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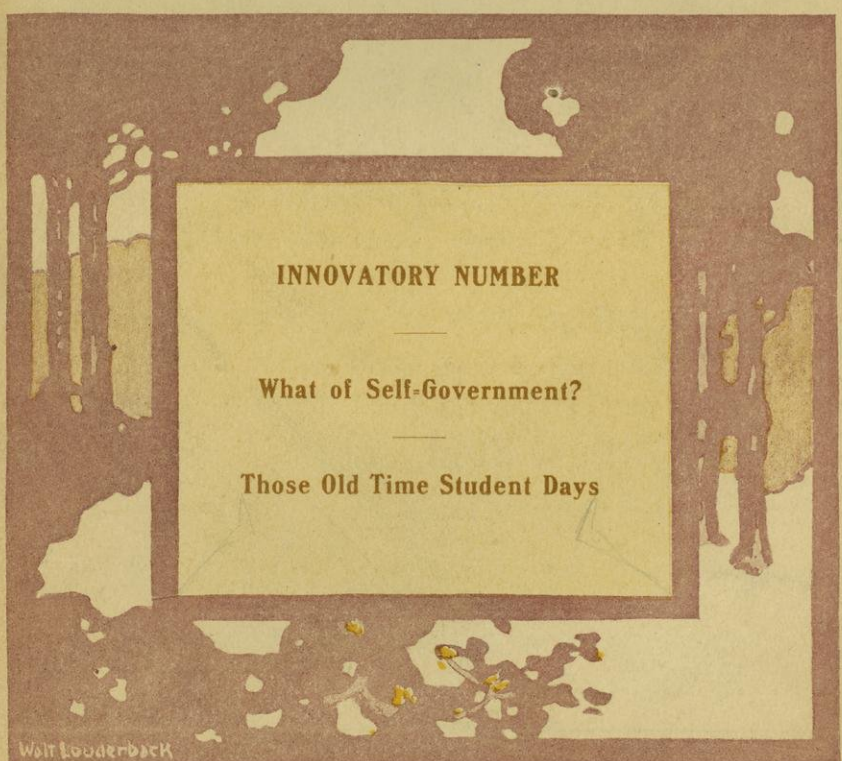
# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume XI OCTOBER, 1913 Number 1



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# The Wisconsin Magazine

Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

VOL. XI. OCTOBER, 1913 NO. 1

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# "PASSED ON, THEY SAY"

(In Memoriam C. C. W., Obit September 1, 1913)

You, with your rare and winning smile,
You, with your royal goodfellowship,
You that we loved the unknown while
That Death was pressing to your lip
The cup that you drank but yesterday,
Our manliest, "passed on," they say?

No more to hear your ringing laugh,
Or see your shaken shoulders quake
With glee while helpless friends would quaff
The wine of your tale as it would break
Across the board in flashing play
Of laughter—you, "passed on," they say?

The kindly hand to fend and guide,
The straight, clean spirit that man-wise
Faced our eyes squarely, the sure pride
Of intellect whose least surmise
Was pillared deep on truth, to weigh
The false and true—"passed on," they say?

Incredulous, we call on Death
To answer, and a silence comes
Whence in that case of clay the breath
Woke Life to all its morning drums;
Death, being lonely, called away
Our genialest—"passed on," they say.

Wisconsin, though he died, there is
No cause for tears! So long as Death
Can garner manhood such as his
At random from your halls, He hath
No victory, but rather may
Lament, "Your sons—pass on, they say!"

—Howard M. Jones.

# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

*"Ipsa scientia potesta est"*

## What of Self-Government?

"For forms of government let fools contest
What's best administered is best."—Pope.

AN AGITATION which prevailed toward the close of school last spring is a definite indication that the entire male student body is not fully satisfied with its system of self-government. Six hundred men showed by their signatures that they wished an opportunity to vote on the question of its abolition. Such a vote was not taken, either from a loathing on the part of the Student Conference to risk its own discontinuance, or indifference of the members in charge because of the proximity of examinations. Whether or not the system merits continuance will probably be decided this year.

Unprejudiced investigation of the causes underlying support for such an agitation seems to reveal a surprising indifference on the part of the mass of the students to the goings and comings of the self-government propogandists. When the system was first organized, nearly ten years ago, it was early dominated by the men who up to that time had monopolized all the features of politics; namely, fraternity men for the purpose of fraternity standing. The fraternity men and their proteges were the bosses, while the unorganized barbarian hordes did as they were bid. However, fraternity rule, as in all cases of boss control, grew high-handed, since a fraternity man will by the law of self-preservation invariably favor a contemporary in preference to a barb for the lucrative positions. Finally a few of the keener sighted fraternity men began an agitation for an organization which finally brought results in the elections of the fall of 1910. In that Conference the majority of the members were believers in the tacit principle that fraternity domination should end. However, they styled it "majority rule." Now these men are rumored to have perfected an organization superior to any fraternity ring, with secret name and plan similar in idea to the Ku Klux Klan. It is even said that the organization attempts to dictate and regulate the filling of both the lucrative and honorary offices in student activities. We need not be surprised that the pendulum has swung the other way. The barbarians are in control, and are practicing the same tactics that were practiced on them for years previous. Fraternity men cannot complain of the spirit which prompts barb to vote for barb because he is a barb, when they themselves

have set such an excellent example. All this time the barbarian organization enlarges its activities, because of a lack of aggressive cohesion on the part of the fraternity forces, who have allowed themselves to be disintegrated through struggles over pledging rules, new houses, and other distractions.

Yet this trend of affairs has been more a culmination of logical circumstances than the working out of a well-laid plan of action. There have been a few leaders on both sides of the struggle, who have benefited when the victory came their way, or suffered when they were dislodged. The vast majority of the student body does not care particularly who is junior justice of the student court, or who represents the middle agrics, or who is the sophomore member of the Union. Those who vote in the elections —and their number is not legion—vote according to the appeal of negative fair play; namely, prejudice. Fortunately most of the students came to the university not to fight, but to learn, and are more interested in the assignment for surveying or economics than a political propogandist of fair play and majority rule. Since they have no ambitions for pelf they have nothing to lose, and hence have no conception of the term "majority rule," because there is nothing worth ruling. Thus the student who is not moved by the call of personal emulation finds difficulty in seeing what there is of interest for him in the "heart-rending struggle of plutocrat and unwashed."

A close inspection finds nothing of vital importance or of lasting value that self-government has accomplished during its years of existence. When they tell us they have eliminated expensive class elections we ask them why they have not eliminated the elections altogether, since there is little virtue in a class office that is without duty and without honor. When they tell us they have reformed the Student Court we ask the reason for a body which has so far done nothing but fail to enforce a senseless, inane, and utterly unhygienic tyranny which should not be enforced anyway, even though it has attached to itself the dignified title of "tradition." When they declare that they have accomplished centralization, we ask them what they are going to do about it, now that they have. When they declare their intentions of establishing better housing conditions, we reply that it is the duty of the regents as much to provide adequate living quarters for the students who come to Madison as it is to provide suitable class rooms for all who may wish to learn. In the nine years that self-government has existed, the only assets seem to be a failure to justify its existence, and a fostering of prejudice and unfriendliness between the ambitious members of the student body.

The faculty aspect of the situation is that self-government relieves them of certain duties and responsibilities, giving them time to devote to other more important matters. Yet it is difficult to discover any grounds for such a contention, when practically every move that has been made by the students could have been executed by the faculty or its committees more fairly, more efficiently, and without the endless

dead-locking that ensues from the possibilities of appeal. Practically every case that the Student Court has decided has been appealed to the faculty with disastrous results. What is the need of having a student judiciary when the faculty is sure to make the final decision, in spirit if not in fact? The students of the university are sent here, most of them, at a sacrifice on the part of their parents, to acquire all that the university courses can offer them through the regular curriculum. Hence if it were possible to poll the opinions of these parents they would probably be unanimous in their disapproval of any activity which tends to take their children away from their books. Members of the faculty need not wonder at the failure on the part of the students to show interest in their courses when they, themselves, countenance and even foster institutions which tend only to distract the mind as yet unschooled in the art of concentration. There is difficulty in seeing the consistency of a policy which discourages the student in one of the very lines for which he was entrusted to their care to develop. The responsibility of governing a student body should not be onerous to a group of sane-minded men and women who have had an experience sufficient to permit them to see beyond petty prejudice. The members of the faculty ought to realize that in accepting a position of instructorship with the university they will be expected to assist in disicpline. Is not a faculty committee on student government as reasonable as a committee on advanced standing, course of study, or public functions? Where is the justification of making a distinction? The faculty would certainly not think of giving the students the right to arrange their own requirements for a degree. We are informed that we are getting good practice for our life in the world by gaining experience in governing ourselves. However, is not this conception falling short of the ideal of the college, which is supposed to offer an opportunity for the better contemplation and understanding of the finer side of life, rather than a portion of the harder side? It looks rather like an attempt to excuse a shifted responsibility.

When students come here from high and other secondary schools they are admitted to be incapable of knowing what they want or need in the way of self-government. As a matter of fact, there is very little that they want or need, either, and, as long as the fact remains that the majority of the student body continue to be indifferent to the workings of the system, there seems to be slight defensible excuse for its existence. True, the political life of the world is composed of the fightings of political bosses over the heads of the indifferent mass, but as long as we will be compelled to live in such an existence the rest of our days it seems unfair to foist a similar condition on our heads when we come to college to get away from it.

The foregoing, however, is a complaint principally against the system of self-government as it exists at Wisconsin. No one except its bigoted supporters will contend that the students have any power actually to regulate their own affairs. Real self-

government would eliminate automatically both the Student Interests committee and the Discipline committee, a move which the faculty will never permit. False standards would invariably prevail were students, most of whom have had no actual contact with life, permitted to mete penalty on their fellow-students for the infringement of moral laws. University self-government can never be like real life, even in the petty affairs of students, as long as inexperienced men can control the strings of government, and a higher power sits constantly by to see that justice is done. In life there is no higher power, and men are forced to work out their own salvations.

Yet it would be difficult to administer certain essential affairs with regard to students without some system of self-government. These matters, however, are of such a nature that it would doubtless be more satisfactory to make the system static rather than dynamic. When the president wished to abolish hazing he did not submit such a rule to the Student Conference, but rather called a meeting of the whole student body. In such matters as the faculty deems advisable to consult student opinion it would seem to be far wiser to devise a form of sine die organization which would automatically dissolve at the conclusion of the business in hand, rather than a definitely organized body which feels that as long as it must meet regularly it will spend its time sowing the seeds of discord by publicly parading its power and strength. We are now working under the American system, in which Satan finds some mischief still for idle legislatures to do. The English system would for our purposes be more sane. As long as the majority of the matters on which students are consulted are not of far-reaching importance it would seem feasible to expect that they could work out their own destinies by popular vote in public mass-meeting. This plan would combine all the best points of a really desirable system. Actual control would be in the hands of the faculty, where it is now and where it belongs, while student sentiment, which is in reality all that self-government need convey, would be voiced quickly and thoroughly, and executed efficiently without turmoil and bad feeling. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

* * * *

# Those Old Time Student Days

**In which a little light is shed on the doings of medieval students.**

Ralph Yewdale

"Hey, Town! Hey, Gown!"

IT WAS the year 1353, and the day was the tenth of February, or the Feast of St. Scholastica, according to the reckoning of the church calendar. The day being a holiday, the Oxford students had left their books, and had gone out of doors in search of amusement. Walter de Springheuse, Roger de Chesterfield, and several other students had wandered off to the Swyndlestock Tavern at Quatervois, where they sat down and called for wine,

thinking to spend the day with a drinking festival. The wine, however, which John de Croydon, the tavern-keeper, served did not please their tastes, and they made no bones about teling him so point-blank. Mine host becoming excited defended the quality of his wine with great heat, and as his anger increased he began to employ rather rough language. Without more ado, one of the students picked up the pot of wine in question, threw it across the room, and hit mine host in the head with it, after which the students washed their hands of the matter, and sallied out into the street, to look for wine and amusement elsewhere.

The tavern-keeper called in some of his friends, and laid the whole coil of the matter before them. They urged him not to stand such treatment, and then ran out and rang the Town Bell at St. Martin's church to call together the townsmen. The good citizens came together armed with bows and arrows, and daggers, and spoiling for a fight with the university. They attacked some defenseless students who were strolling about the streets, with their thumbs in their belts, unconscious of any coming trouble. Some of the townsmen shot at and almost killed the chancellor of the university, who had come out to stop the row. The dignified chancellor only saved himself by doing a spirited dash up the street, with the arrows whizzing past his ears.

"Ring the bell of St. Mary's," he cried, and soon the big bell was clanging out its brazen summons to the whole student quarter. Out flocked the students, from hall, and college and ganet, from church and from tavern, with bow and arrow in hand, and dagger in belt, and after shouting the medieval latin equivalent of "Everybody out!" they marched down the street to meet the townsmen. There was a merry row, but darkness put an end to the indecisive fight, in which no one on either side was killed or mortally wounded.

On the next day, which was a Wednesday, the chancellor announced that there was to be no carrying of arms on the part of either town or gown. The students, for the most part, obeyed, but a crowd of townsmen armed to the teeth hid themselves in the porch of a church, which was next to Beaumont Field, where the students had their games. After dinner, a crowd of students came to the field to wrestle and box, or to walk around and spend the time before their afternoon classes. Out rushed the townsmen, and one student had an arrow through his ribs before he could wink his eyes, while several others were left on the field mortally wounded. Again the bells of St. Mary's and St. Martin's were rung, and again Town and Gown joined in a fierce fight in the streets. About nightfall, a crowd of 2000 farmers came into Oxford to help the townsmen, so the students scurried back to their halls and colleges, and barred themselves in. The townsmen with their new reinforcements attacked and broke into several halls, where they killed all the students who resisted them, tore up all the books they could find, and walked on all food they could find.

On Thursday, not a scholar showed himself out of doors, but the townsmen broke into fourteen halls, killing and wounding right and left. According to old Anthony

A. Wood, some students "whom they had mortally wounded, they hailed to prison, carrying their entrails in their hands in a most lamentable manner." The violence lasted until noon, when it ended of a necessity, for all the students had fled the town except the scholars of Werton, who, safe from attack in their strong stone college had bolted and double-bolted themselves in, to spend their time in prayer, and in writing wretched poetry on the fight. So ended the celebrated Town and Gown Row of St. Scholastica's Day—the most famous of the many famous Oxford struggles.

Another interesting Town and Gown row was the Orleans affair of August 1388. Some of the good burghers of the town had acquired a grudge against the students of the University of Orleans, because of the ill-treatment of Jean Riou, a citizen of Orleans. One warm summer night, a crowd of townsmen assembled in the student quarter, and began to amuse themselves by blowing horns, and shouting, "Come out and get killed, you ribald scholars," adding several unprintable epithets, and punctuating their remarks by pounding and kicking on the students' doors. Some of the townsmen finally kicked in the door of Master John de Matiscone, a Doctor of Laws on the faculty of the university, and awakened the good professor, and some of his associates, with their blood-curdling yells. In fear of their lives, Master John and his friends, dressed in their night-shirts and night-caps, came to the window and begged with folded hands for their lives. But the crowd was after more lively game than a frightened Doctor of Laws, so the door of a canon of Orleans was soon broken in, two students in the house were stabbed and killed after a short, fierce struggle. In the meanwhile the howls of the mob, and the crash of breaking doors had aroused the whole student quarter, and in a few minutes, students dressed with more simplicity than decency began scurrying off through the back streets, their clothing and a few valuables tucked under their arms, all bound for a hiding place in the fields and vineyards. In the flight, a young nobleman named John de Recuna tumbled into a sewer, and not being able to crawl out again, was forced to stand in the sewer all night. While John was being detained in this (to say the least) uncomfortable position, Messire Barreau, a worthy citizen of Orleans, broke into his room, and made off with a purse containing eight florins, and a gold ring which was easily worth twelve francs, as John afterward swore.

Some of the students climbed from their windows onto the roofs, where they lay on their faces, and thus escaped the fury of the mob. Others, who were still asleep, were rudely awakened to find a dagger at their throats or to the prospect of being dragged off to the town prison. The town of Orleans was afterwards made to pay dearly for the affair by the King of France, but when the crowd of citizens broke up in the early morning, even the oldest inhabitants were forced to admit that it had been the best row in years.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing accounts that the town was invariably the aggressor in the rows with the university, for, on the contrary, the students were

of a wilder and more violent nature than the townsmen. Violence and license were to be expected from crowds of medieval youths, when it is remembered that the bonds of discipline were so weak as to be almost negligible. The old medieval chronicles and statute-books are full of instances of the violence, and of the wild, hare-brained pranks of the students.

The initiation of the freshmen furnishes some examples of this wildness. The unhappy freshmen were cuffed and beaten, they were led off to taverns where they were forced to pay for all the beer and wine drunk by the initiators, their clothing was confiscated, their books were filled with straws, they were beaten on the back with frying-pans, and they were forced to submit to the indignity of having unsavory and disgusting messes poured over their heads. The lot of the medieval freshman does not seem to have been a very pleasant one.

Murder was by no means a rare offense at the medieval university, and seems to have been so common at Oxford that the Proctor was required to keep a list of all the murderers in town. At the University of Ingolstadt, a student who had killed a companion in a drunken brawl was not even expelled from the university, but as punishment, the faculty confiscated his books and clothing. At Leipzig, the students were required to swear before their examinations that they would not knife the professors in case they were "flunked." A choice lot of gallows-birds some of these students must have been!

The deeds of one John Bedmyster, sometime fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, have been preserved for us in the college records. He was accused of having stolen and pawned books from the college library, of having consorted with undesirable companions, both male and female, and of having brought these companions into the college. He had furthermore started a row at the table by dragging the table-cloth, dishes, food, and all on to the floor, and had even dared to snatch choice bits of food out of the hands of the Dean of the college. He had very seldom attended chapel, he had slept out of college when he chose, and had finally stolen the gate-key from the President, and had afterwards stuffed up the key-hole with stones and twigs, so that the lock could not be turned. After he had drawn his knife several times in disputes with other students, and had punched the Dean in the face on divers occasions, the college decided that he was slightly too rough for the little community, he is forthwith expelled, and Oriel and history, know him no more.

Medieval university amusements partake of the general roughness and wildness of medieval life. The wilder set of scholars found pleasure in throwing down garbage and other unsavory messes from upper windows upon the heads of passers-by, in wandering through the streets at night, yelling at the top of their voices, while they increased the noise and excitement by kicking at doors, and by heaving rocks through the windows of peaceable citizens who were sound asleep or in occasionally taking a shot with a stone or arrow at a passing professor.

Drinking and gambling were always

popular; indeed, some of the courtiers of the Goddess of Chance at the University of Paris found gaming so fascinating that they took out their dice during the saying of mass at Notre Dame, and began tossing them on the altar to the great scandal of the priest and the congregation. Much amusement could be gained by going to the Disputations, or formal debates in which the candidates for a degree sustained a thesis against all comers, and by winking, whistling or laughing so as to make the speaker break down. At the University of Paris, some of the bolder spirits created much amusement in the class-room by throwing pebbles at the professors when they lectured too rapidly. When all other sources of amusement failed, a row could always be started with the watch, or with some peaceable citizen, which ended not infrequently in the bloody Town and Gown Rows, such as have already been described.

* * * *

# Dutch Love at Midsummer

Will Thornton Gilman

PAINTERS HAVE joyfully daubed haymakings, and poets rhapsodized at the scent of hay freshly cut; but these works of art have resulted out of the artists' blissful inexperience of the whole sweating, burning, blinding, wearing process:—round after round of cutting and raking, rack after rack of pitching and loading in the undefended open of the field, fork after fork of mowing in the great airless, baking loft.

Bob Esby was haying, or Bob Esby and his neighbors were haying. The day was excellent—insufferably hot with a hot stir of wind.

When the last great fork of the morning had bowled down the central overhanging track, big Dutch Val Buetter slid out of the loft. Indoor work had been allotted to him so that the boy who led the horse behind the barn could hear the calls for starting and stopping. His voice was as gigantic as his body, hands, and head; but his feet appeared small even in the coarse shoes.

"Gott! T'at's a hot place," he roared at the men who were unhitching horses near him.

"Hell ain't in it with that there place," said High Morgan sliding after; and Johnnie Merritt conceded High 'had ought to know being as he'd been there in the D. T.'s in the winter.'

"T'at's w'at it iss." Dutch Val's reply found its antecedent in High's statement. He, whose stature a few centuries before would have made him a petty king, started; and the other workmen followed him to the wood shed where the rest were making their dinner toilettes with the aid of three wash basins, one comb, and one roller towel. Some one offered him a basin, and he took it—all out of the barbaric instinct which respects the rude Titan. The lather of the laundry soap cooled his thick dark skin and the dirty water, with which he wet his hair gave him a sense of luxurious cleanliness. The men who stood waiting for dinner talked in groups; but Dutch Val whose huge muscles ached from the work

and the heat of the mow was silent. He leaned against the wall of the passage so that the women who carried the steaming dishes had to crowd someone else out of the way, but no one thought of crowding the great quiet German—least of all the German.

The last woman in the dinner procession from the summer kitchen announced:—"You can set down now."

"Come on boys," invited Bob Esby. "The old woman don't like to have to wait a meal on nobody."

In the presence of the women the table talk was of the hay.

"That there eighty of yourn is fierce—it's all hills and ground-hawg holes," commented Eth Young. "Going down them side hills on the rack you can't see your horses."

The smile of ownership melted Bob's face into amiability as he poured tablespoonsful of ham grease on the crushed potatoes which covered a half of his plate.

"A man gets ust to most anything on his own land," said Bob.

Dutch Val felt utter contempt for Bob, and a wave of rebellion against the institutions that made one man's lot better than his, took possession of his whole youth. Youth and bachelorhood and poverty held a farm hand to the end of his days; he knew and he wanted immediately money—land—the power, which his neighbors respected more than they valued his great strength.

"Sure, everybody gets ust to w'at bring the money by the bank," his angry voice exploded over the table at his host.

A young Austrian girl had been reaching to place a cup of coffee beside his plate, when the sudden roar startled her into pouring the hot mud on the oilcloth and on Dutch Val's corduroy leg. He turned that he might impressively rebuke her. Very near his own was the face of the young Austrian girl full and fresh with its eyes wide open from fear of what she had done. He turned suddenly away.

"T'at's all right," he said wagging his head and sopping his leg at the same time. "T'at's all right."

"Brent es nicht?" she asked.

"Nein, das iss allus richt," he lied with all of the grace of a Chesterfield.

"Gut, gut!"

Dutch Val turned his entire attention to his plate. The men nudged one another and spoke in low amused tones while the Austrian girl was in the room. When she went to the summer kitchen the broad smiles turned to mocking laughter.

"What's the matter? Why didn't you blow her up, Val? What'd she do to you? Going to keep steady company?" From the men came the questions that were punctuated with renewed shouts of mirth; but they went by the German ignored, and he ate his great dinner in ravenous automatic mouthfuls. The agricultural sense of romance is keener than its interest in a likely quarrel, and the German no longer felt inclined to continue his attacks on landed Bob; so he was silent until he got up abruptly and went out to lie in the cool of the willows near the milk house.

A little later when the men came out from dinner Dutch Val sat up suddenly and addressed Bob Esby.

"Say, Pop, porrow me your puggy Sunday."

"You can take a buggy, but the woman's going to use the good one."

The German saw no reason to conceal anything from the world.

"That's right, Val. That's right. That the way you do it in America. You're coming on all right," laughed one and another of the helpers. "You'll get her. Keep it up."

But the German went to work without paying any outward attention to the jibes of which he was the constant subject. He made progress in the graces of the Austrian girl; so it was soon known that she had promised to drive with him on the following Sunday.

Soon after the noon dinner Dutch Val's lumber wagon appeared over the south hill. He was resplendent in a clean black shirt, a beflowered red cravat, and delicate blue suspenders; even the marks of the comb through the damp hair announced that the giant was faring forth to woo. Bob Esby went out to the barn yard to help and to amuse himself.

"You can take that there common buggy," he said in the carriage house.

The German looked doubtfully from the one-seated equipage to the one that had two seats elevated from the common road by some great antiquated wheels. "Porrow me t'at t'ere one," he commanded.

"Sure," said the amused Bob.

So Dutch Val and Austrian Meta drove into the midsummer afternoon. With her hands folded at her belt and her eyes fixed on the bobbing backs of the team she sat demurely erect. For the whole of the first mile Val's attention was required in the management of the horses, and when he spoke it was in a word of command.

"T'at's a gut team," he informed the girl at last.

"Ya," she answered and again assumed her demure attitude.

"T'ey iss mine," he volunteered after a few minutes of silence.

"Oh, so-o?" responded Meta.

"Ya," he said in a more important and enthusiastic tone. He waited for nearly a quarter of a mile to allow her to grasp the full import of his wealth. "Ya, and t'en some money, money by the bank yet," he added casually.

"Oh! So-o-o?" she said.

They were passing a small old house with more commodious buildings for cattle, horses, and hogs; when he announced: —"T'at's w'ere I rent next year. T'at w'ere I puy some day."

"T'at iss gut," said Meta.

After a few more minutes of silence they looked from the top of a hill at the metropolis of the country side.

"T'at's Carroll," he informed the girl.

"Ya," she assented.

For a mile the wheels cut down on one side and then on the other the rank sweet clover in whose hot, stifling sweetness were humming thousands of bees.

"You should get onto some bees, already, and make some money, yet," he told her.

"Ya," she said, "t'at's gut."

"Say, should we go by Carroll?" he asked.

"No, no," she answered. "It iss too far."

"Ya, we should go by Carroll," he decided, and she made no objection.

The German did not whiffle away all of his conversation in one speech, and he had said much in a short time; so he waited until the next high hill showed that they were near Carroll, to which came the railroad and in which grain and live stock could be converted into money.

"Say," the German roared suddenly at the plump little Austrian at his side; then he waited for a space. "Say, we should get married yet, by Carroll."

"No, no," said the girl energetically shaking her head and most of her solid body at the same time. "No, no."

"Warum nicht?" demanded Val angry in his whole barbaric soul. "I say, you should get married to me, yet."

"I got a feller by Ohio what iss going to marry with me," the frightened Meta sobbed.

"Why don't he t'en, and he ain't here already."

"He say in Austria already two years he marry with me by America?"

"I tell him once you don't want to marry him already," Val decided. "We should go by the old man, Toeplemann. He do it."

"No, no," said Meta. "I must pay my brother, August, my passage money already."

"I do t'at too, and t'en we don't wait." Val had the last word, as he cut the horses with the whip into a trot on their way to Carroll and old man Toeplemann. Over the face of the Austrian girl came the martial expression of content and submission, for she had found her master.

# Anatole France

**Hugh Jackson Reber**

"Elusive, brilliant, and altogether charming."—W. G. Locke.

AMONG THE great writers of the present day Anatole France stands preeminent. This is the opinion of a sufficient number of the critics who supply such generalities, to make a study of the Frenchman's work the most natural thing in the world for anyone interested in literature today.

France was born in Paris, February, 1844. His father was one of those old time book sellers into whose shop people came not only to buy but also to read and discuss their favorite works. Among the topics of conversation none was more common than the history of France, and it was thus that the family name, Thibault, was forgotten, or nearly so, and the name by which Anatole has been known came into use. Mme. Thibault, or France, was a woman of great tenderness and refinement. To her and the literary surroundings of his early days, Anatole owes much. He was not so greatly benefitted by his life at school and college. His religious training resulted in his becoming an unbeliever, and his other studies were continually neglected in order that he might have more time to spend reading Homer. This first great enthusiasm is characteristic for it was his intense interest in a few great subjects which finally resulted in his becoming one of the leading scholars of France. Today he not only

dictates to his country in literary criticism but he is authority also in many historic and other matters.

France is well known by many people in America for his style alone. Each paragraph in his books is agreeable reading merely because of the technical perfection of his expression. It is beautiful and powerful. "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" is the work commonly read in translation, and however rapidly one may glance through it, one will remember the style. Although it is what people ordinarily call a delightful story, it deserves more serious praise. It was the first of France's works to be widely read; in fact, its publication in 1882 caused its author to become famous at once. He was then thirty-eight years old.

Its hero is Sylvestre Bonnard, an old scholar, devoted to his studies and only half conscious of the doings of the great city in which he lives. So completely is his life in his work that to him the stream of humanity passing up and down the quays beneath his window is no more real as he sees it in the Paris of today than is the life of the Middle Ages of which he reads in manuscripts. He leaves his study almost never except when business, forced upon him as a member of the Academy, demands his attention; or when he visits the book sellers on the river bank or in the Rue Cherchemidi. The ambition of his last years is to complete the history of the Monastery of Saint Germain. It is his diary of these years that we read, not so much for the sake of what happens in them as for the point of view we get upon the two or three extraordinary events and thousand everyday occurrences and for the sake of the characters, Therese, Princess Trepoff, Mme. Prefere, and Jeanne, each a distinct personality and vividly presented. The plot of the story is peculiar, but suspense is not lacking.

At the time Anatole France wrote this work he had already begun to show his great ability in another direction. By 1886 he was well known throughout his country as a literary critic, and his articles in Le Temps were being read by the scholars as well as the general public. Many people from them learned to appreciate works which they had till then perhaps only half understood. The Greek drama, Racine, and Shakespere, as they appeared in the Paris theatres, were enthusiastically reviewed, always in a style that made men say that criticism itself might be literature.

At this time France was living a quiet and studious life in Paris. He seemed to care very little for the honors which he received and for the social attention which everybody wished to pay him. But during the ninties a change took place in his life which had a tremendous effect upon his work.

At this time he was writing stories which showed a further development of his literary powers and a desire to hammer in his philosophical ideas which does not appear in his early works. He had lost some of the easy going charm of Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard and Le Livre de Mon Ami but had gained in some other directions. L'Etui de Nacre and Le Jardin d'Epicure are examples from this period. The first is

a book of almost plotless short stories drawn from ancient and medieval history and characterized by strong picturesque or dramatic situations and a sympathteic understanding of the times and people treated. In the first of these stories the reader becomes well acquainted with Pontious Pilot and, incidently, looks upon an old question at an entirely new angle. Le Jardin d'Epicure is a few pages of the author's thinking in bound form.

In the year 1897 Anatole France was drawn into the political upheaval connected with the Dreyfus case, which is to say that he took up the almost impossible task, as it then seemed, of seeing that race prejudice should not interfere with justice among the French people. Zola, the realist, whose literary success had been checked by his contemporary's continual and powerful criticism, found himself with France in this important discussion, and the two men became friends. Zola died in 1902, but Anatole France having delivered the funeral oration over his grave did not give up his active political career or his fight for justice. The Dreyfus affair was forever settled, but another great question had for a long time been disturbing French politics, and France once more took the weaker side. He became a socialist.

In a more or less disconnected series of works, known as "L'Histoire Contemporainne" we have a record of his earlier political activity. The transition of a retiring literary gentleman into a writer of newspaper articles and fiery speeches is shown in these three volumes. By this it is not meant that France has entirely discontinued his literary endeavors, for his books are still appearing regularly, but before discussing one of these works, it is well to consider a few of his philosophical conclusions which form so important an element of his work. In order to do this let us read three paragraphs from Le Livre de Mon Ami. He writes:

"Nothing is of more value for giving a child a knowledge of the great social machine than the life of the streets. He should see in the morning the milkwomen, the water carriers, the charcoal man; he should look in the shop windows of the grocer, the pork vendor, and the wine seller; he should watch the regiments pass, with the music of the band. In short he should suck in the air of the streets, that he may learn that the law of labor is Divine, and that each man has his work to do in the world.

"Oh! ye sorted old Jews of the Rue Cherche Midi, and you my masters, simple sellers of books on the quays, what gratitude do I owe you! More and better than university professors, have you contributed to my intellectual life! You displayed before my ravished eyes the mysterious forms of the life of the past, and every sort of monument of precious human thought. In ferreting among your shelves, in contemplating your dusty display laden with the pathetic relics of our fathers and their noble thoughts, I have been penetrated with the most wholesome of philosophies. In studying the wormeaten volumes, the rusty iron-work, the worn carvings of your stock, I experienced, child as I was, a profound realization of the fluent, changing

nature of things and the nothingness of all, and I have been always inclined to sadness, to gentleness, and to pity.

"The open air school taught me, as you see, great lessons; but the home school was more profitable still. The family repast, so charming when the glasses are clear, the cloth white, and the faces tranquil,—the dinner of each day with its family talk—gives to the child the taste for the humble and holy things of life, the love of loving. He eats day by day of that blessed bread which the spiritual Father broke and gave to the pilgrims in the Inn at Emmaus, and says, like them, 'My heart is warmed within me.' Ah! how good is the school of the home."

This passage gives us the keen and sympathetic quality of his reflections upon life. Later he became more emphatic and we may say more pessimistic though by becoming a socialist he disregarded his earlier conclusion that nothing very much can be done to improve present conditions. We might sum up a few of his ideas as follows:

The average individual is unfortunate in being alive, but since he does exist, it is proper for him to try to improve his condition and to help others to do so. Through unselfishness and devotion to some work, men develop their lives to the fullest; but nothing can be accomplished unless the person has learned to appreciate the work, unless there is interest and pleasure in doing it. Therefore learning to enjoy things can be an end to strive for. In some of his later works France is less respectful to the religion of his childhood, but his discussions are never in such bad taste as those of many an earlier writer, as those of Voltaire for example.

Perhaps for the present article enough has been said of the author's philosophy. His works are full of suggestion and material for thought. His socialistic bent results from a sympathy with mankind and a conviction that justice cannot be secured under the present order. His statements are so well calculated and hit their mark so exactly that each one makes an impression. I remember this one:

"The Law in all its majestic equality, forbids the rich and the poor alike to sleep under bridges, to steal bread, and to beg in the streets."

Volumes have been written on this subject. One of the late books by Anatole France is called "Joan d'Arc." It is a complete study of the life of Joan of Arc and the time of Charles VII. in France. There is almost no humor in the work, but simple statements and vivid narrative make it interesting and forceful to the end of the second large volume. By means of carefully presented facts it attacks the church and state bitterly.

While an author lives no one can say absolutely that he will or will not be ranked with the great writers of the world and of all time. Anatole France has written nothing that can lead us to consider that for him we may make an exception to the rule; but for his powerful and beautiful style, for his keen appreciation of what he calls the spectacle of human life, and for his ideas pertaining thereto, he deserves the praise which those who know his works have given him.

# A Word to Freshmen

## Anent Student Activities

"Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles
And waste the time, which looks for other revels."
—Shakespeare.

T SEEMS to have been customary in the past for the Wisconsin Magazine to publish in its opening number a long list of the names of men necessary for the freshmen to see in order to "try out" for this or that activity. If you had been allowed to be pledged to a fraternity your upperclassmen would tell you you must "get out for something" and "make a name for yourself around school." Doubtless some of you have been "big men" in your high schools at home, and have come to the university eager for fresh spurs to win. Fortunately for you, a rule has been laid down by the faculty that you will not be permitted to go out for anything except study (the Cardinal and football are exceptions) during the first semester of your residence here, and not after that if your class room work does not average 77 per cent. Before you have been here long you will discover the existence of a genial and bespectacled gentleman named Roe, who resides in South Hall, and who will inform you gently but firmly that you can no longer take part in this or that, and we are very sorry, but we can make no exception in this case; that is, provided you kneel before the false god of Student Activity too patiently and long. Wisconsin atmosphere is so permeated with the incense burned to this god that you will be an exception if your system can keep from inhaling it. Any of the worshippers will tell you that starring in an activity will make you much more highly thought of than starring in the class-room. Ask one of them about it; then go home and write to your fathers and mothers and ask them why they sent you here. If they would rather see you president of the Haresfoot or manager of the Glee Club than head of your class we will present you with a year's subscription free of the magazine.

It is only you who are ambitious that will be troubled; but it is you very ones on whom the good name and standing of the university will depend when you become its alumni; for the aggressors in the world are always the most prominent. Here at Wisconsin you will find temptation running riot, for there are facilities for practically every activity college men have been able to devise. But before you take up any of them you will do well to remember first of all that you are here to study and learn. That is not the easiest thing to do, but it is the thing you will learn to value as an asset after your four years have slipped away. You will never have another similar opportunity to hobnob with the knowledge of the world, and you will be wise beyond your years if you realize this fact at the beginning. Secondly, you must know that student activities are destructive to concentrated power, since they lead you away from your tasks, which are hard, to diversions, which are pleasant. By one course you gain training, and dicipline; by the other

you set up false ideals and dissipate your forces.

You may say that you would not study anyway, and that you would waste your time if the activity did not engage your attention. If such is the case college can teach you nothing, and you will do well to go back home and get a job. Undoubtedly many of the activities are entirely estimable, and offer a certain kind of valuable training which could not be gained elsewhere. But look before you leap. Some wise sage has said that life is a series of experiences which never do us any good. Think well whether the experience you get is the kind that will be of value to you in after years. In most cases all that you will learn, you could learn more thoroughly and efficiently in two weeks in the business world.

The main fault to be found with the student activity industry is that in the minds of most men the activities they engage in are far more important than the school itself. Activities as they exist are principally amusement, since they do not have to be taken up unless you are so inclined; but you will find it very easy to acquire the habit of spending four hours a day at your diversion to every one of study. Yet you, who now carry within you the seeds of activity worship will be the strongest to discount them after you come to sum up the assets of your college course. You will fall into the activity life with ease, but the deeper you get, the more it will pall you with its hollowness. You have of course a perfect right to take up any line of activity you choose, but the moment your diversion becomes a distraction you may be sure that it is getting to assume a too great importance in your daily life. If you find yourself fleeing to an activity as a relief from study it is a sign that you are not getting a full conception of the proportions of a college education. Acquaintance with "musty" books, instead of making you narrow and impractical, will give you information which will be of more value to you each year of your life. If you don't get this information you will more than once find yourself embarrassed into the attitude of silence to conceal your ignorance. If a man can learn in his four years of college which are the trifles and which the essentials, he can feel that the years have not been wasted. You can "meet men" who are substantial just as readily on a scholastic basis as on an activity basis; you can form just as true and lasting friendship over books, and you will be bigger and better because of a boader mind and a richer acquaintance with the best things of life. When you leave college the rest of your days will be spent in "trying out" for success. Therefore let the four years of college life be years of contemplation of the best thoughts the world has to offer, rather than a foretaste of the turmoil which by destiny forms the greater part of our daily existence.

# The Normalite in the University

Howard M. Jones

I.

OME DAY perhaps a poet will arise great enough to forego the lure of rime and wise enough to write adequately a "History of Words." It is a task which has never been attempted, partly because no one has ever seen the necessity of doing it well, and partly because we suffer the hallucination that it has already been done. But the parrot-like stupidity of a dictionary or the self-sufficiency of a philological derivation are a far cry from the human properties of a syllable. They are like the census, which is theoretically for the purpose of finding out the most important things about a man and then dodges all the vital and interesting facts in his life.

It is not in the least of any consequence that there are so many glass blowers in the United States, but it is a matter of the gravest import that a large part of our population inclines to four-in-hand neckties. We merely yawn to be told that for such-and-such a year the population of Akron, Ohio, increased seventeen per cent, but we are immediately charmed and fascinated to learn that John Smith of Toledo prefers the Chicago American to the Record-Herald and takes his whiskey straight. Such records make him human. They arouse us to a kindly curiosity in John Smith and we want to know him and find out his opinion of Woodrow Wilson and whether Mr. Chance's team has the ghost of a show for the pennant.

It is the human element that is vital and that is exactly what we have overlooked in our speculations as to the origins of a word. We know the pedigree of a phrase down to the remotest maternal great-aunt, but of its eccentricities of dress, so to speak, its varying social valuation; why some words are definitely damned to the boarding houses and hall bed-rooms of conversation while others are elevated to the peerage and move only among the select circles of our vocabulary; of such matters we are as lamentably ignorant as we are of most things we ought to know. Chesterton remarks that the most significant thing about a man is still his philosophy of the universe; so with words, the matter of absorbing interest is their status in the social scale. But alas! if there is one thing we never inquire into, it is our friend's opinion of the nebular hypothesis, and if there is one question which the "gerund-grinders" (to steal from Carlyle) willfully refuse to consider, it is the human status of a syllable. They yield us a laconic comment when we press the question home: "colloquial," "slang," they growl and hurry along on more appealing matters, leaving behind them these enigmatic nuggets of fool's-gold. "Why" the colloquialism is colloquial we may guess but do not discern. The sordid history of social disintegration in the life of our unfortunate phrase, the halting progress from brown-stone-front opulence in Mid-Victorian times down through successive boarding houses, each impreceptibly dingier than the last, the final

stand in a sorry tenement dwelling amid the slums of the language— such a chronicle is a tale untold. Social philology is yet an undiscovered country.

Such a progress is the history of "genteel," which reigned in cultivated circles in the age of Pope, sank to a Micawber-like dubiousness by the time of Dickens, and is today as obscure as an erst-while gentleman in a slum hotel. And coming nearer to our own interests in the peculiar status of that awkward epithet, "normalite."

Born in obscure circumstances, but (to judge from analogies) of honest Saxon parents, this embarrassed noun has drifted from its reputable employment to designate the graduate of a certain educational institution, into a kind of unconscious disrepute. It hangs on at the edges of legitimate phraseology, a bankrupt with frayed cuffs and no income on the outskirts of a group of financiers. Its proper sponsors, the normal school students, will not acknowledge it; the university hesitates to employ it for fear of offense; and only the irreverent undergraduate does not hesiate to declare in no complimentary tone that "So-and-so is a regular normalite!" So, damned with faint censure our substantive lives on in the twilight, content now and then with a glimpse into former comforts, but for the most part slinking down the unfrequented alley-ways of speech.

Its connotations are peculiar to Wisconsin. In other schools if the word is used at all, it does not advertise refined condescension on the part of the speaker. It is true the argots of other universities have their shabby-genteel phrases, as what vocabulary has not? In at least one school the unfortunate graduates of a subsidiary theological seminary are looked upon by the disrespectful as a kind of harmless lunatic, less to be pitied than endured. But with us the problem is local. Why the normalite?

II.

He who would search out the devious meanings of this word, normalite, must be considerable more of a psychologist than a philologian and considerable more of a social barometer than a psychologist. For a psychologist merely says obscurely in Latin-English what the business man has already discovered in plain Anglo-Saxon, and is as impervious to social meanings as a sociologist is to individual values.

Such an inquirer at once confronts a paradox. All normal school graduates are not normalites; all normalites are not normal school graduates. And with this goes hand in hand another contradiction.

The average college student cares not a whit what your antecedents are so long as your consequences are all right. He is as receptive as Whitman. You may come from a renowned university, loaded with debts and honors, or you may be derived from the little high school at Milton Corners, where the principal addresses his teaching force as "member of the faculty." Sex, color or previous condition of servitude are no ban to your standing in his eyes, so long as you settle down to the status of an island recognizable in his geography. It is only when he runs across an inaccessible iceberg, so to speak, that he looks for cause.

Into the unruffled seas of some student

intellect there came drifting in another generation unclassified wreckage from nameless glaciers. These the student attempted to surmount and failed. He was puzzled. He took the altitude of these newcomers. Upon reflection he discovered that some of these islands of ice hailed from the north, and without inquiry he hastily concluded that all of them so originated—and sailed away.

It may have been unjust, but one can scarcely expect from college students the patient impartiality of a supreme court. It was not his business to chart these strangers, anyway; he had vastly more important things to do like electing a class president, and besides he was neither impressed nor interested. So the name stuck. Spanish onions do not all come from Spain; neither do all normalites come from normal schools. But a normal school graduate, if he be a normalite, will fix himself in his class as inevitably as a seagull seeks the sea. His friends are there, and all those that are not in with him are against him.

So the normalite must be distinguished from the normal school graduate, just as "help" must be distinguished from a tried and trusted "hired girl." A catalog of his virtues does not necessarily implicate the normal schools: they may father him in fiction, but unless they want to, they need not father him in fact.

What, then, does the term connote? The toastmaster at a banquet held last year by one of our numberless student organizations, in the course of introducing the next speaker, uttered the significant statement that, saving the speaker's presence (he was a normal school graduate), the toastmaster had come to question whether any good could come out of a normal school. And a normalite of the intermittent type, seated across the table, was heard to mutter the one brilliant witticism of his career when he murmured, "The good die young—or teach."

The only defect in the observation is that it is clever, and like most clever things, has not foundation in fact. But the pregnant phrase of the toastmaster requires comment, for it goes straight to the heart of the puzzling problem in hand.

When the graduate of the two-year course at Platteville or Oshkosh or some other of the numberless normal schools in the state comes to Madison and fails to get full sixty hours credit for his work, he is apt to write home sarcastically about "professional jealousy in the university." And in candor it must be admitted that the president of his normal school is often too willing to give credence to the charge. The cry is an old one, and has in its favor, besides, the merit of simplicity. As an explanation it is perfectly satisfactory and comprehensive, and like a great many satisfactory explanations, mostly wrong.

That there is on the part of the university a slight arrogance, a flavor of condescension reminiscent of a St. Bernard indulgently permitting a cloud of puppies to bark at him, will be cheerfully admitted by all concerned. This is a sign of health, and its lack would be cause for anxiety. A large substratum of conceit, Holmes discovered, is good for men, and no less so for universities. That there is here and there a pro-

fessor who views the whole normal school system with an intolerant eye must likewise be granted in the cause of truth. That is because he is profoundly ignorant of the great work the normal school is doing, just as the normal school teacher sometimes forgets that life may be lived pedagogically even in a university. Moreover that an occasional underling, some assistant with more future than cash, has gone out of his way to poke fun at the normalite, must also be confessed. As a rule a man's idea of his own importance varies inversely as the importance of his job. But to say that the University of Wisconsin deliberately purposes a policy of slight to the normal school graduate argues a lack of common sense among the faculty of our normal schools.

In the first place the university could not afford deliberately to snub the normal schools. Such a policy would be suicidal in the legislature, whence (in the profane language of a certain shrewd graduate) "whence our strength cometh."

In the second place, in the present overcrowded condition of the university, it is absurd to suppose that the administration does not recognize the very valuable service the normal schools do the university in relieving the pressure on the first two years of the course. And recognizing this service, as far-sighted men, it would hardly be their policy to antagonize their allies.

And finally, this assumption, so flattering to the normal schools, is not in accordance with the facts. Good or bad, pedant or scholar, the normal graduate gets his two years of credit in the University for a course which on the face of it is worth only about one year's work. Grammar and arithmetic and geography are doubtless necessary for the training of a successful teacher (though the writer would lay an exception to the last-named subject) but they are not and never will be subjects of college grade. When the university gives the normal school graduate two years' credit for his course, it is deliberately granting him about twice as much as he ought to have, for the reason that, as the culmination of the educational system of the state, the university rightly feels that the want of a student for an education is much more important than the kind of education he desires. The policy of the university is a liberal one—too liberal—much more liberal than that of other colleges, and to say that Wisconsin suffers from professional jealousy of the normal schools is blandly to ignore the facts. Were the university jealous of the normalite, its policy would hardly consist in giving him twice as much as he ought to have in the way of credit; it would rather take the shape of refusing to give him as much as he deserves.

The cry of professional jealousy is about worn out and ought to be retired to the shelf along with some of Mr. Cary's ingenious arguments. As a graduate of a normal school, respecting the very valuable work his alma mater does, the writer is compelled to say that to him, at least, it has often seemed that the jealousy hypothesis has been entered on the wrong side of the books. Certainly he heard more talk of it while he was in the normal school than while he has been a student in the university! At any rate the imputation is an un-

worthy one and should be dropped. We must look elsewhere for the sources of character; we must look to the normalite himself.

(To be continued)

* * * *

# From the Diary of a Sojourner

James E. Jenkins

HEN I announced to divers friends leaving Madison at Commencement time that I should pass a goodly share of the summer in Madison, I could detect a look of pitying condescension in their faces and as they boarded their trains bound for all points of the compass, their final goodbyes seemed to smack of condolences. And yet I can truthfully say after this summer's sojourn in Madison town, "It is good to have been here."

I have seen the regular students depart with all the accompanying characteristic blatant noise and stir—the rattle of trunk wagons, the toots of taxis, the wild scramble to pay long unsettled bills and a wilder one to escape paying others. I have seen much embracing and weeping and promises of eternal friendship among the co-eds. I have seen heartier and less effusive demonstrations among the fellows. And some weeks later I have seen the summer studes take their leave. The regular year bunch seem to wish to announce to Madison, the faculty, the tradespeople, and the world in general, that they are going to leave the city for two or three months. The summer crowd just melts away—for a year with some, and for longer with others—and yet there is no fuss and flurry.

I had sufficient to do during summer school to forget to cultivate daily acquaintance with the thermometer. I have keenly enjoyed observing the summer students themselves. And here is a description of the composite type.

Of course you know it must be a teacher and a "she" and yet not a very feminine one. She is not pretty and she is not "strong" on clothes (both superficial points of course but conceded to be part of the equipment of the typical college girl) but her skirts are as tight as permissible and she goes to church on Sunday mornings. She likes a good time. She's had a little French but she didn't have a good teacher so she isn't as crazy about it as she might be. She can play all the old supposed-to-be college songs, such as Pollywollodoodle, Upidee and the Meerschaum Pipe and she can sing all the "latest" songs like True Blue and In My Harem. She likes to meet interesting people and she takes in all of the lectures and entertainments provided by the University. She likes, if the environment is suitable, to talk on life and Browning and seems to revel in the vague mysteries of both. There is something different though about her that distinguishes her from the usual college girl. At first you overlook it and then it becomes too apparent. The truth is that she has lost her idealism. Her aspect toward life, toward work, toward friends has become hardened —at heart she is gradually becoming

cynical. She would highly resent it if you told her so—and yet she knows it perfectly well herself.

The summer students themselves do not feel entirely at home in Madison. They try awfully hard but the realization comes to them sooner or later, that they are, as it were, but birds of passage. The fellows invade the gym and chat under the showers. They loaf on the grass before Main Hall and discuss critically the courses in the Department of Political Economy. The coeds parade down Langdon street to the Y. M. C. A. pier with nobby bathing-caps and raincoats that slink around their ankles. They flock to the Wednesday night play-hour, hoping to meet some men.

But they know that they are living as it were, in a rented home. They know it isn't theirs for four years and they feel that the regular studes fancy that they have it all over them. Yet they put on their best clothes and succeed in being gay.

Grass has grown on the lower campus in the very spots where at dawn in May, dust was flying. The early mornings are quiet and drowsy as the flies buzz against the window-screens and Music Hall clock drones out the hours in a begrudging fashion. It seems to try to tell the business-manager that it too deserves a vacation. The lake ripples blue and silver and a gray haze lingers along the opposite shore. In the woods along the drive, the approach of human foot drives a myriad of hurrying, scurrying, creeping things to shelter. Insects zigzag in dizzy intoxication with the joys of odorous ferns, damp earth and rustic seclusion.

As the morning advances, the delivery wagons, an ocassional florist one and the inevitable "Pant-pandemonium" renew their noisy invasions of the courts and alleys of the Latin quarter. At noon the cars crash up State street filled with men in their shirt sleeves and weary looking shop-girls. In the swings on the porches of one or two sorority houses a couple of girls may be seen, always engaged with a needle and an embroidery frame. Nobody seems to know who they are or why they are there. They never raise their heads at delivery wagons or at even express wagons for they never seem to be expecting anything. They only sit and embroider initials and forgetmenots and one wonders at the thoughts that they must be weaving in with their threads.

The fraternity houses seem to be open and they have all the appearance of being closed. I have watched with interest the progress or rather the lack of it in the construction of the Capitol dome. I have seen the groups of statuary being lifted up by the derricks, a torso of "Plenty," and the lower extremities of "Justice." In the early part of the afternoon, the square is almost deserted. There is often a line-up before the bubblers and there is, as in many a small village, a select coterie of "old settlers" at a corner who talk about the "hottest summer" and the crops.

But it is at night that impressions come thick and fast. Of course everyone who owns a car is out driving the family and friends around the square. In the benches in Capitol Park just as in Madison Square Garden in New York or in Grant Park in Chicago sit lonely, forlorn looking human

beings who watch with tired, perhaps envious eyes, the parade of Madison in motor cars.

Guests at the New Park Hotel sit around the entrance until late. Those that are not discussing business are pretty apt to be telling what they know of college whether they have ever been or not. It's the glamour of it all—the football celebrations, the Glee Club trips, the house parties, the rah-rah-go-as-swift-as-you-please spirit that appeals to them the strongest and yet which as matured men and fathers of boys, they are most ready to depreciate. Those that didn't go to college will send their sons and they want them to make up for all their fathers had to miss.

All over Madison these hot evenings, landladies are sitting on the front porches in white linen with the collars turned in, twirling in their hands either palm leaf fans or "mosquito chasers." They are telling for the hundred and seventeenth time of last year's roomers—and about the night that all the boys were on a rough-house and she had to rap on the pipes to quiet them and when that didn't work, she had to send her old man up to tell them they'd have to "cut it" or move.

The piers along the lake shores are ideal places to sit and muse and dream these summer evenings. Occasional steamers appear around the Point and discharge their passengers at a neighboring pier. Canoes—more often with either a single occupant or sometimes with three or four—rarely two as in spring— pass with hardly a ripple of sound. Lights burn steadily at various familiar points across the lake and a myriad of them twinkle in both sky and water. The houses along the lake are quiet although there is a light in one or two of the rooms. Bats dart and descend around my head and I try to thrust from my mind their evil omens.

There comes to me these summer evenings a fuller and more complete revelation of the majesty and grandeur of the ever-changing drama of Nature and I am permitted to look, as it were, behind the scenes and to grasp a truth concerning the master mind of the greatest Artist. As I live over these soul experiences of each season which to me is always a distinct phase of life itself, I come to realize more fully with James Thomson, "These as they change, Almighty Father, are but the varied God. The rolling year is full of Thee."

And again,

"Should Fate command me to the farest virge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes.
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Glides Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy."

I have wandered down to these shores again during some of these nocturnal, torrential rains which have enveloped the city. At these times, "these summer rains pouring in ceaseless torrents, have swept away and drowned all other voices of the earth. Darkness hangs over all and dumb space, ever silent is brimming over with words." It is from Rabindranath Tagore of India that I have caught the spiritual significance of these summer rains.

"It rouses a response in our hearts too, which yearn for a similar expression, for saying something equally large and filling in like manner, all land and water and sky."

"When Nature speaks, she hushes up all our words in our hearts and claims from us an answering music which should be full of the suggestion of the unutterable."

"Today this feeling ever recurs to my mind that these rains are not of one single evening but are unceasing showers pouring from all my life."

How mysterious is the relation of the human heart with Nature!

* * * *

# The Crisis in Forensics

**James Knollin**

FORTUNATELY the long succession of defeats which Wisconsin has suffered in debating has been overshadowed by her triumphs in athletics and other activities. But still there remains the rankling fact that such a record could scarcely exist in an institute where more importance is attached to debating contests.

There is too much of an inclination to accept the situation as Wisconsin's "hoodoo;" we are too prone to rest on the laurels already attained without attempting to add more to them by the strengthening of our weak points. After considering the situation, the school will come unanimously to the usual conclusion that "Something must be done." The mere acknowledgement of that fact, however, will not result in any victorious debating teams. There must be a reason for all these ignominious defeats. Undoubtedly we have the material for at least an occasional victory. The thing to do, then, is to search for the cause and remedy it if possible.

Professor Lyman closed his season as coach with a very clear statement of the reasons for Wisconsin's failure in debating. He also made suggestions which will undoubtedly be carried out as far as possible. Those who read his article in the Wisconsin Magazine for May 1913 will recall that he objects to the present system of scheduling both the Joint and the Intercollegiate debates for the fall of the year, and to the present method of selecting the team. He does not approve of the Central Debating Circuit contract because he believes that the Wisconsin men, who prepare their own speeches, are often forced to meet teams who merely recite the articles dictated by their coaches. It is not difficult to see the wisdom of these suggestions. Undoubtedly Professor Lyman has set his finger upon the essential defects in our system.

His newly appointed successor, Mr. J. Milton O'Neill, is new to the University and consequently is unable to outline his policies. However, he pledges himself to "do gladly and willingly anything in his power to further the public speaking interests of the University." It can only be hoped that this excellent spirit will be reflected in the activities of all those associated with him during the coming year.

With Professor Lyman's lucid portrayal of necessary reforms before us, there is no

reason why we should not regard with optimism the future of Wisconsin as a power in debating. The regents have seen fit to countenance adequate coaches for athletic teams, and we believe that similar consideration is due the forensic department. Nothing within the university itself is too great to overshadow the importance of our contests with other schools. Further defeat will mean a disgrace which no amount of victory in other lines can efface. We look to Professor O'Neill to bring results. He has a hard situation to face, but we believe he will find ready co-operation in any steps he may see fit to take for the advantage of Wisconsin forensics.

* * * *

# Saladin

**Ralph Yewdale**

"Mine eyes have seen the days of his majesty
King strong to aid; the sum of piety,
Bane of the crucifix—idolatry,
Banneret of right and generosity,
Salah-Ed-Din
Lord of Islam and Musilmin.
God water his grave with showers of clemency,
And grant him in mercy's home the meed of
constancy"—Baha-Ed-Din.
(Tr. by Stanley Lane-Poole)

EVERYONE WHO has read Scott's "Talisman" or who is familiar with Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" knows at least a little about Saladin, the famous Saracen sultan, and opponent of Richard the Lion Hearted. Saladin of fiction and romance is interesting, but not more so than the real Saladin of history. The ficitious Saladin is familiar to many, the Saladin of history to fewer.

Saladin, or Salah-ed-din (Honor of the Faith) as the name is spelt in Arabic was born in 1135 at Tekrit on the Tigris River. The years preceding his birth were strenuous ones for the Saracens. The Crusaders from the West by a series of mighty efforts had snatched Jerusalem, the city of David and Christ, and the greater part of Syria from the Saracens. They had founded the kingdom of Jersulaem, and were living now in Syria, Christian colonists in a Mohammedan Country. The Mohammedans, discordant, disunited, belligerent amongst themselves were helpless. The Christians were safe so long as there was no great leader to unite the Mohammedans in a common cause.

The young Saladin was educated at Damascus. During his youth, the Mohammedans were united for a time by Inad-ed-din Zengy, and later by his son, Nur-ed-din, and the Christians were given a disastrous beating. As soon as he was old enough, Saladin was sent to Egypt to fight in Nur-ed-din's army. He became ambitious, and watched for his opportunities. He was soon appointed Vizier of Egypt, he won battles, and made friends. When the Sultan Nur-ed-din died, Saladin was the most powerful ruler in the Mohammedan world. It was not long before he had won for himself the title of Sultan.

He made a treaty with the Christians and put an end to the bickerings and quarrelings between Mohammedans and Crusaders.

At the same time, he set about it to improve the material welfare of his own people. But the truce was not to last. In the mountains of Syria beyond the Dead Sea at Karak lived Reginald of Chatillon, an unscrupulous French adventurer, who, like so many other Westerners had come to the Holy land to fill his pockets rather than to save his soul. Day after day, rich Mohammedan caravans passed his castle. The Lord of Kerak looked down from his castle windows with watering mouth, but he remembered the truce, and the might of Saladin, and he stayed his hand. So the caravans passed in peace. But one day while a caravan was passing, Reginald and his men-at-arms dashed out and attacked it. The Saracens were slain and their goods stolen. When the news came to Saladin's ears, he swore in anger that he would not rest until he had killed with his own hand the Christian who had broken the truce.

The Saracens prepare for war. The "Jihad," the Holy War, is preached throughout all Syria. There is a coming and going of Mohammedan warriors, a hurried marshalling of troops. The Christains are taken by surprise. They hurriedly bring together a huge army and set out to meet Saladin. Persuaded by the Grand Master of the Templars, the King of Jerusalem gives the order to march straight across the desert. Meanwhile Saladin waits. The Christian army advances, the water gives out, the heat is intense, and the Saracens are beginning to prey upon the army's flanks. On the 4th of July, Saladin begins his attack at Hittin. The Crusaders, tortured by thirst and by the intense heat, and blinded and choked by the smoke of the burning desert bush to which the Saracens set fire are paralyzed. The Saracens fight like tigers, and the battle becomes a slaughter. At length, the Christian army, disorganized, terror-stricken, beaten—the King of Jerusalem, the Master of the Templars, Reginald of Chatillon, and the greater part of the army not already killed are taken prisoners.

Saladin commanded the King and Reginald to be brought to his tent. Seeing the King's distress, the Sultan gave him a cup of water, cooled by the mountain snow. Then standing up, and facing Reginald, he said: "Twice have I sworn to kill him; once when he sought to invade the holy cities, and again when he took the caravans by treachery. Ho! I will avenge Mohammed upon thee!" He whipped out his scimitar, and cut off the head of the unlucky Crusader. Seeing the agitation of the King of Jerusalem, Saladin said in a reassuring tone of voice, "Do not fear; it is not the custom of kings to slay kings," and the great Saracen set the King and his suite free, but the Knights of the Temple were executed as a warning to all Christian truce-breakers.

Soon after the Battle at Hittin, the Saracens pressed on to Jerusalem. The city was surrounded, supplies were cut off, and Jerusalem was surrendered into the hands of Saladin. But there was no slaughter or pillage such as invariably took place, when the Christians captured a city. The great Saracen allowed every man who paid a ransom of four gold pieces to go forth free, and his brother el-Adil set free a thousand

Christians who had been given to him as slaves. To crown all, Saladin said to his staff, "My brother has made his alms, now I would fain make mine," and he set free all the old people in the city who were too poor to pay the ransom. It was reserved for a hated Mohammedan to teach the Crusaders the true meaning of the Christian virtue of mercy.

The remainder of Saladin's life is spent in fighting the Christians; fighting with Philip Augustus of France, and with Richard the Lion Hearted of England. The years until his death are occupied with continual wars, until at last Richard sails back to England, and the country is freed from the hated Crusaders.

At his death it was found that the great Sultan was penniless. He had given away to the poor all that he had not spent in the Holy War, and the money for his burial was borrowed from friends. The whole city of Damascus was filled with weeping and wailing when the great Saracen was carried forth, and buried in the citadel.

He was, without a doubt, the greatest and best of the rulers of his age. He was always the Merciful and the Just. His people loved and worshipped him, for he acted as one of them. He did not possess "the awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings." He ruled his subjects by his mercy and love. Even the poorest and most humble of his subjects felt at ease in his presence. His secretary tells how, when he was riding ahead of Saladin on a rainy day, his mule splashed the Sultan with mud. The secretary was horrified, but Saladin only smiled and wiped the mud from his garment. No peasant was too humble to gain the Sultan's ear, and no wrong was too trivial for the Sultan to investigate and redress.

At the siege of Acre, a Christian woman, whose baby had been carried off by the Saracens, came to Saladin to beg him to find the child. The great Sultan was touched. He calmed the mother's fears, and gave orders throughout the army that the camp was to be searched and after the baby had been found and restored to the woman, Saladin had her escorted rejoicing back to the Crusaders' camp.

He did not love battle or blood-shed, and the wars which he undertook were wars for his religious faith, for he was always a devout Moslem, in his observance of ceremonies, as well as in his rigid and ascetic rule of life.

There was a quaint vein of quixotic chivalry in his nature. He sends Richard of England, his most formidable adversary, fruit and snow from the mountains, when he learns that the Lion Hearted is sick, and in the heat of battle when one of his officers tells him that the King of England, who is leading the enemy's attack, has been unhorsed, the Sultan sends him one of his best horses, that Richard may not have to fight on foot. Richard, being a good churchman, repays these favors by massacring 2700 Saracen prisoners in cold blood.. The great Saracen was a devout Mohammedan, possessed of all the Christian virtues, in an age when the qualities of Faith, Justice, and Mercy were all too rare.

# EDITORIAL

*"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."—TERENCE.*



## We Greet You

THIS IS our "innovatory number." With this issue we have striven to take the first step toward making the Wisconsin Magazine perform the function we believe it should; namely, to represent the best literary thought of the university students. Yet, while we shall strive to be literary, we shall not be dry for the sake of "high brow-ness." We take this stand with the firm belief that the great majority of the students here have serious enough intent to give such a policy substantial support. We have been told that we were wrong, and that we will fail. Perhaps we will, but we do not think so. Because we strive to give you what seems most worth while does not seem to us a reason why we should be unpopular. The contents of each individual number will be made up from the best that the staff and contributors have to offer, carefully selected. We hope to give you through the year only the very best that is available in the school.

* * * *

## More Coming

We herewith undertake a departure which has become popular with national magazines; i. e., that of trying to arouse your interest by telling you of the good things we will have next month. Next time we are going to begin "little journeys to the homes of leading college presidents," and we shall continue to have similar sketches through the year, two each month. The first visited will be President Hadley of Yale and President Lowell of Harvard.

You have heard of many a fellow who has worked his way across the Atlantic in a cattle boat, and then seen Europe for a mere song as a summer diversion? Next month a fellow who went with a purpose will tell you what he went for and what he saw.

From month to month we plan to review the different dramas that come to Madison, in the hope that we may help along a movement which will sufficiently convince the Fuller management that there is here a splendid market for good drama as to result in our getting the best in modern drama that the theatre world has to offer.

We shall continue the discussion of the self-government problem in the next issue. The fall elections of the Conference will doubtless give rise to some interesting

situations. Next month we will also have some information about the Vilas Contest. Short stories in the magazine this year will be scarce, for we hope that by adopting this policy we can make the standard one of quality rather than quantity. Hence the Vilas Contest should be better this year than ever before.

Did you know that there are men in the school who met once a week all through last semester for the sole purpose of reading and discussing informally modern authors and their work? Next month we are going to tell you all about the inception, development, and aspiration of the "Stranglers."

We have this month another article on the debate situation. We are going to keep hammering away on this question in the hope that persistence will bring results.

* * * *

## Where Are Our Standards

Michigan was turned out of the Big Nine Conference because she failed to "play fair." We were shocked at the occurrence, but what is our feeling when we learn that nearly three hundred freshmen were implicated last June in a theft of examination papers? Are there gradations of honesty? Are our standards so debased that we see a difference between theft of examination questions and theft of money? Is such a situation merely a reflection of modern standards of life? There is hardly a one of you that has not some time at least, heard of some one that saw the examination questions in some course before the allotted time. Was our recent failure to adopt the "honor system" a confession of a recognized limitation? In an early number we shall discuss Wisconsin student honesty; and there will probably be something said about cribbing before it's finished.

* * * *

## Why Shouldn't We?

In at least one school in the country a custom is followed by having a uniform class pin, the only change from year to year being made in the numerals on the pin. At the present time at Wisconsin there is so little except artificial ties like athletic enthusiasm to bring about cohesion in the student body that we believe in encouragment of every institution which will produce such a state of affairs. At the present time the only Wisconsin pins or insignia are flags, lapel initials, seals, and the like which are not distinctive as long as similar ornaments are in use in every school. Why should we not have means of telling our fellow collegians, by means of a pin and recognition pin as much as any fraternity? How are we now to know Wisconsin men as we travel about the country? What means have we of recognizing and greeting the legion that have never received a degree, and hence are not recognized in the alumni directory, people who hold no diploma but who still carry a keen loyalty for the only Alma Mater they know? To us it seems highly reasonable that such a pin, if adopted after careful deliberation by competent experts, would be the token and insignium which would bind together with ties of strongest brotherhood the twenty thousand or more men and women that look to Wisconsin as their college home.

# The University of Wisconsin

**The College of Letters and Science** offers a General Course in Liberal Arts; a Course in Pharmacy; a Course in Commerce; a Course in Music; a Course in Journalism; Library Training Courses in connection with the Wisconsin Library School; the Course for the Training of Teachers, and the Course in Chemistry.

**The College of Mechanics and Engineering** offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

**The College of Law** offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.

**The College of Agriculture** offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture; (2) a middle course of two years; (3) a short course of one or two years in Agriculture; (4) a Dairy Course; (5) a Farmers' Course; (6) a four years' course in Home Economics.

**The College of Medicine** offers a course of two years in Preclinical Medical Work, the equivalent of the first two years of the Standard Medical Course. After the successful completion of the two years' course in the College of Medicine, students can finish their medical studies in any medical school in two years.

**The Graduate School** offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University.

**The University Extension Division** embraces the departments of Correspondence Study, of Debating and Public Discussion, of Lectures, and of Information and General Welfare. A Municipal Reference Bureau, which is at the service of the people of the state, is maintained, also a Traveling Tuberculosis Exhibit and vocational institutes and conferences are held under these auspices.

## SPECIAL COURSES IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

**The Course in Commerce,** which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers.

**The Courses in Pharmacy** are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy.

**The Course for the Training of Teachers,** four years in length, is designed to prepare teachers for the secondary schools. It includes professional work in the departments of philosophy and education and in the various subjects in the high schools as well as observation work in the elementary and secondary schools of Madison.

**The Course in Journalism** provides four years' work in newspaper writing and practical journalism, together with courses in history, political economy, political science, English literature, and philosophy, a knowledge of which is necessary for journalism of the best type.

**Library Training Courses** are given in connection with the Wisconsin Library School, students taking the Library School Course during the junior and senior years of the University Course.

**The Course in Chemistry** offers facilities for training for those who desire to become chemists. Six courses of study are given, namely, a general course, a course for industrial chemist, a course for agricultural chemist, a course for soil chemist, a course for physiological chemist, and a course for food chemist.

**The Libraries** at the service of members of the University, include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, the State Law Library, and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 380,000 bound books and over 195,000 pamphlets.

Detailed information on any subject connected with the University may be obtained by addressing **W. D. HIESTAND, Registrar, Madison, Wisconsin.**

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