



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. IV, No. 5 February 1907**

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], February 1907

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

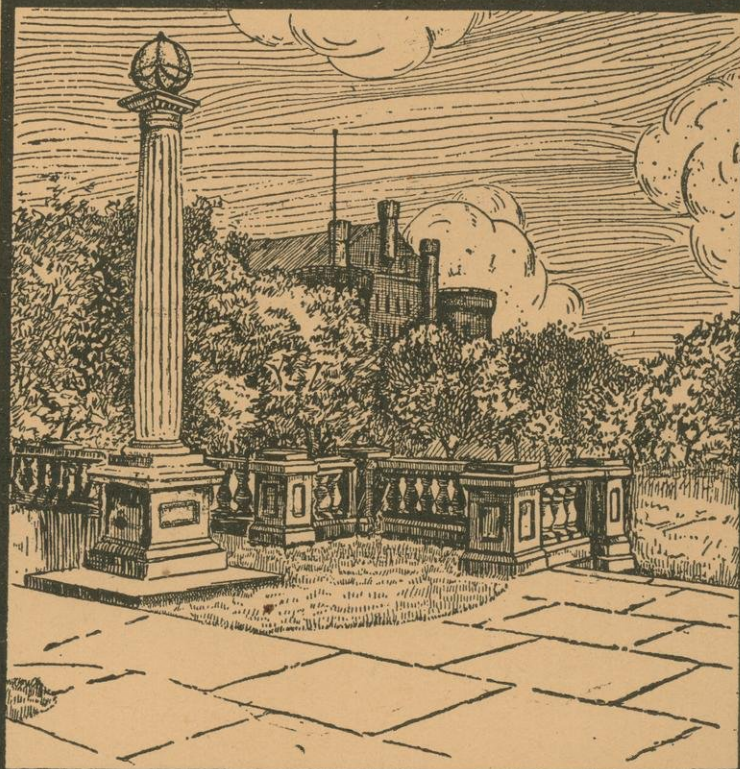
Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

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

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

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

# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY & & MAGAZINE



RUSSELL - OTTO

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 5

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly during the College Year at Madison, Wis.  
Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter  
of the second class

Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 5

---

## CONTENTS

The Sick Horse	- - - - -	129
	William B. Kemp	
Lines to a Prom Girl (verse)	- - - - -	136
	F. B.	
The Bublong Case	- - - - -	137
	Lucien Cary and George Hill	
My Best Enemy	- - - - -	151
	W. A. Buchen	
A Rushing Stunt	- - - - -	152
	Kenneth F. Burgess	
Finis	- - - - -	155
	Elsie Bullard	
Editorial	- - - - -	159

THE  
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1907

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 5

---

**THE SICK HORSE.**

WILLIAM B. KEMP.

It was a peculiar room in which sat David McClellan. The rough walls of the old house and the log rafters gave ample evidence of their antiquity. Here, in the midst of humble and somewhat scanty furniture he now reads his newspaper, while writhing wreaths of smoke ascended from his pipe and hung in fantastic shapes around the logs. The appearance of the old man blended strangely with the soiled calendars and sundry clusters of herbs which adorned the wall. He seemed a peculiar man, yet just such as he are common enough in his native land. His beard, a particularly Scotch affair, was in good keeping with his short wiry build.

From his general bearing it could be seen that he, Davy, was lord of the place; to put it in his own words, he ruled here, "like a wee king." Of Marget, his wife, he made a humble subject. It is hard to imagine how this overbearing Scotchman had ever condescended to woo so humble a creature.

Marget's appearance was quite striking as she bustled about the room. Resulting from hard out-door labor in her younger days she was large and muscular, one might almost say masculine. In sharp contrast with the bold square outlines of her body, a pleasant, good-looking face mirrored the whole-hearted soul within. Partly because she was left



handed, partly on account of her form, she seemed awkward, but nevertheless she was very quick and accomplished much in an hour.

While Davy was busily engaged with his paper Marget was washing the milk pails and a number of pans in readiness for the milk in the morning. She waddled back and forth from one end of the room to the other, and seemed to be doing a dozen things at once. Now and again, urged by idle curiosity, she stole a glance through the window. At one of these sly maneuvers her curiosity sharpened to interest. She evidently saw something.

“Wha can thon be, Davy? There’s some’n’ comin’ frae doon the sooth road,” as she gazed out with her face nearly touching the pane.

“Whilk way, Marget, did ye say?” as he rose to satisfy his curiosity, which though easily aroused was persistent. “I see naebody.” He stood with specks in one hand and paper in the other.

“Tut, tut man, where’s yer een? Can ye no see? Awa doon the ither side o’ the brig.”

“Aye, Marget I see noo. Wha can be gaun this way the necht, an’ at this time? But then it doesna’ mak’ sae muckle odds.

“Dinna be ower curious,” he advised as he settled back into his chair.

Silence ensued. Both seemed quite oblivious of the pedestrian. Davy’s pipe steadily added to the heaving bank of smoke which hung in tenuous streaks across the ceiling. Marget seemed once more to become wholly absorbed in her work.

Some hidden force soon impelled the curious Davy. He fumbled in his tobacco box which stood on the sill, and at the same time stole a sly glance down the road. Before he was aware his thoughts became words.

“Marget, I’m thinkin’ it walks like Saundy, but he’s still that far off I couldna’ be sure.”

"Aye," in a dry tone without so much as looking up. She was having what Davy called a "glum streak." He resumed his seat and re-lighted his pipe. The wreaths of aromatic smoke ascended to the rafters and spread through the room; the fantastic festoons of herbs peeped through the floating vapors, and through it all Davy studied something on the wall. Marget stole a glance at him, then re-assured she permitted her curiosity to rule. Carelessly she walked across the room and with a cloth which she had just used in wiping dishes, she dusted the window. Davy puffed viciously for some seconds, then broke out impatiently:

"Come awa', Marget; dinna glower oot thon way. Bide back a wee. We dinna want folk tae think we're curious."

"Man, Davy haud yer tongue." He straightened up, ready for a warm dispute, but cooled down as Marget continued. "It *is* Sandy Davison, an' he's comin' in here. We mauna' hae him ken we've been glowerin' oot at him."

For a few seconds Davy seemed startled, then assumed a careless air. He mechanically packed the tobacco in his pipe with his forefinger, and opened his paper which chanced to be upside down. Marget made a great clatter in putting away the pails and pans. Had Sandy been a keen observer he might have seen suspicious signs, but he saw nothing.

"Why, Sandy, an' is it you?" broke in Marget, "wha'd hae thot t' see ye at sic a time? Come right ben the hoose. Ye'll tak a drap o' tea? It'll no tak' but a meenit. Aye, an' ye'll hae a bit cheeze wi't. We got some awfu' guid nippy cheeze ower at the veelage."

"Guid evenin', Sandy, guid evenin'! Sit right doon. An' hoo are ye the necht? Aye, Sandy, sit doon man, an' tak' a bit t' stay ye after yer walk. It's a bit cauld the necht an' a drap o' tea will warm ye up."

"Na, Davy, it's no sae cauld as it was about the meedle o' the afternoon. It's a bit like rain syne twa 'oors."

The conversation ran on apace. They discussed every-

thing from the weather to the price of cheese, and were still finding ample material when Davy's attention was attracted by some sound outside.

"Whist, d' ye no hear thon'? It's oot t' the barn. I'll gang oot an' see."

Saundy continued to sip at his tea. Marget looked troubled, but said nothing. A few minutes later Davy stuck his head in at the door.

"It's Jake," he announced, "he's aye seek again. Marget, come oot wi' the bottles."

Saundy jumped up to follow. When he reached the door Davy's lantern was half-way to the barn. Before he had reached the old log stable Davy had begun operations. The lantern already hung from one of the rafters and Davy was bending over the animal. Jake looked the true crowbait, and at present he seemed in a fair way to become one. His skin was evidently several sizes too small for him, so tightly was it stretched. As he lay here, with protruding tongue and heaving sides, he was a real picture of equine misery. Bill, his mate in more than companionship, looked on with an indescribably woe-begone expression, whether of sympathy or dread lest he find himself in a similar condition ere long, it would indeed be hard to say.

Davy carried on operations with the air of one who is not unused to such ordeals.

"Pair Jake," as he cautiously passed his palm over the animal's body, "is the pain here?—is it here, pair beastie? Dinna mind, lad, Marget'll be here in a wee wi' the bottles. Whoo, Jake, dinna kick, lad."

Marget soon appeared with an armful of old bottles of every size, shape and color. Such mixtures as these bottles did contain! The compounds smelled horribly, and the liniments were certainly not weak. The air was soon heavy with the stuff, but its effect on Jake was not at all evident. He was evidently used to such mixtures. So active were the abominable things in giving off their gaseous components that

Saundy was forced to the door for a breath of fresh air. Davy even was sneezing now and then as he held Jake's head. Marget inserted the neck of a bottle nearly two feet long into the open mouth and emptied the contents down the poor animal's throat.

"Davy," she said, presently, "ye maun gie him a drap o' wather. He's awfu' drouthy, I'm thinkin'."

"Aye, Marget," and he disappeared into the darkness.

The lantern threw its flickering light upon the old wife as she bent over the horse in a vain endeavor to find the chief spot of suffering. Outside the measured squeak of the pump echoed on the still night air. Finally, getting the pail filled, Davy returned. The sick beast swallowed a mouthful and declined the rest. Bill on the other side of the stall was eager for it. He stretched out his neck in an attempt to reach the pail. Davy set it where the horse could reach, and the contents disappeared in about a hundredth of the time it had taken Davy with hard labor to pump it. As the animal plainly wanted more, Davy concluded that his son had forgotten to water him, and so he got another pailful, and a third. Still the animal was not satisfied.

"Aw, ye drouthy brit, I'll hae t' tak' ye oot an' pit ye doon the waal. I'll gie ye *ane* mair an' narry a drap ower."

When Davy returned, Bill had changed his mind and hung his head in a most dejected manner. He would not notice the water.

"There! tak' that ye brit. If it's no in ye it's on ye." Suiting the action to the word he emptied out the whole contents. The cold water caused the beast to shake vigorously and he coughed several times. Then he fell back into the same drowsy state.

"Ye're no goin' tae be seek too are ye Bill?—Marget, say, where's Saundy?"

"I thocht he was about the door?"

"Na, he's no. Oh, Saundy! Whaur hae ye pit yersel?" he called.



The echo came back from the bluff; then all was silent for a time. At length steps were heard and a voice said:

"Aye, Davy, what'll ye hae? I've been doon t' the burn for a fleur m' e'e fa'd on amang the brechans. It's a guid thing t' gie yon bleerit auld brit."

"Bleerit auld brit," retorted Davy, "ye've no got the like o' him t' hame. He can hirple along wi' a bigger load nor ony of yours."

"But hist! Did ye hear thon curmurrin'? We'll hae a guid storm the necht."

"Aye, Davy, but let's fix up the aiver."

In a short time Jake's condition began to mend and within half an hour he was in as good condition apparently as Bill.

As Davy stepped forth from the stable a gust of wind extinguished his lantern, leaving the group in total darkness.

"Oh, Saundy," called out Davy, "have ye no a match?"

"Bide a wee an' I'll see," as he went through his pockets. "Na, I havna' a single ane. Are ye sure ye havena' ane yersel?"

Davy searched carefully, and at length found a short one in the depths of his vest pocket. Having made his way inside the door he struck it, but Fortune did not favor. It even seemed as if some evil spirit were at work, for no sooner had the tiny blaze sprung up than a stronger gust than usual rushed in, extinguished it, and left Davy with a glowing ember in his hand. This also faded slowly and the darkness seemed the more intense. Davy muttered something under his breath.

"We'll just hae t' try it wi'oot, Saundy; it's no far, an' there's naethin' in the road."

The darkness was intense. There was not a star in sight, but now and then a faint flash in the West lighted up for an instant the dark turbulent clouds which drove up from the horizon.

Davy was the first to pass the corner of the stable where the house could be seen. No sooner had he gotten a glimpse of it than he started back in a fright.

“Marget did ye no leave the licht in the hoose? It’s as black as ink, an’ thonder abin the door in the lilacs is ane o’ thae wills-o’-the-wisp an’ it’s comin’ doon this way.”

“Come, come Davy, there’s naethin’ tae fear. Come awa’ behint me. I’ll tak’ the lead. I see nae will-o-the-wisp,” said Saundy.

Davy investigated and finding that the supernatural light was truly gone, he gained enough courage to cling to Saundy. Thus they proceeded. Davy clung desperately to Saundy’s arm, and Marget in turn clutched wildly at Davy’s coat. They reached the door but now another difficulty arose.

“Saundy, I daurna gang in thonder in the dark. The hoose is sae fu’ o’ of speerits that they’re crowdin’ ane anither up the lum. That was ane o’ them wi’ that will o’ the wisp in his fist. Aye, an’ thon’s ane o’ them noo. Gracious! See there, in the windy o’ the brow room.”

“I can see naethin’ there Davy,” replied Saundy, “let me gang intil the hoose an’ git the licht for ye.”

“Saundy, dinna’ try it! D’ ye no hear that pan rattlin’ in there? I can hear them slypin o’er ane anither t’ get a glint o’ us,” but before Davy knew it Saundy was inside.

“Oh! God Marget they’ve caught him,” as a pan slipped to the floor with a terrible clatter. The seconds seemed like years to Davy in his excitement.

“Marget, somethin’ awfu’s goin’ t’ happen. Thon will-o’-the-wisp is a bad sign. Here’s Saundy in here caught too,” then after a pause, “Na, na, he’s struck a match. There, he’s got the licht burnin’. Come Marget let’s gang in.” He was afraid he was being a bit too bold, but he feared Saundy’s ridicule more than the risk.

There was no sign of a spook, but no matter Davy was sure enough that they had been there. He went through all the necessary precautions to prevent their return, and then breathed more easily.

It was late; a storm was rising; Saundy was expected at home. He borrowed a lantern and set out, leaving the old

couple to manage the spooks alone. They watched the light as it slowly disappeared around the bluff, then Davy resumed his chair, took his shoes off, relighted his pipe and mused for some time.

“Gae queer,” said he at length, “that Saundy’s a gae queer jook. What brocht him here the necht if it were no t’ find if John’s at hame? He’s a suspicious fellow an’ I’d like t’ ken what he needs t’ know when John gangs oot?”



## LINES TO A PROM GIRL.

F. B.

You're the prettiest,  
Quite the wittiest;  
Always sweetest,  
And the neatest  
Girl I ever knew.

Love was blindest,  
And the kindest  
To me, dearest,  
Touch'd me nearest,  
When he sent me you.

## THE BUDLONG CASE.

BY  
LUCIAN CARY and GEORGE HILL.

### *People of the Play.*

GEORGE AUSTIN, '07, Psi Chi, a civil engineer, just returned from Panama.

PHIL MERKEL, ex-'13, Psi Chi, a conned-out freshman.

LLEWELLYN RUSSELL, '10, Phi Beta Kappa.

BIRKMAN ZOLDO, '10, Law, '12, a "grafter."

FACULTY INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.

DEAN DIRGE, of the College of Letters and Science.

PROFESSOR CARL RUSSELL HERRING, of the History Department.

PROFESSOR VICTOR HURSE, also of the History Department.

MISS FURST-BASE, instructor in physical training at Chadbourne Hall

MRS. MACWHORTER, chaperone to Gamma Delta.

JUNE CARTER, '10, Gamma Delta, a popular girl.

FRANCES RYDER, '13, Gamma Delta, an ingenuous young person.

BERNICE LANGHAM, '11, Gamma Delta, a smart young woman.

GRACE HOGAN, a waitress at the Pal.

JIM BUDLONG, '07, Phi Epsilon, a member of the Social committee and an instructor in English, appearing in the second act as

PHYLLIS LE MOYNE, of Stoughton.

### ACT I.

[Reception room of the Gamma Delta house in Madison. The room is comfortably rather than elaborately furnished; framed copies of Gibson's and Christy's pictures adorn the walls. At the back is a wide open doorway to the hall; on the right is a similar doorway, with portieres, which leads to the dining room. To the left of the center is a library table with several books and magazines piled promiscuously upon it. Against the back wall and to the left of the doorway is a long comfortable seat, an arm chair and one of the Morris pattern, arranged in a group and partially hidden by a folding screen. On the right is a piano with some pieces of popular music on the rack.]

FRANCES RYDER, an attractive girl of nineteen or twenty is seated on the floor in the center; she rests her weight carelessly on one arm as she turns the pages of a 1907 *Badger* with the other.

Enter BERNICE LANGHAM, a rather striking young woman, reading a letter; she comes forward, thrusts the letter inside her waist and looks over Frances' shoulder.]

BERNICE—What *Badger* is that?

FRANCES—Nineteen-seven.

BERNICE—Gee! You'll be reading the WISCONSIN LIT next.

FRANCES—I'm not reading it. I'm looking for George Austin's picture; June said that he graduated in nineteen-seven.

BERNICE—(kneeling to look over June's shoulder). They must have left him out; they forgot a lot of people that year.

FRANCES—Wasn't he in athletics or something?

BERNICE—Athletics? Why, that was the year after Ned Jordan got busy in Collier's.

FRANCES—He must be in here somewhere; any fellow who couldn't get his picture in the *Badger* his junior year doesn't amount to much.

BERNICE—What frat did he belong to?

FRANCES—I suppose he was a Psi Chi.

BERNICE—A Psi Chi! He's all right. A Psi Chi can afford to be neglected by the *Badger* board.

FRANCES—(turns the pages.)

BERNICE—(as she rises.) You don't need to look for the Psi Chi picture; it isn't in the *Badger*; it never is; they are too exclusive.

FRANCES—Don't be sarcastic about the Psi Chis; you know you've got a fierce crush on that sporty Phil Merkel, and he's three years younger than you are, too.

BERNICE—You've got a crush on a prof.

FRANCES—I don't like Jim because he's a Psi Chi, and you know it.

(Enter Mrs. MacWhorter, a woman on the divide between youth and middle age; a bit severe in manner at times, but very easy-going.)

BERNICE—A freshman in love with a prof. old enough to be her father.

FRANCES—He isn't, either; he isn't thirty yet, and he's

only an instructor, and, besides, he isn't a bit like one; Jim Budlong is a dead game sport.

BERNICE—I thought that you just objected to—

MRS. MAC—Girls, girls; remember that you are Gamma Deltas.

FRANCES—Oh, Mrs. Mac, do you remember this George Austin that June is so interested in?

MRS. MAC—Mr. Austin? Why, of course. He graduated in nineteen-seven—three years ago.

FRANCES and BERNICE—Is he good-looking?

MRS. MAC—Mr. Austin was a Psi Chi.

FRANCES—Oh! Psi Chis are invariably handsome men.

MRS. MAC—Mr. Austin was an engineer, but he was a very nice young man for all that. He has a fine position with the government down at Panama.

(Phone rings, off.)

MRS. MAC—There goes that 'phone again (exit).

FRANCES—It's queer June never said a word about him until this afternoon, and then, when she got that telegram, she fairly danced for joy.

BERNICE—The fact that we have never heard of him before is all the more reason for believing that she is in love with him. If he were just an ordinary crush she would have read his letters out loud at dinner.

FRANCES—O Bunny—do you suppose that there is a real engagement in sight?

BERNICE—There will be if we can keep that Llewellyn Russell from buttin' in. Just leave them alone and Commencement Week will do the rest.

FRANCES—Let's just make her accept him. We'll tell Mr. Austin that June really likes him, and we'll tell her all sorts of things—nice things—that he has said about her—just the kind of things that a girl likes to have a man think about her, but he never has sense enough to say.

BERNICE—Sure Mike! It'll be something to relieve the deadly monotony of Commencement Week. There hasn't



been a time since I was a freshman when there was less doin' than there is right now.

(Etner June in time to catch the last sentence.)

JUNE—Nothin' doin'? I've never been busier in my life.

BERNICE—You're a Senior; we were talking about the rest of humanity.

(Frances tries to slip away.)

JUNE—(smiling) I suppose (catching sight of Frances). There! I knew that waist had come back from the laundry. Frank Ryder, you come right upstairs and take it off. That's the prettiest waist I've got and I'm going to wear it tonight.

FRANCES—Oh, June! You lobster! My stuff hasn't come back, and I haven't a rag to my name.

JUNE—I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I've got to have it, and right away too. George Austin will be here any minute now.

FRANCES—I've got a man too; Jim Budlong is coming down!

JUNE—You see him every day; sometimes twice; you know him awfully well, Frankie, and I haven't seen Beau Austin for three years.

FRANCES—(putting her arm around June's neck.) Oh, June, please let me wear it tonight. (Drawing back to look at June.) The waist you've got on is awfully becoming; it's a perfect love of a waist, and besides there isn't time to change now anyway.

JUNE—But Frankie—

FRANCES—(putting her arms around June's neck and kissing her.) Oh, June, you dear. I knew you would.

BERNICE—June, is that Llewellyn coming again to-night?

JUNE—Oh, dear! I suppose I won't get a chance to talk to Beau at all. Bernice, couldn't you be nice to him this once. He'll fall on your neck if you're half-way decent to him. Why, he'd propose to a girl that would go to a dance with him.

BERNICE—I've got a man, too; Phil Merkel is coming do wn.

JUNE—O, Bunny, that awful sport!

FRANCES—Never you mind about Llewellyn. I'll put Jim wise and he'll help. We'll fix it some way.

(Doorbell rings, and Mrs. Mac is seen passing through the hall in answer to it.)

JUNE—There! Maybe that's Beau now and I've got to fix my hair. (Exit.)

(Frances and Bernice look expectantly toward the doorway.)

MRS. MAC—(heard off.) Well, I don't know anything about it, but I'm sure it was settled long ago; you'll have to come in and talk to one of the girls.

(Enter Mrs. Mac, followed by Zoldo.)

MRS. MAC—Mr. a Mr.—

ZOLDO—Zoldo, madam.

MRS. MAC—Mr. Zoldo wishes to collect our subscription for the *Cardinal*. Do you girls know anything about it?

BERNICE—That was paid long ago.

ZOLDO—(opening a small account book and holding it out.) I haven't any record of it. You can see for yourself that it is still charged to your account.

FRANCES—I know the girls made some arrangement about it; I think we each put in ten cents.

BERNICE—That was more than it was worth, too. Your paper never once got the reports of our chaperones right, and once you announced that we were going to give a reception when we hadn't the least intention of doing so and then—we had to give it.

ZOLDO—I haven't anything to do with that part of it; I just collect the money.

BERNICE—Well, I guess you'll have to wait till next year (turns away). We won't pay it; the girl that had it in charge isn't here now.

ZOLDO—That local sorority down here on University avenue paid for three subscriptions.

BERNICE—(turning around.) They did!

ZOLDO—Yes, and the Gamma Kappas Kappas took four.

FRANCES—The Kappas took four! We'll take five.

BERNICE—How much is it?

ZOLDO—It is two and a half after January 1st, but you may have five for an even ten.

BERNICE—I've got three dollars, Frances.

FRANCES—I've got a ten (rushes out into the dining room, comes back with a purse, from which she hands Zoldo a bill.

ZOLDO—(inspecting the money lovingly) Thank you (exit).

BERNICE—That's the money you were saving to pay your fare home with.

FRANCES—I don't know how I'll ever pay my Pal bill; but we can't let the Kappas beat us.

(Door bell rings weakly.)

BERNICE—There's that crazy fool, Llewellyn Russell. He always rings as if he were afraid he were going to get kicked out.

(Enter Llewellyn Russell escorted by Mrs. Mac. He wears white flannels, carries a white felt hat with a dark red band, has necktie and stockings to match the hatband and an embroidered monogram in the same shade on his coat. He is tall, ungainly, slightly stooped, very conscious of his clothes; he has an annoying manner of looking over his eye-glasses, peering at any one with whom he talks.) (Bernice slips out by way of the dining room door.)

LLEW—(bowing.) Why, how do you do, Miss Ryder (opening the candy box which he holds in his hand). Won't you have an 'aming?

FRANCES—(dipping into the box) Miss Carter is busy just now.

LLEW—(in his best manner.) That's all right. I'd like to talk to you and Mrs. MacWhorter (looking around to find her gone). Dear me (spoken in a very high pitched tone, and as if he thought so effeminate an expression hugely funny when used by a man).

FRANCES—You see you'll have to put up with me.

LLEW—You can do something for me if you will (walks over to the table). I'm afraid that this hatband doesn't exactly match my stockings. Now (putting his foot up on the edge of the table and placing his hatband against his ankle) do you think they match or not?

FRANCES—(examining the two very carefully.) I can't see any difference.

LLEW—I'm afraid there is a difference that you can't see by artificial light.

FRANCES—If you'll come around in the morning I can tell you by daylight.

LLEW—Thank you so much. I'm so afraid that there is a difference and it would spoil the harmony of my get up, if there was.

FRANCES—You *are* a sort of symphony in colors, aren't you?

LLEW—Hardly that, but that's the idea. A bas the commonplace say I. Why the men who graduate from Wisconsin are as much alike as their clothes are.

FRANCES—It seems to me that there are lots of queer specimens that graduate from Wisconsin.

LLEW—Oh, yes, of course there are. Look at that Birkin Zoldo, for instance; he will spend his whole life trying to get something for nothing—and think he's happy.

FRANCES—Yes, and there are lots of queer girls, too.

LLEW—Queer girls! Why they're all queer to me.

FRANCES—How so?

LLEW—Why, would you believe it, I asked seven different girls to go to the Prom and finally had to give it up altogether.

FRANCES—Oh, well. Nobody that counts goes to the Prom now. It isn't a swell stunt any more. It isn't the proper thing at all to go to the Prom.

LLEW—I didn't realize how lucky I was; I'm glad those girls refused me; just think if I had gone; I suppose my social position would have been ruined.

FRANCES—It wouldn't have been as bad as that, but it wouldn't have helped it any.

LLEW—(pulling a small book bound in limp leather from his pocket.) Miss Ryder, I'm going to give you a treat; I intended to save this for Miss Carter but I'm going to read it to you. I found this little volume down town to-day; it contains some verses by a new writer (turning the pages). There is one exquisite little piece; why it almost deserves the title of poem; it's more than verse.

FRANCES—But, Mr. Russell, you must save that for Miss Carter; she would be so disappointed if she knew that you had read it to me first.

LLEW—I don't believe she would; do you really think she would? Do you know, I've sometimes thought that Miss Carter did not especially care for me. Yes, I'm sure that she cares more for some one else. I know *I* do.

FRANCES—I'm afraid you're fickle.

LLEW—No, I'm not; I believe I've liked you better all the time.

FRANCES—You musn't try to jolly, Mr. Russell.

LLEW—I know you're spoken for, and I'm not going to interfere with Mr. Budlong. I like him too well and admire him too much. Do you know, I think he's going to be a great writer some day.

FRANCES—(animated at once.) I'm sure Jim is going to make good; you ought to see the novel he's just sent off to Harpers'; it is the best story I ever read.

LLEW—I hope the publishers will take the same view of it.

FRANCES—Oh! If it should be accepted!

LLEW—Do let me read you this bit of verse.

FRANCES—I wish I could, but I must go up and see if June isn't about ready. You'll excuse me a moment, won't you?

LLEW—With pleasure. I mean—of course—I—didn't mean that don't you know. I beg your pardon.

FRANCES—(as she goes off.) Never mind.

LLEW—Excuses. Always excuses. Why girls are only

bundles of excuses! She knows that I know that she doesn't need to see Miss Carter; and she knows that I know that she knows that I know it. What do they do it for? I suppose she was afraid that if she were too nice, I'd think that I was cutting out Jim—

(Enter Mrs. Mac.)

LLEW—Well, where have you been? I do want to talk to you. You are one of the few persons whom I feel at home with.

MRS. MAC—Don't you want me to send Miss Carter down?

LLEW—No. Let's go out on the veranda. I want to talk to you.

MRS. MAC—(picking up a light wrap.) It is a perfectly gorgeous evening. (They go off.)

(Enter Bernice from the dining room. She goes to the hall doorway and calls up.)

BERNICE—All clear; come on down.

(Enter Frances.)

FRANCES—Did Mrs. Mac capture him?

BERNICE—Yes. Why didn't you stick it out? I nearly died laughing out there.

FRANCES—I couldn't. I feel so mean. Don't you see that we are all responsible for his being such an idiot? We encourage him, draw him on, tell him he's all right; lie to him. We've made him what he is. It's our fault, not his.

BERNICE—What can you do? It's none of our business, anyway. If a man can't take care of himself he'll have to go on, take a doctor's degree, study in Germany for a year or two and become a prof.

FRANCES—I suppose that is the way with profs; they start out like Llewellyn, and finally settle down to teaching the kind of men they could never understand when they were in college.

(Door bell rings vigorously.)

BERNICE—There they are. That was a man's ring.

(Enter Merkel, Austin and Budlong.)



MERKEL—Miss Langham, I want to introduce Mr. Austin.  
Miss Ryder—Mr. Austin (they shake hands).

(Mrs. Mac and Llewellyn enter.)

MRS. MAC—Well (shakes hands vigorously with George), if it isn't the same George Austin.

GEORGE—And the same Mrs. Mac.

JIM—Mr. Russell—Mr. Austin.

(They shake hands and exchange the customary passwords of introduction.)

BERNICE—Come, Phil; I've got something I want to tell you (they go over to the screened corner).

(Enter June.)

JUNE—(extending her hand shyly) Holloa, Beau.

GEORGE—(holding her hand longer than he seems to realize and looking down into her eyes) Holloa, June.

LLEW—I suppose you are glad to get back to Madison and your alma mater, Mr. Austin?

JIM—Oh, yes. Beau is tickled to death to get back to Madison and his *alma mater*, aren't you, Beau?

GEORGE—(suddenly coming out of his trance) Ah—yes—it does seem good to see Madison again, after three years in a swamp. Gad! This place looks familiar. Same rug, same pictures, but (pointing) you've changed the position of the piano. It used to be over there.

FRANCES—Oh, we change the piano every month by majority vote.

GEORGE—The last time I was here was the day I got my diploma. It brings back all sorts of memories to come here again. Mrs. Mac, do you remember that time that June and I and Jim here, and that Miss Smythe that Jim was so fond of that year, went out to Middleton, and the rig broke down and we didn't get home till after twelve?

MRS. MAC—It was more like half-past two in the morning. But tell me, George, it's all over now, did that rig really break down?

GEORGE—Mrs. Mac, it cost my father fifty dollars to get that rig fixed.

JIM—Say, Beau, do you remember that time that you and I fixed up that foxy scheme for getting out of military drill and old Cap Curtis—

GEORGE—Well do you remember that semester that I hired that fellow to take my gym drills for me at fifty cents a throw, and how on the very last day, Doc Elsom happened to run over to the gym and recognized the fellow as a senior, and I lost the semester's credit and the ten dollars I'd paid the guy, and nearly got fired?

JIM—I remember that the point of that story is that the faculty did fire the senior and let you off.

GEORGE—Of course. The faculty at Wisconsin doesn't believe in graduating unsuccessful grafters.

JIM—You remember Dick Remp, don't you?

GEORGE—Rather; I often wondered what became of him.

JIM—Well, you know Dick developed into a regular spell-binder of an orator; he ran for congress on the prohibition ticket last fall.

LLEW—(timidly attempting to break in.) Very striking personality, Mr. Remp—I remember he—

JIM—Yes, Dick *was* an unusual character. Those were good old days, weren't they George?

FRANCES—Oh, you old grads are always talking about the good old days, and I know they couldn't have been—

GEORGE—Jim here even sings about them, don't you Jim?

JIM—I—

FRANCES—Why, Jim, I didn't know you could sing (goes toward the piano). You never told me about it.

JIM—I can't sing.

LLEW—There isn't any instrument so perfect as the human voice. I'm sure that we shall all be charmed to hear you sing, Mr. Budlong.

JIM—Not to-night. I really can't sing anyway.

FRANCES—What, not for me, Jim?

GEORGE—There are no quitters in Wisconsin.

JIM—Well, if you must have me make a fool of myself, here goes.

(He sings, the bunch joining the chorus.)

(“IN DAYS OF OLD.”)

*I.*

It is strange what a change has come over  
the U

Since the days of long ago.

The sport who was fast is a thing of the past,

The college is solemn and slow.

To buck in the libe till your glasses wear out

Is considered the thing for the student;

We shudder to think how our grads used to  
drink

Two beers in a night—how imprudent!

*Chorus.*

It was not like that in the olden days,

In the days before reform,

Far-away, old, gay old, golden days

When the Rounders used to swarm;

When we mostly did what we oughtn't to,

When we rambled from the fold;

We were out all night *and came home all  
right*

In the days of old.

*II.*

Wisconsin is sure pretty pure and demure

Compared with the college we knew;

Our school-fellows then were a race of great  
men

And a grand bunch of good fellows, too.

Now, nights when they put out the Library  
lights,

The students all hike to the hay,

Or stay out of bed with a tow'l round the head

And buck till the dawn of the day.

*Chorus.*

It was not like that in the olden nights,

In the days before reform,

In the days of gay dog-wagonites,

When the wienerwursts were warm;

When we sang “Cheer-cheer,” as a serenade

As we slowly homeward rolled

At half-past two, when the moon shone blue

In the nights of old.

*III.*

Don't take it too hard if I sing by the yard

Of the days of long ago.

You'll hear it, be gad, from ev'ry old grad;

I suppose it will always be so.

In the sweet by-and-by, in your turn you will  
sigh

For the glorious days of the past,

And freshmen thereafter will go even dafter

And thus they will sing at the last:

*Chorus.*

“It was not like that in the olden days

That have passed beyond recall,

In the rare old, fair old, golden days,

It was not like that at all.”

Though reforms and storms come and go  
again,

It's the same that it's always been,

When you get clear down, it's the same old  
town,

And the same

WIS-  
CON-  
SIN!

(The party breaks up, applauding, as Jim finishes.)

GEORGE—Come June, let's go out on the veranda?

LLEW—Mrs. Mac, shall we not also go out upon the ver-  
anda?

(June, George, Mrs. Mac and Llew. go off.)

(Frances and Jim are left up stage seated in the chairs be-  
hind the screen; Merkel and Bernice occupy the chairs be-  
side the table down stage.)

PHIL—Let's go down to the Pal and give our teeth a sleigh-  
ride.

BERNICE—I guess you can go without smoking for a little  
while longer.

PHIL—Can't we get up some stunt to furnish excitement; Madison is the slowest burg in seven states; why it's pretty near as dead as the Student Conference.

BERNICE—Maybe there'll be something doing at your dance tomorrow night.

(Enter George and June.)

GEORGE—Jim, I forgot to tell you that you are to come to our dance at Keeley's tomorrow night. All this bunch will have to be there.

(Enter Llewellyn and Mrs. Mac.)

LLEW—What's the excitement?

GEORGE—Can you come to our dance tomorrow night?

LLEW—Surely. I shall be delighted.

GEORGE—(turning to go.) I haven't danced at Keeley's for three years; it will seem good to have some of the old bunch there.

(Mrs. Mac and Llew go off.)

BERNICE—Now he has done it.

FRANCES—Why didn't somebody tell him about Llewellyn?

BERNICE—Who would have thought it necessary; it sticks out all over him.

PHIL—There *will* be somethin' doin' at the dance tomorrow night; when that boy gets to performing, the rest of us can take a seat with the spectators.

FRANCES—You don't realize the situation at all. He can't get any girl around here to go with him; he'll have to stag it.

PHIL—What's the difference; he's used to staggin' it to military hops, and I don't know anything that looks more like a case of the cold gray dawn of the morning after, than a stag at a military hop.

FRANCES—But here June and George Austin are in the first stages of a renewed crush; if they have a chance to be alone, there will be an engagement that will be a good thing for your chapter and a good thing for ours.

PHIL—Say, it would, wouldn't it; they'd make a pair those two. June will be a college widow if she doesn't go some.

BERNICE—She *will* be now all right; that man will butt in so persistently and so effectually that they'll both get sore and take it out on each other; in two days they'll hardly speak.

PHIL—We'll have to get up some stunt to take care of his nibs; keep him busy.

BERNICE—If you'll think up some stunt that'll amuse the bunch and keep Llewellyn from spoiling things, I'll be your steady for a week.

PHIL—That's a go; I can tell you how to do that right now.

BERNICE—How?

PHIL—Send 'em a telegram like this: "All is discovered; fly at once." Why there isn't a professor on the Hill who wouldn't hike out of town on the strength of that.

BERNICE—(as she walks over toward Jim and Frances.) You're hopeless.

PHIL—Something that will get rid of the old boy without hurting his feelings or getting anybody into trouble; something that will separate him from June and make him enjoy the experience; and something that will furnish excitement for Bernice and me. (Thinks.) The only thing is another girl. And it would be harder to get any girl; I know, to go with him than to make the old man dig up an extra hundred on one of those days when he's just got a letter from Dean Dirge (turns toward the group at the back). Frankie, can't you break away for a minute? (Frances comes forward.)

Francis—Well?

PHIL—How do you think Jim would look in a party dress?

BERNICE—Perfectly killing.

PHIL—Do you think that you could flim-flam him into wearing one at our dance tomorrow night?

FRANCES—Watch me.

PHIL—Just a minute. Now listen: There's a girl coming up from Stoughton tomorrow night whom you are rushing—

FRANCES—No there isn't.

PHIL—There is a girl coming here tomorrow evening whom you are rushing.

FRANCES—Oh!

PHIL—All of you are going to the Psi Chi dance tomorrow night.

FRANCES—Yes.

PHIL—(imitating her voice and manner) And Mr. Russell, if you haven't already invited some one, could you, would you take a—Miss Jones? Just to oblige us?

FRANCES—Oh, Phil! You're the real Peruvian doughnut.

*(Continued in the March Number.)*



## MY BEST ENEMY.

He is a genial, kindly, tolerant, little god—this best enemy of mine. Wise he is, also, with the cynical wisdom of a master of passions, for he knows men's dreams and therefore he knows their hearts. Knowing their hearts he at heart must despise them all, but still he is ever kindly, ever tolerant, and with all his store of wisdom he never smiles, he never sneers, but is always, peaceful, kind and calm. Blue and void of form is this godling whom I love as my best enemy, intangible, ever-changing and ever the same.

Yes, a godling he is and a king of men, though his throne be a pipe or a cigarette and his realm a region of thoughts and visions. Nicotine is his name and I, and many thousand others, make obeisance to him daily, owning him as an enemy and claiming him as a friend—our best enemy and our worst friend.

W. A. BUCHEN.



## A RUSHING STUNT.

KENNETH F. BURGESS.

At the Theta Nu house.

"I've telephoned twice and been over to the Psi Phi house three times this morning, and every time they've said he wasn't there. I tell you, Ben, we must get word to Dick Harvey that we are expecting him to dinner and for the party tonight, or they'll keep him salted away until he is pledged." Fred Clarke was talking very earnestly to some of his fraternity brothers.

"It's certainly a mighty dirty trick, and I didn't think anyone here would do such a thing, after all that has been said about hiding a rushee. You're perfectly sure that Harvey is over there, are you?" asked Ben Leavens.

"Here's his letter. He says he'll get here Friday night—that's last night—and has promised to go to the Psi Phi house, but that he'll try to reserve Saturday night for us. Here he says, 'Call me up in the morning, and we'll make definite arrangements.'"

"Do you think we should have any show of pledging him if we wanted to, and if we got him away from the Psi Phis?" questioned Ben.

"Yes, I do. I know that personally his father has a great preference for us, and I think if we bid the boy we'll get him. It's merely a matter of not being too late. These high school kids out for inter-scholastic are in a hurry sometimes, you know."

"Then I've got a scheme. I'll wear Jerry's false whiskers, blacken my face, put on some old clothes, and go over and read the Psi Phis' gas meter. Incidentally, if Dick's there, I won't have much trouble getting one of the maids to give him a note from us on the sly. Come on and help me get ready."

Ben was rapidly transformed into a dirty and inquisitive gas man. Every one was laughing about what they considered one of the best jokes of the season—almost as good in fact as the Friday night when they inspected the sorority ice-boxes and found only seven eggs and a pound of oleomargarine at the Beta Phi house. The improvised gas man had scarcely left by way of the back door, however, when the door bell rang and a boy arrived with a telegram directed to the fraternity.

SATURDAY, May 30.

Won't arrive until noon today, but will see you tonight.

DICK HARVEY.

Every one gasped. So the Psi Phis hadn't lied after all. Well, they might have known it anyway. But what about Ben? Some one was about to run after him, when Fred Clarke called out:

"Don't tell him. I'm going to telephone over to the Sig house and tell Steve Gasper that Ben is going over to inspect their cellar on a bet. I'll tell him to lock Ben up and pretend they think him a thief."

At the Psi Phi House.

"Hello—Yes, this is Steve—Coming over here?—Oh on a bet—have some fun with him—well, I should say—we'll lock him up all right.

"Fellows here's the best joke out. Ben Leavens is coming over here disguised to inspect our cellar on a bet. Fred just 'phoned me to lock him up and pretend we think him a burglar. There's some one going down cellar now. Here, freshman, you go around in back and lock the door from the outside. The lower cellar door is fastened, so we'll have him locked in the entry."

In a moment the quiet was broken by a vigorous pounding and kicking on the outer door, accompanied by torrents of profanity. The Psi Phis gathered in the kitchen and laughed.

"Shut up, there. We've telephoned the police, and if you try to get out we'll shoot you. We'll teach you to break into our cellar. You'll get five years for this."

"You yoost vait undil I get oudt. I vix you," roared back the irate occupant of the entry.

At the Theta House.

Everyone knew about the joke that was being played on Ben and were all sitting on the front porch speculating and laughing about it.

"There he is now," someone said as the back door opened and closed.

The twenty fellows gathered around him to hear the results of their prank.

"Did you get the note to him all right?"

"No," answered Ben, "the scheme wouldn't work. When I got around to their back door I heard an awful pounding and swearing in the entry way and I made tracks."

"It's all right anyway," said Ben. "Here's a telegram from Dick. But I wonder who the Psi Phis caught?"

"Perhaps the real gas man," suggested someone. "It's the last of the month you know."

## FINIS.

ELSIE BULLARD.

With a mystical, silken swish the curtains of Abdul Kali's barbaric reception room parted and a young man entered somewhat dubiously. For half an instant the heavy-lidded black eyes of Abdul, the great yogi, high priest of Buddha, held the clear, gray ones of his guest. Then, apparently satisfied by something he read in their depths, he rose and offered him a chair with that unflinching courtesy which characterizes the transplanted Oriental.

"I am honored, Mr. Lawther," he drawled.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" young Lawther exclaimed in blank-faced astonishment as he heard his name uttered by the yogi. "How on earth did you find out my name—aw—er—can you tell me who my tailor is and how much I owe him?—and—maybe you know why I came here this evening?"

Abdul Kali carefully flicked the ash from the end of his cigarette, tilted back his chair, and, regarding Lawther between humorous, half-closed lids, replied slowly, "Well, perhaps I do know a few things—let me see. Your name is Howard Lawther and your ancestors came to America in the *Mayflower*—a fact, by the way, of which you are rather proud. You are twenty-five, very practical, self-reliant and ambitious. You are a reporter for our enterprising daily, the *New York Sun*, and as such have been moderately successful. The object of this visit is to interview your humble servant—myself."

By the time Abdul Kali had finished speaking Lawther was reduced to a state of helpless amazement. All originality had long since left him, and he could only exclaim again, "Well, I *will* be hanged! I really will. Every word is as true as gospel, though it beats me how you know. I never believed in this second sight or sixth sense business—which-ever you call it—and I bet one of the boys at the office this

morning a quarter that you were something of a humbug, but now—I guess I lose my money.”

The yogi laughed amusedly. “You are easily convinced—and deceived,” he remarked dryly, after a moment; “too easily, in fact, to suit my taste. Give me your attention for a few moments and I can show you how simple some of these seemingly startling statements really are. Now listen. As you probably remember, about a year ago the *Sun* favored its subscribers with a photograph of the members of its staff. It wasn't exactly a work of art; still it was a pretty fair likeness of the staff, and with the assistance of a remarkably good memory I was enabled to state your name and profession today when you entered. As you took your seat I noticed a ring of peculiar design on the third finger of your left hand. This design is used exclusively by a society formed by persons whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower; therefore only one conclusion was possible. My knowledge of physiognomy enabled me to assert that you are practical, self-reliant and ambitious. The naming of your age was merely a fortunate guess.”

Lawther drew a long breath and asked incredulously, “So there really isn't anything in it?”

Abdul Kali only smiled in his inscrutable way. “You must answer that question for yourself, Mr. Lawther,” he replied quietly, “but just supposing that there *is* something in it, what event of the future would you desire most to see?”

Lawther wrinkled his brow, monkey-fashion, for a moment. Presently he laughed. “Well,” he said, good humoredly, “just now there is quite a commotion being raised over the exclusion of the Japs and Chinese from the United States. Some people insist that they are nothing but a lot of treacherous ingrates, coming here to steal all our best ideas and intending to use them against us in the future. For myself, I think they are harmless—a little too ambitious, perhaps, but knowing their place well enough not to tread on the white man's toes or play any trick on him. I guess the final scene in this controversy would be my choice.”

"I see you are not sentimental," Abdul Kali drawled with a glimmer of fun in his eyes. "I was afraid you would choose a more personal scene. They usually do."

Lawther smiled but did not reply.

"If you are quite ready," the yogi continued, "we shall try an experiment. Please turn out that gas jet over your head there."

Lawther did as he had been directed but immediately wished he hadn't, for the oppressive darkness which ensued was not hilariously cheerful. For ten minutes his heart pounded out a merry tune against his ribs, while an uncomfortable chill seized his body. What was going to happen? Would he be murdered? Stealthily he felt for his revolver. It was gone. Then he remembered that Wilkes, whose assignment took him to the bowery, had borrowed it. Well, he must make the best of a bad business. He should have known better than to turn out the light. All Orientals were rascals.

While debating thus Lawther noticed a peculiar thing. At first the blackness had been intense—so thick that he could fairly feel it—but now there appeared the faintest suggestion of light. Like the slow development of a gigantic photographic plate, it strengthened. One by one, objects grew into distinctness and then—Lawther saw New York two hundred years hence.

Before him lay a city stripped of its glory—a whitened skeleton in its death shroud. Desolation and ruin presided where, two hundred years before, the proudest city of the world had reared its head. Beneath the cold dark sky, tall gaunt buildings, windowless and fire-eaten, deserted by all save the wind and rain, pointed melancholy fingers heavenward. The ominous, brooding place of desolation cloaked all in a silence that was maddening. The streets were long ribbons of solitude. In Central Park the flowers were dead, the hedges broken; the grass trampled into dust. On the steps of the Metropolitan Club a starving dog, the last inhabitant of this ruined city, wailed his misery to the moon.



"Heavens!" exclaimed Lawther in horror. "What has happened? Where are the people?"

"Here they come," a voice beside him answered sadly, "this is the flower of the American army but—the flower has faded."

In a ragged, battered line they came. Hatless, coatless, fighting valiantly, but as chaff before the army of countless yellow thousands that pressed them on, and on. Men fought like demons. Hate flamed in each writhing face. By hundreds the Americans died, by thousands the yellow hordes rushed forward. Quivering heaps of dying humanity were trampled under by relentless, hurrying feet. Cries, shrieks, the roar of cannon, groans, prayers—all rose alike to the clear, moonlit sky. Nearer and nearer the yellow army pressed. Gasping for breath, sobbing in impotent fury, the white line met the yellow. The yellow demons outnumbered them a hundred to one. The end came soon. With one long, rolling sweep the Mongolians surged over the handful of Americans. When the line surged back not a white man moved. America had made her last stand.

Out in the bay the battle-scarred statue of Liberty still held her flaming torch skyward; at her feet the waves lapped pleasantly; soon a gentle, spring-touched breeze sprang up and hurried out to sea, but on the steps of the Metropolitan Club a starving dog wailed his misery to the moon, and the white-faced men lying in the street were not sleeping.

"What does this mean?" Lawther groaned aloud, and to his query a voice from the hurrying wind whispered solemnly, "*Asia has risen.*"

Once more everything was dark; not a gleam of light penetrated the surrounding gloom. But it was only for a moment, then—there was the little gas jet burning away as merrily as ever, while Abdul Kali sat in his chair regarding Lawther between humorous, half-closed lids. An inscrutable smile was on his lips.

Lawther sat up straight, rubbed his eyes, and for the third time exclaimed, "Well, I'll be hanged."

THE  
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1907

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 5

WALTER S. UNDERWOOD, Editor  
614 Langdon Street

ASSOCIATES

IRVING P. SCHAUS                      JOHN V. MULANY  
EDITH SWENSON    CORA C. HINCKLEY  
GEORGE B. HILL    F. P. BAGLEY, JR.,  
HARRY PARKER.

F. P. BAGLEY, JR., BUSINESS MANAGER  
237 Langdon Street

A. C. KREY, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Contributions should be addressed to Editor; business communications and subscriptions to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL.

**T**HE SUCCESS of the Junior Class play, these few weeks ago, bids fair to establish an annual custom. THE LIT hopes truly that it may. The recent play contest was at once the biggest and most valuable opportunity for creative literary work ever offered to Wisconsin students; and THE LIT believes that a continuance of this custom by succeeding Junior classes will meet with increasingly good results. The broad invitation to compete, extended to every student of the University, coupled with the guaranty of substantial remuneration, promises a sufficient number of contestants. The happy selection of the night after Prom for the performance assures a well filled house. There remains only this question,—will there be found men of sufficient ability to turn out presentable plays every year? THE LIT has sufficient faith in the literary ability of the students to answer—yes.

THE LIT is particularly happy over the success of the play this year, in that, of it's joint authors, George Hill is a member of the present editorial board, and Lucian Cary

a former member. Believing that "The Budlong Case" possesses literary merit in addition to its acting qualities, THE LIT has decided to publish it serially, —the first act appearing in the current issue.

---

"To be sure," says our friend the professor, "you are quite right. A man loses more than half the value of his college course if he confines himself to scholastic work to the exclusion of all outside interests."

Our friend the professor is broad enough to see that four years of study, if not tempered by work which brings him into active contact with other men, will so narrow the student's view of the world that, on being graduated, he will find himself sadly out of touch with its people.

But our friend has a brother in the faculty who is quite unlike him. This other man, disregarding any such standards of student efficiency as originality, ability to select from the mass of information placed before him, and the like, reckons the student's efficiency by the number of hours credit he is able to obtain in a given semester. When the student asks this man to permit him to adjust his work, to substitute this quiz or laboratory period for that, in order that he may row, or run, or drill, or hold his place on the college daily—he will be refused.

"What has the crew or the track team or the regiment to do with your college work?" this professor will ask him. "Did you come to college to write? There are newspapers enough outside; take another course in English and obtain the credits." So he will go on until the student leaves him—perhaps convinced of the unworthiness of his ambitions—more likely made a sudden convert to the "down with the faculty" club.

We are optimistic enough to believe that broad-minded professors are in the majority at Wisconsin, but a very few of the other type can do a very great deal of harm. The other type does exist here, and so our prayer grant us—a more liberal policy in the adjustment of required work.