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THE  
WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE

Volume XIII

MARCH, 1915

Number 6

CONTAINS

Vilas Prize Stories

and

Are We Men Skeptics?

—  
The Point of View

—  
From French Trenches

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# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. XII.

MARCH, 1915

No. 6

### The Peace Movement and the College Man—

By Professor Edward Alsworth Ross . . . . . Frontispiece

Which of the Three to Choose?—Prize Story, by Wallace Meyer . . . . . 3

Are Wisconsin Men Skeptics?—An Article, by Frank H. West . . . . . 7

The Fall of Hard Frost Bridge—Prize Story, by Hubert Frederic Juergens . . . . . 9

From French Trenches—A War Letter . . . . . 13

Registration Daze—A Poem, by J. H. Doyle . . . . . 14

What Are the People Saying?—Reviews . . . . . 17

    “The Value of the College Fraternity” . . . . .

    “The Struggle for College Democracy” . . . . .

    “The Wealthy College Boy” . . . . .

The Point of View—Continued Story, by Howard Mumford Jones . . . . . 20

Purely Editorial . . . . . 23

One Day More or Less—A Story, by Ruth Boyle . . . . . 28

Across the Styx—Humorous . . . . . 31

## THE PEACE MOVEMENT AND THE COLLEGE MAN

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

*The "alarmist" has proven to be the one true prophet. Hereafter sneer at no one as a "Cassandra." The most sensational thing that could have happened on this globe has occurred. The daily dispatches read like a novel by H. G. Wells. The nations are at grapple. Perhaps one-third of a million men are already dead or wrecked. Belgium and Northwestern France are a waste. The physically best of the warring peoples are destroying one another, leaving the race to be continued by the rejects of the army doctors. And yet, we are quite powerless to arrest the peoples in their headlong rush for the pit of destruction.*

*There is no use crying over spilt milk. What of the Beyond of this war? Every college man and woman ought to think day and night on the means of preventing the recurrence of such a catastrophe. We are faced by the same problem—on a vaster scale—that confronted our fore-fathers in the years just after the War of the Revolution, the "critical period of American History." We need waste no time in creating peace sentiment. The horrors of the dispatches will do that. Our task now is to build machinery.*



*The*  
**WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE**

*"Ipsa scientia potestas est"*

Vol. XII

March, 1915


No. 6

## WHICH OF THREE TO CHOOSE?

### A BACHELOR'S SOLUTION

Wallace Meyer

The prize-winning manuscript of the Vilas short story contest published for the first time. The Wisconsin Magazine reserves copyright privileges on all stories printed under the auspices of the Vilas Contest.

 SUPPOSE many unmarried Americans who reach their thirties with a good business in hand experience something of what I have been through. If, after leaving college, a man devotes himself exclusively to the matter of reaching the top in his chosen vocation and at the same time forces himself to ignore the annual springtime appeal of the tender emotion, he is bound to wake up some morning, as I did, in a decidedly uncomfortable state of mind. He sees him-

self at the age of sixty, wrinkled, case-hardened, without close associates or anyone to love—a lonely old man. The picture chilled me.

It was not that I was unacquainted with young women who would have made desirable wives for men in my position. Indeed, I knew three who possessed all the necessary qualifications, although each was of a distinctively different type than the other. Of course I was not so conceited as to think that any of them would have been ready

to accept me. Perhaps, indeed, subconscious fear of failure had prevented my wooing any one of them. There was Frances of New York, a product of the eastern finishing school and a most charming debutante; she visited for weeks at a time with her uncle and aunt, the Fahrlands of Chicago. There was Marion, a graduate of one of the western co-educational universities. And there was Ruth, a young business woman.

Frances, as I recall it now, had held during all the winter a prior claim on my attentions. A pretty and vivacious blond, I found her especially refreshing after a hard day at business. It must be admitted that when a man is earning an income of better than fifteen thousand dollars by selling corporation insurance he encounters many hard days.

Perhaps the very wear and tear of the last winter had been the cause of my coming to face the issue so squarely, for at breakfast on my birthday early in March my mother insisted that I take a vacation. "Please promise me that you will rest for a week," she said as she gave a rectifying twist to my tie. "You are commencing to look tired."

I explained that it would be quite impractical for me to leave the office for a week, when certain large policies were hanging fire, but in the end mother won her point, for I promised to accept the Fahrlands' invitation for a week-end house party at their place in the country. Mother was more than pleased; I imagine that she may have realized that a house party at the bleak, fag-end of winter, would reveal to me the

more durable qualities of Marion as superior to the more ornamental and entertaining qualities of Frances. Mother adored Marion.

The day we went north to "Fahrland" was typical of January rather than of March; there was deep snow everywhere, the sun was pale, a high west wind blew steadily. At the station we were met by three sleighs from the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Fahrlands with Ruth and John Daly took the first sleigh, Mr. Fahrlands holding the reins over his favorite team of Morgans. Mr. Daly, by the way, is the western manager for a leading phonograph firm. Into the second sleigh Paul Rockhill and I helped Marion and Frances, while the third sleigh took our bags and accommodated the men who had driven over from the farm. Rockhill is in the real estate business with his father. Both he and Daly are young men of excellent character and commercial rating.

Frances sat in the front seat with me, and notwithstanding that the horses were spirited enough to engage my full attention during most of the seven mile drive, I could not have avoided enjoying the picture which Frances formed—snugly bundled in her sable furs, her cheeks as pink as the tiny rose on her small black bonnet.

Had I remained in the great country house at "Fahrland" after lunch to dance, my plan of life might not have been changed for me; at least not for some time. But while the others "trotted" to the new phonograph records I went out to talk with the farm manager. He showed me his iceboat, a large craft of the Hudson

river type, which he invited me to use. I went back at once to invite the others to a ride. Rockhill and Ruth declined, as they had prepared for a drive. But Frances and Marion and Daly were eager to try sailing on the ice. Presently we were all properly garbed for the March wind and went out to the lake. Before we returned to the house that evening we had taken the first step in the chain which completely upset, not only the house-party, but, as I said before, my habits of life as well.

It was wonderful sailing that afternoon. The only drawback was the frequency of the cracks which always herald the spring break-up of the ice. These cracks prevented our going out further than the island, two miles from the mainland, and confined us to a run about six miles north and south along shore. As we sped along I wanted more and more to cross the lake, which is ten miles wide, and to visit the hills of the east shore; but it was useless to try and cross the crack, for wherever the ice was not piled into an impassable barrier, open water halted us. The wind was strong enough to drive us sometimes at a mile a minute, and the runners held firmly without slipping, for the March decay had set in. Sometimes the gale raised the windward runner high off the ice, and Marion and Daly, who sat on opposite ends of the runner plank, enjoyed the sensations of hydro-aeroplaning.

Whether or not Marion was aware of the fact she was strikingly handsome as she clung to the taut stay wire. I remember that she wore a green mackinaw coat, a black skirt, stout tan boots, brown fur mit-

tens and a heavy red stocking cap from beneath which the ends of her dark curls were forever streaming after the wind. Frances, lying in the cockpit by my side, was like a bright, tuneful bird in its nest of fur. The collar of her coat was open and she was wearing one of those low necked dresses which men can never understand in the wintertime.

We stopped at the island at about four o'clock, and walked up the hill to the farmhouse to warm ourselves before sailing back to "Fahrland." The farmer, a tenant of Mr. Fahrlands, was a young man from an agricultural college, and his wife was a pleasant young woman. They told us that they had planned to drive to the city the next day, to attend the final winter meeting of the horticultural society. Owing to the fact that their employe had been forced to go to his home on account of illness, and that they were therefore left alone on the island, it was impossible for them to leave. The young wife seemed particularly distressed over the turn of affairs. "You see," she said to Marion and Frances "the ice will break up almost any day now, and it may be weeks before we can cross safely to the mainland. I did want to go to the city to do some shopping as well as to attend the meeting."

Frances was the one who made the startling suggestion.

"We'll all come over tomorrow morning, Mr. and Mrs. Fahrlands and the others of us. We girls will look after the house, and the men will do the farm work—won't you?—and you can go to town without any worry about the island. It will be a lark



for us."

The farmer's wife fell in love with Frances at once.

As I tucked Frances under a robe in the cockpit of the iceboat, preparatory to our return to "Fahrland," she was all enthusiasm. "Won't it be heavenly out here all day tomorrow," she said in my ear. The manner in which she spoke, the little intimate, personal way of it, thrilled me. I must confess that Frances, with all the accomplishment of finished grace, always charmed me. When she added the little dash of intimacy she became doubly attractive. And yet, as I sailed toward the glowing west, I saw Marion—wholesome, frank, companionable Marion—as she clung fearlessly to her exciting seat on the runner plank. I wondered if I dared hope ever to win either of them.

But if Frances' star was in the ascendancy that afternoon, so to speak, she became a brilliant meteor which seemed to fill all the sky spaces that evening. For she kissed me.

It happened in the library—her kissing me. I had gone there after dancing for some little time, to smoke. As I sat before the fire, feet outstretched, I felt a vague breath of perfume and suddenly a little warm pair of hands were clasped over my eyes, and a disguised voice said, "Guess who?"

Thinking to play the game a new way, I answered wrongly, by intent, "Marion."

"No," was the reply. "Try again."

"Then Ruth," I answered, for I knew it was Frances.

"Very bad," said the owner of the little

warm hands, with pretty emphasis, as she turned and started to run away.

"Please don't run away," I said. "Tell me the plans for tomorrow." She came and sat beside me then, and told me how Mrs. Fahrlands and the girls were to prepare a huge basket of table delicacies to take to the island in the morning. The younger people were to go over on the first trip with the provisions, and one of us was to sail back after the Fahrlands.

I enjoyed visiting with Frances. She is one of those creatures who are charming at all times; small, graceful, hair a little darker than the color of ripe wheat, complexion clear with health, blue eyes suggesting mischief, pronunciation Manhattan. For example, she once spoke of her "fatha's" "silva" mines in "Uter." She was in pale blue silk this evening.

Presently Mrs. Fahrlands came in, searching for Frances, for she was sending the girls off to bed. Frances lingered for a moment after Mrs. Fahrlands left the room, and as she rose she turned impulsively and very quickly, very sweetly, kissed me—a little glancing kiss fairly on the lips—and was gone before I could think a word to say or a thing to do.

It had been a long time since I enjoyed such a delicious sensation. And I am only human. I liked it very much. I lay awake that night until the roosters crowed, imagining what pleasure it would be if by any good fortune I could have a wife like Frances, who might think the world of me, and perhaps kiss me as she had done, every now and then.

## ARE WISCONSIN MEN SKEPTICS?

Frank H. West, Secretary Y. M. C. A.

There is often voiced the view that university men are less religious than men in other environments or men of other ages. Mr. West is well qualified by years of experience in the spiritual life of college men to discuss the attitude of men in the University of Wisconsin.



R, TO quote the Standard Dictionary, do the men of the University of Wisconsin "doubt or disbelieve the statements and doctrines of revealed religion, especially of Christianity?" If placed on the witness stand and obliged to give a plain negative or affirmative reply to that question, I should unhesitatingly say, NO! From among the scores of men in the University with whom I have talked, athletes, debaters, fraternity and non-fraternity men, engineers, agrics, laws, medics, etc., I have personally found only a handful of men who habitually adopt the attitude toward the essential doctrines of Christianity which would entitle them to be classed as skeptics.

That Jesus Christ lived, that He lived the kind of life He is recorded in the New Testament to have lived and that His death and resurrection are pretty well authenticated facts, I have found few students who doubt. The same is true in regard to the other important "statements and doctrines of Christianity." Of course many of them have doubts, and there are

many "statements and doctrines" regarding which they are not perfectly clear, but these doubts and uncertainties are far from being the principal difficulty with them religiously. What then, is the reason Christianity does not claim a larger and more ardent following on the part of the U. W. men?

I might mention three chief reasons: First, the perennial offering, "Too busy," "lack of time." The situation is, most of us do the things we have to do, first, and then the things that most interest and best entertain us. We must get our curricular work or we return to the parental roof to think it over. After that athletics, forensics, the dance, theater, etc., offer greater relaxation and more glory. Besides, it's easier to go with the tide, both in college and out. But all these things take time. Within a month I have seen more than one capital fellow turn down some bit of real Christian service to his fellows because he couldn't do all the other things of the above sort he was already doing and at the same time add the thing he honestly wanted to do.

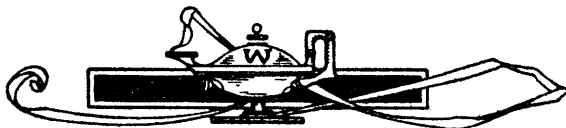
Second reason—indifference. A man tends to do the things he thinks about. Hundreds of men in the University do not attend church, are not members of any Bible class or discussion group where they face the real issues of life, do not, in fact, even hear lectures where they are exposed to the claims of religion. Then by what logic can we expect them to become active along a line requiring thought, self sacrifice and much will power.

Third reason—The devil. I'm not specially well posted in the doctrines of a personal devil, but the qualities he is generally accepted as personifying I find in abundance both in and out of college. I am thoroughly convinced that the horns and cloven hoofs are proportionately less in evidence among University of Wisconsin men than in the world at large. Here we're all more or less idealistic though we may make no profession of religion—but scores of U. W. men let Christianity severely alone simply because they believe in it so strongly they will not dishonor it by professing it until they are willing to give up practices which are inconsistent.

What's the solution? I wasn't asked for any, but this brief article would seem to me unnecessarily incomplete without a suggestion along that line. Ways must be found to expose more men to the contagious influence of good ideas. No man's educa-

tion is complete unless he has given thoughtful consideration to his obligation to others. "Except a grain of wheat fall unto the ground and die it abideth alone—but if it die—it shall bear much fruit." Why is the state pouring money into the marvelous educational institution? Not for your and my selfish advantage alone or principally, but that, having received, we may distribute. A way must be found so that every man, or nearly every man in the University will at least have the facilities near at hand whereby he can without unnecessary effort, give some time each week, an hour at least, to a consideration of the great principles of life.

Then he must be given an opportunity to develop the unselfish side of his nature through service. Our characters are formed by doing. Almost without exception the characteristics of a man's life after graduation are those of his student days accentuated. Practice of an unselfish interest in one's fellow students,—in men in industrial pursuits, in foreigners,—during student life, inevitably lead to a deeper interest in after life—and time spent in thought and discussion of principles, and unselfish service will almost as inevitably annihilate scepticism and promote a sane belief in the "statements and doctrines of revealed religion."



# THE FALL OF HARD FROST BRIDGE

## A STORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

By Hubert Frederic Juergens

The following story won the second place and second prize money in the Vilas short story contest.



**I** WILL NOT say that I was all of a tremble when I groped back into the buggy, but I felt rather sober—to say the least. Just how near I had been to the hereafter I did not know, but if my boyhood memories did not play me false it was all of one hundred feet from where the Hard Frost bridge had been down to the bed of the Cazenovia. The old bridge must have gone out after nightfall, for no barrier had yet been placed, and I knew that it was now eight o'clock and better. It was my luck, of course. But there were natural reasons. For five days there had been one continual downpour. The first two had taken the snow in the valley, and since then there had been nothing but flooded skies and flooded earth.

No dog would have stirred out in such weather, but word had reached my mother the day before, that her godfather, Gerhard Frost, a Java Village carpenter, had died in bed, and I was going to represent her at his funeral. My train had been four hours late into East Aurora, and the town clock had struck four just as I was leaving the

livery stable. Well, sorry nag as she was, she had saved my life.

To go on was out of the question. The other roads I knew nothing of, and no doubt they too were washed out in many places. The rain was coming down dismally, and the rush of the river sopped up from below as forlorn as anything I had ever heard. It was pitch black, too, just one teeming wall of darkness all about. I determined to stop at the first lighted house, and began to splash back in the direction I had come.

The first light was in a house set back from the road. I felt my way, leading the nag from the road up the muddy lane toward the light, which soon proved a kitchen window.

"Haloo, the house!" I cried hoarsely, for the weather had gotten into my lungs. I was about to shout again, when the door on the porch stoop opened slowly, and an old woman peered out, sheltering a candle with her hand, although there was no wind.

"Somebody call?" she quavered.

I must have presented a sorry sight with my face covered with mud, for she shrank

back for an instant.

"Can you put up a horse-fish and a man-fish for a night on your island?" I croaked. The Hard Frost's gone out, and we can't swim another inch. Care more for the nag's sake than my own—she just saved me from the bottom of the Cazenovia. But if you could put me up——?"

"Phriam ain't here. He's over to the neighbor's, doin' their chores. Neighbor Barvian died sudden this mornin' early. But I figure you can come in. Wait, I'll git the other lantern. Did you say the bridge is gone? But wait, I'll git the lantern first."

While the old woman was getting the light, I heard the squash of boots and an "Evenin'" behind me. A grizzle-bearded old man, a bit stooped, came into the light of the doorway.

"Good evening, sir," I said.

"Be ye lost? Tarnation, ain't it black? If this keeps up I don't know what'll become of us. Neighbor Barvian died in time, I reckon. But I'm wonderin' how they'll bury him. Was ye wantin' somethin', Mister?"

"Some shelter for the nag and myself. We're about done up. I saw the light here, and came up to see——"

The old woman handed me the lighted lantern, and catching sight of her husband, quavered:

"It's all right, ain't it Phriam? If the man stays all night?"

"I certainly expect to make it up——"

"Course it's all right. I wouldn't send a rat out in a night like this. Go in and dry yourself off. I'll put up your hoss."

The kitchen was a cheery room. A wood stove fire was snapping and spluttering under some kettles. At the other end of the room a red-clothed table was set. Evidently supper had been delayed.

"You're right in time for supper," the old woman said, as she raised the cover from a kettle. "'Phriam was gone longer than I figured. I told him to take——, but land o' live, you're soaked through and through. Don't think o' stayin' in them clothes."

Before I had time to object, she had taken down some old dry togs from behind the door, and turned to hand them to me, saying:

"Hustle right into these quick, 'fore you get your death. You can change 'em in the settin' room there."

When I came back into the warm kitchen, dressed in a pair of old trousers and a queer, old-fashioned blue coat of early, Cleveland cut, the old man was pulling off his boots and getting into some black carpet slippers. The action of the woman made me wonder for a moment, for, as I closed the door, she looked up, and catching sight of me, started back with her hands upraised.

"Phriam, Phriam, look there! What a start you gave me! I'd ha' sworn it was our Harvey comin' back. Gracious me! It's the boy's old blue coat, the one we got him before he went away. I wonder how I came to give you that. Never mind. Supper's ready."

Of course, I couldn't imagine what she meant, but I experienced a strange, uncomfortable feeling which even the old man's hearty "Come on, fall in, and don't be a bit

bashful," did not remove. As I was sitting down, I noticed for the first time that the table was set at four places, and that four chairs were drawn up. I got up hurriedly.

"Pardon me, please. I see we aren't all here. I didn't know there was someone else——."

"Set down, set down," replied the old man almost gruffly. "There ain't no one—. We're all here, that're comin'." Then he bent over his plate as if ashamed of something.

I looked from one to the other. The old lady (I noticed for the first time what fine white hair she had, what childish, gentle brown eyes and plaintive mouth) smiled and said.

"Do set down. That other place is Harvey's place—our boy, you know. We always save it for him, so when he comes he can have his old place. He went away, you see, but we look for him every day. I can't see why he stays away so long. How long is it now, 'Phriam?'"

"Twenty years," he mumbled, and I noticed that his head was turned away. The meal went on, a hearty, simple meal, while the rain sloshed down outside, and the white-haired woman talked of her boy's childhood days.

"Will you ever forget, 'Phriam, how he looked that Sunday before he left? Most as tall as you he was, and black hair, and white-faced——seems as though he never tanned, even when he worked in the sun all day long. He was awful gifted. I often wonder where he gets it, for 'Phriam and me are both such plain folks. He used to write little verses for the Aurory papers,

and speechify at pole raisin's and Fourth o' July picnics. He was good at politics. Seems as though he might come sometime, and not keep us waitin' so many years."

There were tears in her eyes and more of a quaver than ever as she said the last words.

After the supper work was done, she sat knitting and talking plaintively for a while. As the clock struck ten, she arose, took her candle, and opened the stoop door, peering out with the light held above her head, for several moments. Then she shook her head slowly, and as she blew out the candle, I noticed that her lips were trembling.

"It's too late for him to come tonight," she said. "I reckon it's bed time for old women like me. You can sleep in Harvey's room tonight. 'Phriam will show you when you're ready. And if he does come, you won't mind sleeping with him, will you? Good night to you."

"Sleep tight," I said, hardly knowing what I was doing.

"Sleep tight," she whispered almost breathlessly. "That's what Harvey used to say every night, before he went away. You don't mind, do you, if he should come back and sleep with you tonight?"

When I turned, the man was sitting upon the kitchen couch, his head resting in his hands. My hands felt cold, and I warmed them at the dying kitchen fire.

"I s'pose you're wonderin' 'bout some o' the things Mary's been talkin' about. I don't know how to say it, but prob'ly you've figured out for yourself already. Harvey ain't comin' back. He's gone where he can't come back. He's dead, you see—

twenty years ago."

I nodded, and sat down in the dim corner on the wood box, waiting for him to go on.

"That was the year of the Hard Frost—the year they built the Hard Frost bridge over yonder. When they had it finished, they got him to promise to give a speech the day they ded'cated it. That's how it come about. They had a platform with a railin' 'round it built up on the rail of the bridge. When Harvey began to talk in that easy way o' his'n, he leant back up against the railin', and it give way. Mary was clean beside herself for a while. When she got over it all, she had the queer notion left that Harvey had left, but was comin' back. We humor her, all of us, but it seems tough, I can tell you, with her so trustin' and sure."

He raised his hands and dropped them again hopelessly upon his knees.

"I dunno why I'm tellin' you all this. But then, it won't do no hurt, and you prob'ly figured out part of it for yourself. We might as well go to bed. You won't have a bed-feller, as far as Harvey is concerned. Wait, I'll show you up the stairs."

The room was a great, old-fashioned chamber, with two big windows and a heavy, old brown bed standing between them. The rest of the furnishings were in keeping—wash stand with bowl and pitcher, a massive bureau with brown knobs upon the drawers, rag carpet, depressive wall paper, and queer old pictures. One of the latter was of a thin-faced, almost lividly-pale young man, a poor crayon attempt, done years and years after date, no doubt, by an artist with little but imagination to

recommend him. It was surrounded by a frame of brown pine cones.

All this I took in with a glance. Then I bade the old man good night, hung the blue coat over one chair, extinguished my candle, and dropped into the other chair by the window. I could hear him creaking down the stairs. Soon all was still within the house. Outside the rain fell without a sign of abating. The stiff branch from some tree scraped against the weather boards of the house. I knew it was hopeless, and so abandoned myself to the mood of the night. All of the strange sensations and events and emotions and coincidences of the day and evening drifted through my mind in anything but chronological order. My adventure in the night at the bridge, in which I imagined myself falling, and then realized that it could not be myself, for I was not as pale as that; the death of Gerhard Frost—how familiar the name sounded! What was it? Why that was the name of the bridge! The vacant place at the table—and back to the chasm where the bridge had been; the blue coat of long ago which I had worn, and back to my boyhood, when I had rumbled through the bridge. The candle shining out into the rainy night, and the white face gleaming back. Why, death was the actor and background of every scene of this ghastly mood of mine. While at first they flashed past so that I could view them all, soon they flashed faster, the flicker of the white face in its recurrence coming oftener, until it all seemed livid white. But it was not the livid whiteness of a paper in the dark.

(Concluded on page 25)

## FROM FRENCH TRENCHES

The following extracts have been taken from a letter sent to a Wisconsin student by a friend who is in the French army. The writer has been at the front since the war began and was promoted to a lieutenantcy for bravery in leading a charge in the Battle of Aisne.

In battle near Rheims, Dec.—, 1914.

My Dear Ran:—

Our soldiers are not a bit afraid of the firing and I assure you that they carry themselves very well to the music of the bullets. You see your comrades fall beside you but you remain impassive ready to seize the first opportunity to rush forward. For two months our whole life has been spent in the trenches outside of Rheims; this life in the trenches is hard. Night and day you work, some in little posts on watch and others digging galleries in which from day to day we approach the trenches of the enemy until the time when we can charge at the point of the bayonet. The trenches are about 100 meters (100 yds, approximate) apart here. Between the Germans and ourselves there are dead soldiers on the ground, as many French as German, and these poor devils can not even be buried, which fate probably awaits many of us. One can not raise his head the least bit above the trench without being the target for bullets and shrapnell. One lives fairly well in this way, hard though it is and if some day I return from the war it will seem very funny to me to live in a house again, to sleep in a bed and to eat at a table, things utterly banished from the comforts of the trenches.

As I am writing in my trench a "taube" (a German aeroplane) is flying over us trying to find our artillery. He had better look out for our "Bleriot" monoplane, which, armed with a rapid-fire gun, will go up to chase him away. I am sorry that I can not finish my letter by saying that the "taube" has fallen.

I have not the time, I am sorry to say, to write at length. My desk is an old box and it has not added to my comfort to have it begin to rain on me. Be sure that if some day I fall in battle I shall have done my full duty as a Frenchman and you can remember of your friend that he fought his best.

Adieu,

F\_\_\_\_\_.



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# FAMILIAR PHASES OF UNIVERSITY LIFE

By J. H. Doyle

## REGISTRATION DAZE

When James spoke of sensation  
 As sensed by infant eyes,  
 Plus ears and nose and taste and touch  
 All mixed with vocal cries,  
 And christened it "confusion  
 Big, round, buzzing, blooming,"  
 He little dreamed the world unknown  
 The world that goes a looming  
 Before the freshman candidate  
 First dumped into the haze  
 That storms his glance at ev'ry turn  
 During registration "daze!"

Hardly has the infant freshman  
 Set foot on these new shores  
 When a world of strange sensations  
 About his senses roars;  
 A buzz, a blur, a baffle,  
 A planet draped in pennants,  
 And even a sky itself  
 Well lined with placard remnants;  
 A whiz, a whirr, a whirl—  
 Atmosphere of strangest birds,  
 An air filled up with printers' ink  
 On the wings of flying words.

"Join now!" leads off one placard  
 A half a mile away,  
 Else lines the streets with circ'lars  
 Like waves on Bengal bay;  
 "You don't have to join" 's another  
 In flaming letters burned  
 Whichever way the freshman  
 His weary eyes has turned;  
 "Hand in your name," reads still another,  
 Or else "I want your laundry,"  
 Or even "Run by Students"—  
 But chiefly runs the quandry!

Then "get your discount now"  
 Or "Six and a half for five"—  
 Oh, blessed world unknown,  
 Get a license to remain alive!  
 There, there! There goes a wagon  
 Hurry up and "buy a ticket"  
 Or else "Become a member"

(Concluded on page 25)

## WHICH OF THE THREE TO CHOOSE

(Continued from page 6)

I was the first one out in the morning. After walking around the rambling gray house with its red chimneys I went to the lake shore to hoist sails on the iceboat and to study the condition of the ice. The ice looked bad. In March, under the bright sun and the high winds, ice disintegrates rapidly. Each day it grows more deeply honey-combed, and each night it freezes less solidly, until finally an especially strong wind loosens a great mass of it, movement begins, and the spring break-up has come.

All along the "Fahrland" shore there was muddy, open water. The ice surface had hardened during the night freeze sufficiently to support an iceboat, but I feared that by mid-day it would be too soft for sailing. I would have preferred not to cross to the island.

When I reached the house the kitchen was the scene of hilarious activity, for Mrs. Fahrlands and the girls had taken it away from the cook to prepare the things which they had planned for our dinner on the island.

Amid these culinary activities Marion reigned supreme. Busy as she was, giving directions here and there and doing much of the work in person, I found her extremely good to look upon. Her training in household economics stood her in good stead, for she directed operations intelligently, without confusion, and in perfect good nature. Ruth and Frances were at work, with Mr. Fahrlands' jovial assistance, at a salad, directing question after question

at Marion.

Ruth, as I observed, was decidedly more at ease than Frances. The former was very smart in appearance. Her auburn hair—that was her crowning glory, for it was of a golden copper color—was parted and loosely drawn back to be caught in a thick knot that hung over the nape of a perfect neck. Her brown skirt and tan shoes, the brown tie about the neck of her white blouse, completed a harmony in brown, for her eyes, eyes of fine expression, were brown too.

The snow on the land was melting steadily as we went down to the lake shore after breakfast, and little riverlets trickled into the narrow band of water that now separated the ice from the land at nearly every point along the shore. Once out upon the slush-like surface of the ice our shoes made deep impressions.

All the party, except Mr. and Mrs. Fahrlands, took places on the iceboat. We men were forced to push the boat for quite a distance because the runners cut so deeply into the surface. But once the strong wind gave the boat momentum, we sped away. Our runners splashed through pools of surface water, throwing sheets of spray into our faces, and twice the runners sank so deeply that the boat creaked and strained. But we reached the island safely, two miles distant, in less than five minutes.

The farmer and his wife were waiting for us on the shore of the island, for they had not dared to attempt to cross with a team. The farmer suggested, however, that they could return to the mainland on the iceboat and borrow a team from Mr.

Fahrlands with which to drive to the city. I did not like the idea at all, for I felt that it would be wisest for us to return to the mainland and stay there because the sun and wind were rapidly loosening the ice in the lake. But no man likes to play the part of a cautious old grandfather when a girl like Frances is begging him to come and cut for her some pussy willows.

Therefore I did not demur when Rockhill and Daly said that they would take charge of the boat, sail the islanders to the mainland, and return with our hosts. Rockhill said, jokingly, "You stay here with the girls, John. We want to sail this iceboat alone and get some speed out of it—some real speed." They did. And I remained on the island for several days—the girls and I. But that is a bit ahead of my narrative.

They sailed toward the mainland like mad. Frequently the windward runner rose high in the air, and I imagined the next puff of the wild March wind would capsize the iceboat.

Their journey ended suddenly, not on the shore, but within a few hundred yards of shore. The ice had commenced to break along the mainland since we first sailed away, and when the iceboat reached the broken field it plunged, bowsprit down, into open water. Fortunately all were thrown clear of the rigging to ice cakes that reached from the open area to shore, and by crawling on hands and knees the woman and her three escorts reached land. But the accident sealed us up on the island.

Frances and I saw the accident plainly, for we were still on the shore. Marion

and Ruth had insisted upon taking the basket to the farmhouse as soon as the men sailed away toward the mainland.

"Oh dear," said Frances in dismay, as we watched the shipwrecked people struggle toward shore. "I do hope they won't catch cold. And I hope they'll get back in time for dinner. There's another iceboat, isn't there, John?"

I fear that I was swearing to myself over the realization of our situation, rather than listening to Frances. Yet there was no feeling depressed, especially when Frances placed her hand in the bend of my arm and said, "I'm so glad you didn't go. Please fill your pipe and then we'll tell the girls that the others may be late to dinner. "Aren't you glad you are here instead of over there?" Of course I was.

Marion was busy when we reached the farmhouse, getting dinner on the table. She wore a small white apron; her cheeks were a delicate pink; her sleeves rolled up above the elbows of rounded white arms. Ruth was curled up in an easy chair by the coal stove, perusing a poultry journal with as much interest as though she had found a rare volume.

Then and there I told the girls quite frankly that in all probability we would be detained on the island for at least two or three days unless the wind subsided and the ice ceased its movement at once. I purposely underestimated the probable length of our imprisonment. But the girls accepted the announcement with characteristic cheerfulness.

Marion smiled and clapped her hands.

(Continued on page 30)

## "WHAT ARE THE PEOPLE SAYING?"

Under this heading will appear from time to time a number of reviews of articles on contemporary student life. They will cover all phases of life and manners in the American colleges. Contributions to this department should be addressed "Editor what Are the People Saying?" in care of the Wisconsin Magazine.

### THE VALUE OF THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY



WRITING FROM Columbia University, Elbridge Colby under this title puts forth an eloquent defense of fraternities in the "Educational Review." The article is obviously a plea addressed to a thoughtful public by a man who feels deeply upon the subject, who has profound convictions of the value of fraternities and finds no lack of words in which to express himself. The article opens with an attack upon "The Ice Lens" and "Stover at Yale," both of which, he says, "are essentially false as typical pictures of college life." Concerning "Stover at Yale," the present reviewer must take issue with the author of this article. From the view-point of personal experience at Harvard, the reviewer must bear witness that he considers "Stover at Yale" is a true picture of the struggle for democracy at New Haven, and is not inapplicable to Harvard as well.

The much discussed "societies" at Yale,

though they do stimulate men to make a mark for themselves in the university, are accompanied by many such evils as toadying, hypocrisy and snobbishness, and in general block the way of true democracy. The system of "waiting" and "final" clubs at Harvard, the less obtrusive because not accompanied by some such public observance as Tap Day at Yale, is subject to much the same charges.—However, these "societies" and "clubs," as the author points out, are not true fraternities—certainly not, at least, from the view-point of the Middle West.

With much force the author then proceeds to dwell upon the good influences of a college fraternity. Three dominant elements, he says, enter into the influence of a worthy fraternity upon its members. The first of these is of a social nature. In the close association of a "house," the members become far more intimate with one another than would be otherwise possible. Here are men who have come together from all parts of the country, with all habits of thought, from the conservatism of the East

to the progressiveness and even radicalism of the extreme West. Through intimate contact they become broad. "They influence, instruct, enlighten, inspire, and observe one another, and in the process they learn LIFE."—Again, most national fraternities hold high and worthy ideals to which they strive, contrary to public opinion. Most of them make great efforts to help the weaker ones, to encourage the down-hearted, to regulate the wild, and stimulate the lazy. "Making allowances for a few exceptions—to err is human—we can safely deny with vigor the charges that the fraternity stands for little else than immorality, laziness, and vice. In reality, the fraternity as a social force is more largely used than abused." The reviewer would add that since it is on this score that fraternities in the Middle West have been most severely arraigned, this piece of evidence to the contrary is very timely.

The second benefit conferred by a Greek letter society upon its members, the author says, is of an intellectual nature. This may be passed over in a few words. Enough to say that fraternities are quite generally co-operating with faculties to raise their scholarship averages, and more will undoubtedly be done along this line in the future. Again, the author asserts that a great intellectual stimulus is furnished by the intimate discussions which arise in a chapter-house. He claims that big new ideas develop from such discussions, and draws comparisons with such famous groups as the Lyrical Balladists and the youthful Goethe and his associates. Such

discussions are very valuable; but the reviewer is compelled to say that the comparison seems far-fetched, to say the least, and to point out that this advantage can hardly be claimed for fraternities alone, but exists everywhere in college where thinking men come together and talk.

In the third place there is to be considered the purely fraternal relationship. "Circumstances of accidental association and separation may govern our friendships but not our loves. In the fraternity, an indissoluble tie always unites brother with brother. \* \* \* In the quiet of the study hour, before the evening fire, when we have eaten, talked, walked, slept with a man our own age and with our own or like interests, when we have *lived* with him in high-light and shadow, only then can we appreciate, understand, love and serve our friend. We can help him as only he can help us. \* \* \* Finally, the soul does not, as Maeterlinck would say, flower only on nights of storm. The persistent personal influence is always the strongest and best." "Hmici Usque ad aras', they sing in the words of the old song. *Friends even to the altars of sacrifice.*"

With this the author rests his case. And on the whole, a strong case, it must be acknowledged. To sum it up, two points have been made; namely: that very real and vital benefits are conferred by life in a fraternity; and that the public has unthinkingly emphasized all the evils at times attendant upon fraternity life, at the same time almost ignoring its advantages.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR COLLEGE

## DEMOCRACY

The Utopia of college democracy is what is being sought after at Harvard and Princeton, and an old grad of the former institution tells us recently how it is being done and incidentally discourses in the *Century* on college social systems in general.

The fraternity and club system of our American colleges has been at once of great value and of great detriment, says Mr. John Corbin. About these social cliques has developed the real life and spirit of the universities. They have been the centre of college enthusiasm and loyalty. On the other hand, by their exclusiveness they have introduced a certain aristocratic reserve, a certain superiority, in their minds at least, over the non-fraternity men, which has caused college disunion and hard feeling, and a barrier between one class of students and the other.

At Oxford, common interests and a system of halls has had a most democratic effect upon the students, and a system of somewhat similar nature is taking shape at Harvard and Princeton. Three halls, in which all of the freshmen of the university are to reside have already been built at Cambridge, Mass., and similar structures for the upper classmen are being looked forward to. It is hoped that in this way the intermingling of all types of students will be greater.

## THE WEALTHY COLLEGE BOY

Wealthy eastern college boys with a real taste for learning are a source of worry to Prof. Henry Seidel Canby of Yale, who in *Harper's*, launches cleverly moderated and sympathetic criticism upon the heads of New York brokers and Pittsburg magnates for insisting that those of their sons who wear the Phi Bete proverbial and the bone-rimmed inevitable and who in general exhibit a taste for more learning should be pushed into the business world at the end of the four years college course and told to "make good like Dad did," along with their classmates who have no more taste for learning than how to inhale properly and go around the corner on third speed.

"Most fathers who send their sons to college regard luxuries as a right—if not automobiles, riding horses, good pictures and yachts, at least warm houses, electricity, travel and far more expensive food than is needed for sustenance," says Professor Canby. "Granted that an education beyond the requirements for self-support but well within the demands for an active, pleasurable, intelligent life is a luxury, are there not many Americans who can afford it?"

The graduate school is a place where the luxurious fruits of a higher education should be plucked by these millionaire gentlemen's gentlemanly sons; it is the place for those boys who can not only drive a car or "make a society" with ease, but who are fond of the classics with a most un-Wall Street fondness.

"He merely wished to think and to know;

(Concluded on page 25)

# THE POINT OF VIEW

By Howard Mumford Jones

**Synopsis:** A group of college men agree to compare views as to what is most valuable in university life. Eliot, the football player, declares that the discipline of the athletic field is most valuable, because it inculcates the spirit of loyalty. The debater, Pearson, urges on the contrary, that not loyalty but intellectual independence is most needed, and that this can be best nurtured in debating work. Roberts, the engineer, is the practical man, who cites his own experience as proving the necessity for business training, or more broadly, training for work in the world, which he calls efficiency. The scholar-scientist, David, has just taken issue with him, attacking the logic of Roberts' argument and upholding the pursuit of knowledge as the most desirable thing in college. He has also declared that a university is properly only for the unusual man.



THE CHAIN which had bound one speaker to another hitherto seemed broken as David ceased.

The debater had followed naturally on the football man, and Roberts and David were an obvious contrast. But now I wondered upon whom Head could call next. No one seemed anxious to take up the argument.

Finally he spoke. "Well, Townsend, I think we'll turn the meeting over to you."

There was, I thought, a slight shade of annoyance in Townsend's eye, but as he immediately bent over and poked the fire, I can not be sure. However that may be, his shoulders were shaking as he straightened up and a laugh struggled on his lips.

"I can't help thinking," he said, "how delightfully naive we are. Only a bunch of college students would get together and lay down the law for all future educators as we have done. Who are we to determine

the place of science or business training or anything else in the curriculum? David was right. The young men are sitting in judgment on the old men. Let's look at things as they are.

"David is an unusual chap. So are Eliot and Pearson for that matter. They're specialists in their lines, and naturally they believe that their particular panacea is the only one for the young idea to swallow. As for Roberts, he's out of the question, too; his business in life is fixed. He knows what he likes, and he likes what he wants. But me—I've neither a high-power brain like Pearson, nor a high-power body like Eliot. There's no special reason why I should train for my father's business (he happens to be a county judge, by the way); and I'm not at all interested in Mendel's laws and life a thousand years from now, as David is. I'm just an ordinary, traditional, American college student. I

don't know even that respectable mediocrity, as embodied in my humble self, has any place in this discussion."

The covert irony in Townsend's tone was beyond Eliot and, I think, Pearson; Roberts took it as a huge joke and frankly laughed, while David flushed painfully. I was sorry to see David hurt, and Townsend was, too, for he changed his tone immediately after; but I could not help feeling that the sarcasm was justified: we had flown a little beyond our limits. Curbing his raillery, Townsend went on:

"Let's get back to the real problem. Most men who go—or are sent—to college are neither football players nor debaters nor rising young business men nor Phi Beta Kappa candidates. Most men, in fact, rather shy away from a fellow who is too eminently any one of these things. They either respect him too much for familiarity or dislike him too greatly for comradeship, depending on how his speciality appeals or doesn't appeal to their taste. Let's get away from the unusual man and look at the average student.

"He's about nineteen or twenty, this student of mine, rather unsophisticated in some ways and over-sophisticated in others. He comes from an average-sized city. His parents are well-to-do American parents. Back home his father is in the bank or a prominent lawyer. His mother gives occasional bridge-parties where they *don't* wear low-necked gowns, is secretary of the woman's club, and probably a prominent figure in a substantial local church. She reads Bernard Shaw but doesn't quite understand him, and his

father who was a '78 man, follows the college football game with avid interest and probably forbids his son, John, from playing football.

"In high school John was a fellow everybody liked. He took the girls to dances, and if the family had an automobile rode around town with them, bare-headed, and possibly scorched a little when he dared. In his school work John made respectable grades, but nothing startling; he took Latin because Latin is a kind of tradition in such families, and very probably he was chairman of a sub-committee at their high-school prom. Then he graduated—he wasn't valedictorian, but on the other hand there was never any doubt that he would graduate, so everybody was pleased and his relatives sent him innumerable presents, including a shaving set. After loafing through the following summer John was sent to college.

"When he gets here, except in a vague way, he doesn't know very clearly what he wants. But he is contented just the same, for the provident faculty don't give him much choice in the matter. So he wears his green cap and fights with the Sophomores, gets ducked, worships the football team and writes home slangy letters about college life.

"Now Pearson," said Townsend, swinging one leg over the other and adopting an argumentative tone, "what are you going to do with a chap like that? What are you going to do with a great many chaps like that? What, in short, are you going to do with four-fifths of the undergraduates? Shove John into a debating society? He



debated once or twice in high school because the English teacher required him to, but he doesn't care about debating and doesn't see much in it—probably never will.

“And, Eliot, though John likes the glamor about football and roots at the game and is proud as a mother-hen of ‘our team’, he’ll never make an athlete—hasn’t the physique in the first place. So you can’t help him.

“If he knew what he wanted to do, John might very possibly study engineering along with Roberts, and frequently he does; but usually John is as much at sea for a vocation as I am. It looks as though David is the only one to offer him any help.

“For David, at least, is in line with the theoretical purpose of the university. The college is giving courses to fill John full of information about a great many things; so David, with proper logic, demands that John and all his tribe, devote himself exclusively to gathering apples from the tree of knowledge. The only thing that David overlooks about John is John himself. John doesn't care as much about calculus as he does about football, and beyond a certain healthy curiosity in chemistry and biology and physics, he doesn't care much more for David's particular line. Twenty years after he gets out of college John won't be able to tell the binomial theorem from a progressive series, and he'll send young John to look up the hydrostatic paradox in the encyclopedia if young John is rash enough to ask him about it.’

Townsend got up and walked over to the book-shelves.

“I thought I'd find it,” he explained as he returned to the fire with a book in his hand. “President Wilson clinched the point in an essay I had to read in Freshman English. He's trying to get at the purpose of the college, and this particular paragraph relates to the very point David raised.”

Townsend found the place and read from the book: “‘why,’ he asks, ‘should a man send his son to college when school is finished; or why should he advise any youngster in whom he is interested to go to college?’ And on the next page: “‘Learning” is not involved. No one has ever dreamed of imparting learning to undergraduates. It can not be done in four years. To become a man of learning is the enterprise of a lifetime. The issue does not rise to that high ground.’

“So, then,” he continued, closing the volume, “what are you going to do with John? Nobody wants to send him home. There must be something he can get. Wilson proposes something along your line, Pearson, that is, make him a master of men. On that point we all agree. The only question is, how?”

Townsend puffed for a moment on his pipe.

“My father says the most valuable thing he got out of college was his friends. He's forgotten what little knowledge he acquired there, but his friends remain. Scattered from Maine to California there are fifty men who will do anything for ‘old Bob Townsend.’ If he wants help in some particular line, some one of his class-mates

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# PURELY EDITORIAL

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Editor's Note—The columns of the Wisconsin Magazine are open to signed communications regarding affairs providing they are of moderate length. Literary contributions are welcome and should be addressed to the editor-in-chief. The price of this magazine is one dollar and fifty cents for the college year. Single Copies, 20 cents at the news stands.

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After a brief but significant existence, the War and Peace Conference at this University recently came to an end. Brief:—in that there were only three sessions held, a number all too small to meet the wishes of those to whom the inspiration of Dr. Metz and the shock of mind on mind meant much. Brief, yes, but significant,—for not a man at the meetings was indifferent or saw the Conference terminate without feeling that his interest had been stimulated and his view-point broadened.

## The Peace Conference

The Conference came to an end without the formation of any cut-and-dried plan

for the establishment of peace. But this is very far from meaning that the sessions were without fruit. Within its brief span of existence, the Conference was thorough. It reviewed the war and peace from a scientific standpoint, seeking to analyze and to lay bare the various factors involved. The economic and the social aspects of the problem were emphasized; the arguments for and against both war and peace were weighed and discussed; and, above all, vague and visionary idealizing was avoided. The Conference sought to view the problem in the cold, disillusioned light of fact. It carefully eschewed morals and religion, for it realized that peace propaganda, in order to attain definite results,

must be practical. Finally, various schemes looking to the decrease and final elimination of war, were considered. But no one of these was adopted as a definite program. It was felt, and quite properly, that the movement is still young; that the purpose of the Conference was to promote discussion and thought; and that results could best be obtained by allowing the problem to remain in a more or less fluid state, without being finally crystallized.

The Conference has ended, but its work goes on. There will be no more meetings until next year, but in the meanwhile those who have had the privilege of being members this year will not be idle. The stimulus and the knowledge that they have derived from the discussions, will not soon pass away. They will drag this problem out into the light of cold, scientific analysis; there will be many eager and heated arguments now and hereafter; there will be a slow crystallization of ideas and programs. And when one remembers that this Conference is but one of many such Conferences throughout the United States, the importance of the movement can not be denied. It will doubtless prove a powerful agent in the work of converting the latent impulse to abolish forever the horrors of war, into a permanent peace established upon a foundation that will endure.

\* \* \*

"We again urge the Board of Regents to create the office of a dean of men. The creation of a faculty committee of student life and interests, in the opinion of this

board, is hardly a suitable substitute for the office of dean of men. The office of dean of men, when created, should be given to a man with a thorough understanding and appreciation of the standards of the university and who, at the same time, has a warm heart, a generous and sympathetic nature, and who at all times will seek to encourage rather than discourage students, a man who even though he may feel it wise to advise a student to leave college, will give that student when leaving a cordial and encouraging word."—from the recent report of the Board of Visitors to the Board of Regents.

\* \* \*

The results of the annual William F. Vilas prize story contest directed each winter by the Wisconsin Magazine were exceedingly satisfactory. About thirty-five manuscripts were submitted—an indication of the many "authors in the embryo" we have at Wisconsin. In this issue of the magazine, the two prize-winning stories are printed for the first time. In the April magazine—the "co-ed mag"—the first honorable mention manuscript and several other stories written by girls who were Vilas entrants will be published.

**The Vilas Prize Winners**

The awards were made by the board of judges as follows:

First prize—"Which of the Three to Choose?" By Wallace Meyer.

Second prize—"The Fall of Hard Frost Bridge." By Hubert Frederic Juergens.

First honorable mention—"A Sense of Respectability." By Jeanette Munro.

Second honorable mention—"The Lights of the Altar. By Iva N. Ketcham.

Third honorable mention—"Clara." By Emma G. Corstvet.

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### THE FALL OF HARD FROST BRIDGE

(Continued from page 12)

There was an expression there, I could see the eyes, the forehead, the nostrils and the chin. A strand of coal-black hair dropped over the brow. There was the blue coat, the same coat! How pale the lips! But they were moving! Listen!

"Friends, when this bridge falls, there will no longer be need of bridges. Then you and I and Gerhard Frost and neighbor Barvian, who builded it, will be on the Other Side. For those who come later, there will be another crossing, one——."

A shriek, and the sensation that some one was falling pierced my numbed intelligence. I rose with a start, and fumblingly lighted the candle. As the light flickered up it illumined the room as I had seen it before. There were the same furnishings—no more, no less—the great brown bed, the heavy bureau, the picture on the wall within the frame of cones. Outside, the rain was falling drearily, mournfully, and the branch was still gently brushing the weather-boards. A chill crept over me, I had left it on the chair. The chill turned to black frost, when I saw that it was not there.

### THE WEALTHY COLLEGE BOY

(Continued from page 19)

to study more history; to read widely; to carry through some guided work in social service until he could shape his philosophy of life, control his mind, and find out what he wished to do with his powers. And this, coming in no recognized category of youthful endeavor, was impractical, aimless, or leading perhaps to idleness and eccentricity. He must go to work!"

This is the way the Yale professor describes the fate of many a well-to-do young man, who with an intellectual awakening, is unable to carry out his desire for further study because his parents are imbued with that false spirit of American life that unless a man gets out and hustles in some money making line he is worthless. The American parent should realize that the luxury of education, and lots of it, is one of the most worth-while luxuries that is to be found.

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### REGISTRATION DAZE

(Continued from page 14)

Chirps on the patient cricket;  
Yes, chirps from painted canvas,  
From placards moored on high,  
From banners and from streamers,  
As rigs go dashing by!

But bruised is the poor freshman  
Sense-sore, bewildered, dazed—  
Long ere he strikes the campus  
He knows that he's been hazed;  
No longer can his eyes make out  
That "17 paid last year,"  
From "Freshmen, get your caps"  
To do "Subscribe today,"  
From these the freshman turns  
But he cannot get away!

## THE POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 22)

can help him. If he should get into any particular trouble, his old chums will rally to pull him out, just as they set Dickinson, of father's class, on his feet again last year. And he has besides the spiritual satisfaction of having friends.

"That I take to be the justification of the fraternity idea. In a larger sense I think it justifies a lot of the student activities that are otherwise worthless. The necessity for friendship! That's what makes classes hang together after they graduate; that's what builds up alumni and brings the old guard back to their reunion. And I think that's the real reason why John comes to college—baldly, because worth-while people send their sons and daughters there.

"I suppose," continued Townsend judiciously, "that if I stand for any one phase of the college, it's the fraternity idea. No one else, at least, has touched that question and—" he glanced rapidly at the three who had not spoken—"I don't see any one who will. But I don't want to get involved in any argument over the fraternity problem. I think I'll take my stand on the larger ground and talk about the fraternal idea, rather than the fraternity. I suppose I might call it the social side of the college. And I suppose (his eyes twinkled) that Mahler wants me to spell SOCIAL with a capital S!

"If I were John, my hypothetical Freshman, and if a reputable fraternity asked me to join them, I think I should accept. It seems to me that by so doing I'd get the

greatest possible opportunity for making worth-while friends. By that I don't mean anything exclusive or snobbish. I mean that my friends would probably be not only valuable in themselves, but they'd also be valuable to me when I came to my fight through life.

"Nor do I mean to say that any particular fraternity contains the best college men, or anything of the kind. Fraternities, viewed in the large, are about the same thing the country over. I mean that John will find the atmosphere and surroundings he needs more quickly in a fraternity than he will anywhere else.

"If there's one thing I hate, it's the idea that a fraternity member must confine his attentions to his fraternity. I wouldn't want John to do that. If John is middling wise, he'll see by and by that the fraternity system has certain defects, and he'll begin to go outside the house to supply what is wanting. My advice to John is that the best thing he can do in college is to get through his lessons as creditably as he can, absorb as much of that intangible thing we call college atmosphere as he may, and use his fraternity, if he's in one, as a base for getting in touch with as many men as possible. Being bound in a peculiar manner to a group of men, his fraternity brothers, he has acquired the right to ask their aid as he needs it, and his brethren in the fraternity can put him in touch with all the aspects of the college much more effectively than if he stood alone.

"What John is really looking for is poise, self-command, *savoir faire*—call it what you please. He needs to associate with

people who know how. He needs to go to dances; not because the dance is worth anything, but because it teaches him how to behave in the society of cultured people. He needs to mix a little in student affairs, again not because the activities are worth anything in themselves, but because he'll learn to meet men and get along with them, even when he disagrees with them. In fact I'm willing to go so far as to say that for John—the average undergraduate—the best thing the university has to offer is a kind of dignified finishing process.

"Now, mark you, if John knew exactly what he wanted to do, I agree with Roberts that he ought to go to a technical school where he'll combine the acquisition of salesable knowledge with a sufficient amount of general information. And if John wants to be a scholar, let him follow David's example and stick to scholarship. But John seldom knows what he wants to do, and John's problem, as I see it, is to sketch an outline while he's here, which life will fill in for him later.

"I remember reading a book by Lowes Dickinson last summer called 'A Modern Symposium.' In that the Conservative speaker says, 'I like a society ordered in ranks and classes.' That phrase has stuck by me. The more I think about it the more I feel that all of us like a society in ranks and classes—even Mahler, our rabid democrat. Where we differ is how to divide the ranks. Some people want to make money the scale; some want to make it goodness; and Mahler, I presume, would be satisfied if men were graded in the order of their intellectual ability. At any rate, whether

we like it or not, society, even in America, has been very definitely ordered in ranks and classes, and a certain class has for centuries been regarded as a desirable class to belong to. What John wants to do is to get into the right class—the class of 'nice' people.

"Now there's nothing vulgar about such a wish. It's a laudable ambition. The world has always recognized certain qualities as desirable."

"What are they?" asked Pearson.

"The qualities? Well, I can't enumerate all of them, of course, but acquaintance with good books and good plays and good music is one of them; a certain delicacy of mind and refinement of manner is another, not to mention decency of morals; a sense of personal honor and intellectual honesty; how to meet and how to treat women—all that we mean by refined society in the best sense of the term.

"A genius doesn't have to belong. But John isn't a genius. He needs social prestige. John wants to belong, and his parents want him to belong. So they send him and a good many others like him away to college; that means a place where they're all crowded together for four years, subject to intensive culture and under competent supervision. All that time John should be forming desirable friendships on the one hand and the attitude of mind that will admit him to the best class on the other. That to my thinking, is the best thing the university can do for the average fellow who attends it.

"I realize," Townsend said with some-

(Continued on page 41)

# ONE DAY MORE OR LESS

Ruth Boyle



AS SOON as he had heard about it, Phillip had left the house, and strode out past the edge of the town to the gray, rough waste where there was room to think and fight. Over and over through his mind, as he tramped fiercely ahead, went the thought that he hadn't deserved it. He'd done everything a man could do to make something of himself, ever since old Doctor Stone had told him he had the making of a surgeon in him. Shovelling all day in the mines and studying as long as he could keep awake—that had been his daily program for two years; and now, just after he had given up his job, and cashed in what he thought was his last time-slip in the mines; now, when he was all ready to take the trip to the university, came the verdict about Will.

His brother's image kept coming persistently before him—his thin face, with the characteristic pallor men have when most of their waking hours are spent underground; his round back and stooped shoulders—stamp of the mines also. Lately he had been troubled with a cough, with sleeplessness, and a dead appetite, and Philip had listened thoughtlessly to his explanation of "too much powder smoke" and believed it, simply cursing the Company who insisted on blasting at lunch hour in-

stead of between shifts. Why hadn't he realized long ago? He'd seen enough of miner's consumption. But he hadn't realized, and Will's only chance for life was rest and care in air free from the blighting copper dust and sulphur smoke of the mines. Of course, that meant giving up everything, and he hadn't deserved it.

Will didn't want him to give up his chance either—didn't think it was worth while. Perhaps Will was right. As a surgeon he could save more lives. But that was unthinkable.

Abruptly in one of those turns of whimsy that come when shock has opened up every avenue in one's mind, the man stopped and felt in his pocket for a quarter. He look at the coin for a moment with a little smile. Fate seemed to be the only thing that counted anyway; why not ask fate for a decision?

"Heads, myself; tails, Will," he said, and flipped the coin high. In a second it lay glimmering dully on the ground—face upwards.

The man turned back to the town. His resolve was made. He would go back to the mines to-morrow. Doctor Stone had said there was no immediate hurry, but if he had to spend the rest of his life in the mines, one shift more or less wouldn't make any difference. Will should quit and he

would take his place. Then his moment of vigorous mental decision passed; his mind was left blank and empty, except for the disassociated and somewhat irrelevant idea that one shift more or less would make no difference.

He awoke the next morning with a heavy feeling, as if he had been shut up in a narrow tunnel, where he was to walk forever, and where nothing could possibly happen to break the changeless monotony. He went down to the kitchen, and there the early morning dreariness of the little room irritated him unreasonably. *This*, morning after morning, he felt, would be intolerable. His mother was filling a miner's high granite lunch-basket, and Will, clad in working clothes, was already eating breakfast.

"What are you up for?" Philip demanded, and when both of them looked at him in surprise, he added gruffly to Will, "I'm going on in your place."

"What for?" Will protested. "A shift more or less won't make no difference to me."

The phrase recurred unpleasantly to Philip. The sense of having heard it to satiation before exasperated him.

"Doesn't make any difference to me either, does it?"

Their mother's high voice broke in. No one would have guessed from her matter-of-fact attitude that she had lain sleepless half the night, alternating between pride and ambition for her younger son and love and anxiety for her less talented one.

"This one day won't make any difference in either of you," and as if to settle the matter, tossed a coin on the table. "Heads,

Will goes on today; tails, Phil goes," she cried. The coin fell with a thud on the table-cloth—face upwards. The younger man suppressed a savage exclamation, and brushed it to the floor.

"I carry the bucket today," he insisted.

An hour later he was among the score of miners crowding to go down the mine on the first cages. He experienced a wave of distaste at the ugliness of his surroundings, at the pointless talk of his fellows, and at the familiar odor always around the mines—an odor suggestive of mingled candle-grease, wet copper ore, and tobacco. He felt, too, a momentary wonder that they should all be striving for the first cage. Surely, it wasn't eagerness to get to work again.

The station-tender slid open the heavy door of the cage, and the miners crowded in, lunch buckets clanking together.

"That's all," he warned as Philip stepped in.

The cage descended rapidly into the darkness, past the flashing stations in the levels,—one, two, three. Then it leaped and plunged sickeningly, smashing against the sides of the shaft. Some one cursed; some one cried out shrilly.

"We're going to doom," yelled one, drawing the last word to a scream.

It was over in a moment. The cage crashed into the sump.

But in that wild instant before the end, there flashed into Philip's mind the words: "One day more or less makes no difference." He saw a silver quarter, face upwards, and his whole being cried out, "If!—"



## WHICH OF THE THREE TO CHOOSE

(Continued from page 16)

"We're castaways," she laughed, "really, truly, castaways. And I shall try out all my cooking recipes—the pantry and cellar are well stocked—and you will have to be my experimental subjects. What fun!"

Ruth mocked at me. "I'm so sorry for you, John," she said, her brown eyes believing the serious expression of her voice; "the only man on a lonely island with three girls; poor John. And you seem so painfully downcast already——"

Frances saved me the embarrassment of an attempt at reply by voicing the only real objection to our detention. "We should have brought our bags," she said. "We haven't a thing to wear besides what we are wearing this minute."

The delicious dinner finished, I found a pair of the farmer's overalls and went out to feed the stock. Frances, curious to see everything, accompanied me to the barn; but she did not go again during our five days on the island.

During the afternoon I watched through field glasses from the summit of the island and saw the area of open water between the mainland and the icefield slowly increase. Toward sundown three men launched a rowboat at "Fahrland" and worked their way to the icefield. But they came no nearer to the island for the reason that the broken ice would not support a man's weight, nor would it permit the passage of a small boat.

Ruth came to the hill-top in time to witness the futile attempt of the men in the

rowboat. As she approached, I noticed with something of surprise that she was decidedly attractive, notwithstanding that in the city she was so much of a business woman. Her coppery hair, free to the sun and wind, her undisguised freckles and her frank smile all combined to enhance her with an air of wholesomeness. In height she came to a level with my nose; this I noticed as we walked toward the farmhouse together.

Evening chores out of the way I went to the farmhouse and found that the girls had prepared a supper which I shall never forget—or rather Marion had. There were fried potatoes, country sausage, stewed corn, hot rolls, golden butter and honey, coffee, fresh cake and ice cream. It was not so much the variety as the delicious quality and delectable appearance of everything which Marion brought to the table which impressed me with her abilities. I found myself thinking more and more that Marion was a very superior person, and I recalled something my mother had once said in regard to girls trained at co-educational schools: "They are accomplished in the arts and sciences, and at the same time they are capable housekeepers": a unique, but possible, combination.

We had a few hands of bridge in the evening, and Frances sang for us. She was in a particularly high humor and gave little snatches from the lighter operas. By nine o'clock, however, all were ready for bed, and the girls elected to take the two rooms opening off the living room on the first floor, while I went upstairs. I was no

(Continued on page 33)



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### SOME SHOCK

Solomon Grundy;  
 Pickled on Sunday  
 Drunk on Monday,  
 Soused on Tuesday,  
 Stewed on Wednesday,  
 Full on Thursday,  
 Tanked on Friday,  
 Piffed on Saturday,  
 Sober on Sunday  
 And that was the shock that killed Solomon Grundy.—Pen State Froth.

W W W

Jinks—"I hear they are going to postpone the big battle until next week."

Binks—"How's that?"

Jinks—"Oh, Hearst ran out of red ink."

Judge (to prisoner who is being arraigned for entering a women's fashion exhibit)—"Prisoner, why did you enter this exhibit?"

Prisoner—"Why judge, I just wanted to see everything that went on."

W W W

"I want some complexion powder for my wife," said the Impudent Young Pretender, "but I've forgotten what kind she uses."

"Is it like the kind I have on my cheeks?"

"Let me taste it and I'll tell you."

W W W

Distressed Damsel—"Oh, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me."

Pensive Pedestrian—"That's all right. There'll be another along in a minute."

## MAY BE SCORCHED.

"You say Swift is playing with fire?"

"Yes, he's going with his old flame."—  
Judge.

W W W

Prof. (lecturing)—"It's deeds, young men, not words, that count.

Voice—"Did you ever send a cablegram?"  
(Class dismissed.)

W W W

Callow—"I had a dreadful shock last night. I put my foot on a rail——"

Shallow—"Yes, yes, and then?"

Callow—"The bartender said, 'We don't serve minors.'"—Harvard Lampoon.

W W W

She had just been reading "A Man Without a Country," and as she laid it down, sighed and said: "I can't imagine anything worse than a man without a country."

"Oh, I can," said her friend.

"Why, what?"

"A country without a man."—Froth.

W W W

Professor (up on the Hill)—"It may be said that life can exist only in solution. What may we infer from that?"

Bright Stude—"Keep pickled."—Froth.

W W W

"Your father is entirely bald," said a man to the millionaire's son.

"Yes," replied the son, "I am the only heir he has left."—Froth.

W W W

Lady—"Why, you naughty boy. I never heard such language since the day I was born."

Small Boy—"Yes, mum; I s'pose dere wuz a good deal of cussin' the day you wuz born."—Tid-Bits.

W W W

Judge—"You say you are suing this man because he did not blow his horn before he ran into you."

Plaintiff—"I didn't say he didn't blow his horn. I said that I couldn't hear it. His blamed old car rattled too much."—

Widow.

W W W

Hickory, dickory, dock,

The mouse ran up the clock,

Embroidered on my lady's ankle,

And it gave her quite a shock.

—Lehigh Burr.

W W W

HIST! A STORY; KEEP IT DARK

"Why is you mad at me, honey?"

"Now, look here, you—you—puhson! I didn't mind when you flirted with dat lil' yaller gal; I didn't mind when you called me a lump o' licorice; but I DID lose mah patience when you used mah cold cream for shoe polish!"—Lampoon.

W W W

"The only trouble with the Pace That Kills," said the Pessimistic Person, "is that it doesn't Kill Enough of Them"—Penn State Froth.

W W W

SIGHTS

Grad—"The old place hasn't changed much. I see the girls are all back this year."

Stude—"Yes, some of them are even wearing their beauty spots there."—Sun Dial.

## WHICH OF THE THREE TO CHOOSE

(Continued from page 30)

sooner undressed than I fell into a sound sleep.

A rapping, a gentle, repeated rapping at my door, awakened me. The signal must have been going on for several minutes, for I am a sound sleeper. Throwing the farmer's bathrobe over myself I went to the door and saw that it was Ruth who had awakened me. Back of Ruth stood Marion holding a candle at a dripping angle. Ruth wore a long overcoat, no doubt the farmer's, while Marion was in a dressing gown, probably one belonging to the farmer's wife.

"Please come down stairs," said Ruth. "There's a messenger here from 'Fahrland'."

Imagine my surprise at her words. If a trip could be made from the mainland to the island, so I reasoned as I followed the girls down the stairs, there was nothing to prevent our returning from the island to the mainland.

In the kitchen I found the visitor -- a very wet and shivering dog, which I recognized as the Irish setter that had accompanied his master, the island-farmer, in the morning. I had quite forgotten the dog. Now he lay curled on a pile of bedding close by the warm stove.

Ruth, petting the faithful head, discovered a small leather case attached to the dog's collar, and we soon found that it contained a brief note from Mr. Fahrlands. The message really offered nothing new, for it merely informed us that the ice had moved out all along the shore of the

mainland, and that we should have to make the best of our stay on the island for perhaps several days, or until a boat could reach the island. Mr. Fahrlands wrote that in the event of any emergency we should build a smudge fire as a signal, and that he would then charter a steam tug in the city to attempt a forced landing on the island. He added that the dog was to start at six o'clock.

"He came to our window about half an hour ago," said Marion, "and made the weirdest noise. Frances heard it first and was so frightened. Then I heard it and I wanted to cry too, it was so pitiful, and 'scary'. I woke Ruth, and she listened, and then she put her head out of our window and called, and discovered it was this dog. Then she let him in, and made him a hot broth with brandy in it, and told me how to fix a bed for him." Certainly Marion did not withhold credit where credit was due.

I remained in the kitchen with the dog after the girls retired to their rooms. I like good dogs, and this setter possessed an intelligent head, with especially good eyes and a fine hunting nose. Though he had been in the water and on the breaking ice for about five hours, his vitality served him in good stead. When I returned to my bedroom the setter had ceased shivering and appeared to be sleeping quietly.

It was not easy to win sleep a second time; the wind was howling dismally, the grinding of the great ice field along the shore made a steady roar, while now and then a groan and splintering crash indicated that some venerable tree trunk was

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giving way before the irresistible force of the mighty ice-shove.

When I came in from the barn after doing the morning chores, I found Marion drinking a glass of the fresh milk which I had previously carried to the kitchen. While she apologized for her hair not being properly done up, she did not hesitate a moment when I asked her to go to the lake shore with me to see the huge piles of broken ice which already covered many young trees. Marion, true to the co-ed type, was always ready for a lark. That was why I had found her companionship so agreeable during the many years that I had known her. A co-educational school makes a girl versatile.

As Marion entered the bedroom to secure her mackinaw coat, Frances called to me that she was not as yet dressed "for the street," as she said, but hoped that I would take her to see the sights after breakfast. Ruth was nowhere in sight. "That little red haired girl," said Marion approvingly, "doesn't seem to need sleep. At night she cares for a half frozen dog and in the morning she's the first one out. There she is, running along the shore with the dog."

True enough, Ruth was at the shore, bare-headed, her heavy braid swinging at her back, the dog close at her heels, as indeed he remained during the several days on the island. She waited for us, and together we walked around the island. On the west side, toward the mainland, the ice was piling higher and higher and no less than eleven great trees already lay broken on the shore.

Thus commenced our life on the island, a life not at all unpleasant, although it afforded me, a bachelor, a most unusual opportunity to study the three girls I was best acquainted with. As the days went by I realized that each was as different in the little personal peculiarities which really make up character or personality, as they were in the type of training for life which they represented; Frances possessed all the charm and polish which a finishing school can give; Marion was as wholesome and capable as the ideal product of a co-educational institution; Ruth was practical, blessed with common sense and a sense of humor. Of course these remarks are only generalizations at best. Each of the girls had many of the qualities I have attributed to the others, and at any rate I do not think any man of my age and limited experience is qualified to attempt to analyze women, except in his own mind. The study is too complex.

For one thing, during the days on the island, I realized that there is a great deal of truth to the saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Marion served us, from the outset, with the most appetizing dishes, and that in spite of a sadly depleted larder. Moreover she came to the table looking as fresh as though she had never seen a hot kitchen, much less worked in one. So steadily did Marion's stock mount in my estimation that I began to find myself at sea. At first I had felt that I would ultimately fall in love with Frances; her kiss, it seemed to me, was the weight which decided the balance. But I am too practical to be sentimental, I fear.

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Marion's admirable cooking caused me to forget the thrill of Frances' little kiss. And this led me to the embarrassment of being tongue-tied in a situation where I should have spoken promptly and freely.

It was one night when the wind had abated and the clouds were blowing apart occasionally to reveal the round moon riding in the wild March sky. I was on the front porch, smoking my pipe after supper and watching the fleeing clouds, when Frances slipped out of the house, closed the door softly behind her, and stood beside me and smuggled her hand into my coat pocket, inside my own hand.

I was thrilled again, but did not speak. So we stood watching the heavens in silence. Presently Frances looked up into my face and said: "John, my dear, you're a wonderful man—so brave, so wise, so nice about doing all the work about the farm. We all depend on you so much."

It seemed to me I must have grunted in my vain attempt to find words. I can talk business to a man easily and even convincingly, yet at a time like that I was a conversational failure.

"But," she continued, sadly, "you're so stupid." She gazed full into my face for a moment, while I remained as incapable of speech as on that first night at "Fahrland." "You don't understand at all," she added, and with a little pressure of the hand, quick as could be, she ran back into the house.

I heard her at the piano a few minutes later. The parlor was dark and she was playing something by Grieg.

Then I found myself walking around the island. I was balancing the appealing

charms of Frances in my mind with the practical comradeship of Marion. And I was wondering how I could return such companionship as one of these girls might give.

On the fifth day the weather turned nasty. A driving snowstorm of all day duration developed into a raging blizzard at nightfall.

Long before dark the girls were plainly depressed. Frances announced that she would retire to her room for the evening, because she wanted to cry, and her eyes were always a "sight" after weeping. Ruth declared that unless the gale soon ceased its shaking of the farmhouse she would prepare her last will and testament. Even Marion was dispirited.

To make matters worse, as I was coming in from the barn at the end of my chores, with two pails of milk, I slipped on a loose stone that had been covered by wet snow, and fell in such a manner that I sprained my ankle. Marion and Ruth, watching me from the kitchen window, rushed out in the storm and assisted me to the house. There they made me as comfortable as they could on the large couch in the living room. They started at once a treatment of hot wet cloths and linament, and later they brought me supper on a very neatly arranged tray. They did everything that one could think of to make me comfortable and to entertain me. Even Frances in the farmer woman's dressing gown, came to the doorway to extend her sympathies.

In the evening I was given another surprise, for Ruth went into the dark parlor and began to play. It was the first intima-



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tion I had that this young business woman, who managed her own stenographic agency in the city, was also accomplished in music. Previous to this evening Frances had been the musical entertainer of the party; but now Ruth filled that role. She wandered through two or three operas and finally played an old song, a favorite of mine, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." As she played she sang the words, and sang well.

At nine o'clock Ruth planned a hospital schedule for the night. Much as I objected that it would be folly and useless for the girls to sit up on my account, they adopted Ruth's plan of having three watches, the first from nine to twelve, the second from twelve to three, and the third from three to six. Marion volunteered for the first, Ruth the second, and Frances said she wanted the third. I declared positively that my ankle was no longer in need of such careful attention, but they would not listen to me.

It was far from being a pleasant night for lying awake, with the storm creating such a noise about the farm buildings and through the trees. Yet, throughout her watch Marion was so pleasant, so diverting with her anecdotes of college days, that I felt I would have given anything to be on my feet. For when a man faces an important question, especially when he wishes to speak of certain matters to a girl whom he has weighed and found good measure, so to speak, he wants to be on his feet. But lying almost helpless I held my tongue.

At midnight Ruth came on duty. Between her visits to the kitchen to renew the hot cloths, she read, with the dog curled at

her feet. She built a nest of pillows and blankets in a large easy chair close by the reading table where the yellow light from the oil lamp fell over her shoulder. She did not talk a great deal; indeed she said little at all except when I opened the conversation. She became deeply absorbed in a magazine which she took from the table. Finally I asked what so engrossed her?

"The Poultry Journal," she replied.

"You reading a poultry journal—a city girl—what on earth are you reading that for?" I asked in surprise.

"Some day," she said, smiling at me, "I'm going to have a little bungalow all of my own, out west (how many girls plan bungalows for the vague "out west," particularly those girls whom men would like to place in bungalows within the city limits), and I'm going to have chickens and dogs and one cat and a horse."

When the second watch ended at three o'clock, Ruth renewed the hot application before going to Frances' room to awaken her. She returned to the living room, however, prepared to take Frances' watch to herself. "The poor child has been restless all night, and she is sleeping soundly for the first time. It would be cruel to waken her, for I'm not at all tired." Again I objected, both on the ground that my ankle was quite well, and on the ground that I could not permit her to give up an entire night to my care. "I won't have you wearing yourself out on my account," I said, determinedly.

"But I'm the head nurse and surgeon-general in this case," she replied. "I order you to be silent. You'll wake the others

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## THE POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 27)

thing like apology, "that my discussion hasn't perhaps been on a very high plane. But I've tried to view the situation in a practical light. If this is an experience meeting, I suppose John's experience is largely mine. I'm neither clever nor gifted nor a genius, yet I think I had as much right to college as Pearson or David or any of the others. In fact, I disagree entirely with David's doctrine that the university is intended only for the extraordinary men. It seems to me that the purpose of the university is to pull as many people as possible up to the rank of the best society.

"As for higher values, there's that matter of friendship. I've looked at it, I'm afraid, in rather a commercial light. But don't misunderstand me. Don't think I'm blind to the value of my friends.

"Life is a mess," he broke out bitterly, "and what or who or why we are, only the good God knows—if there is one. The human soul is a pitifully weak and cowardly thing, afraid to stand alone in the night and stare at the racing stars. None of us are worth anything individually, and the work that we do is undone the moment that we leave it. And where is there any help for us?"

He rose and stood, facing the fire, and with that same bitterness in his voice, he quoted a stanza:

"And that inverted Bowl men call the Sky  
Whereunder crawling, cooped we live and  
die,

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Lift not your hands to It for help, for It  
As impotently moves as you or I.'

"Where is there help for us? Neither in  
heaven nor in the earth nor the waters un-  
der the earth, but only in your friends.  
Good God, we are such worthless pups,  
every man of us! But together, perhaps we  
might amount to something. And except  
that we stand together we shall be lost and  
helpless in the winds and waters of time.  
I tell you—Oh I'm talking like a preacher!"

And he sank into his chair and covered  
his face with his hands.

I concluded then and there that Town-  
send was an extraordinary young man.

(To be concluded in the May Issue)

## WHICH OF THE THREE TO CHOOSE

(Continued from page 39)

with your talk."

The ankle did ache. I was really glad  
that Ruth remained to fix the hot applica-  
tions, although I felt guilty at permitting  
her to slave for me. And presently the ache  
lulled me into a light sleep.

It was turning day when I awoke. A dull  
gray light filtered in through the east win-  
dows and I saw Ruth sitting by an open  
sash, looking out toward the glorious  
colors which came to herald the sunrise.  
The wind had diminished into a gentle  
breeze and the storm had its last fling. The  
air had a springtime smell, and as Ruth sat  
there, drinking in the wonders of the  
awakening of nature, I was overwhelmed  
with the fact that this young woman looked  
as sweet and fresh in the pale light of dawn  
as she did in the friendlier glows of even-  
ing. I marvelled at her, forgetting Frances,

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oblivious of any thought of Marion, and tried to tell her something of what was in my mind; but she checked me at my first words by whispering to me that I must not speak for fear of waking the others who still slept.

Ruth prepared the breakfast that morning, and while the other girls were dressing she ran out to the lake shore, bringing back the good news that the lake seemed clear of ice between our island and the mainland.

The three girls were at the table, which they had moved into the living room so that I could enjoy the meal without leaving my couch, when Mr. Fahrlands flung open the outside door. Rockhill and Daly and the island farmer were with him. They had reached the island in the Fahrlands' cruising launch.

Our leave-taking of the island was a gay one. The only bit of the pathetic was the parting of Ruth from the dog.

My mother, it will be recalled, had urged me to accept the invitation to the house-party. But for her words I should not have left the city during the month of March.

And it was mother who helped me to decide the problem of which to choose. For it had come to a point with me where it was absolutely necessary to choose. I tried, upon my return to the office, to so immerse myself in matters of business as to forget the problem which ceaselessly recurred. I caught myself blushing, in the presence of again in memory the kiss of Frances. I never tasted food without comparing it never tasted food without comparing it

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mentally with the delicacies which Marion had given us on the island.

We were sitting by an open fire one evening, while the spring rain beat a dreamy cadenza against the window panes, when mother asked me to tell her everything, every detail that I remembered of our house-party and our experiences on the island.

When I had finished, she went directly to the heart of the matter. Mothers have a wonderful intuition.

"John, dear," she said, "which of your experiences on the island can you recall most vividly?"

I thought for a few minutes. Then I answered: "Why, that last night on the island; that night when Ruth sat up for six hours to put hot cloths on my ankle. And that first night," I added, after another pause, "when the dog came to the island more dead than alive, and she let him in, and fed him, and made him a warm bed before she called me."

"What else?" mother asked.

"That evening when Ruth played some of the old melodies which you used to play for father. And I shall never forget that morning, mother, that first spring morning after the storm, when she sat looking out of the open window at the sunrise, and she would not let me speak because the others were asleep."

"Anything else?" mother asked, softly.

"Yes. You remember that I told you of Frances' kissing me, and also how I admired Marion for her cooking and her general management."

Neither of us spoke for some time.

"They are all three lovely girls," said mother at last. "I should be pleased if you married any one of them."

Mothers possess deep insight into the nature of their sons. My mother realized that while I had crystalized my opinion as to which of the girls my inclinations would ultimately favor, yet I was not able to lift myself out of the depression of indecision—not by my own boot-straps. Therefore she decided to help me by antagonizing me. For mother knew that once a man defends an opinion, he thereafter fosters it.

"They are such unusually fine girls. Frances is the dearest, most charming young person, and Marion cannot be equalled for good companionship and sense. I love them both."

She had left out Ruth. For a few moments the best qualities of each of the three girls went through my mind like the recapitulation at the close of a chapter. Then I thought of the girl who had always come in my dreams—and I knew not whether she had been educated at a finishing school, at a university, or in the business world. That made no difference. But she had auburn hair, coppery golden; and little, unashamed freckles on her nose; and she looked as fresh and sweet in the early morning as she did in the evening at a party. And she loved dogs. These were the things which I admired and cherished in the girl of whom I had often dreamed.

Mother was watching my face, awaiting my reply.

"You will love Ruth even more," I told her.

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