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LITERARY MAGAZINE



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Juergens

Morris

**Richards
Natwick**

Schacht

Mitchell

Wisconsin's Relay Team

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume VI

APRIL, 1909

Number VII

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PHASES OF CO-EDUCATION

TH. ST.

We do not believe in co-education. Who does? However for the sake of the biased reader, we have decided to give an inkling of the purport of this discourse at the very outset in order to enable him or her, mostly her, to condemn our modest attempt without proceeding any further.

But you, kind, dear reader who agree with us, you who have witnessed the ravages of co-education, you who admit our hypothesis, namely that co-education is a scourge, you

and we will wander hand in hand through the chamber of horrors with that fortitude which exists only among kindred souls.

Oh—we admit that the present system has been justified and, on the other hand, proven utterly unpracticable by gentle, scientific, harmless educators. For that reason we do not expect to advance any new thoughts or instigate any sudden revolutions. Our only justification for this diatribe against the herd method of education lies in the fact that we discuss the matter from an uncalled for point of view, from that of the undergraduate, the victim of this practical joke.

Let us pass to exhibit A:

A solitary wagon was wending its way along a deserted road to the junction. The father was driving; the mother was imparting the usual parting advice; Mamie Doe, pretty, plain, artless Mamie Doe, was dreaming. "Toot! Toot!"—went the engine; "Good-bye little girl"—said the father; "Write often and study hard"—said the mother; "I will"—replied Mamie Doe. Then the train moved and "toot-tooted" and "choo-chooed" its way to Madison.

Truly, this is a quaint pastoral! Let us pass to exhibit B: "Did Marie pack all your trunks, my dear?"—inquired Mrs. Von. "Yes mother. Oh, I hope my hats will be allright when I get to Madison,"—replied pretty, super-dressed, experienced Lillian Winefred Von. The machine drove mother and daughter to the Chicago-Northwestern station. On the way it stopped at the office, and Winefred Lillian stepped out to get a draft and casually to say "Good-bye" to Mr. Von. "Toot! Toot!"—went the engine; "Good-bye, dearest," said the mother, "and I hope you have a glorious time;" "I will," answered Lillian Winefred with a promising smile.

Mamie and Winefred Lillian became room-mates. In the adjusting process Mamie, plain, guileless Mamie, was slightly transformed, and manifested a ready aptitude to adapt herself to novel conditions. She accumulated veneer, Chicago veneer. Did you suppose that Winefred Lillian, elegant, experienced Winefred, deteriorated into a plain and simple Winnie, that she became "Mamiefied?" If she had, we would not be silly enough to cite contradictory evidence in order to establish a point.

And now, we are ready to step across the corridor and view the interesting exhibits. We pass from the peacocks to the carnivorous species. By way of diversion, we will say that

we are now contemplating oil-paintings instead of wax figures.

Our artist portrays a well-kept, thriving and tribute paying specimen, the fusser. Yes? Quotation marks? They are no longer necessary. You will observe that the fusser is a correctly dressed young gentleman. His rain-ment was designed by a delirious dress-maker; the color scheme by which tie, shirt, handkerchief and socks relieve the monotone conveyed by cap, suit and shoes, was arranged by an animated devotee of the Impressionistic school. The fusser has only one useful function. He supplies our contemporary, the "Finx," with idiotic, "oh-you-kid" humor.

Have you ever heard of "brain-areas," and do you know that each of these is the seat of a state of consciousness? The phrenologist says that these are "bumps;" the psychologist calls them "convolutions;" we prefer to use the term, "hills." Upon examining the brain of our specimen, the fusser, we discover that one bump, or convolution, or hill has been curiously over-developed by the constant repetition of a unique exercise, fussing. The fussing hill has developed into a mountain, into a Matterhorn, and has disturbed the mental equilibrium of our fusser. The Matterhorn is overgrown with between dance remarks such as "Omar is my Bible," "You have such interesting eyes," or "He has a fine technic; that was the 'Lovin' Rag, was it not?" But we have never scaled this mountain and cannot offer any of the Alpine roses which are said to grow among the snowy peaks.

We only know this. The fusser is a nimble-footed automaton; he can remember the inane postures of the barn-dance in reverse order if necessary. His spectrum reveals only soft, delicate, misty colors; we lament the absence of any purple patches.

Let us reason from cause to effect. The fusser is the effect; the co-ed is the cause. It pleases us to use the term "co-ed" because the epithet is abhorred by some parties who rightly enough hold it synonymous with the word "adjunct." This would be an admission. We hold that in the antedeluvian period of his university career, the fusser was a normal and rational creature. The ties, sentimental ties it



you will, by which in the past he was bound to his fellow students and to his Alma Mater, were gradually absorbed by our parasitic class-mates, the "adjuncts." They gathered up the weakling plants, fostered and turned them away from the good-fellows who found pleasure in segregated gatherings where there was a slight Interchange of Ideas, even if they were on the outlook of the Varsity or the Cub pitcher and, in the end, these matured into dainty, blooming—fussers. And now She tends to them, and they, unaware of any malicious or mercenary intent on her part, respond with the affection of trained and beribboned poodles. Thoughts of her leap from rock to rock, over chasms, down the defiles of the Matterhorn.

The much-carved round tables are almost deserted; a certain, sad individual, draped in a milk-white, pearl-buttoned coat, sings requiems for souls long since departed, as the old guard weep into their steins.

Question: "Where is the bunch?"

Answer: "Fussing!"

We do not claim to be connoisseurs when it comes to Art, but we prefer the native virility of the next picture. The artist has used a broad brush, a daring stroke and homely colors. He has caught the reckless nonchalance of the sitter and the blackened pipe, the flannel shirt, the bespattered boots heighten the effect. At a glance we divine that the model has not made it a daily practice to sleep upon his trousers in order to retain their primitive shape. The room is not filled with photographs of Mamie or Winefred or Margy and consequently he does not devise spare hours in which he can

gaze at these with palpitating bosom. He belongs to the bunch, to us. We own him body and soul, but we admire, respect and like him. He does not tripple evening after evening to the domicile of A and B; he is not levied upon by any adjunct; he does not pay them tribute in the shape of bitter-



sweets, flowers, theatres, dances; he does not make a specialty of half-baked conservations; he is not a prattling, hot-house plant. Our bunch is gradually being drafted upon and though we may strap ourselves to the Dog-wagon and stuff our ears with "Denvers—with," Circe calls—"Come call on us." The bunch is thinning out.

And that is why we rail at co-education. We may be prompted by egoism. If we were not so utterly miserable in our French, we would dwell at length upon the lack of "esprit de corps." As long as the adjuncts are within easy walking distance, as long as they continue to masquerade in shape-conforming gowns, in hats that have as many changes and variations as a moving-picture film, in coiffures that have been chiseled into Gothic scrolls, so long will they exercise a hypnotic influence upon our fellow students. If we can ever get Mamie or Winefred to snap her fingers, the charm may be broken. Their success however, is in large part due to the simple fact that all Mamies and Winefreds belong to the opposite pole, because they are women.

We do not pose as women-haters. We are very fond of some of them. We are not grouchy over that rib-episode in the Garden of Eden some years ago, although we sometimes think

that if a shorter side-bone had been taken from Adams' thorax, there might not be as many women as there are at present. We can even imagine the possibility that the time will come when we will be smitten with a certain disease which can only be cured by time or matrimony. But we hope when we do succumb, that our economic position will be such, that we can call for the aid of a specialist and,



if he considers our case hopeless, we may consent to submit to the operation, marriage, which, as we have observed, is followed by a life-long treatment. But the average fusser who buzzes about the "weaker-vessels" is not smitten. If our mush-

fed friend, Cupid, tried to take a hand, his arrows missed their mark. They lit in the brain; produced a sore which developed into a growth upon the Matterhorn.

At any rate why should we be used for experimental purposes? We are anti-vivisectionists but that does not protect even a poor dog. Why should she take mental notes of our mannerisms, impulses or peculiarities; why should she have the opportunity to classify us into types to be used as danger signals or path-finders if she should decide to go after big game.

Thus far we have restricted our attention to a certain set. "Surely"—you say—"there are a great number of young ladies here, who do not make it a point to be fussed." And we agree.

But that does not prevent her from getting "wise." Yes! "getting wise" to us, just as we, are "getting wise" to her. It does her no more harm to cherish a few ideals about men than it does us, to nourish a few uncorrupted fancies about her. What does she see? When we arrive at the university, we compare ourselves to eagles, or sparrows, that have just been released from their cages, and our movements are as random as that of a young babe in quest of the philosophic calm. The young lady has a seat in the grand-stand and views with a disdainful eye our belated processions down State Street and, if she ever had any ideals about mankind, they may easily be warped by the daily sight of what she terms, "a cigarette puffing, blatant gang." If some of them roll along in a rather vague tempo, a policeman on one arm and a "Keep-off-the grass" sign on the other, if some of them are patrons of a certain Johnson Street dance hall and have furnished Sphinx material ever "since man walked with beast joint tenant of the shade," if some of them converse in striking words and crude phrases, unaware of the fact that she is within hearing distance, it is extremely probable that she has formed very decided opinions upon leaving the university, about the innocent, wandering, male lambkins.

And YOU, Mamie Doe, how do you feel when you get back to the junction? You too, have entered the university at a very plastic age. What do you think of your environment now? You ought to help with the housekeeping. No more bridge-whist after luncheon. At the junction they do not have "luncheon;" they have breakfast, dinner, supper. No more dances! No more fussers! No more theatres! There may be callers of course, but they are of a different type and "ar'n't

they bores though?" There may be dances but "oh! you ought to see the crowd." Perhaps now and then a show may come, in all probability it will not be "The Kreutzer Sonata" or "Three Twins." Everything is changed, is it not? Of course you like father and mother as well as ever, but they have not been steeped into a quickening atmosphere, and you have just taken a four years' plunge into an inciting whirlpool and your spots have changed. And in the warm, summer evenings, when you take solitary walks through the golden cornfields, just as the setting sun is washing the parental roof with colors never to be attained by sordid pot-boilers, what are you thinking about? Mind you, you have just dried the dishes. You are yearning for something; you are unhappy; all is not well with the world. Why should not you strive for a higher standard of living? Ambition is of course commendable, but often it cannot find expression and then—the unhappiness of it all.



Let us pass to the class room. We believe that co-education hinders freedom of discussion, at least it has hampered us. We believe in freedom of discussion not because this enables us to partake of savory bits that no lady ought to "chaw" on, but because the university man is qualified to strive after the truth, and the paths which under the present system are mutually avoided, may in many instances be a short cut or even lead to the very gateway of enlightenment. We drop the matter at this point because we are extremely reckless in our skating and do not trust the ice.

Those courses on the Hill which are usually invaded by the young ladies, frequently because the Professor happens to be either physically or spiritually attractive or because he wears red ties, will often prove of interest to men who, because they have a pardonable objection to face the feathered hordes, are reluctant to become members of the class. We are intimately acquainted with a modest young gentleman who is taking a course in "Modern Drama," the only representative of the noble sex in the class, and he finds it extremely difficult to lend a tincture of intelligence to such a hopelessly, feminine mass. At any rate, we believe that the preponderance of the females has gradually killed off the opposite species, not only in this but in other courses, and that for this reason, the lecturer has selected delicate morsels of knowledge for his delicate guests. Let us have Segregation! The girls could nibble and now and then enjoy a sour pickle, while we could eat. At present we feel constrained; we dare not raise our "still, small" voices unless called upon. The recitation is a function and the flannel shirt and the unshaven face evoke a stare, the "hang-over" expression, a suspicion. It is worse than a Sunday school. As you enter the class-room, which is permeated with a delicate perfume, even though the janitor has done no spraying, you do not walk, but tread to your seat, with a stately, serious mien, and in the next fifty minutes you emulate the reticent clam. The loud outburst, the crude phrase are arch sins; a voluntary remark is a misdemeanor. The tone of the class-room is artificial and contaminated. By whom?

Just one more grievance and then we are through. In the recent issue of the *Adjunct-Cardinal*, the editors took occasion to comment upon our parsimonious fussers. We believe that the article was created on the spur of the moment and used as a space-filler, but if it was premeditated—Oh! thou coy and shy, womanly woman, are you a flower of yesterday? Have you turned into a cold and calculating creature; have you become a "rampant commercialist?" Do you charge admission fees? Must we pay so much to look at you, so much to talk to you, so much to walk with you, so much to dance with you? So you think that the men are getting stingy, eh? You may think what you will—but to be so unwomanly, to be so brazenly bold, to be so shamefully forward as to state openly and baldly, that times are hard, that your economic value has fallen—that—passes beyond our comprehension.

To be sincere with you, we consider it vulgar.

SOURCES.

References for: Jimmie Thompson, Frank Hecht, R. B. Michell, John Bessy, Al Kolman, Billy Bertles, Jimmy Hogan, the Anderson twins, G. B. Hill.

Lukewarm references: Coots Cunningham, Tommy Mills, Pete Murphy, Dave Gardner, Kenneth Burgess.

References against: Gene Dinet, Eugene Dinet, E. A. Dinet.

 IN LOVER'S LANE.

GLENN W. DRESBACH.

The robin pours from his lyric keys,
 The sweets to his love of Spring;
 And the lake gleams clear through the sun-lit trees,
 As the branches sway in the hill-born breeze,
 With the young leaves whispering.
 And flocks of the cloud birds wing
 To founts in the sea, to drink the rain;
 And the old cares die, and the heart throbs free,
 As you walk and talk on the way with me,
 Here in this God-made path, dear, here in the lover's lane.

Yet through each day is a lover's lane,
 Down the murky way of years,
 Where a sweet smile heals a dear one's pain,
 And fools look on with their clowns disdain,
 Though down in their hearts are tears.
 But I shall have no fears
 When I turn to the street from the virgin lea,
 For the light of your eyes is more than sun,
 And your kiss is balm when the day is done,
 Out in the man-made lane, dear, yet lover's lane with thee.

Wisconsin's Handicaps in Athletics

JOHN C. BLANKENAGLE.

"Why do we usually lose to Chicago in athletics?" is a question which the editor of the LIT has asked me to answer. Every school has its ups and downs in athletics, and yet it would seem as if the Badgers usually had only sufficient strength to make Chicago do her utmost to win. A little reflection will show some reason for this disparity between the two universities.

Because of her long chain of victories Chicago leads the colleges of the middle west in athletic prestige. Just as warriors flock to the standard of a great general, so the star preparatory school athlete chooses the school which leads in athletics. It will test his mettle to make a team at such an institution; it is an honor to play on a championship eleven or to compete on a winning track team. He is also offered better training trips and coaching facilities to bring out all his possibilities.

Has the reader ever compared an interscholastic meet at Chicago or Illinois with one at Wisconsin? High school athletes institute comparisons in the treatment accorded them at different schools during these meets, which are largely "rushing stunts" for athletes. At Illinois Interscholastic Day is celebrated by a university circus, sham-battle, conference baseball game or dual track meet, class play or glee club concert; in short, every possible effort is made to impress upon the visitors the greatness of the university and the variety of its activities. What is done to entertain the visiting athlete at our Alma Mater?

At Wisconsin the man inclined toward athletics remains practically inactive during his freshman year; he does not develop but retrogresses. His only opportunity to compete lies in a freshman-sophomore track meet or football game. While these have their place, they fail to furnish the stimulus for training that is given by intercollegiate freshman games such as Chicago, Iowa and Illinois have.



Blankenagle Winning the Mile Run at the 1908 Conference, Time 4:28 1-5

At some colleges the promising freshman athlete is provided with a special advisor, who directs his work and impresses upon him the necessity of keeping up his scholastic requirements. Wisconsin is at a disadvantage to Chicago from a scholastic standpoint. First of all, Chicago has the quarter system; students thus have an opportunity to write off conditions four times a year. At Illinois, any student, whether athlete or grind, can take a special examination for the removal of conditions at any time on payment of a special examination fee. Wisconsin enforces a higher scholastic requirement for eligibility in athletics than any other university in this section of the country. Most schools require that a man must have only a passing grade in every study to be eligible for intercollegiate competition. At Wisconsin, any one who makes a team must have a weighted average of seventy-seven in all studies, which is seven points higher than the passing grade. This comparison is not made to advocate a lower standard of scholarship, but to show how much greater is the danger of ineligibility at Wisconsin than at the colleges she competes with.

Granted that we have plenty of available material, we still find ourselves hampered in certain branches of sports by lack of experienced, competent coaches. The coaching system, much as it has been improved by Dr. Hutchins' efforts, is not yet on a par with many other coaching staffs. Wisconsin now has a special coach for crew and one for football and baseball—the basketball teams are being trained by student coaches—but there has been no coaching of outdoor track athletics for three years! Men like Natwick and Myers owed their success not to a coach's ability, but to their own conscientious training and to the hard knocks derived from bitter defeats.

Wisconsin men have asked in the past: "What is the matter with the track team?" A few words explaining Coach Stagg's or Coach Gill's methods will answer this question. At the beginning of the year Stagg sizes up his material and figures out what men he has for each event. If he has no good broad-jumper or hurdler, he picks a man of average ability and proper proportions and develops him. The various events are carefully looked over, and foresight and systematic planning go hand in hand with coaching and training. How different from Wisconsin, where every track man has had to shift for himself during the past few years!

Wisconsin's annual Relay Carnival is a step in the right

direction; it advertises university athletics. Follow this up with an interscholastic meet that leaves an impression with the preparatory-school athlete, give the freshmen incentive to train and keep up their studies, make scholastic requirements on a par with those of the colleges with which we compete, procure a special coach for each department of athletics and Wisconsin will have an even chance with her rivals.

WHERE THE WHITE LIGHTS GLARE.

GLENN W. DRESBACH.

There's a note of pagan music where the white lights glare,
 And a thousand souls are flocking to its call,
 For long they have been weary bearing up the weight of care,
 And they cannot heal the shoulder's bleeding gall.
 They long to be forgetting, and to dream a foolish dream,
 For the way they know is hidden from the sun
 By the murk of smoky columns and the sickening wreaths of steam,
 And every hope has left them ere the dreary day is done.

'Tis not the pagan music nor the white light's steady glare
 That calls the weary watchers down the street,
 But an old and awful longing that is ever burning there
 In the hearts that drive along the lagging feet.
 They hear the Old Hope's calling through the maze of wasted years,
 But their spirit-lamps have smouldered in their breast,
 And their eyes are bright and gleaming with the bitter, unshed tears;
 For the night of life has settled, nor the soul has found its quest.

They hear the waters lapping on some dear, far older shore,
 Or night winds all atune in orchard trees,
 Or a sweet voice softly singing in some moon-kissed cottage door,
 Or the reapers in the clover, and the hum of laden bees.
 So they seek to be forgetting in the white light's panthom glare,
 They laugh to drown the sounds of long ago,
 But still their eyes are burning, and their weary hearts are turning
 To find a moment's sweetness where the dead dreams go.

Blair's Last Hundred

C. H. J., '09.

It happened at the eastern intercollegiate several years ago, on a day that was ideal for the biggest meet of the year. Every seat in grand stand and bleachers was filled. A lovely picture it was: beautiful girls with their gallant escorts, all in the bloom of youth, anticipation expressed in every face, and the colors of the competing colleges fluttering gaily in the southerly breeze.

"Oh, I'm sure Jack will beat the record in the hundred this year," exclaimed one enthusiastic little miss. "Why he was only two-fifths of a second behind the mark last year."

"Yes, I should think he could easily do that," replied Jack's mother, who had not the least doubt but that her boy could do anything. But Jack Blair's elder brother, an ex-collegian, who had brought Jack's sweetheart and his mother along from New York just to see Jack run, was qualified to tell them how hard it is to beat fractions of seconds in the hundred yards race.

"Don't think it so easy, Ethel," he said. "Two-fifths of a second means a lot when one wants to beat ten flat. Suppose you reached just as high as you could, then stood up here on the seat on your very tip toes and reached still higher—as high as you could possibly reach. Wouldn't it be hard though to reach one inch, yes, one-sixteenth of an inch higher? Yet, that wouldn't be a bit more difficult than it will be for Jack to beat his last year's time by two-fifths of a second. You bet I'll give him credit if he does it. I'll worship him." And Ethel's frank eyes betrayed that she would adore Jack whether he broke the record or not.

Meanwhile, preparations were being made on the track to run off the first event, the trials in the high-hurdles. The excitement among the spectators grew more intense. Every-

body appeared to have a personal interest in the contestants. The athletes who lounged about on the lawn inside the track seemed to be the least concerned of all.

"I wonder how they can take it so coolly?" ejaculated the same young lady who had staked her hopes on Jack. "Why, I should be so nervous if I had to run that I wouldn't be able to stand still."

Old college men who had torn themselves away from the business of the great cities to attend the big meet, felt their blood tingle with the spirit of long ago as, in passing the dressing-tents, their nostrils caught a whiff of alcohol and witch-hazel, half and half, with a pinch of camphor.

* * * * *

In the Georgetown tent Sprinter Blair lay stretched upon the rubbing table. His negro trainer was giving him the last rub-down before the hundred-yard race. The first call for this event had just been announced.

"How's that, Mars Blair?" queried the rubber.

"Ugh! Little more on left leg. Then get busy on the other thigh." So saying, Blair drew his robe closer and settled his face on his crossed arms.

Blair had never worn a pair of spikes until his sophomore year at college. At that time he had been "discovered" in an inter-fraternity race. He was now in his senior year. His name was on every lip, for he had been doing wonderful work, running the hundred in ten flat in all the spring meets. In a few minutes he must test himself against the formidable Murphy of Yale, who likewise held a record of ten flat. Blair was of a highly nervous temperament. That had always been remarked by his classmates at Georgetown, for every afternoon just before the training hour he would become very restless. And now nervous tension made the cold perspiration start on his hands. His eyes were closed as he lay there, but could one have seen them, one would have noted in them a fixed, glassy expression. He was again planning every stride of the race as he would run it—the start—the sprint—the finish.

"Last call for the hundred," sang out the Assistant Clerk of the Course.

The rubber administered a number more of measured slaps and asked, "How's that?"

"All right," answered Blair, as he vaulted off the bench. He tied his robe about him and started for the scratch, followed by faithful George.

"Say, Massa, I jus' know you'll lick that Murphy fellow holler. I c'n feel it clear as day. You neber was in better shape'n jus' now. Why, I know you'll beat de record."

Blair threw his robe to the negro with a "Thank you, George," and slowly jogged down the track to the starting line. Several of his competitors were already there, digging their starting-holes and practicing getting off. Murphy had not yet made his appearance. He came just as the starter called the men together for instructions. It was Murphy's fixed policy, if possible, to overawe opponents by his air of "I've been there before." For this reason, too, he wore a pair of running trousers which had not been washed that season and were slit and frayed on the edges. Murphy was several inches taller, and about fifteen pounds heavier than Blair. Every inch of him looked the runner. Below his swarthy skin the well defined muscles played at each movement. Compared with him at close range, Blair was considerably slighter; his physique was more delicate and his skin more white. Yet, though he was not as strongly built as Murphy, he was just as well proportioned. The keen eyes of the experienced trainer could have observed that the Georgetown man had several shades the better of it in condition, and was besides in build the ideal type of hundred yard man.

They took their places. Murphy had the pole; Blair the centre lane. The judges at the finish waved their handkerchiefs. Blair felt the starter behind him slowly raise his pistol as he gave the signals.

"Are you ready? On your marks! Get set! Bang!"

They were off well together, with Blair having the jump by a little. When he got into his stride he began to pull away from the rest by quarter inches, by half inches, then by inches. He felt that he was indeed running the race of his life. The quick rhytm of his beautifully even, eight-foot strides beat through the seconds like clock-work. It seemed to him that he had run the first twenty yards in almost two seconds. The next twenty were passed in even better time. In nearly five seconds the fifty yard mark was passed. Now he saw only the red tape at the finish. To break that in record time was his one inspiring ambition. He forgot all about his opponents, the nearest of whom, Murphy, was pounding along two full yards behind him. He was now within barely five feet of the tape. One more leap and a most glorious victory would be his—a new record would be established. Fatality! He fell

in a heap just short of the tape. Murphy broke it about two-fifths of a second later, an easy winner over the rest of the heat.

"Ten flat," the timers announced.

"Cinch!" muttered Murphy to his admirers who bore him triumphantly down the track.

The crowd pressed about the fallen sprinter.

"Give way there! Room! Stand back! Give him air!" shouted a chorus of voices. A doctor dashed up, instrument case in hand. George came running with the water-pail. Some of the water was dashed over Blair's face. He was lifted to his feet by several bystanders, but his left leg would not support him. The doctor examined it, and shaking his head said, "Broken tendon."

As Blair was being carried away to the dressing-tent one of the timers observed,

"Too bad he didn't finish! Wasn't it pretty, though? I should have been so proud to have timed a world's champion. He would surely have done it in nine-three."

And that was Blair's last hundred.

HIS ANCIENT WILDERNESS.

ALICE LINDSEY WEBB.

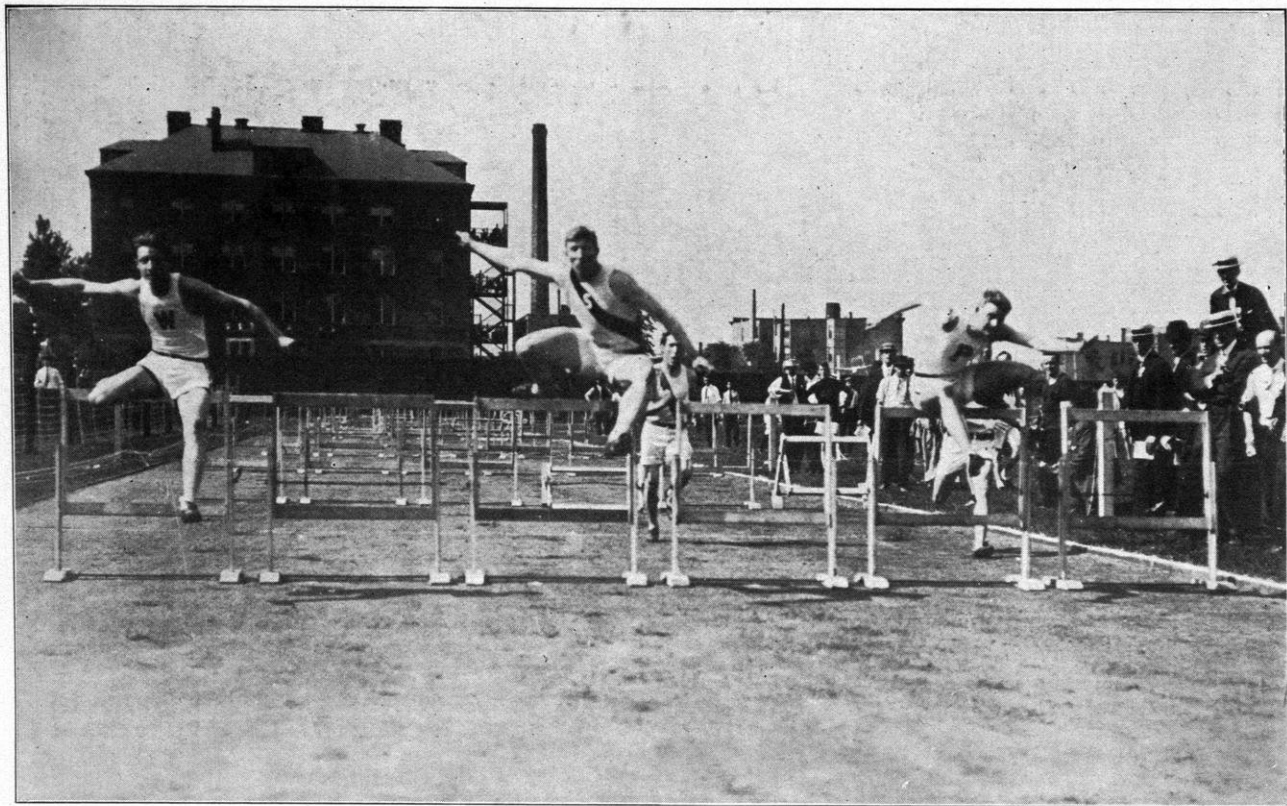
When God made man he sent him forth
 To conquer and to reign supreme:
 And since then man has dearly loved
 The mountain, forest, plain and stream.

Though millions gather in the marts
 And sicken in the narrow streets,
 They often turn with longing hearts
 And wistful eyes to still retreats—

The pine-clad hillsides of the North,
 Sweet Southern valleys filled with peace,
 Or Western grain fields, bringing forth
 Bread for the world in vast increase.

And soon or late, man turns again
 Back to his ancient wilderness,—
 Back from the cities made of men
 To find the solitudes that bless:

Bless with a tranquil, quiet heart,
 A keen, clear eye, and steady hand;
 Bless with sound sleep, from fear apart:
 To reign, and reigning,—understand!



*Natwick Winning the High Hurdles at the 1908 Conference
Horton, Stanford, Second Fifield, Purdue, Third*

“Better is the End of a Thing Than the Beginning Thereof”

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT.

It was one day shortly after Thanksgiving that I brought the afternoon mail up to our room. Peggy was sitting Turk fashion on the window-seat, with her French dictionary open on her knees, and “Tartuffe” propped open on the window-sill. I slipped her letter—a thicker one than ever that day—onto her book, and sat down at the desk to go through my own mail.

When I turned around, fifteen minutes afterward, the letter lay unopened on the window-seat and Peggy was industriously turning over the leaves of her dictionary. I went over to her and put the letter into her hand.

“What’s this?” I asked facetiously. To my infinite surprise Peggy let both books and letter drop to the floor, covered her face with her hands, and began to sob. I sat down beside her, took her head on my shoulder, and held her firmly with both arms, saying little silly comforting things to her. Presently she freed herself, sat up and dried her eyes. Only then did I venture on a direct question.

“What’s the matter, honey?” I asked. “Aren’t you happy? Have you quarreled with him? Tell me and I’ll fix it for you.”

“It’s nothing that you can help, Beth,” she said. “But I’ll tell you. I had meant to tell you before, but the words wouldn’t come. I don’t love Bob Harper. If I had it to do over I wouldn’t engage myself to him. The thought of going back to marry him is a nightmare to me.”

I sat in blank astonishment. Peggy went on in a rush, “Oh, I know you’re thinking that I ought to have thought of

this before. I'm engaged now, tagged and ticketed as his property, and I'm not to think that there's any possibility of choice left open to me. I don't. I'll keep my promise to him. But back home, with mother smiling approval, and Bob so dear and sweet to me, things were different; here I have sort of come to see what it will be like to spend all my life with a man I don't love." She stopped a minute, then added in a dreary little voice, "All your life is a long time."

I said several futile things about its being only a passing mood, but I had a sickening conviction that she was right; the Peggy that I was living with then was not the Peggy I had known for three years, nor even the Peggy who had come back to me in September; now that she made no attempt to hide her feelings from me, she seemed very quiet, rather sad, a little defiant at times. But she dutifully did all the things prescribed for an engaged girl, somewhat, I often thought, as a dazed person might walk through the steps of a familiar contra-dance. She read his letters and answered them, and sent him a new picture of herself on his birthday; a sapphire bracelet that he had given her never left her arm. I thought that she carried matters too far, however, when she refused to go to the Junior Hop with Billy Maxim, and I told her so. Instead of flaring up as she would once have done she answered me as if I were an inquiring child. I broke out hotly:

"Let it all go, Peggy! Don't marry him. You can't make him happy if you don't love him."

"You're mistaken," she said quietly. "I can be very, very kind to him, now and always."

"There isn't anyone else?" I stammered.

"No, thank Heaven," she said. "And Bob is the best man on God's earth. If I were to jilt him now, and make him a public laughing-stock, no punishment would be bad enough for me." She took up his picture from the dressing-table and kissed it. Then she went about her studying.

But she was not always so quiet; and sometimes after we were in bed with the lights out she would talk to me and cry, with great dry sobs that shook her from head to foot. "If he wasn't so good," she would say, "if he hadn't always been so dear to me, if I didn't like him so well—but you've got to be good to a man like that, Beth. When I think of him sitting alone there dreaming, and when I get those letters of his, all affection and happiness and plans—plans for our future together—" and then she broke down and sobbed again.

The year wore on to spring, and one day Peggy went to town alone. I sat at my desk taking notes from a tremendous "History of the Renaissance," and enjoying the spring sunshine in my eyes. Suddenly my desk telephone rang long and sharply. I picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" came the voice over the wire. "Is this 2608? This is the Western Union office. There's a telegram here for Miss Margaret Atwood."

"All right," I said, reaching for a clean sheet of paper, "I'll take it."

"It is dated May 16, 190—, and reads 'Robert Harper died today of heart failure. Can you come on the night train? Signed, Janet Atwood.'"

I was staring at those words, written in my own hand, when Peggy came in. She was happy and almost excited; both her hands were full of violets.

"Look at these lovely things, Beth!" She cried. "I bought them from a little boy out in the street. They're the woodsiest things—only smell!"

She half-ran across the room and held them to my face. Then suddenly, over my shoulder, she saw her telegram. She read it slowly, as if she did not understand it; then she laid her flowers in my lap and read it again. Then she stood quite still, her eyes set. Across her white face passed fear, regret, a softening, then undeniable relief.

THE DANCER.

WALTHER BUCHEN.

Light, little, little feet so surely fleet—
 Swift, twinkling, tiny, tireless, light feet—
 How you can dance cold blood of men to fire!

Fine and round-moulded arms so soft and white,
 That wave to weave weird arabesques of light—
 Oh do you never weary, never tire?

Lit, laughing eyes that seem to love all earth—
 Red, smiling lips that curve in careless mirth—
 Lithe body, graceful—graceless—as Desire.

To dance Delight's dear dance seems all your care,
 There in the lurid lights revealing glare,
 Before the lustful eyes of men—for hire!

South American Universities

AN INTERVIEW

PROFESSOR PAUL S. REINSCH.

In matters of education, the Argentine Republic is the most advanced country in South America. Its system of common schools is especially well developed in the population centers of the cities. The percentage of illiteracy is smaller in Argentina than in any other part of South America. For higher education, there are three universities, the ancient University of Cordova, that of Buenos Ayres, and that of La Plata. The principal of these, the University of Buenos Ayres, is a group of special faculties. The faculty of medicine is housed in a commodious and even sumptuous manner in large buildings on one of the principal avenues. The buildings are provided with ample laboratories for physiology, chemistry, physics, histology and anatomy, with dissection rooms and various large amphitheaters for lecture purposes. The medical school has forty-five professors; among whom are counted some of the most celebrated medical men of the capital. The rooms which are used for ceremonial purposes, the hall of degrees especially, are decorated in an artistic manner by paintings illustrating the history of medicine. The other parts of the University, such as the faculty of law and political science, and the faculty of literature and philosophy, while less sumptuously housed, are also in a flourishing condition.

The method of instruction in this university does not differ much from our own, except that there is less emphasis upon investigation and there are fewer so-called seminar courses. The instruction is by lectures with frequent class discussions. At the end of a year, a very rigorous examination is held, including the requirement of a thesis. This examination is partly oral. The victim of the occasion is placed on the first

seat of the class-room, while three or four professors take their places on the rostrum. The fellow-students of the candidate are freely admitted to the occasion and seem to take great gusto in witnessing the ceremony. The professors employ themselves for upwards of an hour in plying the candidate with questions on all parts of the subjects he has studied during the year. Both for professors and for students, but especially for the latter, the Argentinian examination is somewhat of a serious task.

Most of the professors in South American institutions are men who do not devote their entire time to academic work but who have some other profession or occupation. The salaries which are paid are very low. Men with small means, therefore, find it necessary to have some other source of income apart from their salary. As membership in a university faculty carries with it a certain social distinction, there is considerable competition for professorates; and men who have been successful in other walks in life are anxious to hold academic positions. In this way there are always found among the professors, men of distinction in general national affairs. Thus in the faculties of Buenos Ayres and La Plata, there are some federal senators and a number of ex-ministers of foreign affairs, finance, etc. There is a very close connection between university position and high political office. The dean of the medical school is also speaker of the house of representatives, while the president of the University of La Plata was formerly minister of instruction, and is now a federal senator. In creative scholarship, less is accomplished in South America than with us. This is partly due to the fact that the institutions have not been able to pay large enough salaries to enable men of first class ability in many cases to devote themselves entirely to academic and scientific work. Partly also it is due to the fact that in the universities, the aim of culture seems to be rather finish of form, training in the apt use of the instruments which culture puts into the hands of man, rather than the search for new facts and principles.

The republic of Chile maintains an excellent university in Santiago. Here too, the connection between public life and university position is a very close one. The university has a more coherent organization than that of Buenos Ayres. The rector of the university, Senor Valentine Letelier, is a literary man of international reputation, who has been a great influence in the cultural advance of Chile. The university is of

course not as large as that of Buenos Ayres; to the 5,000 students of the latter, it has only about 2,000.

The most ancient and venerable of American universities is the University of San Marco in Lima, Peru. Its foundation antedates that of Harvard by nearly 100 years, as it was chartered by Charles V in 1551. It is supplied with all the faculties which compose a modern university, and many able men of national importance are among its teachers. It is housed in very old, inadequate buildings, but the state is, at the present time, contemplating the erection of new university buildings on a site adjoining the principal boulevard in the modern part of Lima. To the end of gaining ideas of modern university structure, the authorities have been making a collection of American university plans which are being studied by the men in charge. Another institution famed for its literary culture is the University of Bogota, in Colombia.

Brazil has no university. The various learned faculties exist separate from one another. There are law and medical faculties in Pernambuco, Bahia, and Sao Paulo. There is a law faculty at Rio. There are higher technical schools at Sao Paulo and Rio. The plan of uniting some of these faculties into a large university has long been considered in Brazil, but thus far has not been carried out.

In South America, there is practically no interchange of students among the various countries, notwithstanding their traditional relationship of culture. Thus when a young Chilean goes abroad for an education, he may go to Europe or the United States, but it will not occur to him to go to either Lima or Buenos Ayres. The fact that there is an absence of an interchange of students accounts in part for the great mutual isolation of the South American republics. Until quite recently, it was the ambition of the wealthier class among the young people of South America to spend several years in Europe for the purpose of study, preferably in Paris or in one of the Spanish universities. The German universities have attracted few South Americans, with the exception of young men from Chile, who have in some cases gone to Berlin or Heidelberg. The English public schools, however, have often been used by South American parents for the education of their sons.

Of late, large numbers of South American students have begun coming to the United States, especially for education in technical branches. The time is not far distant, if present indications are not deceiving, when far more South Americans

will come to the United States for the purpose of higher education in all lines, than will go to Europe. They realize that the conditions in the United States more closely resemble those of South America, and that for the purpose of successfully solving or preparing themselves to solve the problems of their own country, they will receive more assistance in North American universities than in those of Europe.

Thus far, the formal, the literary ideal of education is still predominant in South America. Students in general are very fond of literary expression. They write much, both in prose and poetry, and give much attention to public speaking. In general, it may be said that they express themselves with more literary finish than do the students of the United States. The students of Uruguay had sent a delegation to the Pan-American Scientific Congress. The head of the delegation, Senor Washington Beltran, a young man of fine personality and endowments, was given an opportunity to make a speech upon the occasion of the final banquet. He acquitted himself in a manner which proved the excellence of the literary and oratorical traditions of his native land.

The students of South America take a great interest in our country, are well informed concerning our affairs, and are anxious to learn about our institutions. Their public meetings are fully as enthusiastic as our own, and at the formal opening session of the Scientific Congress, which was held in the opera house of Santiago, they quite dominated the situation by the volleys of applause which they sent down from their serried ranks up in the higher gallery. But they lack the college yell, that half articulate but most expressive voice of the North American college crowd. Thus Lima, Santiago, and Buenos Ayres cannot proclaim their feelings in this way, but have to be satisfied with the ordinary hurrahs. University sports also have not yet been introduced. There is, of course, some sporadic playing of football, golf, and tennis, but the importance which outdoor sports hold with us, they will not gain in South America for a long time to come. As, however, the European student duels will undoubtedly not establish themselves, it may be expected that with closer relations between North and South America, there will be a growth of athletic activities among South American students.

Social conditions are so utterly different in South America that it is difficult for the people of that continent to imagine co-education, which exists in so many of our universities.

Women are educated in private schools, mostly in monasteries, and not even the *bas bleus* who occasionally penetrate into the sanctum of European universities, are found in those of South America.

A student from our country who desires to inform himself about South American life with a view of making a study of conditions in the southern continent, or to engage in commercial or industrial pursuits there, could not do better than to spend a year in one of the great universities, such as Lima, Santiago, or Buenos Ayres. Having previously given some attention to Spanish, he would soon be able to follow the lectures and to take part in the social life of the students. He would enjoy the most favorable opportunities for familiarizing himself with the social, political, and business life of a South American country, while his expenses would certainly not be higher than in an American university. I met only one American who was studying in a Spanish-American university, at Lima, but he was thoroughly impressed with the value of the course he was taking; and in fact the grade of instruction is certainly such that American colleges could well afford to give credit for work done in South American universities.

WHILE THE MUSICIAN PLAYED.

GLENN W. DRESBACH '12.

I wandered down a grassy glade
While the musician played;
And sweets of clover from the hill
Clung to the wings of the velvet breeze
That tuned the harps of the willow trees,
As they stooped to dream o'er a vagrant rill.
And in the sky
Loitered the lark on tuneful wing,
While the bob-o-link by the lush-grass spring
Answered his brother bard on high.
And 'mid the bloom,
I heard the drone of insects' wings,
Like the tender, soul-felt whisperings
Of angels in the twilight gloom.

I found the place my dreams had made,
While the musician played;
And there I watched the lilies sway,
 And babbling waters dance and run
 From sleepy shallows to the sun,
And pastured meads with flocks at play.
 And through the corn
The west wind lutes were piping low
A melody sweet and soft and slow,
 A melody rich with the wine of Morn.
And at the noon
I sat beside a beechen grove,
And broke the wheaten loaf of love,
 Yet wearied of my lot too soon.

My heart grew restless in the glade,
While the musician played.
Ah, sweet is rose and clover-bloom,
 And fair are skies of cloudless blue,
 But hearts grow sick on honey-dew,
And idle sunshine fades to gloom.
 I feared no pain
Of failure, for 'twas pain to me
To idle while I watched the bee,
 Or busy sparrows in the grain.
 I once had said
That life was endless toil and tears,
But now I knew, with bitter fears,
 That toil was life and love instead.

I left the quiet, grassy glade,
While the musician played.
I took the dusty paths of men—
 And there were waiting deeds to do,
 And still the sky was just as blue,
As when I strayed to lark or wren.
 Upon a hill,
I built a house in garden plot,
Where Love could come and join my lot,
 And praise or blame at her sweet will;
 And there I found
The peace of heart, the calm of mind,
That I had never hoped to find
 Among my own on mortal ground.

TESSIE AT COLLEGE

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ERNST JUNG AND OSCAR HAASE

Continued from the March Number.

ACT IV.

Scene—Hall off the ball-room in the home of the Rockerbilts

Time: The following evening at the dance. The people are in evening dress. Through the door and windows several fellows are seen on the balcony, smoking. Dance music is heard from ball-room. Two butlers are standing stiffly near the rear.

Mrs. Rockerbilt: (Coming downstairs she hears the men on the balcony) Georgianna! Where on earth can that girl be? —(To a butler)—James, will you please find her for me? (James goes stiffly toward the right and at the same moment Georgianna enters. Georgianna, just look at all those men out there—without girls. How can they dance?)

Georgianna: Oh, that's all right—that's the way they do at all fashionable college dances. I purposely arranged it that way. But what is worrying me is that James wants to leave tomorrow, think of it!

Mrs. Rock: James wants to leave! (Calling) James!—(James comes in.)

Georgi: He said we couldn't expect him to make his purchases in that old "Merciless" car. He wants a new one.

Mrs. Rock: I'm afraid we can't keep him. (To James) Now, what kind of a machine would you wish, James? Georgianna said you wanted to leave us on account of that old 1907 "Merciless." Now we ought not let a little thing like that

interfere with our convenience. I really didn't care much about a new car at first and told my husband so before he left for New York. I'm just crazy for an air ship! Motor cars are getting so common. Now, of course, we'll get a new machine tomorrow; we have studied them all. There is the "Cheerless" at fifty-six hundred and with a new automatic carburator.

Georgi: But why not buy a six cylinder, sixty horse-power "Pope Upsetto" at twelve thousand five hundred?

Mrs. Rock: (Looking anxiously at James) Well, if we get a "Pope Upsetto" we might as well get a seventy-two horse power "Pierce Marrow" for twenty-two thousand, and be done with it.

Georgi: Oh, do you think we could?—with the removable top and interior mahogany woodwork fixtures including a card table and—

Mrs. Rock: If we get it we can be sure there is nothing finer. What do you think of the "Pierce Marrow", James?

James: Oh, they're all right.

Georgi: What was that machine we had the year before last?

Mrs. Rock: I don't know, but I didn't fancy it. We killed two people that year.

James: Besides five crippled. Why, that was a peach of a machine; the people just couldn't get away from it.

Mrs. Rock: Very well. We shall see tomorrow. You may go now. Yes, we have to keep him, Georgianna, and we can't act miserly in this case. But then he is very reasonable. I suppose I'll have to wait until next month for my air-ship. (Percy enters from the veranda.)

Percy: Good evening, Mrs. Rockerbilt. I don't believe I've seen you tonight.

Mrs. Rock: Why, how do you do, Mr. Candee! Delighted to see you!

Percy: (To Georgianna) You are looking charming, Georgianna.

Georgi: Thank you, Percy; hand those to my mother; she fancies them more than I do. (Goes out on the balcony.)

Mrs. Rock: (Shocked) Georgianna! (To Percy) Georgianna loves to tease.

Percy: Oh, I rather enjoy it. But, how are you Mrs. Rockerbilt?

Mrs. Rock: Oh, I have such a cold. I had an awful cough-

ing spell last night again. (Calling) Oh James, (James enters) James, will you please show Mr. Candee how I coughed last night?

James: (Coughs.)

Mrs. Rock: Yes—Isn't that dreadful? (James walks away again.)

Percy: Why, that's terrible, terrible!

Mrs. Rock: But, why aren't you dancing, Mr. Candee? I am sure all the young girls just have their eye on you.

Percy: (Fussed) Oh, Mrs. Rockerbilt! Do you think so?

Mrs. Rock: I know it, Mr. Candee.

Percy: (More fussed) Oh, Mrs. Rockerbilt! Well, to say the truth, I haven't had a chance to dance this evening. I came rather late, and then I'm not particularly fond of it. I never could see any sense in dancing—to whirl each other about until one is breathless—what's the use if one can enjoy a chair.

Mrs. Rock: Well, I can't quite agree with you on that point. Now, Mr. Rockerbilt doesn't dance at all, and it almost breaks my heart.

Percy: You know—ah—It seems very peculiar—but somehow or other I have never met Mr. Rockerbilt. Is that his portrait in the hall downstairs?

Mrs. Rock: Yes. But let us watch the dance. (They go back and up the stairs.)

Percy: He must be a very handsome man.

Mrs. Rock: Oh, he'll do. But you should have seen my first husband—Georgianna's father,—Oh he—

(Exeunt Mrs. Rockerbilt and Percy.)

(Georgianna and John enter from the balcony.)

Georgi: Why John, you just gave it to Beverly—just gave it away by withdrawing. Everybody knows you would have gotten it.

John: It was just a case of cold feet. I'm kind of a proud duffer, you know, and if Beverly should have put the runners to me—I—don't know what I would have done.

Georgi: You tell that to Blanche; she's easier than I am; at least I don't think she understood the ins and outs of that election as I did. I have my suspicions.

John: Unfounded I bet. No, I'll tell you what it was: Why—Why—Beverly and I are friends. What should I run against him for?

Georgi: All right, I'll pretend to believe you. But—by

the way—do you know Dr. Snapsome sent me a picture of the football squad during a scrimmage. It was taken the day Beverly was hurt, you know. You are on it too;—It's awfully good of you. (The music has stopped and the dancers come in. Among them are Tessie, Blanche, Suzanne, Annable and the rest of the girls, and Beverly, Percy, Jack and the other fellows. Tessie and Jack among the first go toward the front. Some fellows from the balcony also come in. The butlers enter and serve punch.)

Jack: I have enjoyed this two-step immensely—and to say you can't dance!

Tessie: I can't—very well. I never danced before I came out here.

John: (Comes up to Tessie) Have you a dance left that I might have?

Tessie: I'm afraid not. I don't dance waltzes, and the two-steps are all gone.

John: How about a waltz?

Tessie: I don't dance them.

John: I, either; may I have the next?

Tessie: (Reluctantly) If—you wish.

John: Thank you. (Walks away.)

(Beverly and several others form in line with Percy trying to get dances with Tessie. Stella wearing a veil like Georgianna's over her shoulders, sits near the end of the line.)

Stella: (Looking at the line) I don't see how the fellows can endure her! (To John just passing) Well, Mr. Greenleaf, Beverly got in after all.

John: Yes, he was lucky.

Stella: (Loud enough for Percy to hear) It isn't always good to be too sure at the start.

Percy: The cat!

John: I never was sure, Stella. (He passes on.)

Beverly: (Looking at Tessie's program) Why, they are all gone!

Tessie: You can have a waltz; I haven't learned to waltz yet. (A fellow in the line takes Tessie's program from Beverly; another one grabs it from him until Beverly finally hands it back to her badly torn. The men scatter.)

Tessie: By the way, congratulations, Beverly—President of the Senior Class.

Beverly: Cut it short Tess; no particular honor this time.

Tessie: What made John drop out?

Beverly: That's what I want to see you about. Tell you later. (He walks away. To himself) Wish people would cut out congratulating me; everybody sticks out his paw.

Stella: (Jumping up as Beverly passes her) Oh Beverly, I knew it! I knew it.

Beverly: Here it goes again; shoot away.

Stella: Accept my congratulations once more.

Beverly: Sure, Michael.

Stella: I also want to speak to you about another thing tonight, Beverly. I'll tell you about it during the next dance. We have the next dance together, you know. It is about announcing our engagement (Beverly walks away quietly; Stella does not notice it and goes on talking) I'm just crazy to tell the girls about it; I haven't told a soul yet, not a soul, not even hinted. Oh, I'm so happy, Beverly, Oh, so happy (She sees that Beverly is gone and sits down slowly).

(Georgianna passes Beverly.)

Beverly: Georgianna, What on God's green earth made you ask Stella to this? Why, she's a pill.

Georgi: (Shrugs her shoulders) Couldn't help it; she almost invited herself.

Beverly: That is one way of getting to dances. (Walks away.)

Annable: (Slyly) Probably you're the magnet, Beverly! Like Dr. Snapsome's kodak—Where you find the one you'll find the other.

Georgi: (Calling after him) Oh, Beverly, Don't let me forget, I have a photo from Dr. Snapsome that I want to show you; it is the one he took the day you were hurt in that scrimmage.

Several: Oh, we all want to see it.

Georgi: You are almost out of sight. (All laugh.)

Stella: (To Georgianna) Georgianna, (Motions with her fingers for her to come to her) You—ah—haven't said a word about this veil.

Georgi: No; the less said the better.

Stella: Do you like it? I'm so glad you do; I always liked your taste. How does this dress strike you? I was so glad you asked me to come, because I wanted to wear it the worst way.

Georgi: (Looking at Stella's dress) Well, you got your wish. (She passes on.)

Jack: (To Tessie) Please do!

Tessie: Now Jack, be quiet! I can't think of it.

Jack: Yes you can, I'll announce it. Girls—fellows—Tessie is going to sing for us. (General approval is manifested.)

Tessie: (Reproachfully) Jack!

Georgi: Come on Tess.

Blanche: (Calls across the room) Don't be a quitter, Tessie.

Tessie: Well, I suppose I have to.

(She sings.)

(Applause.)

Mrs. Rock: Beautiful! Beautiful!

Blanche: That was a perfect dream.

Percy: Exquisite! Simply exquisite!

Suzanne: I always wanted to take vocal.

Stella: So did I; everybody told me that I ought to have had my voice cultivated.

Suzanne: Well, why didn't you?

Stella: Oh, mother did want to send me abroad first, but I decided to take elocution, and now my elocution instructor says I really ought to cross the ocean immediately.

Suzanne: Oh, splash!

Mrs. Rock: My new aëromotor will just be the cutest thing. I will get it next month, and you have no idea what a pleasure it will be to be out of that crush of cheap automobiles.

Bill: I should think so. What kind of an air-ship do you intend to buy?

Mrs. Rock: Well, I don't know. I haven't studied air-ships very closely yet; but it will be the most expensive one.

Percy: Most assuredly! It doesn't exactly pay to experiment with cheap air-ships.

Blanche: No, I don't think it does.

Mrs. Rock: That is exactly my opinion. (Aside to Blanche) Oh, Blanche, I have been wanting to ask you for a week. Is it true that your father's loss in Wall Street has compelled him to sell two of his automobiles?

Blanche: Why no, we just had to cut down on gasoline a few gallons a day.

(Tessie and Beverly are standing toward the front of the stage. The former appears to be in a thoughtful mood.)

Beverly: Gee, Tess, you are looking swell tonight!

Tessie: (Pensively) Dad sent them to me; I wrote him I was going to a dance. He told me to be sure and wear them—so—John could see me. Dear old dad.

Beverly: Why does he want John to see you in them?

Tessie: I don't know; guess dad likes John.

Beverly: You know, Tess, I've bothered my head trying to remember exactly how everything happened that day—and I feel as though—as though things were just as I at first believed they were. (Tessie doesn't seem to hear.) But then it's so long ago; guess it was the first week this year. Why yes, it was the day you came. I remember it. Don't you?

Tessie: (Pensively.)

Beverly: (Looks at her) Don't you remember it, Tessie?

Tessie: What is it?

Beverly: I say don't you remember that day?

Tessie: What day?

Beverly: The day you came.

Tessie: Yes; but don't recall that; I'm trying to forget it. (They walk toward the rear of the stage.)

(Jack and John are sitting and talking toward the front of the stage. The latter appears to be in a pensive mood.)

Jack: Say, you know I think Tess is a peach of a girl.

John: (Giving Jack a peculiar smile) Really!

Jack: For a fact. The fellows are all crazy about her. You know she isn't one of these bull-conners that hand you out the slush right along. She'll talk to you straight from the shoulder every time. Gee! and how she has changed. I remember her the day she came. Why, you wouldn't think it was the same girl; would you?

John: (John appears to be lost in thought.)

Jack: Would you, John? John!

John: What?

Jack: I say, you wouldn't think she was the same girl she was the day she came here, would you? All the difference in the world, don't you think?

John: Who?

Jack: Tessie.

John: Why, she's exactly the same girl she always was.

(Dance music begins in the ball-room; there is a general moving about and leavetaking. Tessie and Beverly remain seated at the left, John at the right; Georgianna and Henry linger about the stairway looking at a photo. Some of the fellows, including Percy, Jack and Bill go out on the balcony again.)

Bill: (Going out on the balcony) Suppose we will be going out here the rest of the evening.

Jack: Wish I brought my Mechanics.

(John looks over toward Tessie and Beverly; hesitates and walks upstairs.) (Exit.)

Tessie: (To Beverly) But you haven't told me about John—why he withdrew from the election.

Beverly: You have this dance with him. I'll let him tell you; you'd rather hear it from him anyway.

(Stella enters from the ball-room and comes hurriedly down the stairs.)

Stella: (Aside and indignantly) I thought so! (Very politely) I think we have this dance, Beverly.

Beverly: (Aside) That thing again!

Tessie: (Rises) Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't know you had this dance, Beverly. I think it was my fault, Stella; I detained him.

Stella: Oh that is all right. Beverly, as a rule, is pretty punctual.

Beverly: Yes!

(Tessie disappears behind the screen.)

(Georgianna and Henry laugh in the rear.)

Georgi: Beverly, we can just about distinguish your nose—that is all.

Henry: Yes, and that is all doubled up. (They laugh.)

Beverly: (Turns around) What's that?

Georgi: That picture I spoke to you about.

Beverly: (Lets Stella stand alone and walks back) Let's have a look.

Henry: (Throws it down to him) Here, take it; we have this dance. (Exeunt Georgianna and Henry.)

Beverly: (Looking at the picture) Sure enough—taken the day I was hurt; why, it must be the very down. It is; it was the only time I was at the bottom of the pile this year. But John—why, John is way over here—no place near me.

Stella: I wonder if he knows I am still here.

Beverly: Why, then it wasn't John. Then it wasn't John after all.

Stella: (Coughs to attract Beverly's attention.)

Beverly: (Appears to be very excited and walks back and forth nervously.) I must see him right away. Gee! go up and speak to him. That is what you get for believing a politician.

Stella: Are you going to dance this dance with me or not?

Beverly: Did anything make a noise?

Stella: Come on.

Beverly: (Excitedly) See here, Stella Starch, when are you going to stop pestering me?

Stella: Why, Beverly Smiles!

Beverly: No, he doesn't.

Stella: Well, you know what you have to do, Beverly. Our engagement is—

Beverly: Off—o— double f—off. And the sooner you get wise to it, the better.

Stella: Beverly!

Beverly: Stella!

Stella: Oh Beverly!

Beverly: Stella—don't get me crazy. (He walks nervously back and forth.) Gee! if I could only see John. (Returning to Stella in a quieter frame of mind.) I wanted to—tell you—long ago Stella that it is off. Off—for good. (He goes upstairs.)

Stella: Off?

Beverly: Off. (Exit.)

Stella: Oh—h! What will Belle and the rest of the girls I have told say. Oh, but I'll have to dance this dance with him. (Goes up stairs.) Beverly, wait a minute. (Exit.)

Tessie: (Watching the train of her skirt as she walks around in a circle behind the screen) My first train!

(Enter John from the ball-room.)

John: (Looks about the room) Where on earth can she be?

Tessie: It doesn't seem as if John was so anxious for this dance as he pretended.

John: Trying to get out of it again, I suppose. She can't forget that first day.

Tessie: Why did Beverly remind me of that day I came here?

(Enter Percy, Jack and Bill from the balcony.)

Bill: This reminds me of a sorority party.

John: Have any of you fellows seen Tessie?

Jack: A few minutes ago she was sitting over there. (Nods toward the screen.)

Percy: It seems you have a sudden infatuation for Tessie again.

John: Why, no, but I have this dance with her.

Bill: I kind of thought you and Tessie were entirely on the outs. (John is irritated.)

(Tessie takes notice of what is being said.)

Tessie: (Aside) Why, there is John.

Jack: Guess Beverly has the stand in there.

John: Guess he has.

Percy: Say, that reminds me. I had several people ask me tonight what on earth made you withdraw your name from that ticket.

Bill: Yes, several asked me too.

Jack: Me too.

Bill: I myself can't figure out the reason or the use of the whole thing.

John: Neither can I—now.

Percy: Why you couldn't help but win.

Jack: You certainly had it cinched.

Bill: And it would have counted for Zeta Mu.

Percy: Why, John doesn't care what counts for Zeta Mu!

John: Percy!

Percy: Some say that you gave up that election to Beverly because Tessie wanted you to.

John: Tessie would never ask a thing like that.

Percy: Of course, she didn't ask you—but you were under the impression that she would like to see Beverly get it. How sacrificial. Of course what loss the fraternity sustains is not taken into consideration. That may be sacrificed for some absurd sentimentality.

John: (Excited) How dare you call me to task after what I've lost through you. Listen here Percy, and the rest of you. You will kindly keep Tessie's name out of this whole affair; she knows nothing of it. Why, that girl hasn't spoken a word to me since the day she came here—and she is right. I have never mentioned this to you because I know it was partly my fault. I never asked any of you to help me square up this matter and tell the girl the right story. I tried to square it myself. She believes to this day that I was too proud to speak to her then and now she won't listen to me. Can you blame her?—any of you?—No, you can't; neither can I. And I'll tell you the rest. I loved the girl long before she ever came out here. Now wasn't it up to me to try—only try—and do something for her after what I did that first day? Well, she loves Beverly and I wanted to do something. I felt as if I had too. So I gave up the presidency of my class. I guess it made her happy to see Beverly get it.

(The music stops and the dancers applaud for an encore. John goes back frightened; the music begins again and he comes toward the front.)

John: And it is all due to you—my friends! And now what is more, don't you ever dare call me down for sacrificing

fraternal spirit. I loved it, but you killed it in me the first day. How will I forget that? The very first day you forced me into a wager which made me lose the best pal I ever had. (The fellows are surprised.) Oh, I know all about it. I was short of cash—and hadn't any coming and clutched at that wager like a fool. And you—all of you planned this scheme—you thought you had me on the run. Well, you did; but you haven't any more. (He sits down at the left with his back towards the others.)

Jack: Wish I was at Ferd's.

Percy: I will never be able to understand that fellow. But I suppose he may be right in a certain way.

Jack: Damn know it. (He goes toward the balcony.)

Bill: Lets take another smoke.

Percy: Yes we might as well. (Percy and Bill go towards the balcony.)

Bill: You know this reminds me of a story that I heard— (Percy exits hurriedly letting Bill talk to himself.)

(John and Tessie are alone.)

Tessie: (Comes from behind screen, aside) So that is what it was. They forced him into a wager; and he gave up that election to Beverly because he thought I would like to see him get it. Why, John, I was just crazy that you should have it.

(John moves and Tessie quickly runs behind the screen again; she emerges a second time, however, and walks toward John who still has his back turned toward her; she wants to put her hand on his head but quickly goes toward the screen again.)

Tessie: John! (He does not move.) John!

John: (Turns around) Tessie—you—you—

Tessie: Yes. I,—I—heard it all, John. I don't know what to say—rather I know what to say—but—I can't say it—

John: (Comes towards Tessie) Tessie, then you can see what I have been wanting to tell you all these weeks!

Tessie: Oh, John, and I wanted you to get that election all the time; I begged Beverly to drop out.

John: You did—

Tessie: Yes, but I couldn't make him do it.

John: (Taking Tessie's hands) Let's not talk about the whole mess. I'm so happy that you have forgiven me.

Tessie: Forgiven you!

John: Yes, I really was to blame for taking that bet.

Tessie: But when I think that you could have had the election!

John: Let's not talk about that election either, Tessie. I'm going to run for another election now, a much better one and it will only take one vote to make me win.

Tessie: (Timidly) And John,—If—I can help you in this campaign I'll do it this time.

John: (Holding Tessie in his arms) Tessie!

(Beverly enters from the ball-room with a picture in his hand.)

(Beverly sees Tessie and John, looks at them dumbfounded, and wants to walk out but halts at door and returns. He coughs.)

Tessie: Why, there is Beverly.

John: Beverly doesn't know me; he doesn't speak to me.

Tessie: (Reproachfully) Beverly Smyles. Haven't you done what I asked you to do? and what you promised?

Beverly: Yes—but—I want to do it all over again. John I'm ashamed to look at you and tell you that it took this picture to prove to me that you had nothing to do with the whole mess.

John: (Holds out his hand to Beverly) Come on, old man, don't think of those things any more. Everything is squared up now; what's the use of rehashing it all?

Beverly: Oh yes, I know; but if I only had this picture sooner. It really was Dr. Snapsome's fault. It took him over two weeks to finish it.

John: Why, that was quick work!

Beverly: Quick work!—for developing and printing one picture!

John: No, for Dr. Snapsome. By the way, we'll have some news for you tomorrow. Won't we Tessie?

Beverly: (Looks from one to the other—dryly) Yes—I—I noticed when I came in—I— (holds out his hands to John and Tessie and looks at them) Gee, John—she's a peach. You don't care to drop out of this for me, do you?

John: No, not this time Beverly.

Beverly: (To Tessie) Tessie—I—I (He can't finish and goes out on balcony.)

Tessie: He's a good fellow.

John: He certainly is.

Tessie: I never thought when I came here tonight that I would leave like this. I didn't think you would want me.

John: Want you: Why shouldn't I want you?

Tessie: Well—I'm "Just from the country."

John: Tessie (embracing).

(CURTAIN)

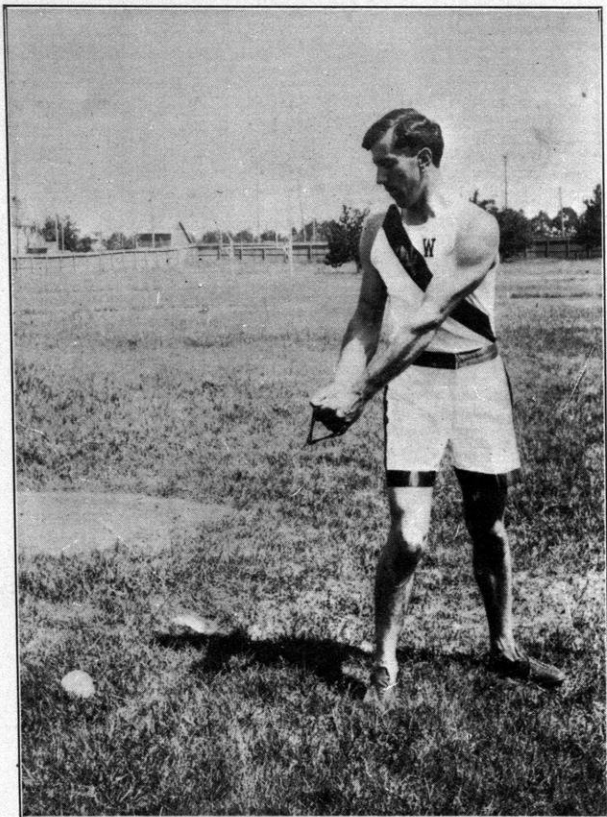
Track Athletics and Training

DR. C. P. HUTCHINS.

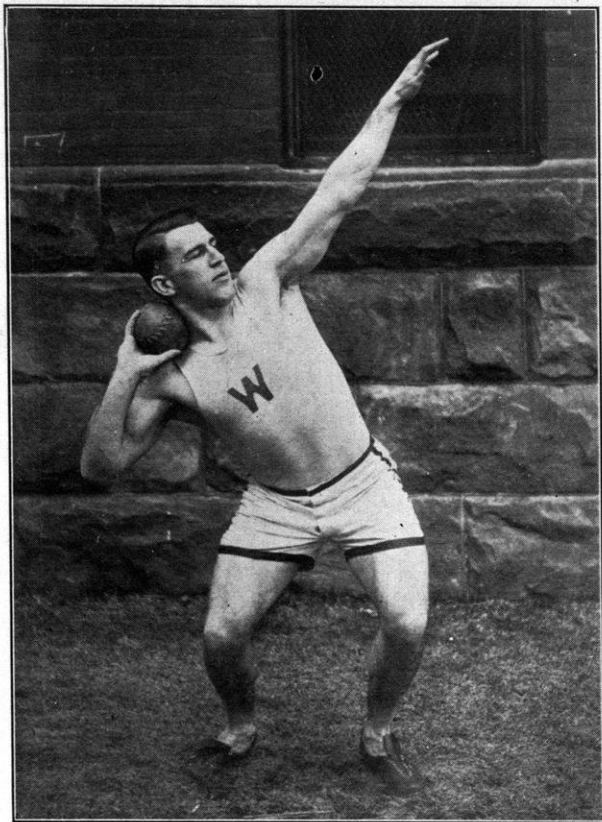
Track and field athletics are among the oldest of sports. From the days when multitudes followed the blind Homer through the groves of academic Athens runners and weight-throwers stripped for the contest have represented the perfect type of physical condition. Nations have their individual games, but competitive running is world wide. The revival in the last decade of the celebration of the Olympic Games has done much to bring the civilized nations into friendly rivalry in athletics and to create the feeling of pride in the physical development and supremacy of the country's young manhood.

The diversity of events in track and field games furnishes opportunity for men of every build and stature to compete. From the type of discus thrower to the jumper; from the sprinter to the distance runner, there is a wide range, and it is the exception when an athlete, successful in the one, proves to be pre-eminent in the other.

The track athlete is as a rule born to his event; it remains to bring him and his event together through the technique which perfects him by familiarizing his mind and his body with details to the end that the muscular sense will be developed to the highest degree. Only long and painstaking devotion to daily endeavor will bring from the natural resources of the individual the finished track athlete. The casual observer sees not the perfect poise, the correlation of equilibrium to muscular effort which results in the long throw of the hammer or the clearing of the cross bar. Through months the runner has worked to gain the greatest movement forward with the least expense of effort; the hurdler has studied to clear the obstructions by a hair's breadth, the jumper and vaulter to add to accepted form the concentration of effort.



JOHN MESSMER
Winner of Discus Throw, 1908 Conference
Distance: 129 feet 2 3-4 inches



OSCAR P. OSTHOFF
Winner of Shot Put, 1908 Conference
Distance: 42 feet 1 inch

And along with the perfection of the art of doing any of these things goes the problem of condition. No matter what the skill, the athlete to be fit for competition must adhere to strict rules of training, all of which mean self-denial. He must come to the mark with the knowledge of what he as a unit must and can do, and he must be physically and mentally ready to do it at the moment he is called upon—this is "condition." It is not what is ordinarily known as simply good health and vigor. It is the adaptation of the individual to the special needs of the call to be made upon him. Nor is it a purely physical state in the ordinary sense of the term. The athlete is not capable of his best performance who approaches a contest with equanimity. There must coexist with physical fitness a state of mental transportation.

The best stimulus for an athlete is service for his Alma Mater. That man will run or jump better who carries in his breast his responsibility to his colors. In any sport this is true. A football team that goes out to win for no reason other than that will fall before this spirit in the person of a weaker team. Whether in concerted team play or in the individual performance, real success can come to the college athlete only as he feels throughout his period of preparation and in the crucial moments of competition his privilege to be a factor in his university's triumph.

Why is the English Dept.?

H.

“They teach us the smells and the colors
 Of many and curious drugs;
 They show us the Which of the Therefore,
 And names of most curious bugs,
 And even the Whys and Whatevers
 Are classified and yclept,
 But who, oh, who, is it shows us
 The Why of the English Dept?”

—*The Sphinx.*

It is customary, instinctive and trite to knock the English department. This is an attempt to collate the kicks, with a view to discovering their irritating cause, if any.

If a personal word may be pardoned, here, the writer hastens to explain that he has no individual knowledge of what he is talking about; he is in the uniquely disinterested position of never having taken a course in the English dept.;* he doesn't know the difference between a balanced sentence and a split infinitive; these views are therefore without personal coloration; they are the averaging of several hundred representative kicks, collected and sifted in the unbiased spirit of search for truth.

We can eliminate, from the given volume of opprobrium, much that is inconsidered imitation—it being fashionable to knock the English dept. Some of the really heartfelt residue is traceable to inborn student resentment of a compulsory study whose utilitarian value is not obvious and outstanding like the bird on a dollar. But come to think, wouldn't a command of English expression have a handy utilitarian value,

* This is obvious; the English department would lynch a man that put four semi-colons in one sentence.

for anybody, from a lyric poet to the boss of a pile-driver—if the course really gave that command? Moreover, it is not from the frosh engineer, haled like a galley slave to English I, that you get the artistic contumely, but from the senior with the literary bug rampant in his vitals, who has voluntarily spent four devoted years majoring in the department.

The university catalog—cheering ritual of Things as They Ought to Be—dissects the aims of the English department according to a system, which, while it does not give a rigidly realistic picture of life in the shadow of Wooley's Manual, does afford a useful set of headings under which to group our kicks.

"The courses of the department are intended to serve five main purposes: (1) to train students in the use of English as a means of expression and communication for the ordinary demands of social, commercial and professional life."

That should, we submit, be the prime object of the department. It is the excuse for freshman English. It is for the attainment of this that the agric is made to writhe in weekly throes of self expression throughout his first year. Whether you think we are a utilitarian university or not, you will grant that the grounding in effective English of every student is the essential, and that the advanced tending of a limited number of buds of literary genius is supplementary.

That this important Purpose I comes to very modest fruition is evidenced on a cursory inspection of any given handful of themes turned out by freshmen at the finish of their year's training, and more strikingly in the obliquity of expression that persists through the further three years in lab language, Engineering reports, and Hill topics. It is in their prime function of fundamental training that the English dept. fall down with greatest force and unstudied abandon. In fact, freshmen say, and upperclassmen affirm, that the first compulsory year's instruction, which is all most of us get, is slighted.

Let us make the optimistic supposition that some day the English force will get interested in their essential, though cub-training, work. Even so, there would be plenty of fault left in frosh English.

We pass over the matter of ineffectiveness of individual young instructors, not because it does not exist, but because proper criticism of it requires intimate personal knowledge, and unusual gall. Quite regardless of the efficiency of its presentation, the material presented is wide open to objection.

Not but there is rubbed in emphasis on the rudiments. The average freshman instructor spends an amount of emotion over the conventionalization of commas and the bromidization of sentence structure that is infinitely irritating to the stude that had it all in Sparta H. S. The average theme comes back eczematic with red ink suppressions of originality in punctuation, but with no remarks on its vitality of subject-matter or takingness of presentation. We get the wrong rudiments. Grammar and the league rules on commas are nice; but granting them, the ordinary stude wants coaching, next, in the art of orderly and effective phrasing of every-day material. Over this embarassingly difficult essential the English dept. skips with one coquettish chamois leap. When our hero, the O. Stude, squares off to a sheet of blank paper, he is smitten with incoherence; he progresses with the illogical indirectness of a crab walking sideways, and arrives at his conclusion with the confused unemphatic indefiniteness of a rube locating an address on Broadway, New York, in the rush hour. The O. Stude wants to know the principles that give him power of marshalling his statements in effective order, and of sending his conclusion home on the reader's eye with the emphasis of a Jeffries punch. The English dept. gives him verbal niceties—not frame-work but fancy work; they tell him a little about periodic sentences and metonymy and synecdoche and the 57 other pretty things that literary persons use by instinct, and ordinary persons not at all. Not that the O. Frosh ever learns to use them; if brilliant, he may learn to recognize them, before the instructor flits to a new inconsequence. Freshman English is about as much help in writing as a course in How To Recognize The Wild Flowers is in hoeing spuds. The stude wants the power of plain writing; the English dept. gives him delicate hints on its rococo adornment. When a man asks for the philosopher's stone, will you give him a dinky pearl necklace?

The matter is complicated by the innate inability of the average English instructor to talk brass tacks. He can discourse prettily at large, *about* periodic sentences, but he can tell you mightily little on what they are, less on how to handle them, and least on the reason for their effectiveness. On the average frosh, unity, emphasis, and coherence are impressed as nothing more than abstract names—like war, pestilence and dyspepsia. He never sizes up the reasons of their importance. It would not take much psychology to show this frosh that the end of an

article is the place to spring your big "effect": because the thing your reader reads last is what he is going to remember best. The frosh, now, is never shown; he thinks the only reason for using final emphasis is because Robert Louis Stevenson did it, and his instructor said so, once, in the course of a circuitous lecture.

Freshman English will continue a purposeless, decorative anguish, like Polynesian tattooing, until there is a Utopian shift in the dept's mental attitude. In the meantime, it would help some to substitute, in place of the present arbitrary assignment to sections, an assorting on the basis of the entrance English exam showings; with a readjustment on the basis of the first semester's work. The frosh unfortunates in their high school preparation would be given their choice between plain and fancy training. About two thirds would pick the former, and be put wise to the really fine art of unadorned exposition. Engineers' long themes would be condensed non-technical reports on, say, one of Gilson's departments; and their literary model would be a report of the railroad rate commission, maybe—anyway, it would not be *Henry Esmond*. Meanwhile, the bunch with literary aspirations would be learning the bitterness of writing lucid narrative. In a word, we would really be learning expression and communication.

But hush. We rave.

Speaking of literary aspirations reminds us to get back to the department's Purpose II, as fabled in the catalog—"to continue that training to suit the special needs of those who intend to take up journalistic or literary work."

(Continued in the May number)

EDITORIAL

EASTWARD HO!

To send the relay team east is certainly a laudable endeavor and one that should meet with the support of every Wisconsin student, even if the man with the subscription list has been abroad in the land since the beginning of the school year. In addition to offering the team a training trip like that of Chicago, for instance, enjoys every season, it will also give Wisconsin a chance to compare with the big schools of the east when she has one of the best relay teams in her history. Incidentally it will give us another trial against our ancient enemy, Chicago, and on an outdoor track where every team will have a fair chance to win. And then, representation of Wisconsin at the Pennsylvania meet will furnish the east with some other criterion beside the Poughkeepsie regatta by which to judge of our athletic prowess. We sincerely hope that there are no berry crates near Philadelphia.

GYM, BARRACKS OR WHAT?

Considering the castle-like dimensions of the gym one would suppose that it is large enough to furnish facilities for every student so inclined to exercise as much as he pleased. But the most casual observation during the past month would convince one to the contrary. From four to six in the afternoon is the time when most students exercise, but during these two hours the main floor and the baseball cage are generally occupied by some regular athletic team, gymnasium class or company drill. You try to play basketball on the main floor, the bell rings and you go out until the freshmen have finished clattering dumbbells and kicking the air, then you go up to the cage and dodge

balls until you see there is no chance of playing handball. Finally baseball practice is over and you think that now the courts will be empty, but the track squad is on duty instead and you watch them for a while, then, after pulling a squeaking chest-weight for a few minutes you decide that the only thing left to do is to run on the padded track, but after you have tripped on the lose canvas and brought up against the brick wall a few times running loses its charms. As you go down the stairway past the main floor again you look through a hole in the door and watch the make believe soldiery monopolize the hall, or see the sign posted that the gym is closed today because so and so is going to speak or sing or harmonize under the auspices of a certain department. After one has done this stunt a few times he decides that he can get more exercise by trying to make classes in a hurry, and turns his back on the gym. And then he reads a discussion of some noted educator in which it is set forth that intercollegiate athletics are detrimental because the majority of students are mere spectators. Well, they've got the habit. The moral of all of this is that the gym is not large enough for a gymnasium, lecture hall and drill room. If some of our legislators were aware of these conditions they would appreciate the efforts of the university to partly relieve this congestion by erecting a barracks and drill-hall. Yes, but spring is here, you say and you can play catch in your landlady's back yard. Correct; we subside.

WE WANT ONE PUBLICATION

We hope that President Van Hise will appoint a fair-minded committee that is unconnected in any way with any of our present university publications, to look into the feasibility and advisability of inaugurating at our university a large, representative publication such as was broached in our last issue. We sincerely wish that this committee will act with an eye single to the good of Wisconsin, for we feel, as many have told us they believed, that such a publication will come to us eventually, whether it will be a thing of the near future or not. It is a plan having so much in its favor that it is bound to be realized before very long, even should it not be inaugurated now. Such a publication would not make it necessary to drum up varsity spirit every fall when it is desired to have rooters at football practice. It would make varsity spirit. The *Intercollegiate Spectator* is no longer to be

considered in such a combination, since it has openly announced itself as no longer a Wisconsin publication. It does not cater to local trade according to its Editor, Mr. Jones, now resigned according to editorial precedent. We repeat: may the committee to be chosen for the purpose of deciding this important matter of whether the Wisconsin Idea shall go into effect with the opening of next year, decide with regard only to the best interest of our university. All the seeming difficulties of the present will evaporate in the heat of earnest and concentrated application when the time comes to dispel vapors of illusion that are now being engendered against the one publication by selfish or over-solicitous interests.

THE FRESHMEN PRIZE

April the fifteenth, as we said in the March number, will be the last chance for freshmen competitors to submit manuscript for the ten dollar prize which our business manager has offered for the best literary work done by a member of that class. We are offering this partly for the good of the LIT, but mostly to bring out the latent talent in the first year class. The competition is open to either prose or verse, there are no word limits or other restrictions. In fact, we could not conceive of fairer or broader conditions than those which govern the freshman contest. This is the first year that we have offered such a prize and we hope that the quantity and quality of the material submitted by the fifteenth of the month will justify us in our optimistic appraisal of the literary ability of the freshman class.

CARDINAL AT LAST

Last fall we took occasion to comment on the editorials or lack of editorials in the *Cardinal* because their insipidity made us fancy that the glorious old color had faded into a modern, pale-pinkish tint. But this semester the editorials have been so excellent and sensible that we feel it is up to us to acknowledge their merit. They are the best expressions of student opinion on matters concerning the university and education that we have read this year. We hope that they will continue such to the end of the semester.