift our allegory out of doors. Who ever has had any experience with camp fires is aware that when fuel has to be fetched from a distance, it is well to collect a supply; for too great haste in starting the blaze may be the means of its burning out while you are after more wood, and the pancakes will

fall. Our society is struggling to digest the soggy results of many such short-lived fires. It is natural and healthy, we know, for those who are just venturing into the woods to be hungry and impatient of preparations; we know, too, how irritating it is to be reminded by others of their greater age and discretion; but still, if you hurry us too much, we shall take leave to declare that we have camped on this trail longer than you have and insist that you bow to experience.

Now, the portion of our work which is found most irksome by the average undergraduate is precisely, as might be expected, that which is most fundamental as a preparation for any further work in English, which is in fact so fundamental to any proper education, liberal or technical, that it enjoys the distinction of being the only study which the university authorities absolutely require of every student—Freshman English. One reason, then, that Freshman English becomes such a convenient target for the missiles of savage or humorous discontent is simple; it is the one study whose hardships appeal to universal experience. In this respect it out-vies even military drill, with the additional peculiarities that it is a mental gymnastic and gets an inconspicuous reward. The task of overcoming congenital awkwardness or frivolity of the legs is as nothing to overcoming the same characteristics of the mind, and there are no visible epaulettes or scabbards to be won by subduing the tactics of English composition.

The merely mechanical difficulties of administering this portion of our work are not few. We have the problem each year of so managing a thousand new arrivals that every individual shall receive the intricate personal supervision of each step in his work which is demanded by the nature of the subject. It is not strange that to many the organization which accomplishes this feat should seem like a great heartless machine into whose hopper all fresh arrivals are dumped without respect to "race, color, sex, or previous condition of mental servitude," to borrow the adaptation of a colleague. And truly, it is only fair to say that we are not fully satisfied with the winnowing apparatus of our machine. We need a more elaborate equipment of sieves for separating stu-

dents into groups according to their attainments and capabilities. We have already taken some steps in this direction and we hope to go farther as soon as practical conditions will permit.

Turning from mere machinery to our teaching itself, we find ourselves confronted at once by the necessity of repairing in haste the leisurely waste of years. Our students come to us insufficiently prepared. "Why, I had English all through High school," the student exclaims, when he finds this task awaiting him on the threshold of his college career, and immediately begins to think hard things about his English teachers. But so far as the High school is responsible at all, it is probably the High school in general and not his English teachers in particular. Undoubtedly the general practice of his High school work, the temptation under a modern curriculum, to take "easy" and "practical" studies and to evade linguistics and "hard" things may account for the fact that his English training has proved ineffectual. His superstructure is paying the penalty of a cheap foundation.

But it is not formal education merely, or even chiefly, that is to blame for the difficulty, distastefulness, and ineffectualness, where these exist, of training in English. "The end of learning," Milton declared, "is to repair the ruins of our first parents." We, in our day, are accustomed to look nearer home for the evils that afflict us. If those who brought us into the world surrounded us with gentle influence, and reared our tender years, had regained something of that felicity whereby Adam and Eve communed with Gabriel and Raphael before the dark day of the oppugnant sword, we should hear less of the difficulties of English composition. The tone and equipment of our family life and all the influences of our society must bear their full share in the indictment. Schools can do much; but they must not be expected to contend successfully with the influence of homes with few books and fewer good ones, a society indifferent or contemptuous toward excellence, and daily communion with "a journalism shrieking, sensational, base." We must take the product of this education and make a writer of him in one year. His historical background is slight, his taste undeveloped

or perverted, his vocabulary rudimentary, his linguistic instinct childish or barbarous. Interdict slang and trashy journalism, and he stammers or is dumb.

Of course this is exaggerated for emphasis. We do not have many of these violent cases and most of them are quarantined at Christmas. But the extreme case enables us to diagnose a general debility, and that general debility is not to be attributed altogether to the failure of the High schools to do their duty. The fact is we instinctively underrate the difficulty of acquiring our native language and resent the trouble it costs us, though it has ever been held that the use of the mother tongue with adequacy and grace is one of the most unflinching marks of a distinguished and disciplined mind.

We do not, therefore, guarantee that all who undergo the hardships and exposures of Freshman English shall find themselves in the end by the four rivers of Paradise or speak with the tongues of angels; one aim is to "repair the ruins," so far as in us lies, of parents, grand-parents and High school teachers, or, in the words of the Catalogue, (1) to train students in the use of English as a means of expression and communication for the ordinary purposes of social, commercial and professional life.

Until these aims are attained to a fair degree by a fair proportion of those committed to our care, we cannot well propose to do more. This is a practical and a utilitarian end, and it is the set purpose of this part of our work to assist the student by all available means to a clear, correct and decent expression of ordinary ideas. Such rudimentary matters as spelling, punctuation, plain grammar, and the technique of intelligible, orderly narration, description and exposition perhaps ought not to need the chief attention, but unfortunately they do. At the same time, we must endeavor to set before the student a few correct, tasteful and even inspiring models of English prose and assist him to detect their virtues; for "reading maketh a full man \* \* \* and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." Few writers get very far without the stimulus and example of those who have preceded

them, and one of the readiest means of improving one's own expression is to attend critically, whether by study or instinct, to the methods and manners of those who have excelled in the same kind. And, as Bacon says in the well-known essay just quoted, "there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be brought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriated exercise." In this course, then, we must carry on the complicated business of giving the student full practice in writing, with detailed criticism of all his efforts from many points of view, while at the same time we set before him, both by precept and example, the principles and phenomena of what is right and admirable in expression. Further, we have not done our whole duty unless we have given him incentives and a critical apparatus for fuller and more appreciative reading of what is really excellent, either in his after years or in the formal courses in reading toward which we are building forward.

In what manner we meet the requirements of those who have the leisure or inclination to proceed farther with their English studies I shall try to show in the space which has been kindly allotted to me in the next number. But before leaving this branch of our work, I would touch on one other matter. It is sometimes complained that all this "rubbed in emphasis on the rudiments" has a tendency to smother the originality of the student who has a real gift for expression, and particularly that we do not supply the tricks of the trade to such as have budding aspirations toward magazine checks and the like. There seems to be an impression that there is a conspiracy of wilfulness or imbecility on the part of English instructors to withhold some mysterious *hocus pocus* of the craft, some magic trick work by which the toil which leads to success may be evaded. That any considerable box of tricks has been hidden away unopened I doubt, while waiving the whole question of whether we should allow ourselves to teach this cheap legerdemain if we could. I would simply remind the ultra-utilitarian school that "the greatest good of the greater number" is the basic principle of their philosophy.

(To be concluded.)

# Grubbings of a Cub Reporter

CHALMER B. TRAVER

My entrance into that vast and as yet only partially plowed field of human endeavor known as journalism followed immediately upon a disastrous fire that destroyed the entire plant and office of a large concern which manufactured fireproofing materials and which employed me to aid in impressing the value of these materials upon the public at large. As I stood in the snow an hour after the blaze had started in a barrel of fireproof varnish in the basement and watched a six-story wall fall on my hat and overcoat, I was deeply impressed with the transitory nature of things of this world, jobs and overcoats included. A reporter on one of the city papers interrupted my reverie and I told him what I knew of the fire. This must have been an act of fate, for two weeks later I was an ambitious member of the city staff of that very paper. I am afraid that my first motives in going into journalism were not of the highest. I struck the city editor for the job for the same reason that our cashier, on the first alarm of fire, had slammed the doors of the vault shut—because there was money in it.

My first assignment was very humble in its nature, but one in which the greatest of tact was indispensable, as pointed out by the City Editor. A woman of considerable social aspirations had grappled single-handed with a burglar the night before I had debouched into the newspaper business, the burglar coming out of the contest much the worse for wear and in the hands of two burly police officers. Our regular police reporter had made the story on a rewrite from the morning papers and

it was my noble mission to obtain a photograph of the strong-arm lady.

"Briggs of the ——— and Solverson of the ——— (mentioning our two rival papers) have obviously fallen down on the picture," said the city ed. to me. (I did not learn to call him the "city ed." until later, though.) "She probably frowns on 'vulgar notoriety.' You'll have to talk to her for all you're worth." I departed with an air of great importance.

"Hot on the trail?" asked the elevator boy with undue familiarity as I went down.

"Little hand to hand scratch with a porch climber up on the west side," I answered as vaguely and nonchalantly as I could.

I arrived at the house, a very ordinary one it seemed to me, in due time. A rather husky woman came to the door—perhaps the heroine of last night's fight, I thought with growing diffidence.

"I beg pardon. I represent the Evening Press" I started.

"Well, I subscribe for the Evening Press and just paid my bill last week," was the surprising answer as the door was slammed in my face. There was something wrong somewhere. I rang again hesitatingly.

"Well, whatcha want?" screamed the Amazon as she bounced to the door a second time.

"I understand you had a little—a—tussle with a burglar last night." I had struck the right combination on the second throw.

"Betcher life I did, and I guess he's sorry now," she vouchafed, her soul warm-

ing in contemplation of the battle. "I saw him climbing through the dining room window there," she pointed, "and I grabbed him like this and hollered." She demonstrated with startling reality on my own person.

"Could I have a photograph of yourself for tonight's paper?" I timidly enquired, breaking away from her Herculean grasp. She was all smiles in an instant.

"Oh, I don't want any notoriety, of course, but," she returned coyly, "I suppose——" I departed highly elated in the possession of the picture and in my tact in securing it so easily. But I always had a sneaking suspicion that Briggs and Solverson had fallen down on the picture because they had no desire to get it after a view of that milk-curdling countenance. It would not fit with the advance stories each had written on the winsome, spirituelle little wife who had determindly guarded the family treasure in her very weakness.

Speaking of pictures reminds me of another incident that occurred some time later. While doing general "cubbing" I was frequently sent out after photographs and gradually grew to be very adept, as I thought, in reading character and acting accordingly. But there came a time when my science seemed to fail me altogether. For a whole week I knew nothing but defeat. There were reasons, of course, but city editors demand "the goods" and show an unhuman lack of interest in reasons for failure in an assignment. One night a thrifty retail merchant on the south side grew tired of being favored by fortune and suspended all that was earthly of him by means of four feet of clothesline in the basement of his home. His wife, going down into the cellar for potatoes in the cold gray dawn was justly shocked at what she found. The details that followed, harrowing as they were can just as well be passed over. I was summoned out of a warm bed by a phone call from the city editor and hastened to the scene with a view of beating out the Herold's man, who had an unhappy faculty of divining these happenings before hand and getting the photograph ahead of me. But as I pushed past the morgue wagon and several hundred odd of the morbidly curious I was

dumbfounded to see my rival come racing out of the house and down the steps.

I entered and put in my plea for a photograph. The story could wait until later. Rebuff was written on the face of the deceased man's brother whom I addressed.

"We only have one picture of Thomas," said he severely, pointing to a fearsome crayon depiction about three feet square which adorned one of the walls, "and that will never leave the house so long as I am here. There have been three men after it already, but I showed 'em." I believed every word of what he said. He left the room after pronouncing the edict which might cost me my job.

"You have fallen down on three photos this week," the city ed. had reminded me with unnecessary severity over the phone. "Don't let it happen again." That is the trouble with city editors. They put so much trust in your ability and think you are sleeping on the job if you don't happen to give fate and circumstances the double cross at every encounter. Then the room was brightened by a great, glad presence. It was O'Laughlin of Station No. 3, whom I had got acquainted with while out on a counterfeiting story the week before. I told him my predicament. No photos and that awful crayon, three feet square, doubly beyond my reach owing both to its size and the stern edict of the fierce man with moustaches in charge. O'Laughlin scratched his head and smiled. When he scratched his head he was always thinking and when he smiled it was a token that he had not thought in vain. The two actions in sequence seemed auspicious. Then he spoke in his big-hearted way.

"I'm the copper in charge," said he in a brogue I will not spoil by attempt at imitation. "I will have to temporarily confiscate the picture for use at headquarters and hereby appoint you to take it there." He winked slowly with one eye. "Now grab the billboard off the wall and beat it before his nibs comes back on guard." I followed his instructions and had to flash my star to keep from being mobbed by the indignant neighbors who saw me making off with the life size portrait of their departed friend.

"Did you get the picture?" asked the

city editor, almost in the nature of a stern reproof as he saw me enter the city room empty handed.

"Yes," I answered, keeping down my elation as well as I could.

"Where it is?" he snapped.

"Coming up on the freight elevator." He pardoned the pleasantry later when he heard that the Herold photographer had been sent down to photograph the crayon as a last resort when their police man had returned with the story of the circumstances. I heard later of that Herold photographer's encounter with the irate guardian of the stolen treasure. Of course we returned the picture when the story was sufficiently old.

The part O'Laughlin took in the matter was an exceptional case of a policeman helping a reporter, but I could enumerate hundreds of similar cases where the common bond between reporters and policemen is evident. There is something in the similarity of their work, in the long night watches and exciting experiences together that invariably draws the two kinds of servants of the public together. Of course the benefit is not all on one side. I have known two bluecoats who graduated from the billy and the "beat" to the star of a plain clothes man chiefly through the press notices their reporter friends gave them in the papers. On the other hand there is a world that separates them in some respects. Outside of their business the two have little in common. Even the detectives, most of whom are old blue coats are a rather coarse class of men and in little sympathy with the finer things of life which reporters as a class appreciate. Some of the former realize this. We were discussing the practicibility of a foundation of Latin for the study of the modern languages one afternoon in the detectives' room at the central station. One of the reporters asked Jim McGrath, the oldest and perhaps the best detective on the force, in a half playful way, "Do you know anything about Latin, Jim?"

"If I did I wouldn't be a copper," returned Jim, looking wistfully out upon the wet street below as he shifted the Niggerhair in his mouth, and added to the street's wetness with a deftly aimed brown streak.

After I had been on the paper a short

time the other fellows began to find out that they could trust me to do the disagreeable things connected with their own jobs, and I became very busy as a result of that confidence. I had to traverse miles of docks and wharfs in search of clearances and arrivals for the marine man. I used to do all the smaller rewrites and occasionally take a shot at the social column, on which occasions I would be regaled by familiar voices, those of people I knew and supposed to be above such things, calling up to give the details of a "very informal something or other" at which they were hostesses the day before or would be on the day to follow. The yearning for newspaper mention grips the social aspirant even harder than it does the musical comedy star or the political candidate and some will go unbelievable lengths to obtain it. Occasionally I would write the church notices for the Saturday edition and "fix up" sermons and lectures that were sent us for publication. There was one Jewish Rabbi in particular who spoke a great deal and took pains that all his speeches should see print. To this end he sent lengthy copies, all written out in microscopic and almost unintelligible longhand, to the papers the day following his speech. It was my misfortune to copy two of these on the typewriter for the compositors. I have never held the same respect and reverence for that Rabbi since.

But all sufferings have their reward and when the police man left, two months after I joined the staff, I was put on police, with greater responsibility on my shoulders, but more of the "crinkly" in the pay envelope to make up for it. The police job in a town of moderate size and fair morals is "soft" until something happens and then—it is like war in General Sherman's phraseology. All the other papers had two men on police, one to cover the police courts and another to do the stations, morgue, Emergency hospital, and fire department. Our paper had always gotten along with one and I fell a victim to the precedent. Five days in the week I had little difficulty handling the "run" single handed, but usually something would break out on the sixth and I would have to send a hurry call to get out the reserves from the office. That was the understanding, though, and the office al-

ways came across if there was a man in the city room. In the case of a large fire or explosion three or four men are often sent out from one paper, and the swiftness and organization with which they work is wonderful, although not as spectacularly apparent as that of the firemen and police. I have often wondered what readers, who grumble over slight breaks and seeming incongruities in a big story, would think if they knew that five men had written that story, each working almost wholly independent of the others. As soon as word reaches the office shortly before "makeup" that a fire threatens to be a big one, one man and often two are sent directly to the scene, another is stationed at the phone to get the insurance companies, keep in touch with the hospitals, and fire headquarters, and "take" from the men at the fire, and another, usually the assistant city editor, stays by his machine to write what comes in over the wire, hurry it out to the compositors as it comes, and "dope" out a head, often chiefly with details supplied from his own fruitful imagination. In this way it is possible to get an edition on the street almost before the reserve apparatus has arrived at the fire in response to a third or fourth alarm.

The police department in our town was on very good terms with the press and news was not held back unless its publication would actually interfere with the workings of the police. The sheriff's force on the other hand maintained a policy of czar-like despotism and secrecy, which, needless to state, "put them in" decidedly bad with the reporters and hot was the war waged between them. I accompanied a reporter on one of the morning papers one time when he went to the sheriff's office to look over some warrant papers. There was nothing in the papers which could harm either the prisoner or the sheriff's force by publication, but we met with a hesitating refusal from the undersheriff.

"They have—er—ah—been mislaid," said he rather lamely. The morning man said nothing but marched out. The next morning his paper sported a big scare story on the front page about the loss of several important papers from the sheriff's office. That story raised a thick blue smoke around the latter place for several

days, during which time my friend lay low. Several months later after things had cleared up a little we called again one night on a similar mission. This time the sheriff himself was present and refused flatly to comply with our request, at the same time saying some unnecessarily nasty things to the author of the "lost papers" article. The latter was a true son of Erin and I knew something would happen. It would not be in the line of a fistic encounter I felt sure for the person of the sheriff was naturally most sacred. Also it was most husky. But the reporter advanced almost to within six inches of the big man's nose and shaking his finger in the other's astonished face, said very slowly, "You're sore because I ran a little story that was a fake on the surface of it and altogether unimportant. There are other things (emphasis on the "other") that have gone on around this place that haven't been printed—yet. Let's see the papers." The sheriff grumblingly came across with the papers. The "yet" did the business. But that reporter knew too much to get along as a police reporter in that town, and I recently received a letter from him in Minneapolis where he will probably stay until he gets too wise to suit the police and sheriff's force of that city.

There are less stories "faked" in the newspapers today than is generally supposed. Fake stories are of two classes, enlargements on real facts and absolute fabrications with no reason whatever for their existence. Many reporters are led to fake because of the importunity of their city editors for something new. While I was in newspaper work a series of rather daring street car holdups took place in quick succession and thought to have been all perpetrated by the same man. Detectives and deputy sheriffs grew nearsighted looking for the trail of the supposed street car bandit, but without success and the matter was finally driven into oblivion by other close crowding events. However, one of the papers, a labor organ and rather sensational, came out with a car bandit story at regular intervals long after the public interest in the affair was dead. In some of these the man had actually been caught; in others he had been seen in unheard of places and "the police were diligently at work on the clue." When the



fellows asked Car Bandit Kirwan, as we designated the author of the stories, when the series was to be discontinued, he would answer, "When the boss tells me to stop. D'you think I'm writing 'em for my own amusement?" In this case it was plainly the fault of a city editor with an exaggerated taste for the sensational. A reporter who fakes on his own responsibility and for the possible "standin'" he may get in the office for turning in a so-called "big" story seldom fails to come to grief in the long run. His colored embellishments of the truth are soon discovered to be such in the office and frequently get him and his paper into serious trouble. At one time I was working on a story of a woman who was supposed to have been drugged and robbed of a considerable amount of money. She was a stranger in town and when telling the police about her adventure she was unable to tell where the robbery occurred, saying she was unconscious at the time. She was sure, however, that she had been dragged into a saloon near one of the large depots where she has just alighted from a train. Most of us let it go at that, saying that the incident had occurred in a saloon in the heart of the downtown district. But a photographer on one of the papers wasn't satisfied with such a vague way of putting it and through some scare tip or other photographed the place of a respectable, jovial little German saloonkeeper who had been in business in that vicinity for years, and the picture was run in connection with the story as the place where the robbery had been committed. The saloonkeeper's name had been retouched from the picture, but hundreds who saw it recognized the place in its startling familiarity. The German brought a libel suit against the paper and justly won out. It afterwards transpired that the supposed victim was a half-witted woman of not enviable reputation in her home town who had doubtless done a little "faking" on her own hook to cover up the loss of the money which she had either gambled away or spent.

The life of a reporter, and especially that of a police reporter, is filled with

strange experiences, coming in rapid succession. He never knows when he goes to work in the morning what the day holds in store for him. The impatient, expectant feeling which comes at first wears off in a few weeks, however, and the reporter learns to calmly await things as they come, knowing that he will have full opportunity to exercise both physical and mental activity when the proper time comes. I have seen six reporters gathered around a telephone at the central police station, with minds intent on a game of cards they were playing, while they waited for details of a sewer gas explosion that cost several lives. It was too late to go out on the story and anyway the police would have the details as soon as they could be obtained, so they waited. And when the news did come, it was as if an electric shock had disintegrated the peaceful scene. All sprang into action and snapped the story into their respective offices, keeping all four phones in the room in commission at the same time and speaking in several different languages, for beside the men on the English papers, our bunch included two German and two Polish reporters.

Fascinating as the work is it is certain to become a terrible strain if not interspersed with frequent periods of comparative inactivity. Hence the times when there is "nothing doing" are welcomed by the fellows who feel that they have justly earned a short respite from work and can enjoy each other's company and the discussion of things apart from their vocation without suffering qualms of conscience at their inactivity. The city editors realize the value of these leisure moments to the men. "Get acquainted when there is nothing else to do," said my city editor to me when I first went on the "run." and I can truthfully say that the acquaintances made in leisure, perhaps idle, moments seldom failed to be of immense value to me, aside from the obvious benefits to be derived from the comradeship of as broad-minded and congenial as set of good fellows as I found reporters as a class to be.

# Muskeeters

WILLIAM B. KEMP

A party of Great Lake tourists, desiring to see more of nature than a continuous trip by water could afford, remained for two weeks at an upper Michigan port. They wandered out one day to pick ferns and goldenrod. By the roadside they fell in with an old settler. The humorous twinkle of his eye led to conversation. As they talked, the mosquitoes became very troublesome. One of the girls complained concerning them.

"Muskeeters?" scoffed the woodsman, "them ain't no muskeeters. You ought to go back in the bush. Muskeeters, eh? Say, you folks don't know a muskeeter when you see him."

He climbed upon a stump and motioned the others to seat themselves likewise.

"Three years ago last spring," he continued, looking about to see that he held his audience, "three year ago it was, me an' Jim was livin' in a tarred paper shack in the sugar bush. 'Twasn't much of a thing—only eight by ten with a shed roof and dirt floor, but we had what answered for a porch in front. There was a little pine t' shade an' a big holler log t' set on."

"One mornin' Jim he'd went t' town with sugar, so me an' the squirrels had the place to ourselves. There wasn't nothin' t' do, so I set down on the log an' watched the streaks o' bright sunshine playin' on the tree trunks as the leaves wobbled in the wind. It was one o' them mornin's when you wonder an' listen t' see if the bees an' insects is comin' t' life again after the winter."

"I was gettin' kind o' dozy like, 'most half asleep at times, when I heard a noise like a big wind far off. 'What's that?"

thought I, as it got louder an' came nearer. After a while I saw something like a lot o' sparrers comin'. As they approached, bee line for the shack, they looked more an' more like young cranes an' I got interested an' set up real attentive. 'Them's queer birds,' says I, 'an' talk about comin'. I begun t' think I was either dreamin' or gettin' dippy, but about the same time I got wise t' what they was. You see, it wasn't nothin' but jest a lot o' Wisconsin muskeeters come over into Michigan t' get their dinner, which they thought was comin' from me."

"Then they hit, an' went in for me as if they hadn't seen no white man for years. You ought t' seen me get inside that shack. I tried all I could t' discourage 'em from followin', but when I shut the door it got dark inside an' I noticed some fierce ones was with me. I scratched a match an' started up a kerosene lamp t' make 'em recognize it was still daytime. All the good it done was t' show me I had five of 'em t' deal with. Now five of them monsters an' me an' the kerosene lamp was a mighty tight fit inside that shack, especially the reckless way they was shiftin' about."

"Every time one of 'em tried his bill it was like drivin' a spike in your leg. I was gettin' mighty vengeful an' sayin' rash things under my breath afore I remembered the hammer. When I got hand on it I gave 'em their dues mighty quick. Three of 'em I reduced t' jelly an' the others I laid out an' stomped on. Exhausted I set down on the floor t' get my breath an' think it over."

"I soon noticed a noise like someone

scrapin' new potatoes all around the wall an' lookin' up by the lamp light I found the place bristlin' with muskeeters' beaks, an' new ones comin' through all the time. Them that had come through was swingin' around as if they expected t' come in connection with me. What was I goin' t' do? Them muskeeters was plumb furious an' they might break the winder any minute an' come through. A bright idee come t' me. I had about twenty pound o' wire staples which I used in fastenin' buckets t' the bush.

"I waited until there wasn't no buzzin' outside, then went t' work clinchin' them beaks. It wasn't no great job t' bend 'em over where they come through a board

an' drive a staple t' hold 'em down. It took a long time, seemin'ly, but in about two hours an' a half I had every beak fastened tight.

"Did I get all of 'em?" Pshaw, didn't I see 'em fly off with the shack, an' leave me in the middle o' the dirt floor. Yes, sir, that there shack bobbed off like a half-filled balloon at a county fair. I never tried t' foller it, I was that dumb-founded, but if you come on an old shack hangin' somewhere on a hillside amongst the bush, just remember how it got there, an' also if it ain't too much trouble let me know where it is. I'd like t' pull some o' them staples for next spring's sap gatherin'."

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## Thanksgiving

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

*Ho, niggah, time to starve yo'se'f,  
An' keep yo' belt up tight;  
Ain't this Novembah's lastes' week?  
Ah reckon Ah's 'bout right!*

*Ain' had no tu'key, ner no goose,  
Not fo' a right smaht while;  
But when nex' Thursday done come roun'  
Ah spec' dis dahkey smile!*

*Ump! Brodderen, smell dat hot co'n pone,  
An' cramberry sass, an' pie!  
Ah keep mah razah on de hone—  
Wild gobblak's livin' high!*

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## Wooin'

LAURENCE DRAKE

*Fragrant night, with the moonlight beaming,  
Veil of mists on the distant hills,  
Eyes that are brighter than starlight gleaming,  
Quivering hearts, where the silence thrills.*

*Whispered words where the shadow lingers,  
Star lit way for love's aimless feet,  
Hand clasped close over trembling fingers,  
Touch of lips—and the world's complete.*

# The Thousandth Guru

CHALMER B. TRAVER

When Starkweather came back from a three weeks' prospecting trip throughout the mountainous solitudes of northern Sumatra up Singkel way, he brought with him, among other relics of the trip, two things which he did not show his family or friends. One was a shriveled snake-skin, light sea green in color, with little red eyes that glowed as brilliantly as when the departed snake soul had furnished them living fire. The second acquisition from the gold country, which none but myself ever saw, was a miniature green black scar, triangular in shape, on Starkweather's left forearm, just below the elbow. The scar was so small that it was not discernible except on close inspection and Starkweather, to my knowledge, never invited that close inspection.

We sat on the veranda of his library in Calcutta one suffocating night and watched the oily black surge of the Bay of Bengal, splashed with the red, green and yellow reflections of the harbor lights, as it rose and fell on the other side of the Cuttack road, which separated my friend's house from the sea. Our two cigars glowed and dulled alternately and in unison as Joe Starkweather told me the story of the dried snake skin with the uncanny, glowing eyes, and the little triangular scar, like the mark of a tattoo under the skin of his left forearm.

"As you remember I left Calcutta in a hurry and with little preparation for the trip in the way of guides and coolie carriers. Our firm had received word that new gold deposits had been discovered in the mountains of northern Sumatra near Singkel, and three hours after the receipt of the dispatch I was speeding down the

Malay peninsula toward Singapore. Reaching there I took boat for Ringat and up the Botang river as far as a little place called Mayoa built at the very point where the river becomes a mountain stream, whose shallowness and treacherous nature make all navigation further up impossible.

It was a dark night when our boat warped carefully into the shallow water at the Mayoan river front, with the sound of the mountain rapids just ahead in sharp contrast to the still, muddy expanse that swirled about our prow and on down to the sea. Despite the lateness of the hour several dock loungers, mainly coolies of the lower class, sprang forward to take my baggage, as I, the only white passenger, landed. It was a question of first come, first employed to me, as they all looked alike and equally demoniacal under the flare of the oil torches. The conqueror of my effects, after beating the others off, grandly beckoned me with an air of possession and said one English word "Follow," but with such vast grandiloquence and careful inflection that I obeyed at once.

He led me to a sort of tavern at one end of the dirty main street, and awaking the landlord, arranged the details of my apartments for the night and baggage disposition. As I slipped a coin into his hand I said, "Tomorrow I will need a guide and horses for the Singkel passes," at the same time motioning vaguely north. He understood and started out on a voluble dissertation, partly in English and partly in Hindustani, but I cut him short and told him to come in the morning.

The sun had scarcely peeped above the

mountains the next morning before I received a visit from my guide of the previous evening.

"The required horses are without. Sahib," he said in English; "the required guide awaits you below." Then relapsing into a mixture of English and Hindustani which I understood a little, he continued, "He will guide you through the Sinkgel passes as no other man could, for he is filled with the wisdom of nature and of books. Chosen of the great Vishnu Himself to further His teachings and His word he is of the mystic order of the *gurus* to whom all Heaven and Earth are as an open book. Sahib, he awaits your readiness." With a low salaam the man withdrew. I was at first rather awed at the deific nature and powers of my guide-to-be as set forth by the coolie. I had heard wild tales of the gurus, the inner circle of priests of the Brahman religion. Did these exalted ones employ their precious time guiding white foreigners about the Sumatran wilds? Or was it evidence of a deep-laid plot against my welfare that I was to be so favored?

With curiosity and a considerable amount of awe I went below to meet the man with whom I was to be thrown alone for a week in the desolate Sumatran mountains. A large, powerful young Malay rose to greet me in place of the wizened, cunning, old priest I had expected. The man looked intelligent and even wholesome, with allowance for the sallowness of the race, and spoke at once in perfect, if rather strangely accented English. "I am the guide you desired. I await your commands, O Sahib." He did not salaam at the end of his address as had the coolie porter. I was well impressed with my new guide, although still curious as to the necessity for his acting in that capacity at all. However, I would have ample time to satisfy my curiosity. There was nothing in the least mysterious about the man or his actions at present.

We left almost immediately after breakfast, the guide riding ahead on one of the horses and bearing our bulkier luggage, while I followed on the other horse, hampered only by a small document case in one of my pockets and a pair of big, blue-steel six-shooters in holsters. These aroused no comment, as everyone goes

armed in the yellow countries since the last Malay uprising.

The first day was an endless succession of rushing mountain streams, black, rocky gorges and thick forest undergrowth, all of which we passed safely under the Malay's capable guidance. The second day went like the first and now that the first thrill of it was over I viewed the passing landscape as I would a panorama I had seen before. Towards nightfall I advanced so far in the confidence of the Malay that he told me his name, Berun, the son of Soorkan. I considered the eliciting of this information a piece of wonderful diplomacy on my part, and did not press Berun farther. The trip was still young. On the third day he saved me the embarrassment of appearing inquisitive by opening the conversation himself with a query as to my business in Singkel, apologizing at great length for his unheard of obtrusiveness into my affairs. I was glad of a chance to talk and I can say I really believe he enjoyed listening to the lengthy account I gave him of myself, my company in Calcutta, and of the gold reports we had received. The facts could certainly bear telling and after three days of silence it was a relief to get them off my mind to someone, no matter how disinterested. At the end of the recital I felt licensed to question him a little.

"And what is your business, Berun?" I asked craftily. "Do you spend all your time in guiding people about the mountains?"

"Not all. I do many things," he answered evasively, then with a slight touch of pride in which he betrayed himself, "It is so willed."

"I have heard that you belong to the secret order of gurus," I pressed bluntly, looking squarely over to him as we rode side by side across a flat. He surprised me by showing no surprise but answered without hesitation. "It is the will of the great Vishnu and the kindness of His disciples." Surely there was no reticence here to fear, so I pressed him farther.

"And is it a common thing for the holy members of the order to go about performing humble services in life for their inferiors?" I attempted to touch his vanity by the use of the word inferior.

"It is written in the holy Veda that one can help the world only by living in it," was his simple laconic answer. "Our brethren all perform menial services among men during a part of the year." I was a trifle surprised at this admission, for I had always pictured the gurus as living, a mysterious, sequestered band, in some lonely mountain retreat, and viewing the outside world only from a heavy disguise or while others were asleep.

We conversed on different points of the Brahman faith for some time, but all my attempts to delve deeper into the mysteries of the gurus met with non-communicative but tactful reserve on his part. Nevertheless we got along well as far as the discussion held to the general and better known tenets of the Brahman creed. I had read considerable on the subject and had come into contact with a good many Brahmans during my stay in Calcutta and trips to the interior. He was well informed, I could see, and no mean adversary in a philosophical debate. We arrived at Singkel near sunset of the fourth day.

The reports of new gold discoveries were false, I discovered much to my chagrin, concocted by some wily half caste speculator probably. The old mines on which our company held options were in good running order and under the best of management. My mission was not entirely fruitless, for I made out a careful report of conditions as I found them, but there was no necessity for my remaining in the place more than a day. Accordingly we turned our faces back toward the south as soon as I finished my report. I suggested that we take our time on the way back, for my leave of absence covered three weeks and a short vacation held out its inducements to me after a hard year's work in town. Berun was agreeable and the weather, though warm, was pleasant. Berun was slowly becoming more communicative and the long evenings in camp were enlivened by heated discussions of the topic that was our common interest. And during each talk I got closer and closer to the ways and habits of the gurus. I complimented myself on the progress I was making, although I had not unearthed as yet the deeper mysteries of the priests, the rela-

tion in which they held the members of the trinity, Vishnu, Brahma, and Civa, and the more sacred writings of the Veda.

Then one sultry night as we camped on the lowlands, the night before we were to reach Mayo, Berun astonished me as we sat by the glowing cypress embers, "We reach Mayo on the morrow. Near the town is the temple of the gurus. No white man has ever been there. Is it the Sahib's pleasure to visit the brethren in their hal- lowed haunts? I will show the way."

After the first shock of surprise I collected my senses enough to think. What was the object of the invitation? Why was I picked out to be thus favored of all the white Sahibs that have overrun that country for the last half century? I scrutinized the face of the young priest closely, without immediately answering him. He returned my gaze calmly and seemed to divine my question.

"You are earnest and deeply interested in our faith. You will see nothing at the temple that you cannot carry to the outside world, thus binding yourself in no way. Is it the Sahib's pleasure?" It would certainly be a pleasure, in fact a gift of providence, if, as he said, no obligations were to be incurred by the visit. I promptly thanked him and consented to go, though with a lingering feeling of doubt and undefined fear in my heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the blindfold was removed from my eyes I beheld with a sharp indrawing of breath the gurus, nine in number, seated about a circular platform in the middle of the temple which I had entered led by the faithful Berun. After the first thrill of beholding the far-famed but little known band of priests at their devotions my eyes sought the walls and ceilings of the edifice. There was nothing about the temple to distinguish it from the hundreds of other Indian temples throughout the country. In fact, to my eyes, trained to expect something bizarre or perhaps even supernatural, the smoky wooden beams and rudely carved pillars seemed rather mean and below that of the average temple.

My slight feelings of disappointment were interrupted by the breaking up of the circle of priests, each of whom now came over to me in turn and spoke a few

words in Hindustani or English. I was surprised to see that many were young men, and that several spoke almost faultless English, as had my guide, Berun. After fifteen or twenty minutes of this casual intercourse, during no part of which time was religion touched upon, the nine withdrew through a door in the rear of the temple at the side of the great threatening statue of Vishnu. I was asked to remain where I sat with the assurance that I would be joined later by Berun and guided back to Mayo.

The time seemed to lengthen into hours. I pictured myself subject to all sorts of tortures in this grim temple and under the very eyes of the great, grinning god indistinct in the gloom at the farther end of the hall. I even went through all the mental tortures of starving to death in this lonely realm of the heathen spirits, when the door opened and Berun returned.

There was something of ceremony in the way in which he approached me. Although he was alone I could almost see the dim forms of the others gathered closely behind the portal which he had left slightly ajar as he entered.

Motioning me to rise he spread both his hands, palms upward, toward me and began abruptly in Hindustani and in a singing voice as if reciting a chant, "It is the will of the great Vishnu and the wish of the assembled gurus whom you have met as His disciples that you accept the sacred cord which makes you a member of our ancient and holy order. Make known your feelings in the matter to the assembled gurus as brother to brother." At the last word he retreated solemnly and took his stand beside the raised platform while the eight other priests filed slowly in and grouped themselves before me. My mouth was parched and it was some minutes before I could utter a sound. Then I told them how I appreciated the honor and spiritual significance of their proposal, but that I would be in Sumatra only a fortnight at the most when I would return among my white countrymen, thus making the event of my becoming a priest impossible.

An old dried-up guru then stepped forward and told me, from what I could make out of his feeble, high-pitched Hin-

dustani, that although no white man had ever been admitted to the inner circle of the gurus, the time had come when the realm of their influence must be broadened. I, he said, was in the prime of life and a zealous student, if not a devotee, of the Brahman faith. Once within the circle I would see the right. Furthermore he pointed out that the gurus did not demand a sequestered monastic life from their members and that my taking the oaths need not interfere in the least with my business and other relations in Calcutta.

"You will go about your affairs of this world as before," he concluded, "although always a secret link in the great chain of which Vishnu Himself is the first and last link."

I thought years in a few seconds of absolute silence that followed. I had always had a desire for investigation into the occult of all kinds and was not hampered by any fixed religious beliefs. If they could take me for what I purported to be what should hinder my taking them and letting the gain be mutual? Need the taking of the vows affect my future life materially, if I lived apart and away from their teachings during the greater part of it? By this I do not mean to say that I meant to be insincere in taking the oaths, but merely pondered on how far I could reconcile the faith I was about to adopt to the conventions and decencies of my own race and that among which I lived.

The outcome was that I took the vows. There is no need of my going into my first gropings into the most intimate secrecies of these Brahman priests. I was given certain parts of the Veda to read and ponder on, together with writings purporting to come from the hand of Vishnu, the great sun-god of the ancients. I learned the details of how the holy order of gurus had managed to remain unchanged in belief and numbers throughout the centuries; how it always comprised ten men and how upon the death of one member a novice had been selected from millions of young men, as I had been, and given the oaths and the sacred cord. The last made clear to me why there were only nine priests present when I had first visited the temple. The tenth had died just

before my arrival in Mayo, which occurred while the remaining nine were scouring the country for one to take the place of the dead priest in the endless chain. Berun had chanced upon me through an accident which became the "will of Vishnu" upon my taking of the oaths. I furthermore learned the unique and surprising fact that I was exactly the thousandth guru who had been initiated into the order since its founding. Berun had preceded me by four years and was the nine hundred and ninety-ninth, by the records in the great books in the monastery library.

I was permitted the freedom of all the shelves and often sat hour after hour puzzling out the ancient Hindu passages. The time was not wasted for I became a fair reader of the simple writings in less than a week, with my previous knowledge of the language taken into account. One day I discovered a large, thin book, pushed back behind some dusty old volumes on one of the top shelves. Curiously I withdrew the ancient book, which in shape and size, savored strangely of a modern business ledger, and turned through its yellow parchment pages. The dust which rested heavily on all the volumes about it was strangely absent from this one. The first half of the work appeared at a hasty glance to be a collection of short writings—essays and the like, with no names attached. The latter pages had to do with the history of the gurus, the entrances being in very concise and condensed form. There were many blank pages at the back for entrances still to be made. By the binding I judged that the book could not be more than two centuries old at the most and that whatever writings it held pertaining to previous happenings must have been copied in by the monks.

I began to read with interest the first pages of the book. They appeared to have been written by some ancient guru and set forth the relations which he had received directly from Vishnu while in a trance. Vishnu, I had come to learn, held the highest place among the Brahman deities in the doctrines of the gurus—was what one might call their patron saint as distinguished from the rest.

I was breathlessly scanning what pur-

ported to be the words of the deific Vishnu Himself when a yellow hand shot over my shoulder and snatched the book, snapping the covers shut at the same time. In the keyed up state of mind the reading had placed me in I cried aloud at the uncanny interruption and whirled on the owner of the arm. It was the old guru who had spoken on the first evening I had come to the temple. "It is not for young wearers of the sacred cord," was his only explanation of the strange act. "Time will make all things plain." He withdrew with the book under his arm, leaving me trembling at the shock I had received and a feeling of mystery, deeper mystery than I had ever encountered in my eventful life, filling me with fear and curiosity.

Out of the chaos of my mind I formed the resolve to get the book again at all costs and read it from beginning to end. Fortune aided me in this in that the old guru was called to Mayo the next day. Even after his departure, however, I felt that I was being closely watched by the remaining priests. Every time I entered the little cell or study of the absent guru, which opened off the library, another priest was there, which led me to the supposition that whatever they didn't want me to get at was in the near vicinity. I searched the room closely if unostentatiously for possible hiding places. Then a well known fact that rendered all the accumulated cunningness and craft of the Oriental mind futile occurred to me. It came to me in a flash that often things are the hardest to find when they are in the most obvious places. Had the gurus followed that theory at the beginning I would probably never have opened the book I now sought, even had I chanced to come upon it. Perhaps the old guru was now trying another tack. It took several visits to the study to systematically search it without staying long enough at any one time to arouse suspicion. I was at last rewarded by the discovery of the long-sought object resting with, but by no means concealed by many books of different shapes and sizes that occupied a primitive shelf at one side of the more primitive fireplace. How to get the book to my own cell or box-like room of logs was the next question. I finally resolved that this could only be accomplished through the



sheerest boldness, and accordingly slipped the volume under my robe while Berun, who was writing next the window at the time, appeared to be absorbed. Then gathering some papyrus sheets from the table of sandle wood I walked carelessly out and to my own miniature apartment where I hid the precious book under some clothing.

Evening worship in the temple over, I left hurriedly to bury myself in the mystic lore that I felt sure the forbidden pages held. By the light of a cheap oil lamp of English make I hurried on and on until a passage that held a singularly familiar word, the Hindustani for thousandth, caught my eye and I read slowly and carefully. I will not tell you my sensations as I read, for I forgot them in the turbulence of the next few moments. I only remember that amusement was blended with fear and horror.

"For it comes from the lips of Vishnu the sun-god, first and last link in our eternal chain," read the passage, "that nine hundred and ninety-nine gurus will take the sacred cord and live faultless lives after the teachings of Vishnu, Brahma, and Civa, but that the thousandth guru shall prove a weak link and shall betray our secrets to strangers. For this weakening of faith *his soul shall pass into the body of a serpent* and in this form will set about the destruction of those to whom he has betrayed us. \* \* \*

The rest became a blur to my sight. So this was the reason that I had been selected as the thousandth guru—a worthless white foreigner whose transformation to a serpent would mean no loss to the Malay race, no loss to the gurus, and no loss to their heathen religion. While I was amused in a fearful sort of way the horror and cold bloodedness of the idea held me in a sort of trance. How inevitable to the Brahmans was fate, and fate at that, propounded by some half-crazed priest centuries before. But even as I wondered at it I realized that this meek acceptance of things as they are and as they are set down was the strength and sinew that had kept the faith pure and unchanged throughout the ages.

My ponderings were broken in upon by the entrance of Berun, the cause of my

entanglement in all this world-old superstition and mummery.

"You have read the revelations of Tayrun?" he said calmly. At my weakly attempted denial he continued in the same even tone, "Yes, you have read it. I saw you take the book from the cell of the brother who has but just returned. But I made no outcry. I wanted you to read the divinely inspired words of Tayrun, although I had commands to forbid it. You have read them?" He put the question so insistently that I nodded. What was the object of the man's strange visit here at this psychological moment? He answered the question as if it had been uttered aloud. "I have dared the suspicions of the other gurus in coming here at this time. Discovery means death to me. But I must have speech with you before it is too late. What is set down by Tayrun, who saw and conversed with Vishnu in a dream, will happen. It will happen as surely as the universe moves on in space, for the prediction which you have just read and the predictions governing the movement of the universe through all time, were made by the same Vishnu, the Sun-God Himself." He paused to note the effect of his remarks, standing calmly erect and with his arms folded as if pronouncing sentence of death. I sat silent thinking, trying to shake myself out of the uncanny sense of horror that gripped me ever more tightly. His next words came as if from far away.

"It may happen tomorrow; it may happen in a year, but it is bound to happen no matter where you are or what faith you may adopt, for you have taken the holy oaths and your soul will remain to eternity the soul of a guru. But I have come to ask your deepest forgiveness for the part I took in leading you to this. It was only by the will of Vishnu that I led you here for the first time as it was only by the will of Vishnu that you and not I are to suffer the penalty of the thousandth guru. Before I leave forgive me. It-was-by-the-will-of-Vishnu—" The words grew fainter and fainter to my strained senses and Berun seemed to be melting into the gloom that enthralled us both. I screamed aloud in sudden terror at being left alone. Immediately the room was full of priests. "Berun! Berun!" I cried de-

liriously, my overstrained mental faculties at last giving away, "Not a serpent! No by the great Vishnu, not a serpent!"

At the words several of the priests fell on me while the rest seized Berun. "To the closet," ordered the old guru, motioning to the tiny doored recess in one corner, where I kept my more intimate belongings. "We must find out how much the white guru knows of this." The men holding Berun led him struggling to the closet and closed the door, one of the most powerful of them holding it shut. Then the old priest approached me as I sat on the bed, the rest standing back.

"I call upon you, white brother, to tell what you have read of yon book and of your speech with Berun. The oaths and the sacred cord which you have received——" I did not hear the rest of what he said. As I gazed steadfastly before me I beheld a sight that first startled and then froze my very blood as its significance burst upon me. The cold sweat broke out on my face and my features must have attracted attention, for the other priests with one accord turned to look in the direction of my gaze. Out from under the door of the closet *wriggled a little green snake*. The man next the door looked down and with a cry landed among his brothers. Slowly the door blew open as if impelled by a night breeze. The closet was *empty!* For an instant all was deathly silent while I could almost hear the scraping of those sinuous coils against the floor as the reptile approached me. Then a high-pitched voice, that of the old guru burst out, "The serpent, brothers! Behold the serpent! Berun was the thousandth guru!" A wail of anguish which turned to fear as the snake wriggled among them, arose from the monks. With one accord they burst from the room. The snake was now between me and the door, and, perhaps the calmest of the gurus, I attempted to grasp it by the tail and throw it from the room to admit of my own exit. I grasped it, but before I could cast it from me I felt a sharp twinge of pain in my left forearm and the words I had read but a few moments ago, although they seemed hours, came to me—"his soul will pass into the body of a serpent and in this form will set about the destruction

*of those to whom he has betrayed us."* Dropping the squirming reptile, I sprang on it with the fury of a demon. Although it squirmed and wiggled dexterously to avoid my heavy boots, I finally succeeded in crushing out its life. Then, pressing my mouth to the wound in my arm I sucked and spat, repeating the operation dozens of times, until I fainted from sheer loss of blood. I could not have remained unconscious very long for when I awoke my light was still burning and the terrified priests had not returned.

The happenings of the next few days will always remain blurred in my memory. I know I escaped from the monastery and temple and hailed a passing boat from the river bank somewhere below Maya and so made my way to the coast. As I discarded the robe I had been wearing, in an outters shop, the limp body of the little green snake I showed you fell out. Its glowing ruby eyes brought forth a scream from the shopkeeper and filled me for an instant with returning dread. But I kept the snake—and the scar—I will always keep them."

\* \* \* \* \*

Starkweather paused and reflectively tapped the ashes from his cigar. Plainly that was all there was to the story, but I was unsatisfied.

"So Berun was the thousandth guru?" I asked naturally, and was immediately shocked at the very naturalness with which my question, so significantly, had come.

"It is very likely that there was a miss in the count during the centuries," Starkweather returned, almost guardedly, it seemed.

"But about the snake?" I persisted. Starkweather was in the act of relighting his dead cigar as I asked the question. As the match flared up, bringing out his face in sharp detail with its red glow, he glanced over toward me from between his shielding palms. Then he said slowly and with tense conviction as he threw away the match and we were plunged again in the black tropical night,

"Other men have heard that things like that—really—happen in Sumatra—up Singkel way. I know they do."

# Editorial

## OURSELVES

The size and mechanical quality of the magazine of last year has been improved upon this year and the editorial and business departments are giving their best efforts toward making the magazine a credit to Wisconsin. Paul J. Morris, the best student authority on athletics, has been secured for our athletic department, and Oscar Nadeau, of Badger fame, for the illustrating department. For artists we have Virgil Bellows, Frank Wetzel and Miss H. Dapprich. All Wisconsin publications have keenly felt, in the past, the need of a respectable power of selection from the artistic efforts offered, for their is no Art School here as there is in most prominent universities. This year, however, we are as well fixed as a bull pup in a frat house, for Bellows has long been known for his pretty girls, Wetzel is an artist of some reputation, and Miss Dapprich, who does our illustrating, is—well she is an Artist. We shake ourself by the hand, pat ourself on the back, and do many other foolish stunts when we consider the prospects of our art department for the year.

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## THE CALLING SYSTEM

The new system of having the upper classmen call upon the freshmen strikes us as being an eminently Solomon-like scheme and we endorse it most heartily. There are, of course, certain drawbacks to the scheme such as the fallacy that every upper classman is a representative student, etc., but it is impossible to devise a scheme of the proportions of this without incorporating in it some not altogether O. K. features. Wherefore, we endorse it heartily.

## THE MAN'S GAME

We come of a manly race and it is our pride that we do. Our fathers before us despised weakness, and we have not lost our heritage—nor do we intend to lose it. Football is a man's game and we grant that it is rough—we are proud that it is rough. In spite of what the theorists may say, Force still rules over no small realm in this world and shall rule. A people may be judged by its amusements, for amusements play a large part in the making of a people. Let us be thankful that the day is not yet when a puny dreamer is the ideal man of the race and the value of a man to his country is judged by the number of things he has read in a book. Manhood implies more than brains and true courtesy does not consist in weak and whining politeness. Football is not an exhibition of drawing room manners and it is good for the race that we still hold to other than superevivilized ideals. Football is a great game, a strong game, a man's game—may the time never come when it shall vanish utterly.

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## THE NEW SYSTEM OF SELLING STUDENTS TICKETS

The athletic department has devised a scheme for selling football tickets that has the United States treasury backed off the boards in the matter of lack of liability to being cheated. To prevent cheating is undoubtedly a worthy work and it has our hearty endorsement, but it seems to us that the athletic department should consider the comfort and convenience of the students somewhat before it takes Draconian measures toward claiming a pound of flesh whose loss would not be their loss.

We grant that a small and compara-

tively negligible element among the less desirable class of students has no aversion toward scalping their student tickets. However, we do not think that the number of tickets scalped is large enough to warrant the "sign and countersign and re-countersign" system recently inaugurated. The new system makes it necessary for every co-ed and stude to get into the can-of-sardines line up at Main Hall. This, besides being unpleasant, will cause much cutting of classes before the Minnesota game by those who have a praiseworthy desire to get a reasonably good seat. Is no student to be regarded as a gentleman and a man of his word unless he is called upon to testify against himself before the discipline committee?

We were going to mention the fact that the new system is highly undesirable for the man who wants to take a girl to the game, but as the athletic department craftily says, a student has no business to take a girl to a football game, and even if he has he should care enough for her to be willing to pay a dollar or two for the privilege.

## POLICY

We do not believe in muckraking, nor do we believe in a calm, quiescent, close-mouthed policy. We do not believe in publishing "A plus" themes, considered as such, nor do we believe in printing Ibsenesque material, that, be it never so clever, cannot be read by the pallid purist without a taint of resentment. We do not believe in prostrating ourself before the throne of Authority, saying "Aye, aye, Lord, it is well," to everything Authority may say. We believe in a healthy, conservative criticism of things as they are when conditions demand it. We do not believe in belittling anything that may help our Alma Mater to flourish as the traditional green bay tree (we wonder what a green bay tree is!) nor do we believe in enlarging anything that is obstructing her growth.

The above is the Credo of this publication and it is our sincere hope that our eyes may never be turned aside from the path we will always endeavor to tread.



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