

## THE CRISIS

Bravely he struck out for the ice-boat, but this was more than even his sturdy physique could stand. He felt the cramps gripping him, and knew he must turn back. He reached the ice-edge, and with the assistance of the boy whom he had saved he managed for the third time to drag himself out of the lake.

The thermometer was at fifteen below zero. By the shortest cut the town was two and one-half miles away. The nearest house was half a mile away, and showed no light. Walter called to the drowning boy to try to hold on till they could get him help; he despatched his companion to the farmhouse and he himself ran the two and a half miles to his boarding-house, where he fell on the floor in the doorway, whispering; "Phil in—lake. Go."

But, when assistance arrived, it was too late; and, when the story of the drowning was told next day, two thousand students and many others became mourners for the unfortunate victim of the accident and admirers of its hero, who was then and for several weeks afterward unconsciously fighting a fever, but consciously, in his delirium, still struggling in the icy water to save his companions.

To the joy of all Madison he ultimately recovered, and the last I heard of him positively he was with Roosevelt at El Caney, though I believe he is now in business somewhere in Wisconsin.

*Indson Kempton, '89.*