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Volume X JANUARY, 1913 Number 4

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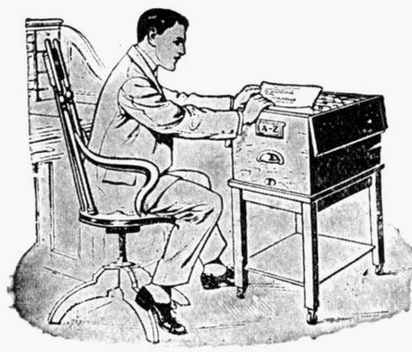

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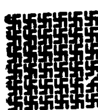

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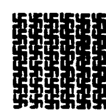

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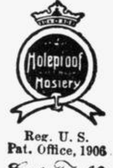

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VOL. X. **JANUARY, 1913** NO. 4

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

GREETINGS! May the New Year bring to you the inspiration to achieve and to find glory in your achievement. May wisdom be given to you that you may recognize each opportunity to convert your pride in your Alma Mater into a deed worthy of her.

May whatever success you have met with in the past serve as an encouragement for bigger ventures and more satisfying successes in the future, and may the failures that have come to you be an incentive to you to try again. Let them show you wherein you were weak and wherein you must strengthen yourself. Let them show you how to avoid error, and inspire you to do greater and finer things.

And no greater joy can we wish you than this: That when, in the years that are to come, you contemplate the glory of Wisconsin, you may point with satisfaction to the results of her majestic progress—to the consequences of her superb dynamic struggle to enlighten and to uplift—and say with keen and justified pride, "In all this, I have had a part."

HERE WE ARE

For the first time in all the ten years of its existence, the editorship and management of the Wisconsin Magazine has been turned over to the women of the university. We heartily welcome the chance to handle this publication, and we take this opportunity to congratulate and thank the editors of the regular staff who have so greatly improved the magazine within the past year, and who have preserved it in the dignity rightly belonging to a publication which represents the literary talent of a great university.

This is an initial venture, and, although we hope it is the forerunner of an annual custom, we feel keenly the lack of precedence, and a tendency to blunder. We trust however, that our blunders will not have been in vain and that our successors next year may profit by the errors of our pioneer efforts.

OUR ADVERTISERS

The business management of this issue of the magazine has been undertaken by the members of the Mortar Board society and the proceeds will go to help support the Mortar Board scholarship which is offered every year.

Our advertisers have been generous in their co-operation with the business staff, and in recognition of their generosity we ask our readers to bear in mind, when they are making purchases, that it is the advertiser who makes possible this publication and all other college publications; and in order that you may adjust your purchasing accordingly, we earnestly invite your persual of the advertisements and ask you to tell your dealer that you saw his advertisement in the Wisconsin Magazine.

IT'S UP TO YOU

S. G. A. is the one organization in college to which all women students belong solely by virtue of their being woman students. It is the women's self-government association: it is for, by and of the women, and it behooves us as women to be concerned in its interests.

Every woman of us is represented on the executive board, and through our representative we can originate and carry through such legislation as we come to consider necessary. Moreover, we can be present at the meetings of this board and take part in the discussion of the measures in which we are interested. Certainly this provides on opportunity for influencing others; for the promulgation of our own enthusiasms, and for broadening ourselves through contact with other women—an opportunity which none of us can afford to miss.

Still less can we afford to willfully disregard and ridicule the rules which our own association lay down for us; they are ours—we have made them—and only by our own co-operation can they accomplish what we meant they should.

OBJECTIONABLE SHOWS

We constantly hear complaint about the objectionable acts put on at the vaudeville houses. Students come home at night after a performance, disgusted with what they have seen and feeling that the character of one or two of the features on the program was an insult to their sense of

delicacy and should not be tolerated by educated men and women.

But what do they do about it? Do they stop patronizing these shows? Not at all. They go again, the next chance they get. They must have something to amuse them, and they are willing to ignore their standards of pleasure and take what comes, not realizing that in so doing they are helping to strengthen the demand for that sort of thing.

Before the Christmas recess, the matter of getting up a petition to secure an elevation in the calibre of the these shows was brought up before the S. G. A. board, but the action was referred to the Joint Committee of the Student Conference and S. G. A.

As educated men and women we have a right to demand decent amusements, and we look forward with keenest interest to the action of the Joint Committee.

WILL YOU HELP

Have you noticed the increasingly important part which women have been taking this year in all phases of university life—the fine committee appointments, the proposed joint committee between the student conference and S. G. A., the Woman's Page on The Daily Cardinal, and the associate editorships which have been given to women on the staff of the Daily News? Have you noticed all this?

What are you doing to help the good work along? We need you boosting and your enthusiasm. If you haven't been very generous with it heretofore, make a resolution to change your tactics.

The mission of co-education in the educational world is to foster the spirit of mutual respect and co-operation between men and women. The best place to begin to develop this spirit is right here at the University of Wisconsin. But how can it be done if the women fail to hold up their share of the load of university life?

A splendid beginning in the right direction has been made this year. And in this work, the men have been our best friends. The work which lies before us now is that of living up to our prospects. We can go just as long and just as far as you will help us go. And we're counting on YOU.

WOMEN IN GOVERNMENT

Last fall a young women's eastern intercollegiate conference on student government was held at Wells College, Aurora, New York. Twenty-one institutions were represented, including women's colleges and state universities from the east, south, and middle west. Each representative brought up for discussion problems that were peculiar to her own college.

The reports and discussion showed a remarkable training in organization and governmental work among the young women of America's foremost colleges, and showed also a splendid development of the college woman's sense of responsibility, her discretion, and her executive ability. The proceedings lead us to believe that when the college woman takes her place in the dynamic community of which she is soon to be a part, she will not only be able to take an intelligent interest in governmental affairs, but she will be ready to do her share in the upbuilding and uplifting

of the nation—in short, to be an efficient citizen.

This conference was significant in the development of the dynamic evolution of woman's position socially and economically. It was a lesson in development of judgment, in familiarity with parliamentary rule, in sympathetic working out of common problems. It was also a lesson in the gentle courtesy of social relations between hostesses and guests. It was a lesson in womanliness, in dignity and poise, in thoughtfulness and consideration of others. It was a lesson in introspection—in mercilessly gazing at on's own deficiencies, and the resulting symposium of ideas and ideals of womanly honor, gentleness and capability was an inspiration to the woman who is soon to leave college and take her place in the ranks of citizenship, to work hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, and soul to soul with her fellow men and women in the struggle for the betterment of the human race.

JOHN MOLL '11

IN MEMORIAM

KECKIE MOLL IS DEAD. "KECKIE"—THE INSPIRATION OF YOUTHS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, THE GRIDIRON HERO OF THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN, THE MAN WHO MADE OF HIS FAILURES THE GREATER GAIN AND WHO MADE OF HIMSELF A FIGURE TO BE ADMIRED FAR AND WIDE—DIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEATH CAME IN THE EARLY MORNING OF A LIFE THAT SEEMED PARTICULARLY RICH IN PROMISE. BUT THE STORY OF "KECKIE" MOLL WILL BE REMEMBERED AT WISCONSIN. IT WILL BE A STORY OF PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE. IT WILL BE A PEON OF WELL EARNED VICTORY. IT WILL BE AN INSPIRATION TO WISCONSIN STUDENTS FOR MANY COLLEGE GENERATIONS.

GENIE AND THE PEOPLE

By Ruth M. Boyle, '16

ALL THE force, will and energy in the Rich family, Genie possessed. Her father and mother were those of whom sin and sloth had driven to the waste-heap of the city; who, somehow, escaped the bonfire there, and drifted, aimless and careless, with the wind, until they were stranded, fourteen miles from another human soul, to live unobserved, their life of shiftless, shameless, pangless degradation.

Reggie Rich was fat and phlegmatic and six years old. The only law he knew was obedience to Genie.

Genie was different. Genie had ambitions. Genie dreamed dreams. Her ambition was to learn to read, for she often watched her mother read paper books with pictures; and every time her father went to town for groceries, he also brought back with him new paper books. Genie's dream was to live with lots of people. Sometimes, she played the pines were people. There were miles and miles of big green pines, and Genie would stand among them talking aloud, like a wild, unkempt little Druid, or battle fiercely with the tender little firs. Often, however, she would end, wistfully:

I wish you were really people, and we would all run, run, run down the road, until we came to the sage-brush; and we would build a big town on the flats, and all live together.

Unexpectedly, when Genie was eleven years old, the opportunity to mingle with "lots of people" in the big, vague world had come. The Riches packed their battered possessions carelessly into a wagon, and moved to Ransom.

The next morning Genie sat on the door-step, chin in hand, contentedly surveying the narrow canyon. Along the creek, the trees had been cut out to make room for twenty or so log houses, every one alive with signs of warm, human habitation. Doors ajar, half-open windows, clothing dangling from clothes lines, smoke pouring from chimneys, the clatter of dishes, the sound of vioces, an occasional glimpse of the people themselves—Genie's hungry, social little heart leaped with happiness as she looked, and listened and loved.

A boy, striving to cover his curiosity under a great show of nonchalance, slouched up. He stopped short and stared at Genie, and she stared back at him.

"Hullo!" she said.

"Hullo!" he answered. "Goin' to go to school."

She reflected a moment.

"Is it the kind of school where you learn to read?" she asked cautiously.

"Sure, Mike." The boy's flippant tone voiced his scorn of one so ignorant. "All schools learns you to read."

"Oh!" said Genie. "Guess I'll go. Where is it?"

"Down the road." He pointed a warty thumb. "You better hurry. It's most time fer the bell, and you got to get into your

school clothes," and he sauntered on.

A new interest was born in Genie. Clothes. Suitable clothes. School clothes. Clothes that stood for more than covering. For a long, doubtful minute, she looked after the boy; then, she went into the house.

She delved into a box in the corner, and from the crumpled dirty mass of clothing it contained, selecting a fancy lawn waist. Overlooking the very obvious fact that it had never been washed, Genie surveyed it with satisfaction.

"Ma," she said, "I'm going to wear this."

Mrs. Rich, a vast, shapeless bulk of sloth and slovenliness looked up from her paper novel.

"All right," she said. "What for?" Without waiting for an answer, she settled comfortably back to her book.

"Kinda big," soliloquized Genie, slipping it on, "but it will do to turn back the sleeves some. I guess I'll wear that black skirt of ma's. Gee! Ain't it long? Trails all over. Maybe I can find the shears. Reggie, come and find the shears."

Reggie obediently sidled in, and began to rummage in the miscellaneous heap in the corner. There was everything in that heap —pans, fishing tackle, dishes, nails, canned vegetables, spools of thread, hammers and specimens of ore; but Reggie, expert from long practice, finally fished the scissors from the pile.

Genie cut off the superfluous half of the skirt with reckless sweeps; then proceeded to dress her brother.

Half an hour later, the school-door opened suddenly and admitted two children. Thirty pupils who had been poring over their books, gave vent to a gasp of amazement, as Genie, pulling Reggie by the hand, stamped up to the teacher.

"Hello!" she said. "I've come and brung Reggie."

The thirty laughed aloud. The teacher's glance traveled slowly and sternly over the rows of grinning faces. Genie noted the glance and its effect. Eyes dropped before it, and hands grasped neglected books. The teacher was Boss.

The teacher looked at her self-possessed little visitor—studied her frank, gray eyes, her wild, matted shock of short, black hair, the grotesque drapery she wore—and smiled a friendly smile.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Genie Rich. What's yours?"

"I'm the teacher, Miss Toole. Have you even been to school before?"

"Naw. They ain't nothin' where we lived—no people er houses but us."

"Well, you and Reggie may sit here in the front seat. Take off your wraps."

"What's wraps?" questioned Genie. Then in a flash of understanding, "come 'ere, Reggie."

Reggie was almost completely enveloped in a huge shawl tied with a rope around his waist, regardless of the fact that his arms were thereby pinioned. Genie unfastened the rope, dropped the shawl on the floor, and, pushing her brother ahead of her, sank noisily into the seat.

"We hang our wraps on the nails, Genie," said the teacher, gently.

The child stared in surprise, then rose and picked up the discarded clothing. As she slowly and clumsily hung it up, a titter rippled among the children. Genie's face grew very hot. A lump filled her throat.

Something spoke within her. It said, "They are laughing at you." She stumbled to her seat, every nerve aquiver with a strange, new sensation—shame.

The teacher brought Genie a book. She opened it at the first page, where fluttered a beautiful bluebird. She squeezed Genie's hand, and Genie's face grew hot again; but her gray eyes looked up steadily. The teacher understood.

In the front seat of the next row, sat Irene, who had wonderful pink ribbons that looped her long braids up behind her ears; and she wore a pink "standy-out" dress. Moreover, she was in the Fifth Grade. Genie had only one book, because she was in the First Grade, but Irene had six. The Fifth Grade was the highest in the school, and Irene was the star of the class. Irene met the proffered friendship in Genie's gaze with a cool stare. Her tongue slipped out, pointing impudently. Genie picked up her book hastily, and pondered the strange ways of Fifth Grade stars.

Presently she was initiated into the mysteries of the First Reader, and was emphatically instructed that water and a sponge surpassed saliva and her hand for cleaning a slate. Thus, for an hour, Genie observed and absorbed and assimilated things that the Course of Study had failed to include in its pages, even in manners and morals or hints to teachers. Then, came recess.

"One!" said Miss Toole, and the pupils turned in their seats.

"Two!" They rose.

"Three!" They marched soberly to the door, broke ranks with a wild whoop and scattered like startled grouse.

Genie and Reggie, from the door-step, watched with rising excitement a game of pum-pum-pum-pull-away; and listening to the shouting and screaming and laughing, watched the running and hesitating and catching, Genie thrilled. Away down in the depths of her being, something stirred, stretched, gazed around, arose and possessed her. It was the old craving—the mighty, instinctive longing for people—people to migle with and to command.

Inside the school, Miss Toole was Boss; but, at recess, it seemed, Irene was Boss, Irene of the pink ribbons and "standy-out" dress. No one had yet caught her. She pirouetted and hesitated, and dashed for the base. Still safe. Genie sidled closer and closer. There was a flash of pink, and, hardly knowing what she was doing, Genie ran out and caught the runner fairly. A yell of triumph rose in her throat and died suddenly. Irene flounced herself free and surveyed her captor with cold scorn. There was a moment of heavy silence, a still measuring of strength. The twenty-nine awaited the dictum of the queen.

It came, sure, unhesitating, pitiless: "We don't play with 'dug-out' children."

Genie did not understand. All the eleven years of her life she had lived in a dug-out; and who cared if one's house was half cave as long as one was warm? But there was no time for thought. The jeering circle was closing around her; and in their eyes there was no ruth. Suddenly Genie became conscious that they were screaming to a maddening rhythm:

"Ticky-ticky, tom boy! Half girl, half boy!"

In helpless indecision, the child waited, while into her wide-open, sensitive soul, the taunts from thirty derisive mouths sank and burned their lesson. Her face stiffened, her teeth shut tightly, her brown hands closed in hard fists, her gray eyes burned. The battle lust filled her. She made a wild rush into the midst of the mocking thirty, and her hands closed on something pink and soft. It was ribbon. Genie struck with all her might, again and again. Suddenly, the bell rang; and the press about her fell back. Into the school they filed, bringing with them, blood, confusion, tears and hatred.

The teacher was very business-like. She supplied the bruised and bleeding Irene with water and cheese-cloth; afterward, she heard the story and spoke. Her voice was quiet, ominously quiet. No one knew that the teacher was facing a vivid memory of a childhood, when she, too, had known the aching bitterness of the derided and shunned.

She said that fighting was wrong, and it would not be allowed; but calling names and mocking was worse, and, if it happened again, the guilty one would be suspended. Genie wondered what suspended meant. The breathless silence told her that it was something terrible. Furthermore, the teacher said, everyone should play, or there would be no more recess.

That afternoon, Irene's mother came. She said that her child should not be suspended; and she should not be forced to play with dirty, little savages from a dug-out and be half-killed by them.

Miss Toole's answer was very low, but Genie caught fragments of it. She heard the words Public School, and that no child was better than any other.

Irene's mother talked about Irene's father in a very loud voice. She said several times that he was the Superintendent and the Leading Trustee; and he would make the teacher sorry.

Genie wondered at the bright pink spots on the teacher's cheeks. She felt miserably that she had caused the teacher trouble.

After recess, Irene's father came with two other men, who were Trustees. Genie wondered why they were called Trustees. Irene's father shouted at the teacher when she tried to speak. He said they would get another teacher. Miss Toole need not come back Monday. Miss Toole's face had turned very pale; but she still stood very straight, and looked as if she was listening to a far-off voice instead of to the Leading Trustee.

After school, Genie waited by the gate a long time; but the teacher did not come out. Finally, the child opened the white-washed door and slipped in. Miss Toole was crouched in one of the children's seats, her head on the low desk. Somehow, she was no longer Boss. Genie's heart went out to her.

"You're the sweetest teacher in the world." she said, her arms around the sobbing figure.

The teacher looked up and smiled, but her face was wet.

"There's my dear little girl," she answered; and they went home together.

Saturday dawned on a puzzled Genie wrestling painfully with her problem. She loved the teacher; yet, because Genie had come, the teacher must go. Genie looked

out to where a dim path branched from the white road, and climbed up the canyon, losing itself in evergreens. In a few minutes she was wandering happily under the dark boughs talking familiarly as if to old friends.

"In school," she said, "you learn to read. In school, there's lots of kids. But the kids won't play with me, and the teacher's going away, so——"

A half-smothered, choking scream interrupted her. She held her breath and listened; then, she hurried through the trees. She came out on a heap of gray rock—a mine dump. She ran to the shaft. After one glance, she fell back, sick and dizzy; for half-way down the shaft, caught on a projecting timber, swung a bunch of blue, with a curly baby head just showing. Far below, the water lay in quiet blackness The baby kicked and struggled; the frail dress was giving; in a few minutes—. Genie realized that she had no time to run for help. An old rope lay on the dump. Seizing it, Genie made a lasso and whirled it over the screaming baby. She braced herself, and, with a mighty pull tore the blue dress from the timber; and bumping, slipping, gaining, the baby reached the surface.

Genie descended the canyon to find Ransom in wild excitement. It was the teacher who took the little one from her arms, and told her that it was the Superintendent's baby, who had wandered away from the house.

"The irony of it," the teacher said. "Genie to save the Superintendent's baby!" But Genie did not understand what she meant.

Irene's mother was sitting down rocking back and forth, and saying, "My baby" over and over; and, when she heard the story, she cried, and kissed the rope-burns on Genie's hands. It was all very strange and uncomfortable.

All the people crowded around, and called Genie a heroine; and, for some reason, everyone shook hands with Miss Toole, and she seemed very happy.

Some one was pulling at Genie's sleeve. It was Irene.

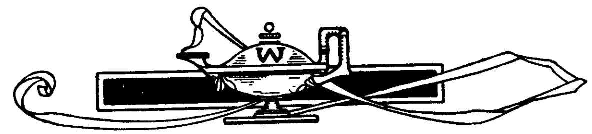
"Come over to my house and play," she urged.

Genie looked off toward the dim path that led to the timber.

"After while," she answered. "I haven't time now."

In a few minutes, she was among the big pines, talking aloud, again like a wild, unkept little Druid.

"People's very funny," she told them.



THE SPIRIT OF THE PLAY

By Dorothy Lewis Kitchen, '15

FROM THE heavy air and brilliant lights of the matinee, the muffled steps of a crowd on heavy carpets, the atmosphere of flowers and the tingling sweetness of a violin, Mrs. Edward found herself in the street, her face stung by the cold wind from Lake Michigan, her ears deafened by the thousand voices of the city. A block away, the elevated trains roared their way around the loop, motor cars and taxicabs whizzed furiously past, and the five o'clock mob pushed and jostled and crowded along the street. She breathed deep and closed her eyes for a moment as she waited at the corner for an Elmwood Avenue car.

Social service—the brotherhood of man—that had been the theme of the play. It filled her with a sense of the narrowness of the home, the need of sincere interest in the lives of others. She felt no antagonism toward the hurrying, arrogant crowd of people rushing past—simply a keen desire to know them, to help them. She saw all her old ideas of "working out your own salvation" fading away. In their place came dreams of justice, of deciding for the weak who could not decide for themselves.

"Pyper, evening pyper?"

A small boy, not more than five years old, his face lined and hardened like an old man's, was clutching a great bundle of newspapers and hoarsely calling out to the mob—futile cries that were lost in the great wave of sound. Mrs. Edward looked at him indifferently. Her mind was still filled with exultation of the play. He caught the glance, and was near her, a paper outstretched.

"Pyper? Star, Herald, 'n Post?"

"Git away, kid! I'm sellin' this corner!"

The big newsboy had viciously knocked the child down and was standing on one of his torn papers, oblivious to the cries and threats of the small boy. Mrs. Edward's visions fled. Here was something concrete; here was reality. With a swift, nervous glance around to se if anyone observed her, she began speaking quickly.

[illegible] cruel! Why, of course I won't buy your papers. You had no right to knock that child down. What? I don't care! That doesn't make any difference. He has as much right to sell papers on this corner as you have."

Conscious of the amused look of the man beside her, but full of fierce indignation and pity, she pulled the small boy to his feet and patted his dirty coat. The queer little face was full of brute anger.

"Never mind!" she cried, "here's a dollar. You can buy some more papers."

He took the money with an embarrassed jerk of his head and at the same moment the Elmwood car stopped at the corner. Mrs. Edward hurried forward to meet it. She sank into an empty seat near the door and smiled broadly at an advertisement of tooth powder just outside the window. She felt quite happy, quite satisfied. Her dreams returned. As the car bumped on, she resumed her ideas that the play had formed. Social service—sheltering and protection of the weak—

Back on the corner a little newsboy looked up at a big newsboy, and said, "Come on down to the next corner, kid, and we'll do it again."

THE HONOR OF COLLEGE WOMEN

By Cornelia Yates Brown, '13

In an article entitled "Honor Among Women," which appeared in the Atlantic monthly for November, 1912, Elizabeth Woodbridge has thrown much light upon the subject of women's attitude toward codes of honor. She has shown, first; that honor began strictly as a class matter; we all know that doctors, lawyers and soldiers must, by virtue of their profession, act differently under the same circumstances. In the second place, woman formerly accepted those codes of honor for herself and for man, held by men; because, what little class relationship she had, was derived from the position of her husband or father. As women are now coming together in educational institutions and in business, they are awakening to a code of honor of their own; more general, less specific than the class codes of men. It should be their mission to broaden these class codes, already enriching one another, and thus to raise the whole ideal of honor to a position where all decrees of every class shall be subordinate to the decrees of that great class to which every man and woman, as a human being, primarily belongs.

THIS MATTER of honor among women has a particular interest for college women. They have come together in a society having common interests, and it is in such a society, according to Elizabeth Woodbridge, that honor first develops. We should naturally expect that a society which exists for the purpose of promoting higher education would be an especially propitious field for such growth.

One particular problem in which the question of student-honor is involved may, perhaps, be made to yield definite if somewhat one-sided, information. This is the problem of cheating. What stand do the women students take toward cheating? It is generally admitted in all Universities that they at least tolerate it. Some professors go so far as to say that they would be willing to give examinations on the honor system, in classes composed wholly of men. Are we, then, to conclude that women have no sense of honor in this matter? No, decidedly not; for here the women of women colleges come to the front with the statement that they do not permit cheating. It's so, too; it really works. No girl who is known to "crib" and "copy" is ever elected to any office of responsibility in a woman's college. What is more, girls of some prominence have been "declassed" or suddenly left very much out in the cold, for just this thing. Here it is interesting to note that Princeton places all matters relating to fair play in classes in the hands of the students;—and all play is fair.

Then must we conclude that women who attend "girls schools" are of a higher moral fiber than co-eds?—and that Princeton youths are the pick of the land?

The answer lies in that old, out-of-date class honor system. In schools for girls, girls form codes for girls and force girls to live up to them, on penalty of losing the respect of their fellows. In schools for men it is the same. But in the Universities, the men do not expect the girls to live up to their standards— any more than a soldier expects a lawyer to live up to the honor of a soldier,—and the girls do not expect the men to live up to their standards. The

very fact that there are both men and women and each in such vast numbers, makes it difficult for either to develop a class feeling strong enough to enforce obedience to separate codes of honor. If this could be accomplished, if the girls could come to demand fair play of all other girls, and the men of all other men, it would be a great step in advance.

Still, something broader than this is demanded by the common interest of the class-room. The goal toward which we should strive—toward which we are striving,—in such matters, is one standard for all, enforced by all, the code of honor which as a human being belongs to every man and woman. Each woman, who is absolutely on the square herself, and has courage for that more difficult task of demanding such squareness in others, is doing her share in working toward this great ideal.

FUTILITY

Hildegarde Hagerman, '13

The flowers of the hilltops,
  More than all blooms are fair,
I thought to climb its fastness
  And pluck those blossoms there.
I dreamed of wide wind-reaches,—
  The sun's uncheckered glow,—
The valley far beneath me,—
  But that was long ago.

The dim rose light of morning,
  The glory hour of noon,
Are followed now by twilight,
  And darkness falls full soon;
Yet still the valley claims me,
  And well, too well, I know,
I'll never gain the hilltop
  Where those fair flowers grow.

'Tis pleasant in the valley,
  And sweet its quiet seems—
But, oh! those high, pure blossoms!
  Their fragrance fills my dreams!

THE LIGHTNING LADY

By Belle Fligelman, '13

MISS LADD burst into her room, breathless. Mrs. Warrington was coming to visit the home, as was her semi-annual custom, and Miss Ladd had only ten minutes to scramble from her street clothes into her simple white dinner frock. She had walked fast and she was tired and she wished very much that she had time for just forty winks on her pretty white couch. She had worked so hard in order that she might furnish her room attractively; but she never seemed to have a moment's time to enjoy it.

To be sure Miss Ladd's position as matron of the Warrington Home for Children gave her an hour's leisure a day. But she always found that her hour slipped away somehow before she knew it. There was always something that demanded attention during that hour. Little Annabel's quarrel with Mary had to be arbitrated; or Johnnie's ethics needed personal attention; or Harold's surplus energy needed directing; or Jennie's fondness for frightening the little girls with worms had to be subdued; or a fevered little head in the infirmary needed Miss Ladd's cool hands to soothe it. Always there was something that the little blue-uniformed mites of humanity needed. But she loved them—she loved each one, and, after all, this was recreation enough after the nerve-racking rapidity with which she found it necessary to discharge her duties, and which entirely warranted the children's calling her "The Lightning Lady."

Julius, the ever solicitous janitor, had often said to her, "Miss Ladd, what you need is a rest. You fly 'round here lovin' them kids and helpin' those folks down to the fourth ward like a streak of lightning. You're lookin' tired to-day. It ain't right that a lady that's young an' good lookin' should wear herself out. What you need is a rest."

And "The Lightning Lady" always smiled and answered, "Some day, Julius, I'm going to take a real vacation. But not yet, awhile. I haven't time."

The big iron gong beat out its call to dinner, and Miss Ladd gave a hasty pat to the lace at her throat as she hurried to the dining room. The children were all filing in—silently, as was the rule, and in clean uniforms. Miss Ladd hated the old gong that silenced the all too infrequent laughter of the children; and she hated the uniforms which would in time, she felt sure, uniform their very souls. But these things were necessary in an institution of this size; and with a half-stifled sigh Miss Ladd sank into her chair at the end of one of the long tables.

Another gong rang, and instantly each little head was bowed, and in unison the baby voices repeated "Our Father." Again The Lightning Lady sighed. It was one of the stipulations that went with Mrs. Warrington's legacy for establishing the Home that grace should be said at each

meal. And it had been done three times a day for seven years now, and yet Miss Ladd felt that she would never get used to seeing those tiny heads bowed by the beat of an iron gong to give thanks for their cheerless existence to the God that meant them to be happy. It was not fair! It was not right! Tears were welling in The Lightning Lady's eyes, but she forced them back.

"I must be extra tired, to-night," she thought. But she had thought this same thought nearly every night for five years, and mentally she administered to herself a reprimand for her weakness. The prayer was over and the solemn little faces looked with a flash of expectancy (only a momentary flash which died almost as soon as it was born) as the usual coarse but wholesome food was brought in.

The children began to grow restless. Mrs. Warrington would come at any moment now. She always came just before the meal was over and stayed for half an hour to watch the children enjoy the presents she brought them. The children always looked forward to her visits, for Mrs. Warrington was rich—very rich— a sort of princess who was very beautiful and who brought them presents and they loved her.

A loud toot of an automobile horn was heard outside. Every little orphan put down his knife and fork. The room was so still that The Lightning Lady almost thought she could hear the wild, pulsating heart throbs in each little breast. Then a door banged. The silence grew tenser. The dining room door opened and there stood the princess, radiant—with glowing cheeks and costly, princess-like furs.

With one accord every little orphan was on his feet.

"It's Mrs. Warrington! It's Mrs. Warrington!" they shouted.

Tears came to Mrs. Warrington's eyes, and she looked across at Miss Ladd. But her eyes did not meet Miss Ladd's, for the Lightning Lady was looking fixedly into space. A great weariness came over her—an overwhelming sense of hopelessness and loneliness. She did not know why. She felt very tired. Involuntarily she rubbed her hands over her face with a weary gesture.

"Perhaps Julius is right," she said to herself. "Perhaps I need a rest. After a while I shall take a long vacation—but there are things to be done now, and I haven't time yet."

A NEW YEAR

A year lies young before me now well filled
With opportunities I must not lose.
'Tis mine to grasp each precious chance and build
A worthy life or not, as I but choose.

Here is a year—yet, lest it be too late,
I make of every hour a building stone,
And then defying all the ways of fate,
I shape my structure with a soul my own.

THE DIARY OF A LADY CUB REPORTER

OCTOBER 4. They tell me that there are several publications in this institution and that girls are eligible to positions on the staff. The girl who sits next to me at the table says her roommate is one of them. She says the life is dreadfully wearing on her and she is thinking of moving out. The trouble is, she is kind of prominent and her roommate, who is a reporter on one of the dailies, interviews her about everything that comes up, and she's tired of it. I asked her if she thought I could work on one of the papers, and she looked very disgusted. She asked me if I had a roommate and when I said "no," she said I might try.

Oct. 7. Well, I'm on a paper. I went down to see about it yesterday. The office was very dirty, but I waded right through all the papers that were lying around on the floor and went up to a table where two girls were sitting—one with a pair of colossal shears in her hands and a jar of nasty looking, sour smelling paste at her elbow; the other was making crosses with a blue pencil all over a thick manuscript on the table in front of her. Off in the corner the office-boy was tying up files.

I addressed the girl with the shears.

"I'd like to be an editor," I said. My heart was pounding so hard I could scarcely hear what I said. My shoes seemed to be filled with lead, and my knees—I didn't seem to have any. The girl looked at me in a wild sort of way, and I think I died for a second. Everything seemed to get black and heavy billows of air seemed to pound at my ears. When I came to, I was still standing where I was the second before, and the girl was raising her left eyebrow in the direction of the other girl and indicating with her shears that I must talk to her.

With a trifle more firmness, I focused my voice in the direction of the other girl, and repeated my sentiment. She seemed to be not at all impressed and neither spoke nor looked up. I looked across the room and the office boy winked at me. That encouraged me, so I went right on talking. I don't know what I said, but she never stopped blue pencilling all the time I was offering to work for her. Just said "Ya-a" when I finished. But as I was going out, I heard her sigh heavily and say "another cub." I get my first assignment tomorrow.

Oct. 9. Don't feel very well to-day. The editor sent me out to cover the S. G. A. tea. I looked all over the campus and I couldn't find any S. G. A. building. About nine o'clock I went down to the office and told the editor so. She didn't say much. Just laughed and repeated some of the books of the old testament conversationally..

Oct. 10. I'm hectic to-day—positively hectic. Of all the insults! What do you suppose that editor sent me out to do today? She said she wanted me to find out from the registrar how much money the students had subscribed to feed the squir-

rels on the upper campus .I had a notion to resign after I'd seen Mr. Hiestand. I told the editor so and she said that resignation in large quantities was a requisite quality of character for any one in newspaper work.

Oct. 13. I'm going to resign. I'm going to quit. Newspaper work is no work for a woman. The editor sent me over to report a suffrage talk. There were three people there besides the speaker, the officers and myself so began my story. "Before an enthusiastic audience of three people, etc." The editor read that far and then threw the copy on the floor and apostrophised the chandeliers with remarks about Christopher Columbus and other eminent people. I told her that I had only told the truth. She said that children and a certain class of other individuals always told the truth. But I'm not offended.

Oct. 20. I didn't get my story out today. I would have had to miss my dinner to get the interview. When the editor asked me where my story was I told her frankly what was the matter. She didn't say anything. I almost wish she had. You get fairly deaf listening to that woman's silences.

Oct. 22. I'm dreadfully happy to-day. I got a scoop, all the dates for the S. G. A. parties. I wrote it up with a grand lead and sent it in. I expect to get an eight head on that yarn.

Oct. 23. A S. G. A. booklet was sent to me this morning quite anonymously. I glanced through it, and heavens! there was a schedule for all the S. G. A. parties for this year. It must have been made out last summer. And I thought I had a scoop on the whole business!

Oct. 27. The editor told me this morning that I wrote like a pi line. I'm not going to look up the meaning of the term employed. I've decided not to co-operate with that woman in her attempts to hurt my feelings.

Nov. 1. The editor sent me out to interview prominent girls in the university as to their opinions on any thing that interested them. I simply couldn't get any one to tell me a syllable. So I went back to the office and told the editor all about it. She asked me the names of the girls who would not talk and when I told her she wouldn't believe me.

Nov. 10. I told the editor that I gessed I'd lay off for a while and start bucking for midsemesters. She was real cheerful about it. I'll start right in again after exams are over.

Nov. 28. I have developed the "nose for news." I got up a real sensational story to-day, about a strange elderly looking man who came down the hill and spoke to all the girls he met. He tried to speak to me, but I looked straight ahead, with an annoyed expression in my eyes. Then I went straight to the office and wrote a nine hundred word story on the way strange men speak to the girls around here. I didn't tell the office boy what it was about, but

when he saw me deposit all that copy on the editor's desk he looked kind of sorry for me. I don't know what was the matter.

Nov. 29. My story didn't appear this morning! (I can't help suspecting the office boy.) I asked the editor about it, but she just handed me a copy of the paper and pointing to the editorial, said, "Read that." I read it. It was just a few words saying that it was time that the students were getting to recognize the President when they saw him on the hill. I haven't gotten the connection yet, but the editor told me she didn't expect me to, so I guess it's all right.

Dec. 2. In twelve hours I shall be canned from the staff—that is, as soon as I go for my next assignment. The trouble is all because I got on the wrong track. When I got back from dinner to-night, I found a note from the editor in my room. It ran something like this: "We will give you one last chance to make good. Go to the dramatic club meeting and get a story on what they decide to do."

Here was my chance! I had not had a single one of my stories appear in print. I don't know what was the matter with them, but tomorrow I was to appear for sure. I would make good on this last chance. I would write them such a story as they had never seen before. It would be such a gem that the editor would feel inspired to run in a separate story commending me for my phenomenal work. I had visions of the head lines which would run something like this:

"PLUCKY CUB WRITES BEST STORY OF THE YEAR."

It was worth trying for! I snatched up a handful of copy paper and my soft pencil, and glanced hastily through the official notices in the paper to see where the meeting would be held. After a minute's search, I found it—it would be held in the Union. That was funny! I had supposed that all stories in the Union would be covered by men reporters. But this was my assignment, and my last chance, so me for the Union. I entered the door boldly enough, but once inside, my heart stopped beating. What did my editor mean by sending me here! I gave one short, startled glance about, and waited a brief second for death to overtake me. There in the lobby were millions and millions and millions of men's faces floating about in hazy yellow smoke. Each face cast a grin at me more diabolical than the last, and I would have to cross the lobby to get to the room where the meeting was, right past the whole hideous mob. Fervently, oh, how fervently, I prayed for death.

But death came not. The words' 'Plucky Cub Reporter" flashed through the place where my brains should have been, and with one supreme effort I pulled myself together and watched my feet take those seven eternal steps across the lobby to the meeting room, and without waiting to knock, I opened the door desperately.

I was sorry I prayed for death before. For, what was left me to pray for now, when I wanted oblivion ten times more than death? As soon as I opened the door, the half-dozen men who were sitting on the desk and table jumped to their feet. Two

of them took their hats off, and all of them stared at me as if I were a mad woman.

"Is this the dramatic meeting?" I quavered, but my voice seemed to boom in my ears. After an agonizing pause of several hours one of the men assured me that it was, and asked me what he could do for me. With gratitude deeper than the seven seas—gratitude that rose up so suddenly and overwhelmingly that I thought for a brief instant it would send me swooning head long into the midst of them—I told him he could take me back across the lobby to the outside door.

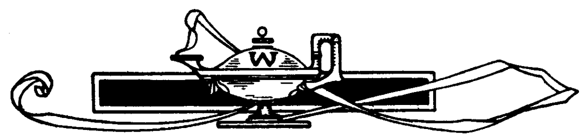
The amazement of the dramatic meeting was fearful to see. With a greenish looking grin, the spokesman took hold of my stiffened elbow and pushed it back across that awful lobby to the door. The rest of my body must have followed my elbow, for a few seconds later I found myself outside the building, telling my kind escort that he need go no further. As I hurried down the stone steps and out to the street, I heard two men who passed me, say something about a smoker inside!

Hot with indignation at the thought of what my editor had made me go through, I ran home, and without saying a word about the business of the meeting, I wrote her a wrathy note telling her of the entire situation, and threatening to resign. I sent the message down to the office by a friend of mine while the girl across the hall put me to bed and rubbed ice on my fevered brow. And there—oh, tragedy of tragedies! I asked my nurse to read to me, carefully, the editors' note which still lay upon my table. Had I only read it carefully, I would have been spared the ghastly horror I had been through. The part of the note that I hadn't read, had gone on to say that it was the girl's dramatic meeting that I was to report and that it would meet in Lathrop Hall!

Tomorrow I shall be canned. But I am a worn-out woman, and don't care.

Dec. 3. Wonder of wonders! I am not canned. And my wrathy account of last night appeared in print in a two column feature story with a twelve-head on it! At last I am famous and my works are published.

We have a grand motto nailed above the editor's desk in the office. It's all about hanging on to the thing you have hold of, because that's what bull dogs do. The editor says that's what reporters ought to do. I guess she's right. I'm not going to give up reporting. Not me! I'm going to be a bull dog and maybe I can bite the editor!



THAT INDEFINABLE WISCONSIN SPIRIT

DO YOU remember the first all-university mass meeting you attended when you were a freshman—the night before the "big game" came off? When the band played "On Wisconsin" while half a dozen men—students and "old grads"—mounted the platform in the gym and solemnly took their seats? When some of the football men got up and told you how the team was lining up and how with Wisconsin Spirit to back them they couldn't help but win? When one of the "old grads" came forward and told you that "that intangible, indefinable, indescribable, irresistable something that is known as "Wisconsin Spirit" was the thing you might be most proud of in your Alma Mater? And how, with that spirit behind the team, it didn't matter whether they won or lost—only we'd rather they'd win? When four thousand students rose to their feet with one accord and sang "Varsity" with a lustiness and spontaneity that sent shivers down your backbone? Do you remember how it thrilled you when you were a freshman?

And then—just a year later—when you were a sophomore, you took your freshman friend to the mass meeting. Your bosom swelled with pride when you saw that he too was thrilled, as you had been a year ago. The band was playing "On Wisconsin" again. A football man arose and made a speech surprisingly like the one you heard a year ago. And so did the "old grad." And "the student body arose as one person" again to sing "Varsity." And somehow you felt snugly satisfied—because your freshman was properly thrilled.

Still a year later you went to a mass meeting—just the same kind of a mass meeting that thrilled you when you were a freshman and satisfied you when you were a sophomore. But somehow it looked different now. The band played just the same, and the football man talked just the same. But when it came to the "old grad's" talk, you sat back and found yourself wondering vaguely just what he was talking about. You wondered why "Wisconsin Spirit" should be intangible and indefinable and indescribable and the rest of it. You wondered why "Wisconsin Spirit" didn't mean the carrying out of definite policies. Why didn't it mean the maintenance of high scholarship and the embodiment of academic honor as emphatically as it meant the terrific display of vocalization out on the bleachers? Why didn't it mean a fine sports-man like spirit— a love of splendid work, and appreciation of earnest effort, a desire to help—in the everyday social field as well as on the athletic field? A spirit so assimilated and ingrained by our associations and inspirations on the campus that when it came to an athletic game, we would not have to "stir it up." It would be there—as a matter of course—ready for the test.

The last year, you remembered, the "old grad" had said that with "Wisconsin Spirit" behind the team it didn't matter whether we won or lost. We had lost that year—and did you remember that it didn't matter? Did you remember how "Wiscon-

sin Spirit" had made you think only of the exquisite pluck the boys showed, and made you forget that they lost the game? Did you remember how it made you cheer for the better team—for victorious Minnesota? Somehow there are things that escape your memory.

Perhaps the "old grad" himself meant a great deal more by "Wisconsin Spirit" than he "let on." Perhaps it included all he had said in his speech—and something more. Perhaps—the thought rather startled you, you remember—perhaps you had not yet become imbued with the true "Wisconsin Spirit!"

And then the next year. The night before the big game you were in the library, bucking—until some underclassman tapped you on the shoulder and told you that it was nearly half past seven and you had better come right over to the gym if you wanted to get a seat. He was surprised when you told him you weren't going. He told you there were no quitters at Wisconsin and that you had no "Wisconsin Spirit." And you didn't even resent it. When you told him you had a topic due and a list of outside readings, and later in the evening an appointment for a quiet, inspiring little chat with a certain member of the faculty, he deplored your lack of backbone, and leaving you and your degenerate attitude, he went over to the gym, to get thrilled by "that intangible, indefinable, indescribable, irresistable something that is known as Wisconsin Spirit."

THE PASSING OF LOVE

Out of a golden, dreamy mist he came,
Not as a gallant, blood-stained knight of old
Bearing a lance and shield of burnished gold;
But earnestly intent, and free from blame,
Holding aloft a glowing, blood-red flame.
His face, that pure and god-like was of mold
Shone calmly with a wondr'ous love untold,
And seemed to be beyond all earthly claim.
And as he turned full on my face the light,
Showing me trembling and ghastly white,
I cried aloud, "Love! Love for me at last!"
But saying ne'er a word, he turned away,
Leaving me dull and cold as dying day,
And lo! As he had come to me, Love passed!

CINDERELLA UP-TO-DATE

Margaret McGilvary, '15

HAVE I come too early, Betty?"

"No, father, I'm glad you came early. It's a beautiful party and the girls are lovely to me, but you know I always am a wall-flower."

"Never mind, wall-flower. Someone will pluck you out of your cranny yet. You're far too lovely to blush unseen and waste your sweetness on the desert air."

"I suppose it's the Quaker in me that makes me feel so out of place at a revel like this. I need more Quaker patience, though, to stand this kind of thing—I don't believe I'll ever go to another party."

Betty spoke cheerfully, but alone in the dressing-room, tears rose to her eyes, and she jerked off her slippers with a vicious little kick. One of them flew across the narrow passage, and landed in the middle of the floor in the men's dressing room. As she put one slipper into her party bag, Betty glanced at its mate, as dainty and shinning as the little lost slipper of the fairy tale.

"It's just as good as Cinderella," she thought, "only there's no Prince coming to find it." She crossed the hall to recover it, when a sudden mad whim seized her. "I'll give fate a chance," she whispered. Blushing guiltily she dropped the little satin slipper into the wide pocket of the first overcoat she laid her hand on, and without giving herself time for repentance, ran down stairs to join her father.

It seemed that Fate had accepted Betty's challenge in good spirit for it was Harden, the captain of the football team and the idol of the students who pulled out of his overcoat pocket something which brought the attention of all the other men. The tall fellow stood agape, holding in his hand the prettiest little slipper imaginable.

"Say, fellows, what do you know about this?" he gasped.

They crowded around him curiously, much impressed by the daintiness of the slipper. The men volunteered many suggestions as to whose it was and how it got into Harden's pocket.

"Gee, I bet someone's kidding you, Harden. 'Taint a real slipper. It's only a cotillion favor." This suggestion came from Johnnie Waldron.

"Well, it isn't Sister Anne's anyhow, Johnny," suggested Peanut Barr, a little freshman who was about half the size of Anne Waldron, but who being her devoted slave was sensitive about the fact that the advantage of size was all on her side.

"Sure, it's the genuine article! How much will you take for it, Harden?" inquired Floyd Hartley, who was a confirmed flirt and a souvenir collector.

"I guess I won't sell it," replied Harden. Of course someone's kidding me, but I can't quite see the joke and I'll keep it until I do."

The incident had stirred his imagination and already he had a secret appreciation of a girl who could wear such a dainty shoe.

It certinly couldn't have been Anne Waldron. She was a "queen" all right but her feet—. He had a sneaking suspicion that her feet were not her best point.

Henceforth Harden scrutinized not only Anne's feet but those of every girl he met. Anne's feet were enormous and very ugly and she never blacked her boots. He'd been "fussing" her all fall. Why hadn't he noticed this before. There were, to be sure, pretty feet among his acquaintances but even the tinniest foot Harden found could not be crowded into his little slipper.

Naturally, he felt it would be easiest for him to recognize the foot he was seeking in a dancing shoe, and so he did most of his hunting at parties. Betty though, kept her threat and stayed away from dances, and since she and Harden did not meet in classes, he had no chance of discovering in her the girl for whom he was searching. So keen was his interest, however, and so much had he idealized this Cinderella that his enthusiasm over Anne Waldron waned. His friends had lost their active interest in the search, and only an occasional jest showed that they had not entirely forgotten the incident. Harden, although, he did not betray his interest was still hoping to find the foot that fit that slipper.

For a time Lent had put a stop to his investigations but Harden found the girl in the very last place he had expected. One pleasant spring day he was crossing the marsh when he met Betty, her arms full of pussy-willows. At first he did not recognize her but he noticed quickly her graceful figure, and as she approached him marked her lovely color and beautiful eyes. Then he realized that he'd seen her once at a party, but having never met her again, had taken for granted that she had been only an out-of-town guest. She returned his bow prettily and he asked and received permission to walk back to town with her. When she stepped from the edge of the marsh to the path she lost her rubber in the mud. He picked it up and was immediately impressed with its diminutive size. As he slipped it on for her he realized that he had found his Cinderella. Harden looked up quickly and said smiling, "Do you know, I believe I've got something of yours, something lots daintier even than your rubber."

To his surprise Betty covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"My slipper! Oh was it your overcoat—? I shall never dare look you in the face again. Oh, if you only knew how ashamed I've been and how it's spoiled my whole winter, you'd forgive me for being so silly."

"Why, I don't see that it was anything so dreadful. I tell you I think a lot of that slipper. But what I've been wondering is how it got into my pocket. Gee—you don't mean to say you put it there?"

"Oh, yes. I did—and how can I ever tell you—but I didn't know whose pocket it was, truly I didn't. And I've been so miserable—I'll never get over it as long as I live."

Little by little he coaxed the whole story from her. He knew her by reputation as one of the quietest and most modest of girls, but he was a thoroughly kind-hearted fellow and his astonishment and amusement were swallowed up by his pity, she was so

genuinely distressed.

"I'll never go to another party again as long as I live, but you'll give it back to me again right away," she begged in conclusion.

"No, I won't," said Harden, "unless you will go to the Naval Ball with me, a week from Friday and wear two of them.."

It took some days to persuade Betty that this offer was not prompted by good nature alone, and Harden made her refusal an excuse for seeing her every day. He brought all of his powers of persuasion to bear upon her before she overcome her scruples and consented to go.

On the afternoon of the party the lost slipper come back filled with lilies-of-the-valley.

The more he saw of Betty the more Harden blessed the luck that it was his overcoat into which Betty had dropped the slipper. She felt too that Fate had been kind for the girl that Harden was interested in was certain never to be a wall-flower.

AUTUMNLAND

Barbara Mullon

Above us bends the pale November sky,
Below us roll the wide and barren fields,
And far away, blue and then fainter blue they lie
The hills, the melancholy, silent hills.
So that my heart with sorrowing thought deep thrills
And o'er my mind some haunting memory steals.

The winding road which to this summit wends
Its smooth white path is daintily arched o'er
With many tiny twigs; a tall oak bends
Bends its gnarled branch above me; valiant tall form
It stands so sturdily, strong against the storm,
Aguard upon this hill a hundred years and more.
So long you have looked down upon this scene.
Oh oak, 'gainst which I lean so gently now,
Long before grain was planted, when the green expanse
Of tree-tops waved against the deep blue sky.
When nothing but the sound of bird's or Indian's cry
Disturbed the deadly calm of the mid summer trance.

And did the hamadryad fair whose home you were
Slip out to join the revels of the beasts and spirits,
Who in sweet abandon, quite relieved from care,
Danced in the protecting forest, dark and mystic;
Or hallowed customs strange, in language cryptic
Observed, attended by now long-forgotten rite?

CO-EDUCATION

WHEN A man says, "Oh, co-education is all right, but I wouldn't want my sister to be a 'co-ed'" he raises the question not only of why he should be attending a co-educational institution and thus consistently admitting that he puts his own standards lower than the ones he cherishes for his sister, but also the question justifying the implication that segregated colleges have greater advantages, for women at least, than have co-educational institutions.

From an academic standpoint, the superiority of a big state university over a woman's college is not to be disputed. It is obvious that the university student has the benefit of coming into contact with bigger professors, greater men, than has the college student; not only because the faculty stars get higher salaries in a state university, but because in a community equipped with a library such as ours, in a community not shut off and modestly secluded from the "outside world," but instead closely connected and identified with the great dynamic strides taken by the people in a progressive state, they are afforded access for valuable research work which would not be open to them in a woman's college.

Co-education in the class-room is also an important factor to consider. A much more fully rounded mental development will be produced in a class-room where points of view of a large number of both men and women students are brought forward than in a recitation of a small class of women students. There is also here an incentive for women to maintain a high scholarship. In a class composed seventy-five per cent of men and twenty-five per cent of women, the women are bound to feel a certain obligation to "make good," to refuse to be outdone by the male members of the class.

It is not these academic points, however, that generally enter into a discussion of the pros and cons of co-education. These points are generally conceded to start with. It is the social life of the students, the life outside the class-room, that is subject to controversy. There are those who maintain that the culture and refinement that comes from association with the homogeneous class of girls who generally attend women's colleges is worth more than the academic advantages offered by a state university. These same people look somewhat askance upon our heterogeneous but splendidly cosmopolitan group of students.

They do not know the inspiration of "rubbing elbows" with students who are as seriously in earnest about their work as the student who waits on table or does any possible work in order that he or she may earn an education, or the plucky foreign student—the Chinese, or the Hindo, or any of the others—whose every branch of study is in English,—a foreign language to them.

But besides this, there is left to consider the comparative normality of co-educational student life versus the abnormality of the woman's college life. In a girl's college the student is shut away from men for nine months out of every twelve during the

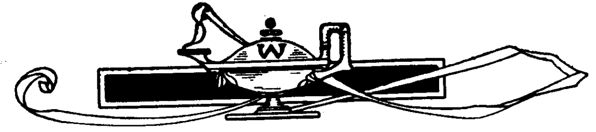
four years she is in college and because on special occasions once or twice during the year she is allowed to associate with men, she comes to consider men not as prize packages necessarily, but as something to be admired for the mere fact that they are men. She comes to put men up on a pedestal. And men like to be put on a pedestal. (So do women. It's natural.) But in this way they have not the means of judging a man for what he is really worth to a community, as has a woman student who sees men in relation to their community in every day life.

It is not natural for women to be shut away from men. When they get out of college and enter either domestic or professional life, they will have to live among men as well as women. And if college is to train the woman to live efficiently, the training should be carried on under conditions of natural life.

If it is the sheltered life of the girls' college, the imposition of detailed rules of conduct, that makes a man accord greater respect to the college woman than to the university woman, all we can say is this: When a woman comes to college she is old enough to know how to behave and it is only by appealing to her sense of responsibility that she comes to grow into her rightful heritage of true womanhood.

This is not meant to be an attack on women's colleges. Such a thing is farthest from the writer's intention. But it is an attempt to determine wherein the university man is justified in saying "co-education is all right for somebody else's sister." Women's colleges have something which we here have not. They foster the little social graces and womanly courtesies which we would do well to cultivate here. They give a woman a certain poise and delicacy which we of the co-educational university are left to acquire by our own efforts, and often in the breathlessness of this complicated life we fail to acquire it. These are things which women can ill afford to neglect, and it is a pity that as yet we have not made them a part of our education at Wisconsin.

And yet we have something bigger here. We have something more real, less artificial, than the life at a girl's college—something more dynamic, more in sympathy with people, more thrilling and inspiring, in a community where man and woman learn side by side, to face the problems of life, to come in touch with things beyond the limits of the campus, and to respect each other for our ideals and our efforts to realize them.



OLD LINEY

Margaret Armstrong, '13

IT WAS one of those Arizona nights. In the unlimited blackness around us, earth and sky were one except for the pin-pricks of light that were stars. We were a good ways from the ranch house, and the boss had ordered camp on the trail. There was enough chill in the air to make the men draw closely within the circle of flickering light from the fire. They had been telling stories, mostly for my benefit, I believe, and after the last one, about the cows that grew short-legged on one side from grazing on the hill-sides, had lapsed into silence.

It had been a hard day for me, unused as I was to being so long in the saddle and I nodded over my pipe. There was no sound but the steady munching of the horses tethered behind the chuck-wagon, and the murmurs from a quiet game of poker on the other side of the fire.

"Wall," the boss removed his pipe from his lips and spat leisurely, "I see old Liney ain't been run in yet."

There was a grunt of interest from the company.

"Seen him over on the hog-back to-day," the boss went on. "It do beat the Dutch the way that steer has got us sized up. He knew I couldn't get at him up there on that ridge so he just stood up there next the sky and grinned. Yep! I bet that caow has got a pretty good sense of humor."

"Hell, yes," answered Kelley, across the fire, "remember that time the Double T outfit had a bet up with Kellog's boys that they could put their brand on him by the end of the round-up? Got him in their own corral and went to the Double T to tell 'em they was goin' to brand him in the morning, and when they come back he'd jumped clean over the fence and out of sight."

The boss noticed that I was interested.

"Know old Liney?" he asked. "Too smart fer a steer—ought to ha' been a U. S. ranger. It was away back— oh, must ha' been seven years ago, the time we got that bunch of cattle over from Texas. This here Liney showed up along with 'em, a half-growed brute, the homliest critter y'ever seen. And he didn't grow handsome with age. All black and white spots, he was, 'cept for a white line clean down his back to the end of his tail. Thit's where he got his name. His horns was kind of dark purple instead of black, and stuck up stiff out of his head like fence-posts.

"Wall, the boys spotted that maverick and tried to get a line on him. But the season was most over when he showed up, so we let him go. Next year he showed up again, twicet as big and uglier than ever. He don't never run with any bunch any more, just goes off by himself. Seems though everytime you ain't lookin' for him, he turns up, but he can always give you the slip. Got to be kind of a game around the Double T range to see who'd get that steer. But Old Liney's too smart for 'em. He's been caught three or four times but there ain't nobody can get near enough

to put the iron on him. Seem's if he just liked to hear the ropes snap."

Next to Kelley was a new man from a range farther south, a big fellow with a red face and a deep voice.

"Say," he rumbled, "what'll you bet I can't get him this year? There ain't nothing come up against me yet that could get away, and 'fore I'd let a scrub like that——."

The other cow-punchers were interested now. Kelley's face lighted up.

"Say," he shouted, "I'll take you up on that. Gosh, that old boy has fooled me often enough. Now's my chance to get back at him."

"Let me in on that," put in the boss. "A day off to go to that dance over't Mayer, if you get that steer before then. That gives you five days, and Old Liney seems to be stickin' around here most the time. You'll run across him in the mornin' most likely."

Hawkins, the new man, was much elated by the way his bet was taken up on all sides. If he got Old Liney it would mean that he would go over to Mayer with a full pocketbook, and Tom Price's girl had said she would be there, looking for him. The other cowboys regarded him with mild amusement.

When we broke camp the next morning Hawkins and I were at the end of the line. The pink flush in the east was just announcing daybreak, and the foothills were tinged with pale lavendar and rose-color. The dry, cool air was almost sweet in its freshnes. The ponies shambled along through the sage-brush with their heads down, the men, most of them with one foot hanging out of the stirrup, laughing and shouting back to Hawkins to "keep his eye peeled for that there gold mine."

Suddenly the men ahead gave a whoop and were off at a gallop. They had sighted a bunch of wild cattle in a clump of cedars some distance ahead. The next moment I was alone in a cloud of dust, while the others were tearing off down the valley after the panic-stricken cattle. The whole band fled along the hillside and over the ridge with the whooping cow-boys after them. Since I was on the range only for what the out-of-door life could do for my worn-out nerves, I ambled leisurely on, knowing that I could probably catch up with some of the boys in an hour or so.

The sun was high, and the glare seemed to have dissolved even the smallest bits of shade on the stretch of sage-bush and greasewood. So I turned up a gully that looked as though it might afford a little relief from the heat. It was a small gulch cut off by a steep wall of rock at its farther end, at the foot of which grew a small mesquite tree. I dropped the reins over my pony's head as I had been told to do, and clambered up to a ledge on the side of the gulch, and prepared to take a siesta.

I was aroused all at once by the rattle of hoofs on the shale slope below, and looked down in time to see a huge steer come charging into the gulch. He was of a mixture of black and white spots, with short, stiff horns, and had a broad white stripe running down his back and to the tip of his tail. I leaned over the ledge, waved my hat and shouted at him. My horse threw up his head and snorted as with a rattle of stones and crash of brush-

wood a man on a panting, foam-flecked horse dashed into the gulch.

It was Hawkins, hatless, the perspiration streaming down his red face. He was swinging his lariat about his head ready to throw, and as the steer reached the end on the gulch and turned to face his pursuer, the rope went singing through the air and fell square about the neck of the spotted steer. Hawkins jerked his pony back on its haunches, the rope stretched taut, and at the same moment Old Liney was on his back his legs kicking furiously in the air. Hawkins leaped down and ran toward him, his extra rope in his hand. I held my breath—old Liney would be caught at last! But just as Hawkins stood up straight to cast the rope, the steer rolled over, gained his knees, and with a violent backward pull on the rope that the faithful pony still held taut, snapped it off a few feet from his neck. Without a moment's hesitation he charged straight upon the amazed Hawkins. Hawkins dodged to one side, the steer bolted past him toward the trembling pony. Seasoned though he was in encounters of this kind, the sight of that red-eyed brute hurling down upon him was too much, and the horse bolted, down the gulch and out into the open, the loose reins flapping about his legs. My pony, taking his cue followed suit, and Old Liney, having accomplished his purpose, turned his attention to the man. The unhappy Hawkins did not hesitate, but made a flying leap for the mesquite tree and scrambled to the topmost branch, where he sat swaying dangerously, gazing down in terror at the spotted steer pawing and stamping below him. His red bandanna was twisted under his ear, and the mesquite thorns had made long gashes in his blue shirt and on his red face, down which the blood was beginning to trickle.

From my position almost above him I could see his chest heaving with suppressed rage. All at once he burst into a torrent of invective, shaking his fist impotently at the brute. In fear of drawing Hawkins' rage upon myself I lay still upon my ledge, my head hanging over the edge. Old Liney's rage cooled more quickly than Hawkins', and unlike most of his kind, he disdained to continue the siege, and while Hawkins still yelled from his perch, he turned and trotted off down the gulch, the piece of frayed rope dangling from his neck. A stone slipped under my hand, and rolled noisily off the ledge. Hawkins looked up, and as he caught my eye, that must have contained a hint of amusement, his jaw fell. He put up his hand and rubbed his chin, still looking at me, and over his face crept a deeper shade of red, that showed even through the tan and sunburn. Hawkins blushed! There was a tense moment. Hawkins continued to fix me with his shame-faced eye; I was beginning to be just a bit fearful of what was going to happen next.

Suddenly, without a warning the man's face changed, and he burst into a roar of laughter that shook the slender tree. Again he roared, and again. He clambered to the ground and sat on a stone and roared some more and slapped his knees, "Whoop!" and off he would go again. His mirth was contagious, but by the time I was able to scramble down from my ledge we were both more calm.

"The horses?" I ventured to ask, timidly.

"Oh, they'll go back to camp," he said, "and we'll have to foot it back, and tell 'em the whole story—and I couldn't go to that dance lookin' like this anyway. She'd think I'd been in a fight. That daggoned old—,"

He was interrupted by the appearance at the head of the gulch of the boss and Kelley, each leading one of our horses behind their own.

"Saw these here cayuses runnin' loose," shouted the boss, "and caught 'em up. Thought you must be around somewheres. What in thunder's the matter with you?"

Hawkins, his voice hoarse from laughter, his face smeared with the blood from his scratches, winked at me gravely with one eye.

"We just ran up against Old Liney's sense of humor," he called back.

THE NEW YEAR

The Birth of Brotherhood

By Murray Ketcham, '13

Unto the sad, old world is given
  A spirit pure and new,
Like the mystic glow of morning light.
  Where the stars of night slip through.
A message sounds across the hills
  That climb up to the sky:
And on the plain, smoke-stained, beneath,
  It faints, but cannot die.

Beneath the cries and the lies it seeks
  The great warm human heart,
And brings to men the wonder old—
  They cannot live apart.
For lo, from the dust of the ages past,
  Steeped in their crime and sin;
The Voice that died in the battle-cry,
  Is born in the hearts of men.

The roar of the mart may fill the earth
  With a mad and mighty sound,
And the little hands of children make
  The groaning wheels go round.
But over the storm of the world's blind greed
  And the tempest of wrong and ill
Is heard, in humanity's kindlier call,
  The Voice that is small and still.

The cry of the hungry is heard above
  The rush for fame and gold;
The sob of the poor and lone has touched
  The haughty and the cold.
And far away from the school of youth,
  Through miles of city street
The song of the bell that is silent now
  Calls home our wandering feet.

From out of the cycles that lie behind
  Unfolds His mighty plan,
In the world-wide sorrow and pain is born
  The Brotherhood of Man.
The wounds of our grief may be healed by love
  And from the common clod,
The souls of men, in endless circles round,
  Work slowly up to God.

A GREAT WRECK

By Dorothy Lewis, '16

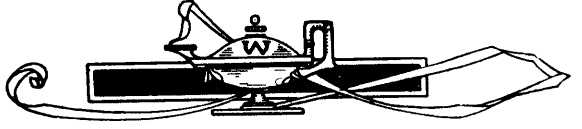
THE SMOKE and the turmoil and the heat! The clang and roar of it all! And look which way I might, there was nothing but that vast sea of strange, unsympathetic faces! No sunshine, no green things, no air. But there must be little children—and where there were children so many things were amended! I turned into a near by street. Something tugged at my dress, and looking down I saw a little child —such a little fellow! All eyes he was, with a face that sort of slipped into the background, for notwithstanding the glory of the towsled hair, and the beauty of the strange, pale features, they seemed to be forgotten when you looked down into his eyes. Have you ever seen the eyes of a hunted animal—the newborn fear that lurks in them? The strange, wild appeal? There was something of all that in the eyes of this little child—that, and something more, something undefinable save that one rarely sees it in a little child. I could have picked him up and held him close, so forlorn he seemed—half dressed, half fed. But there was a certain dignity about him, a certain aloofness that made me, instead, merely stoop down to hear what he said. He held under his arm a pack of papers, and he pointed with an uncertain, grimy finger to the big, black headlines. "Please lady, tell me what to yell!"

That was all he said—that was all he wanted! And he seemed so very small! I read the headlines—"Great Railroad Wreck!" Gravely he repeated them after me, and then, without a word, without a smile, he slipped off into the crowd.

The city had lost the sunshine, and fresh air, and green things, and had it lost its children? Was it a little child I had seen with the strange, pale face, and the eyes as old as the world in their sadness and bitter loneliness? He had seemingly forgotten how to smile, to have forgotten all that a little child should know, and instead, he was there alone in that great, heartless city—braver because he knew not what things to fear—sad, because of the something that had somehow slipped away from his life. And he worked for his food and drink as a man might work, and where he slept did anyone know or care?

In the pause in the din of the city streets, there came back to me a voice—that of a little child—and it called to all the world "Great Wreck!"

And I turned away into the crowd.



THE EVERLASTING ROCKS

By Laura L. Gilman, '13

DON'T YOU think you'd better go out for a little row? The lake looks so nice." Martin, stretched out in his invalid's chair on the cottage porch, suggested this gently, as one would suggest a game to a tired or a spoiled child. For Harriet, his wife, was in a way just a child, and Martin knew instinctively that this was one of her bad days. It had been one of the most nerve-racking days of the exile, as Harriet called it in her mind, the exile which stretched out ahead of them many, many weeks. Martin had been very ill. During those days when he held onto life by mere force of will and love for her, his wife had had no thoughts of anyone but him. But now that critical danger was over, now that he and she were alone in a rather inconvenient cottage miles from everyone, she had plenty of time to think of herself.

The novelty of the outdoor life, the mystery of the queer woodsy sounds about her, her enthusiasm for the beautiful view from the porch where she sat with Martin, had faded away. She was aware now only of the restrictions of a nurse's life, of the monotony of the magazine stories she read her patient, of the ants in the sugar, of the dampness of their flimsy cottage. She caught herself, especially on the days when mail came from town, dreaming of what she might be doing if—wondering how long—how long—

"I guess I might as well," she replied unenthusiastically to his suggestion. Then, as she rose and walked languidly toward the bank, she turned and asked with forced brightness, "Is there anything you want before I go?"

"Nothing," he answered shortly, and as she descended the steps to the pier a bitter, longing, hopeless look crept into his eyes. Leaning his head wearily back among the cushions he, too, asked how long— oh how long!

She did not care to row. She felt, somehow, as though things had come to a crisis. She must think everything out, away from Martin and his wistfulness. Should she write for his sister to come for a few days? Could she persuade the doctor to let them go back to town soon, sooner perhaps than he really wanted to? Or what? The boat was drifting slowly along under the wave-worn, moss grown cliff whose every jagged corner, rounded curve and hollow was reflected in the absolutely smooth water at its base. Harriet's eyes were fixed on the water, but they saw only the club-meetings, receptions, and dinners that she was foregoing. A swarm of little "skating bugs" ruffled the surface of the lake just beside her boat. Their unbelievably rapid, darting movements caught her attention, and as she watched them a wry little smile twisted her lips.

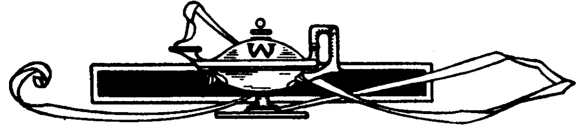
"Those are those little bugs Martin said were just like a bunch of club-women—all dashing around aimlessly but following one big important looking one and going so fast they make you dizzy."

The bugs passed on, but as the twisted

smile left Harriet's lips she still was looking at the spot where they had been. And now instead of the things of society that she had seen before, she was watching the wonderful green of the moss and the yellow of the sandstone mingling marvelously softly in the water. She was thinking still of her hard fate, of her deprivations, but they passed through her brain more quietly just as the irregular reflection of the cliff passed by her boat as she floated along silently .

Only the sound of the water, slup, slup, slupping far in beneath the cliff, where a dark, mysterious cave had been worn, aroused her from her meditative mood. The peculiarly liquid noise, the very sound of the washing of waves on this calm lake, made her lean over the edge of the boat to search out the dimly green recesses of the cave. The cool everlastingness of the place, the incessant, irresistable movement of the water eating slowly but all powerfully into the rock, filled her with a sense of bigness. Then, as her former thoughts of petty disappointment returned, they seemed suddenly dwarfed by the mightiness of the new impressions forcing themselves upon her. Impressions of rock, they were, and water and growing things: the wonder of their being at all and the still greater wonder of their continuing steadfastly to be. She had always taken the things of nature for granted, just as a little child might. But now as this childish idea gave place to deep thinking wonder, at this same time her childish disappointment faded away. She did not know herself how it happened—she only knew that as the boat drifted on and the slapping of the water grew fainter she was watching the swallows as they flew across the water and into their tiny crannies in the rocks. She was looking at the cliff now, not its mysterious reflection in the lake, and she saw the ferns, the little flowers, and all the queer things clinging to the rock. Her head was up now—and her heart was glad.

Presently she rowed back. As she crossed the grass toward Martin she saw suddenly a smile cross his face and a bright light come into his eyes such as had not been there for weeks. She did not know that his face merely reflected the joy and peace in her own. She simply said, "How well you look, Martin. Do you know, I believe this is an altogether good place for you and for me."



THE SCHOOL-MA'AM

Alice Keith, '13

HOWDY'DO, Maria. Come right in and take a chair. You hain't the only person' that's been here to-day. Who d'ye sp'ose called on me this afternoon? The schoolma'am! An' she ain't half so pernickity as some makes out. After she come, she set down fur a spell with her hands folded. Seemed like she didn't know what to say an' bein' as I'm sort o' bashful an' I didn' know what to talk about, things was powerful embarrassin' fur a while. But when she got to' goin' she was real agreeable fur a person that's been brung up in the city. Them city folks pertend like they got lots o' manners, but when it comes to 'sociatin' with us common folks as raises all the meat an' veg'tables they put in their faces, they ain't there. She's lots prettier'n I thought she wuzz, too.

"D'ye know, I asked 'er an' she said them beads o' hern was real gold, an' when I tried to hint like I wanted to know how much they cost an' where she got 'em, she sort o' commenced talkin' about the weather. But I kin draw my own conclusions. An' I leave it to you, Maria, don't I gen'lly cal'late about right? Recollect when I pinted out how that young frisky minister o' ourn wa'n't tendin' to his garden the way he ought to, an' how Mrs. Jones said he didn't eat much and had a kind o' fever an' headache? Recollect how I told ye he was in love? Well, I kin tell ev'ry time—they all ac' just the same way. An' I've come t' the conclusion that the schoolma'am's in love. You needn't tell me she'd treat Abe Skinner the way she does if she didn't have a beau somewhere's else. What if Abe ain't got nothin' but a common school edication! Learnin' ain't everything. They ain't any girl that 'u'd consider herself above three hundred acres o' land an' twenty-eight head o' good jersey cows like Abe's got.

An' Mrs. Haskins says she always draws the shades an' goes off to bed Sunday nights when Abe calls. An' she said she peeked through the key-hole one night. (Mind ye' don't repeat this 'cause I said I wouldn't tell, an' I wouldn't tell no one but you, Maria.) Wall, she said she was expectin' to see 'em both settin' in the same chair. She said she seen the other schoolma'am do that las' year. Wall, there was Abe by the wood-box standin' first on one foot and then on the other, like he was too scared to speak. Fin'lly he fetched a sack o' candy out o' his pocket an' gave her a piece. Mrs. Haskins said the schoolma'am looked like she was pretty near ready to split laughin' an' I tol' Mrs. Haskins 't I tho't she was real mean. They ain't no girl too good to help a feller along when it's hard fur him to get out what he's got to say. Abe aint nacherly slow neither.

An' say, did you hear about Sunday evenin' afore last, when Abe was callin? All them Cas boys an' their cousins sneaked 'round the house. (You needn't tell me Bill Cass ain't jealous o' Abe.) Wall, as I was sayin' them Cass boys an' their gang sneaked right up to the windows an' peeked

in 'round the edge o' the curtains to see how Abe was gettin' on. (Mrs. Haskins says she has her opinion o' sech snoopin'.) My, but that teacher can be peppery, Mrs. Haskins said. Wall, she jes' slung up them curtains and stood up an' tol' them gentlemen to look in an' she set right down in front o' the window so's't they could see her. Mrs. Haskins says Abe was scared green. It was a powerful embarrasin' place to put a lad in.

If I'd be'n that schoolma'am, I'd of poured some hot water or some grease on them fellows but she didn't. Ol' Al Haskins was up in his room tryin' to sleep an' he heard the goin's on around the house. He said ef he'd a' had some fine shot he'd a' fixed them boys so they'd of looked like human sieves all the rest o' their days. Mrs. Haskins said her pansy bed was all stomped up an' she wished she'd a'. ben in the room to opened the window quick and grabbed Bill Cass' hat.

You know Bill Cass went to the surprise party they had on the teacher the other night an' he thought he'd make a hit with the schoolma'am or bust. Well he had his hair all curled, Mrs. Haskins said, an' she, (you know she's a third cousin to Bill's father) she jes' thought she'd have some fun. So when they was playin' drop the han'kerchief or post-office, I've furgott'n which jes' now—no, I recollect— it was, spat in spat out—an' he was standin' right under that hangin' lamp o' hern,—that one with the spangly do-dads, ye know—she let on like he'd got some kerosene on his hair. Wall she took one o' them false curls o' his'n an' says to the crowd, "Bill what you got on your hair?" Bill got so mad he jes' went home and Mrs. Haskins done right when she wrote him up in the Bingville Banner. Didn't you read that? You shore did. My, I never see a woman so behind the times. I always manage to keep up with the papers. Prob'ly you didn't even know Mrs. Haskins sends the news to the paper.

Wall, Mrs. Haskins mentioned about the thunder snow storm bein' such an' unusual thing for this part o' the country an' then she said that there was lots o' wonderful goin's on lately. She said there was one person whose hair got curly in a single night. Bill Cass, he got hoppin' mad. He says he knowed the schoolma'am wrote it 'cause it wasn't like Mrs. Haskins to use sech a word as single. (An' I guess it ain't. She's the awf'lest matchmaker I ever see.) He says when he went to school he learned a pome about some jail-bird or other havin' his hair grow white in a single night. Some fellow by the name O' Brien wrote it. Bill says Mrs. Haskins didn't know enough to write it an' he says Abe Skinner's welcome to the schoolma'am an' as many more like 'er as he kin get.

But I cal'late Mrs. Haskins won't make it work. The teacher didn't say nothin' to me, but you can't make me believe any girl's a goin' to spend that much on a string o' beads. She's prob'ly goin' to marry some high-falutin' city feller that feels real stuck-up to think he's gettin' a school-ma'am.

She tries to make out like she's goin' to school some more but ye can't fool me. They're all alike when they're in love an' I sure hope she'll get a good man. She's a real likely girl an' jes as pretty as a picture. Wall, Maria, an' must ye go so soon? I was jes' a goin' to make ye a cup o' tea. I'm so sorry ye couldn't stay to supper."

WHEN THE THIRD AND LAST WENT TO COLLEGE

By Carolyn E. Allen, '14

MARY WENT to college because she was determined that she should have more education than the mere high school had afforded her. There had not been enough ready money in the family to send her, but they gave what they could, and she earned the rest by tutoring high school boys, in the Latin and Greek in which she was specializing. She was a splendid girl, of brilliant intellect and beautiful personality. She maintained a high scholarship and entered eagerly into college activities. She met a great many men, two of whom laid their hearts at her feet, but she said she had to earn money for the family, and besides she needed to use that hard-earned education in teaching. The summer after she was graduated, she broke down—overwork; but in the fall she took a well-salaried position as Latin and Greek teacher in the High School.

That same year her younger sister Elizabeth finished the High School. She also determined to go to college. Mary said she should go, for her salary would assist. So Elizabeth went. At the end of her first year she came home—enthusiastic. "Oh! I'm crazy to get back," she told the girls. She had taken the Freshman requirements in the way of studies and had decided to major in English, because she loved it. And she did.

Now in Elizabeth's senior year, there came to her university a new thing—"A Vocational Conference for Women," and because she loved the wonderful woman who was instrumental in calling this first conference—she went to the first meeting, and went again.

There were four speakers that first afternoon, one of whom, a worker on a Chicago paper, spoke on the opportunities for work there, another on opportunities in library work, another on positions open to women trained in Home Economics, the fourth on the wide fields into which the trained physical directors could go.

Elizabeth listened intently to them all. When the newspaper woman was speaking, she felt a profound disgust with her own chosen vocation, and a great desire to go into newspaper work. She had that zeal for writing that had not been killed by the courses she had taken under theoretical professors. But then the library worker made her all-desirous to go into that branch, to use all her knowledge in that extremely interesting and satisfying occupation. The Home Economics speaker told of the hundreds of places open to trained women, who could use their training in many lines;—aesthetic dressmakers, whose college training and education would make them all the more intelligent in that profession that is coming to be raised from beneath the established culture line; window-decorators, house-managers, meal-planners, provision buyers, factory inspec-

tors, and an increasing number of other branches.

Elizabeth thrilled with it all, and the thought came to her of how useless her training was in this busy world—what a drop in the bucket! She almost wept at the realization that those four years of training would never come back, and she must teach English because she was fitted for only that. If she only were a freshman, starting anew on that long grinding course!

But the freshmen! Surely they would know after this! But looking around the room, she saw that there were no freshmen there, only upper-classmen. "They think they have two years before they need think about it," she thought, half angrily.

When the last speaker had in turn interested her in the opportunities for playground work, for physical training in factories as well as schools, she went up and met those women who were so enthusiastic, so thoroughly interested in their work. She looked upon them with admiration, and not a little envy, and thought miserably of the underclassmen who had scorned the touch of these wonderful lives on theirs.

But there were still two meetings. There were speakers for medical training, nurses; for journalism, writers; for Young Women's Christian Association work, secretaries, with a big appeal of the necessity for character and training. The field of manual arts, large in its possibilities; the educated stenographic secretary with a broad, crying field; and last of all a speaker from a School of Civics and Philanthropy, who made an appeal for Social Service. One of the first things she said was concerning teaching,—that it was not to be depreciated.

"Untold possibilities lie before you to reach the boys and girls at susceptible periods. Things you do or say may influence a splendid life. There is a great need, ever present for a teacher who is not merely a teacher, but an unconscious moral force in the school."

And Elizabeth thanked her in her heart and listened to her talk with a warmth of understanding.

The voice went on—

"Do not go into social work, if you can possibly stay out of it," and she painted vivid pictures of a life that was hard and ill-paid, but that was glorious in its returns, work that was discouraging and disheartening,—that was not supported by philanthropists, but struggled to keep itself alive, and that was becoming more and more a tremendous factor in the world.

So the conference closed. Elizabeth was graduated, and because she had done her work well, she received a splendid English teacher's position.

"Two teachers in the family," she thought. "I wonder if there'll be three?"

Susan was a Junior in High School when Elizabeth came home with her diploma. Elizabeth kept her often in her mind, remembering how she had lacked guidance.

"She shall have a chance to decide what she's best fitted for, before it's too late," she said firmly.

Susan went to college with the idea that she did not want to teach. Perhaps Elizabeth had something to do with that, but she didn't know what she did want to do.

Before she chose her major however,

she knew. And she did not teach. It was not only because of Elizabeth, but because of the earnest efforts of the women who had the interests of the university girls at heart, that they made each freshman feel early the necessity of seriously considering what vocation she was capable of entering, because to-day every field emphasizes training, efficiency. Women need no longer answer the question,—"What will you do when you graduate?" by the usual—"Oh teach, I suppose."

It will be rather—

"I am going to teach," "I am going into the Railroad commission," "I am trained for a Welfare Secretary," spoken with confidence in their own trained ability.

Susan, the third and last of the sisters, finally cast her lot with the Home Economics department, specializing in the inspection of foods. But it was chosen from a wide field before her, and she felt satisfied, when she finally chose.

Susan is but one of many of the coming generation.

THE DECISION

By Jean Anderson, '13

IN THE studio of Herr Werner, a girl was singing a love song from Faust. As she sang, the long studio with its soft green walls, its brown prints, its luxuriant palms in the windows, and its cheery morning flood of sunshine, faded to unreality—here was a fragrant garden at dusk, flowers and trees and evening shadows, and Marguerita singing to her lover.

The beautiful tender voice trailed away with a lingering passionate throb, the girl stepped back from the piano, and the little German instructor took his hands from the keys, and abruptly swung around on the squeaky piano stool.

"Yes it is sure—all that I told you just before. It is a wonderful gift that you have. See that you use it, and in the right way. That is to share it with the world.

He smiled earnestly, a little sadly, into his pupil's dark, glowing young eyes. She could not speak, and he understood.

"You know what it means, of course. I have done for you all that I can. Now you must go to the great ones across the water. There you will work— it will be hard wearying discouraging work, but you can do it. You have not only the great gift—you have also personality and some beauty, and after the hard grind of work—my girl, it is the real life—it's wonderful life! You will sing your way into the hearts of the world. To the thousands of the weary and depressed who listen, you will give for a little while, rapture and delight, your beautiful voice will lift souls from the earth wherever you may go."

There were tears in the girl's eyes, and she said softly, almost reverently, "I can't make it seem real at all. It has been the

most precious and the brightest dream I have ever had— to be a wonderful singer. I've thought about it, and imagined it, without ever even hoping that it would ever come to me. Even when I began to take lessons I never thought my voice could be more than a pretty one—to give mother pleasure. Oh! and she colored with quick excitement, "Mother doesn't know about it yet! What a wonderful surprise it will be for her!"

"Let me tell her of it, Fraulein," broke in the little German excitedly, "It will be a great pleasure for me. I will write a little note and tell it all to her—the worth of your voice, and where, and under whom it will be best for you to study."

"Thank you, Herr Werner. A note will be the wisest way to tell her. I would excite her if I told it, and she is so far from well that excitement is the worst thing for her—even when it is all pleasure. And now I must go. This has been the most beautiful morning of my life—I know that I shall never, never forget it." She said it a little solemnly, and then added with a tremulous laugh, "Even should I become famous!"

Herr Werner followed his pupil to the door. "I will see you soon again, Fraulein," he said. "There is much that I will have to tell you about the new life you must soon begin. There is no time to be lost, for you have received the call at the last minute, as, it were. Remember, the work you are destined to do begins early, and is over all too soon."

He stood and watched with pride, and a little wistfulness, as she ran joyously down the steps, radiant with youth, and the wonder of that morning's revelation.

"She will thrill the world some day—she is made for success, she will not fail, with that voice! Her service will be a great one," and meditating a little soberly the little man slowly went back to his studio.

During the afternoon of the next day, Herr Werner's note arrived. Mrs. Raynard's nurse took it from the maid, and went softly into the library with it. The far corners of the comfortable old room were dusky in the waning light; the fire, before which Mrs. Raynard reclined, in her invalid chair, sent long streaks of red, flickering over solid family portraits on the walls, and shadows danced over the wide case of books and played along the floor. Mrs. Raynard, lying back, with her helpless hands folded, watched the flame leap and die, and listened to the soothing rush and crackle of the licking tongue of fire. Her face, startlingly white and transparent, was set in calm and peaceful lines—a trifle drawn—the look of quiet endurance which was there had settled gradually through fifteen long years.

The nurse entered noiselessly, tore the note open for her, and put it in her hands, and then left as softly as she had come. Mrs. Raynard read it through, rather uncomprehendingly, to the end. Then she began it again, her hand trembling a little.

Herr Werner had begun by explaining that when "Fraulein Marcia" had first come to him for lessons, he had found her voice to be of unusual quality. He had preferred however to say nothing definite about it, until he should see what effect training

would have upon it, he had waited long enough to be perfectly sure. He then explained carefully the quality of the girl's voice, and the role it would fit her to take.

She must go abroad at once, and he mentioned a world-famous teacher, as one with whom she should study. In conclusion he wrote, "Your daughter's career, Madame Raynard, will eventually be bright and brilliant, as it is permitted to few in the world. It will take her far from you, into temptations, and into a life which you in your sheltered nook in the world must dread, and shudder at. Do not fear for her—she will choose from a great variety, only the beautiful. She has a great service to give the world—this gift has not been entrusted to her, only to remain uncultured, or hidden except from a few. She can no longer live unto herself—she and her talent, belong to a great public—she must begin, from this moment to fit herself to do her life work—a task so high and beautiful and divine, that it is given to but one or two in thousands to do."

The paper fluttered from Mrs. Raynard's hands to the hearth. At first she could not think—she felt numb and helpless. Her one sensation was that of sudden shock, then thought came in a rush. Marcia would leave her—go suddenly away from her, over a wide interminable space of land and sea. There in a frightfully distant spot of the world she would suddenly plunge, heart and soul, into a great absorbing new interest—all around her would be new people, new surroundings and they would take her whole life and thought. The poor invalid mother felt in terror, the whole loneliness and emptiness of her own life as it would be, when Marcia should have left it far behind. She could not think at all of her child's sudden great fortune—she had no feeling of joy on account of it, either for the girl, or for herself. She saw stretching out before her long vacant years she herself must live, years when there should be no glowing young vitality coming and going about her, and she should be sitting solitary, with increasing helplessness, old age, and suffering, expecting and awaiting no one.

She felt herself terribly shaken as she had not been in all the years since the tragic early death of her husband. Dreadful fear surged over her and around her. It threatened in the red fire-flames, it hovered in the gray shadows, it massed up in the dark corners—fear of a loneness, and the dying out of the one small flame of love, light, and interest, remaining in her hemmed-in, shadowed life.

Marcia, coming joyously into the house, with a vague thrill of expectation in her heart, and snatches of exquisite song on her lips, found her mother there in the library shuddering and weeping, and crying piteously at sight of her, "I can't let you go! You are all I have! What would I have to live for, with you gone away forever!"

Then the nurse came in, and aghast and vexed at her patient's condition, took her immediately to her room, forbidding her to speak a word. For an hour she tried vainly to soothe and calm the poor lady. In all her experience with Mrs. Raynard she had never before seen her with self-

control all gone.

Marcia was left standing before the fire, so stunned and shocked that she scarcely thought of her mother's condition. Herr Werner's note open upon the floor, told the whole story. The girl tried hard to realize the whole thing. Her mother had read the note containing the beautiful news—she had not been delighted, overjoyed, at the wonderful thing that had happened. It had been a terrible blow for her—just as a telegram announcing a sudden death might have been. It was incomprehensible almost. What had she said—"You are ali I have! What will I have to live for, when you are gone!"

True, she, Marcia, would have to go from her mother. Her mother could never accompany her anywhere—she was too helpless, too crippled, even to leave her own home. She would be left alone. She had none but Marcia in the whole world. What did she live for now! Marcia, her daughter—nothing else. All her interests were those that Marcia, her one child, brought to her. In a flash the daughter looked into the blackness of future which had made the mother cringe and shudder.

She too shuddered. She picked up Herr Werner's note, and read it through twice with a terrible ache at her heart. She read the last part several times." A career bright and brilliant," "She has a great service to give the world." "This gift has not been given to remain uncultivated, or hidden." "She and her talent belong to a great public." The phrases burnt like fire, as she read them.

She dropped the paper into the flame, and then ran from the room. She still wore her wraps, and without knowing what she was going to do, she left the house, and walked quickly along a road leading along the river bank. The sun had set, and the whole sky in the west was flooded with pink color, deepening near the horizon to brilliant ruby. The river reflected the glow on its rippling surface. The exquisite rosy flame set the girl on fire. With a rush there came a wild longing for the glory and splendor of the life that was promised her— a crying of her very soul to be one with all the beauty and sublimity in the world. She ran as if escaping from bonds, and exulted as she ran. She would answer to the call that had come for her—she would hasten to join her own kind, people in sympathy, people doing her chosen work, who would help her to perfect herself. She would leave far behind, all the life she had ever known before—it could not connect with that which was to be her real life. And then she saw in a quick flash her mother's poor transparent face, her crippled, useless hands, and heard again her despairing cry to her.

The sky was fast fading now—only a faint pink glow lingered, and at the horizon the ruby streak was fast disappearing in a thin line. Macia walked now, and the fire had faded also from her soul. She found herself suddenly thinking calmly, almost as one aloof from the situation. If she went abroad her mother would be left alone, in ever increasing ill-health and feebleness. Long ago she had ceased to walk—then she had lost the use of her hands for sewing or occupation of any kind—none knew what might come next.

Her actual vitality was pronounced marvelous by the doctors—she might live to a normal old age. Then again, her heart might suddenly become affected. Her life now was at best a pitiful one—a little reading, callers now and then, and a patient waiting for Marcia to come home at noon and at night from the college where she was a day student. Her evenings were the real part of the day for her, for then there was always Marcia studying, singing, or hovering lovingly about her—always pleasantly near.

Marcia saw with startling terrible clearness what she would be doing to her mother if she went abroad to cultivate her voice. Then she turned her thought upon herself. What about her own life, full of a wondrous possibility, and just beginning? What if she sacrificed everything to make the last years of that other nearly spent life bearable? She would finish her course at the small unexciting girl's college where she was now a sophomore. She could continue to take lessons from Herr Werner—for her mother's pleasure. Herr Werner had said, "I have done for you what I can." She would finish out her girlhood in the small, snug, narrow little town in which she had been born, and what about afterwards—when her mother—what then? The girl felt herself suddenly blinded with tears. She could not think of life without her mother, invalid though she was. And yet, if she went away to study, her mother would be really dead to her.

Marcia turned and walked slowly back home. Now the river had ceased to reflect a rosy sky, it glimmered mysteriously with blue, green, and dusky yellow—on the opposite bank little lights began to twinkle out of the dusk. Marcia thought again of Herr Werner's letter. She had a duty toward the world, was what he had said. She knew it was true. Any great talent belongs to the world, and its owner with it. How dare she keep this gift to herself! But had she not another duty to her mother!

A thousand voices seemed to clamor in her ears—she heard a few distinctly. "I cannot let you go—you are all I have," cried one often and often. "My girl, it is the real life, the wonderful life!" said another, and her heart repeated the words to her, again and again.

When she reached the house, Mrs. Raynard's nurse met her in the hall. "Miss Marcia, dinner is ready, but first your mother wants to see you. Don't stay long—I want her to sleep. She mustn't be allowed to excite herself this way again. The consequences are likely to be very serious, another time."

Marcia found her mother exhausted but calm again. She thought with a pain how frightfully frail and worn she looked, as she lay there on her bed.

"My dear child." her mother's voice was tired and a little wavering. "I am very childish and selfish, when I first read that letter I thought only of myself—I couldn't bear to have my daughter leave me, even for a brilliant career. I have had a little while to think. Dear, I want you to write Herr Werner a note to-night, asking him to make all arrangements for your study abroad."

Marcia stooped and kissed her mother. "I must think it all over first mother—then I will write to him,' 'she said, and quickly left the room.

The next day when Herr Werner returned to his studio, after lunch, he found a little note waiting.

"Ah! from Fraulien Marcia, already! I knew she would waste no time!" and he opened it eagerly. It was a very short note and gave no hint of hours of thought and anguish. It read: "I have decided definitely not to have my voice cultivated further. I hope you will not think too harshly of me. My duty is not where you think. That is all there is to say."

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

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

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

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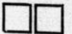

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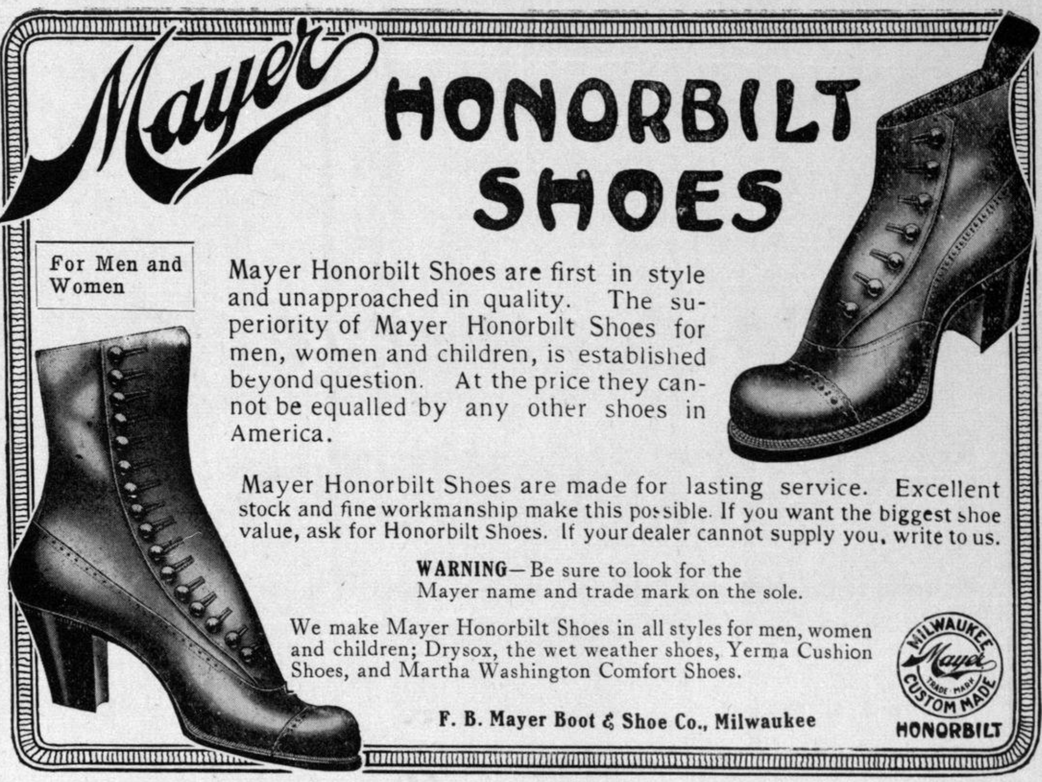

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