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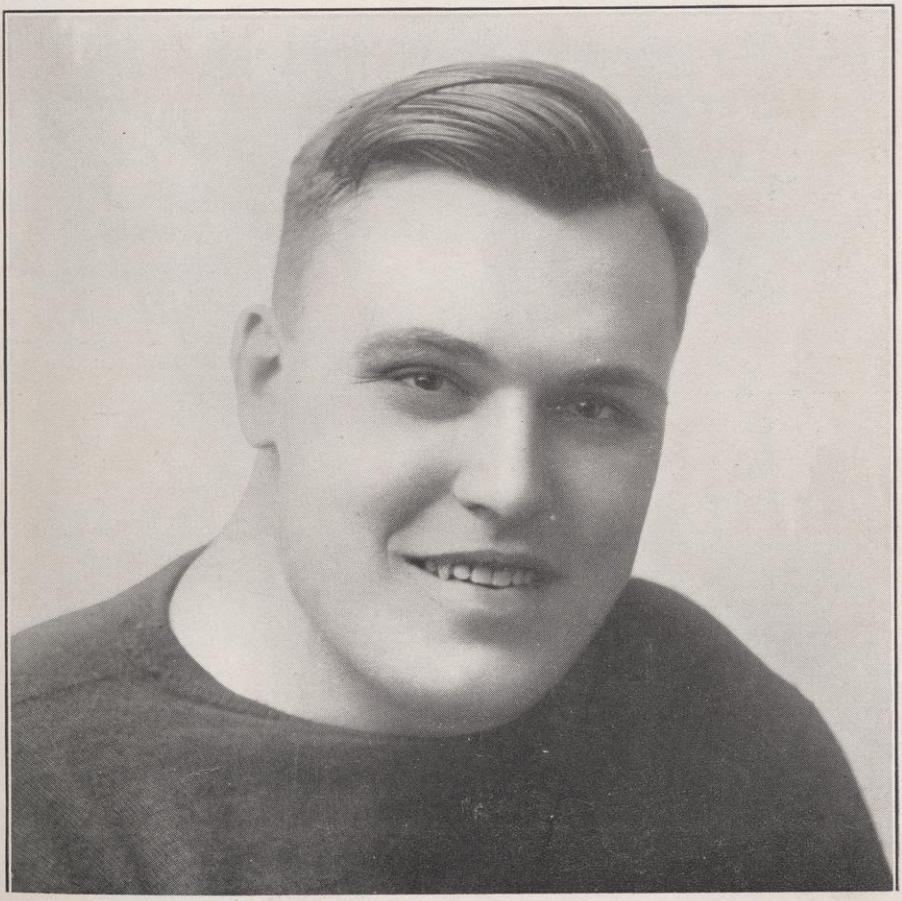
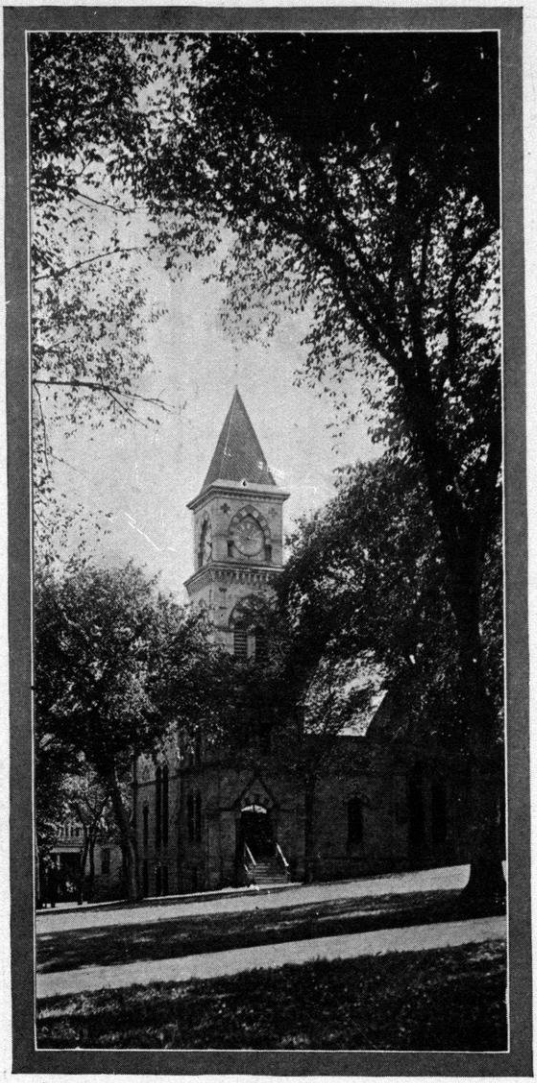
THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume XIII October, 1915 Number 1





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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

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EDITOR'S NOTE—A large, vigorous staff, representing all phases of university life is to be elected on the basis of work done and ability shown. The price of the magazine is one dollar for the school year payable in advance; single copies fifteen cents. All contributions should be addressed to the editor. Subscriptions may be sent to C. A. Crosser, 149 West Gorham, telephone, 3241. Advertising will be handled by L. A. Hammer, 627 Lake street, telephone 193; or Miss Adams, 233 Langdon, telephone, 305.

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Present Day Styles in the Poetry Trade

Mary was the girl's name. She was
A normal school grad and came
From Viroqua but otherwise
She was all right.
Mary's father gave her the lamb when
She got through Whitewater.
It was a white lamb and had a
Lot o' pep. It was like Snow.
When she came down here, she
Brought the lamb along.
This is no place for a lamb.
Then Mary signed up for the
Seminary on the Family under Ross.
He told Mary that Race Suicide is
A horrible thing.
There are only six kids in our family.
Just then the lamb came in and
Ross shook his head at it and says,
"You ——— out of here."*
He didn't say it to Mary because
Mary was some kid.
But the lamb must have been
Out of gasoline. It refused to go.
I hope Hall don't flunk me
In Elementary Law.
Then Ross called the janitor and said,
"Kill this goldarned sheep. I'm going
To give my family a regular feed."
So the Rosses had stew and
Lamb chops for dinner. But there
Wasn't enough to go around.
Mrs. Ross said she wished the lamb
Had been twins like the
Rosencrans boys.
"Holy smoke," said the little
Ross kids that got a piece of the
Lamb, "This is awful tough!"
That was because the lamb went
Everywhere that Mary did.
My room mate has gone to bed.

—*R. E. Nuzum.*

* New style word censored.

The
WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

VOL. XIII OCTOBER, 1915 NUMBER 1

BREAKING RECORDS FOR WISCONSIN

Arlie M. Mucks Tells of National Games—his Impressions of the West

"I WAS LUCKY to win first place in the shot put at the National meet in San Francisco," said Arlie M. Mucks, upon his return to Wisconsin with two beautiful gold medals for his great work with the discus and shot.

"I had not touched, or even looked at a shot since July 17, and I did not expect to enter that event. Coach Tom Jones did not care to have me enter when I left Madison, for he thought I should save myself for the discus. At the last minute, however, I felt an impulse to try the shot put.

"The first put went 47 feet. The second one went 48 feet 11¾ inches. That was all I tried. Second place went to Lee Talbot of Kansas City, who put it out 45 feet.

"In the discus throw Bachman of Notre Dame won second, while Duncan, a former champion took fourth, and Mueller—the Irish American athelete from New York who won the national championship two years—did not place. My best throw was 146 feet 9¼ inches. There was a high wind blowing that day, August 7.

"The wind was strong enough to interfere with the runners, particularly the distance men. On one stretch of

the track they fairly flew before the wind, but when they came around against the wind they seemed to be walking. The discus throw was quartering against the wind, that is, the direction of the throw was about forty-five degrees to the wind.

"It was unpleasantly cold the day of the meet. I recall that in walking away from the discus field, hurrying to get into my street clothes which were much more comfortable than scant trunks and shirt, I was surprised by an extremely welcome sound—the Wisconsin varsity locomotive. There were a dozen or more Wisconsin men at the stadium and they got together to raise the Wisconsin yell.

"Phil Stiles did some fine work in the broad jumping, getting fourth place against one of the best and largest jumping fields in the history of the national games. Had it not been for the fact that he injured his ankle in one of his jumps, he would have placed higher.

* * * *

"The people of the west deserve the reputation which they hold for hospitality. Such entertainment I have never seen, even on the Olympic trip in 1912, as they gave to the athletes after the meet was finished. And the men of the middle west, who won the honors for this section of the country against the east, the west and the Pacific coast sections, were in a happy frame of mind at their successes, so that the Californians' hospitality appealed to them.

"After a few days I went down to Los Angeles and from that city out to the beach where I enjoyed swimming in the Pacific. Surf bathing is wonderfully fascinating. One can't get enough of it. When I left Los Angeles it was to go north again to San Francisco and by steamer over the twenty-six-hour trip to Portland. The steamers are new and the trip was one of pure enjoyment.

"From Portland I crossed the state of Oregon to the volcanic plateau in the extreme southeast part, where I got off the train at a little new place called Weiser. It must have about 2,500 or 3,000 inhabitants, not more, but the hotel is wonderful. It far surpasses the leading hotels of Madison or of most other cities in the middle west and the east. I was astonished at the beauty of the hotel and at the excellent service, and could not reconcile its charm to the dust and heat of the town. It was terribly hot—103 degrees in the shade.

"At Weiser I was met by Clayton O. Douglas, a Wisconsin graduate of 1914, who has a ranch on the Snake River, on the Oregon side just across from Idaho.

"The teachers in Agricultural college will still remember 'Doug' as everyone called him, and I think a good many undergraduates will also recall him. He seemed to know everyone in the town out there, and everyone seemed to like him thoroughly. I remember that first day when he came to town in his rattling Ford to meet me; he spent a couple of hours making purchases and doing errands for farmers along the road between his ranch and Weiser. On the way out he delivered one pack-

age here, another there, another there, and of course I was introduced to all his friends.

* * * *

"For eight days I stayed on the ranch, pitching alfalfa, going over the irrigation ditches with the former student of agriculture, and inspecting his big orchard. He has 400 acres, 91 acres in apples, about 100 in alfalfa, more in corn, and the remainder in small grains, melons, and other crops.

"That is a lonesome country in some ways. The plateau is very dusty. A wagon or a machine moving over one of the roads is followed by a long, thick cloud of ashy dust. The nights are as still and cool as the days are hot. There are few places to go, little of diversion after the day's work is done save to make ice cream out of milk and ice cream powders, or to pick a load of irrigation water melons. Out there they cut a melon indifferently. If it is perfectly ripe they slice the heart out, the rich, luscious center part, and throw the rest away. I have always liked the farm, but it seems to me that to sit each evening after a hard working day in front of one's house or shack, listening to the coyotes calling, and watching an occasional train as it crawls across the plateau three or four miles away, demands a great deal of patience and a philosophical state of mind.

"One day we killed jack rabbits in the foothills, on a 'homestead.' The homesteader is a man of fifty-five who lives alone. He said that sometime if there came an especially good winter of snow, his crops would pay well. He is waiting for that winter of good snow, for very little water falls on his 320 acres and it is above the irrigation line. We shot over fifty jack rabbits with a twenty-two rifle in an hour. They do not pick up the rabbits at this season of the year, but the coyotes leave neither hair nor bone when they come in the nightime to the waiting feast.

* * * *

"I came away from Douglas' ranch very sorry for a man whom he is sheltering. The man first appeared one blistering morning when he staggered and fell into an irrigation ditch. Douglas carried him to shelter, let him sleep, and fed him, thinking the man had wandered out of town intoxicated.

"The stranger was partly paralyzed. He was on his way to Weiser from the foothills, to try and secure the protection of the law against a man with whom he had been raising a large flock of turkeys on shares. The turkeys ready for market, the stronger partner had driven him off their claim.

"Now he is running the motors on the ranch, and cooking for Douglas who gives him a salary. The man was six years ago employed as chief electrical engineer on the Roosevelt dam. Paralysis of his right side crippled him, and forced him to give up his position. He is a brilliantly educated man as his conversation reveals, but he is afraid to return to his wife in a southern state, I do not care to say just where. We discussed the matter a little with him. He holds that he cannot go back, a useless burden as he calls himself. He prefers to have them think of him as dead."

CONFESSIONS OF A SOCIETY EDITOR

Giving a few Illustrations

UNTIL the time when the managing editor of my paper assigned me to the task of getting out the society page, I never deigned to read that portion of the newspaper. In common with most men I considered the society columns mere gush and piffle. After I had suffered for two years—and learned through the suffering how much importance so many good people place upon the society columns—I fell into the habit of glancing over the news of that sort, not cynically, and not exactly pityingly, but rather with a sense of keen interest in the manner in which the different editors handle their work.

During the two years of my unwilling service in that capacity, a service which I now enjoy in contemplation and which perhaps taught me better than any other phase of newspaper work concerning the vanities of human nature, all sorts and conditions of people came under my observation.

I met, first hand, a splendid example of the social climber. She had a husband who was almost as excellent a representation of the type as herself.

Their aspiration commenced at the time when an invention of his brought them a moderate fortune; a fortune sufficiently large for them to support a touring car and an electric runabout, build a large and pretentious home on one of the best streets, entertain ostentatiously, and send their children away to the more expensive schools.

In their climbing they employed the society columns freely, in fact heavily, regularly, and to me, monotonously. But then, the people who entertain other prominent people are the ones who make newspaper copy.

After the climbers had been breaking into print more and more frequently for about a year the climax came, unexpectedly, I confess. At 8 o'clock one morning the lady telephoned me. Her conversation ran thus:

"Of course you have heard about the elegant dinner party we gave last evening at our splendid new home on ——— Street, and at which Judge and Mrs. ———, Judge and Mrs. ———, President and Mrs. ———, and"—and she named about twenty of the most prominent people in town—"were guests. It was, I admit, perhaps the most beautiful and lavish party of the season. But I called you up so early in the morning to beg you not to print a word about it. I must insist that nothing be said in the paper. We so dislike publicity."

I was too astonished to do anything save to say, "yes," "thank you," and "good bye."

She called me again before 9. This time she said: "I'm so afraid some of the reporters will give you a story about our dinner. Of course everyone

is talking about it; it was grand. But we couldn't invite everybody, simply couldn't,don't you know. The ——— orchestra played in the upper hall, and there were orchids at each plate. But you mustn't breathe a word about it."

She called me no less than seven times that day, each time adding some little bit of information about her party, and each time reminding me how her family revolted at the mere thought of newspaper notice. I grew more and more disgusted for I knew full well how she craved newspaper space. When, just as I was leaving the office in the afternoon for a sail, she telephoned again, I said: "Don't be afraid; your party won't be described at all."

I gave her ten words without a heading: "Mr. and Mrs. —— ——— entertained twenty at dinner Thursday."

The woman never forgave me for the cut.

A wedding account which occupied thirteen lines, or about ninety-one words, spoiled two hours of a busy morning for me. I laugh often as I remember the unusual display of vanity by this unknown woman who insisted that a reporter visit her house personally to secure at first hand the story of her niece's wedding, a story which could have been given sufficiently over telephone or by letter.

Arriving at the house the elderly aunt handed me a voluminous account written on legal foolscap. I remember, as I glanced down the pages, that the "groom was in the conventional black," as are so many proper and respectable grooms. Better still, "the bride was gowned in a gown peculiar to her stile."

The aunt had evidently timed the progress of my eyes down the written page for here she remarked: "You should have seen that gown," and followed with a verbal description. "The bride," so the account continued, "is a member of the Baptist church & a member of the choir for years when in the city." (She was a milliner, who sometimes worked in other cities.) "She has many friends & a lovely character. The presents are all beautiful, and of the best, and just what she wanted and nothing duplicated."

To this extremely happy conclusion I felt that nothing I could add would improve the glowing account, and I said so, for a rain threatened, and my city editor was waiting for me to interview the United States senator-elect. But before the woman permitted me to go, I was obliged to give my attention to two ancient scrap books, both containing press notices and cuts dealing with "the Hon. George Haibner, member of the seventy-sixth legislature of the state of Florington." He was an uncle of the bride, so it appeared, a very distant, but yet an uncle.

"This is so you will understand June's family connections," the old lady explained as I escaped to the edge of the porch. "Yes, I understand fully," I said, not cheerfully, for the car had just passed the corner on a fifteen-minute schedule, and the raindrops were beginning to patter. "I'll take care of it satisfactorily," I assured

her, glad enough to start out into the rain.

The account we published was, I thought, a comprehensive one including all the points without the repetition occurring in the article drawn up by the faimly council. Yet, two days later, an uncle of the bride presented an angry face to the city editor, demanding to see the society editor, who was out.

"It's a shame," the uncle raved, "a dirty shame. They didn't say hardly anything about her uncle, the Hon. George Haibner, who was in the Florington legislature in 188—. He was her own mother's sister's husband. The young man even left out that there wasn't any duplicates in the presents, to say nothing about forgetting to ask for the bride's picture. She's a highly respectable young lady, I want you to understand, and we've been subscribing for this paper for eleven years."

Let me give a sample of the humour of so many, many people, in giving personal notices to the newspaper to print:

"Please publish the following: A party of four young men from towns of Atlanta and Jersey, consisting of John Jones, Lee Hups, Lemuel and Frank Meihs, have gone north as far as Dudley a small town near Lirrem with intentions of hunting deer (dear). They expect to be gone 'till dear-hunting (deer) season closes, the latter part of the month. They have equipped a camping outfit and intend to camp in the woods and if they will all be fortunate to capture and bag a dear (deer) they certainly will return with brighter countenances than when they departed."

At many a party, more than you would suspect, "a good time was had by all." This proves it:

"Mr. Henry Hansan at the town of Lincoln celebrated his 78th birthday Wensday eve Oct 27th the evening was spent with Playing cards and Music. Mrs. Andrew Pieler got the first Price and Mrs. Will Roder got the Buby Prise. Refreshments were served and a good time was had by all. These pressend were—"

Very often the refreshments are served at "a late hour" or "before the guests departed for their respective homes." Which is an excellent plan, to be sure, if the guests are to be treated at all.

Sometimes the social editor receives such original ideas in the matter of descriptive accounts that he is cheered, even though the day be hot, the office noisy, and the mass of stuff before him especially ripe for extensive re-writing or total elimination.

"A comical party given by Misses Leona Tezoe & Sadie Lakbus quietly surprised Miss Eliza Barber at her home Friday evening on her fifteenth birthday. Games were Played and at last a sumptious lunch was served." At last; it's so unpleasant to go home hungry.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This paper will be followed by a second "confession" in an early number. These articles are copyrighted as they appear in the Wisconsin Magazine.

THE GAY "BANDELEROS"

A HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF THE VARSITY BAND'S BIG TOUR

By "One of the Tooters"

YES, that long talked of western tour of the Panama-Pacific section of the University of Wisconsin First Regimental Band (some title, what?) is now a thing of the past. It all happened between the sixteenth of June—I guess that was Commencement day—and the first of August; not very long in days, but it covered a lot of territory. I should say states, for the fellows were in some sort of a state most of the time. No. Don't get suspicious. It was a temperance band, for that was decided before we left Madison. It was voted best and safest to let the German submarines down all the schooners (dry humor).

The tour really started on the fifteenth of June when the band paraded around capital square and then headed toward the west with the alumni back of them. Wednesday, June sixteenth, was a busy day. "Charlie" became a doctor; several of the fellows became alumni; and "Bill" Steege of Great Falls, Mont., arrived in Madison. The latter, familiar only to the band men, was manager of the tour through the Dakotas and Montana and was characterized by a light suit, pink carnation, and a Barney Oldfield "stub" in his mouth. At nine o'clock that evening the band men assembled with all their baggage and instruments and were ready to go aboard their three special cars at the West Madison station.

Beating Their Way.

Three of the fellows resolved to beat their way—they were the drummers—but Captain Saugstad said that that would never do, as they might lose their heads. The band finally got started, after absorbing a great quantity of advice from those at the station.

The next problem was that of picking out berths. Although the "bunks" were a little hard (Saugstad's little clock didn't have a very comfortable tick), the first night went by without any hitches. All the men being musicains, they harmonized their snoring so that no one could possibly be annoyed.

Aberdeen for two days was the first stop. We were sorry it wasn't longer. It was at this point that a young lady was so amazed at the sight of such a large band, all in the same kind of uniform, that she fell out of her Ford. Perhaps though she did it just to amuse the boys. It happened anyway. Oh yes, the commissary squad decided at this point that the meal business was too big a job for them to handle alone, so everybody started taking turns waiting on table and washing dishes, six men being detailed each day for the work. How the fellows fought to get on that squad! ! !

How To Save Tires.

The second stop, Mowbridge, was a restful sort of place; one of the boys has a good view of it in his camera collection. Miles City furnished a big treat for there we saw "reg'lar" cowboys, the kind one reads about, breaking broncoes and selling them to agents of the English and French war departments. The band men also took a bath here—a real treat. Forsythe—there isn't much to say about that place except that the opera house, then in the process of construction, didn't have its roof on and consequently the larger crowd remained outside to get the air.

A good point to remember about Roundup is that the people there believe they save their tires by driving their Fords around the corners on two wheels. Accident insurance is a fine thing to take out this side of Roundup. The band played a few selections at a big ball game in this place, but when the university men packed their instruments and started for their cars the baseball audience followed. Which proved that the Wisconsin band was more popular in the west than the national game.

Lewiston was also in the midst of a celebration, entertaining the annual state conclave of the Knights Templars, and here the band played to what was no doubt its largest indoor crowd of the summer. They had so much entertainment prepared for us that we had to go back the following Sunday in order to get it all in. One of the boys has never ceased dreaming about catching a mountain trout and having a fish fry by the side of a delightful picnic stream near Lewiston.

You can imagine the time the boys had at Great Falls when you are told that "Bill" Steege hangs his hat there. The city has since changed its name to Steegeville, or is going to, in memory of its active theatrical manager who said he used to drive the buffalo away from the opera house door in order to let the people enter unmolested. (No wonder everything grows so luxuriantly in Montana, with that brand of hot air to force things.)

The Boys Catch Yellow (stone) Fever.

Geraldine, a little over a year old—a town, of course—turned out en masse with a crowd of about 3,000 people to welcome the band. Billings, too, has many attractions, and some of the boys insisted upon blowing a few notes to the girls there notwithstanding "Charlie's" warnings. We got close to the national park when we reached Livingston, so close that some of the boys got Yellow (stone) fever when they heard two Wisconsin agents describe the wonders of mother nature. Captain Saugstad and a few of the staff climbed the snow-clad peaks just outside the city and nearly missed their train. From what has leaked out since, the captain could have spent another profitable day there, or, another day there profitably.

At Bozeman the automobiles decorated in cardinal made a great hit with the boys. There is great Wisconsin spirit at Boeman. The dance after the concert was one of the best of the trip, and a good many of the boys left some

of their posters in Bozeman hands; fair hands.

We have a suggestion to make in regard to Butte. We suggest that the citizens "get their heads together and make a block pavement." It is awfully hard to march on their streets. Aside from that we enoyed the place, and learned a good deal about copper mining. At Anaconda, next day, we visited smelters. Also we played and danced.

At Missoula the band played for the great "stampede" and "roundup." Most of the boys were utterly unaccustomed to the sight of cowboys roping and throwing steers and riding wild horses, as well as the other frontier activities. This was the end of our Montana itinerary, and the saddest feature was the loss of "Bill" Steege, who refused to go out of his state.

Treating Fish To Music.

We were received at Spokane by the Commercial Club and the Wisconsin society. The boys liked the welcome so much that they remained a whole week (the contract read that way). Yes, they played at an amusement park before large crowds which seemed to like a touch of the Wisconsin spirit.

Montana couldn't forget the band, so the Butte Shrine Temple engaged us to represent them at the Imperial Council meeting of the Mystic Shriners on July 12, 13, and 14, at Seattle. The Seattle engagement was fine except for the steep hills. From Seattle there are only a few more concert stops—sounds

(Continued on page 45.)

A WESTERN JOKE

One of the university science men who spent the summer in Yellowstone Park tells a joke on Boston folks. We re-told it to a Wisconsin girl whose mother was from Boston, and she went home and told mamma. A little later she called up and asked if we were sure we told it right. But here it is, as the instructor tells it:

Four good looking girls, tourists, stepped up to the desk of a park hotel one night. They inquired for the manager, and asked him if baths could be had in the hotel.

"Yes," said he.

"For how much?"

"Fifty cents a person. It costs us quite a sum to haul the water in here."

The girls retired to one side, held a consultation, and then returned to the manager.

"We want your advice," the leader said, prettily. "There's a new book over at Hayne's that costs two dollars. If we take the baths we can't buy the book. What would you advise."

"Where did you come from?" he asked.

"Boston."

"Boston. Well for heaven's sake buy the book."

Note: Tourists report that during the last summer it was very dusty in the west, notwithstanding the rains in Wisconsin.

THE LIE FRATERNAL

By A Vilas Prize Winner

Because of a late departure from a downtown cafe the night before, James Lee, efficiency engineer, sat with head inclined a bit forward and to the left as he listened on Easter morning to the service at his church. It was not purely an indication of weariness, this position of his head, for the young man took that attitude unconsciously during moments of speculative thought.

Lee was correctly attired in black frock coat. His tall hat rested on the floor. He was a college bred man—a representative of that fine type which is taking its place in the offices of the world's industries. However the fact that Lee was an engineer is not essential to this story. He might have been a young physician, or a lawyer, or a journalist, as well. For a well-groomed man of six and twenty, with short wavy brown hair, deep and steady blue eyes, firm nose and lips, and an air of physical and mental trim, does not herald his profession to the world.

Next to Lee were seated, on the left, his father; on the right his boon companion, Charles Dean. On other days than Sunday Dean was a successful real estate agent. And next to Dean there sat his fiancee. A fine, up-to-date couple they were. She drove her own roadster. She possessed the advantages of an education derived at a co-educational university, which fact, taken with her personal charm of manner and appearance, insured that she lacked neither the finer arts and sciences, nor an appreciation of certain utilitarian subjects. For instance, she could cook, bake, or prepare her own paper for the reading club.

Presently the altar in the front of the church was lined with those who desired to partake of the Easter communion, and Lee's eyes wandered slowly from one to another of the bended figures kneeling. Most of those who went forward the first three or four times that the communion was given were elderly, fathers and mothers, together with the very youthful most recent confirmants. As in so many American churches the young men adhered faithfully to the rear pews. At a ball game on a Sunday afternoon they would rush for the best seats.

And Lee watched the communicants, not scrutinizingly, nor yet absently. His faculties of observation took in the most interesting figures, and then his mind would build something about each one.

While the altar was being vacated for the fourth time he rose from his seat, stepped into the center aisle with his father, and moved slowly toward the front. Many of the parishioners watched the progress of the two, for the engineer was not a regular church attendant.

Dean, not to be outdone by his friend, followed Lee to the aisle, and with Dean went his fiancee. They

moved together toward the altar directly back of the two Lees. Other young men and other young women, more of them than had taken part in the communion services for a number of years, caught the inspiration of the morning, as a result of which the altar was filled twice again.

(The pastor gave the matter an hour of study during the next day as he sat in his study. He judged correctly that the unusual participation on the part of the young people could be attributed in part, at least, to the influence of the young man who took his religion as frankly as he took his sports and his work.)

Kneeling at the altar between his father and his bosom friend, Lee fell into another deep study. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a little woman in black, with an old-fashioned shawl over her head, a handkerchief held to her eyes. "The Polish mother," said Lee to himself, "whose little girl has just been confirmed so that she can go to work in a factory. Let's see, the girl is fourteen. The mother left her own church because she felt unable to contribute toward the new building. How hard it is for some of the poor to make both ends meet."

Not far from him he saw a man whose face was heavily lined, hair quite gray; a man whose only daughter, a girl of nineteen, had died recently of tuberculosis. "That man would have given both his hands for the daughter's life," Lee mused. "He worshipped her."

Over a little farther he noted the father of one of the confirmed children. The child was a pure, sweet thing who would some day enter a select school for girls. The father was a business man — automobiles. His face still showed the marks of Saturday night's dissipation.

"I wonder," said Lee to himself when the clergyman with the bits of bread was only four persons away, "I wonder whether they are using wine or grape juice today. . . The choir is singing shakily this morning; I should think ancient sopranoes would retire and give the younger girls a chance... How things ramble... I feel as though I have a hang-over; this kneeling forces the blood to my head... Perhaps I did stay downtown too late last night... I suppose I was at fault for the little reunion, but the old boys don't get together very often and it seems....."

He took the square of bread, took the little cup of wine, bowed his head again, and then remembering his mother, he made a prayer in silence.

The night of Easter Monday saw a gathering of 4,000 men in Dreamland Hall in the metropolis. They were there to see a boxing show, the wind-up of which was between two contenders for the middleweight title. Lee and Dean were there, near the ringside.

On the special train coming up from their city, Dean sat in at a card game, while Lee smoked with the sporting editor of his paper. Lee said hardly a word during the two hours' ride, for his thoughts ran continually to the mother in the black shawl, and the little girl in white whose confirmation

marked the commencement of her factory days. Dean was lucky at cards, and he made as much as the trip would cost him, largely at the expense of one of the players who was a little too drunk to remember trumps.

Dean, it should be stated, played cards with the same skill that be exercised in even the most commonplace of things, such as dancing the one-step, for example. He was a well-built fellow, dressed well but always conservatively, as a gentleman should. He carried himself as a young man of confidence and growing power in the business world. Older men who were less successful treated him deferentially. Successful older men treated him cordially. In social circles he stood ace high, as the saying goes. His fiancee was one of the most desirable girls in town. Dean was one of those young men whose reputation is not spotted by little dashes of black. As Lee sometimes told him: "The average mamma wouldn't believe a scandal about you; the average daughter would think you all the more 'dear' on account of your little devilishness." On the whole he avoided scandalous situations with remarkable ability, although he managed now and then to have a hand in the gay doings of the young men of his set.

After the fight Lee and Dean went to a restaurant, where they found a table in a cozy little booth to which the head waiter bowed them, and enjoyed supper and cigars while waiting for train time.

As was to be expected, handsome young women came in and moved in accord with the music about the aisles. Lee remarked to Dean as they puffed the blue smoke in lazy clouds around them: "They float in like so many brilliant butterflies, don't they, and drift around until they alight at different tables." Some of them came in with men, it is true, while others were in pairs, or in jolly, laughing crowds whose laughter was mostly too loud. It was then quite late, so late that most of the young women who dare the glare of the night lights were already attached for their suppers. Only a few, and they, as a rule, of the less attractive sort, were still alone.

But a ravishingly beautiful girl came alone into the restaurant and floated through the aisles.

If *She* painted it was with consummate skill. If *she* was brass at heart, the exterior showed only delicacy and refinement. Her eyes, gray-green, were captivating; her nose, piquant, upturned a little; her mouth unspoiled, the lips untinted—though when the lips closed there was a little hint of weary make-believe.

She sailed in like—like an oriole. That is how Lee thought of her. Perhaps the black-penciled yellow silk of her dress, the black furs, the orange feathers of her black hat, the gold of her high shoes, all her silken yellowness was intended to give that allusion. When she walked it was no ordinary walking, rather a gliding, an easy frictionless movement as of a strong, winged thing. She sat down presently

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WISCONSIN WOMEN UNDAUNTED

An Interview With Mrs. Ben Hooper

"ONE of the senators in the last session of the Wisconsin legislature told me that he had been offered two votes on his largest bill, if he would vote against the suffrage referendum bill. He said he could not understand why the opposition fought so hard.

"Another senator, who had served before, said that for the first time in his experience a brewery lobbyist had approached him in regard to legislation. The brewery lobbyist asked him to vote against the suffrage bill.

"A Milwaukee senator was 'hounded' for weeks. He voted consistently for the suffrage bill. While in Madison he was taken out in automobiles, while men begged and implored and argued with him to vote against referring the suffrage question to the people at a general election. In his home city every pressure was brought to bear to cause a change in his attitude.

"He was called up on the telephone at 12 o'clock at night, at 1 and 2 in the morning. He was given no peace whatever. But this man was another one who stood firmly in favor of the referendum."

The foregoing statements were made by Mrs. Ben Hooper, chairman of the legislative committee of the Wisconsin Suffrage society, who spent no less than twelve weeks, at intervals between January 1 and July 15, working for the passage of the suffrage referendum measure in the capitol.

Associated with this prominent Wisconsin club woman and suffrage leader were Mrs. Henry M. Youmans of Waukesha, president of the state suffrage society, Mrs. J. Jastrow of Madison, and Miss Alice B. Curtis of Waukesha, executive secretary. Mrs. Hooper was in active work in Madison for weeks at a time.

* * * *

"We were finally defeated in the last session of the legislature," said Mrs. Hooper, "but we commenced work that very afternoon toward attaining our aim in the next session.

"I met Mr. William Austin, better known at the capital as 'Billy' Austin, the brewery lobbyist, that afternoon and said to him: 'Mr. Austin, I congratulate you on your victory. We're good losers, we are also good fighters. We begin work this afternoon and we're going to win next time.'

" 'Don't congratulate me,' said Mr. Austin. 'I didn't beat you. I didn't get into this fight actively until two weeks ago.'

"But when he acknowledged that he had got into the fight during the last two weeks he proved my point—that it was the brewery interests of the state which did most to set back the cause of equal suffrage.

"On the whole the men in the senate were perfectly courteous to the women

who worked for the passage of the suffrage referendum bill. I interviewed every man in both houses personally with the exception of three men in the lower house. One of those three came to the assembly at the opening of the session, drew his salary as the law provides, and thereafter was seldom seen on the floor of the house. Early in the year he committed suicide. Two of the men whom I did not interview refused to meet me on the suffrage question. One of them, was ugly about it.

"Handsome positions have since been given to two senators whose change on the third reading of the suffrage referendum bill resulted in the vote going against us.

"When the committee on state affairs first reported the bill out, the majority of the committee reported favorably. Next day one of the senators who had reported favorably asked permission to change his vote to the opposite side. This made the committee report unfavorable, but notwithstanding that we carried it on the first two readings in the senate.

"On the third reading two senators who had previously voted in our favor, changed and voted against us, and this desertion caused the final defeat of the referendum bill. These two men have since been appointed by the administration to comfortable positions.

* * * *

"Much the same thing happened in regard to two men who did similar work by checking the passage of the bill in the lower house. It was the amendments by these two men which sent the bill back to the committee on state affairs, after the committee had first reported the bill out favorably. The amendments were subsequently killed, and the bill reported for indefinite postponement. One of these men has since been appointed directly by the governor to a good position, and the other has been given a berth under the insurance commissioner who was in turn an appointee of the executive.

* * * *

"Those are a few of the phases of our last fight which stand out in bold relief, now that the legislature has adjourned, and we are engaged in preparation for the next battle.

"Wisconsin women are no longer content to wait for a state legislature to put the question of suffrage up to the voters in a general election. We are striving for a federal amendment to the constitution. Such an amendment almost passed the last house of representatives, it will be remembered. The federal amendment would be quite simple, providing merely that there shall be no disqualification to suffrage on account of sex.

"When this amendment is passed, and after three-fourths of the states have swung into line in favor of suffrage, suffrage will become nation-wide through operation of the federal law.

"Meantime we shall continue the work in our own state."

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Mrs. Hooper has been appointed by the state suffrage society to interview all the members of the Wisconsin congressional delegation previous to the opening of the next session at Washington, in December.

"GOING TO THE INDIAN FAIR"

By Jack Bauman, '16

"HERE'S a package of gum and a bottle of pop," I said to an old Indian squaw about half an hour before midnight.

Immediately she got up from the ground upon which she had been sitting, and together we moved slowly toward the center of the opening in the ancient pine grove where seven gaily dressed Indian bucks sat around an Indian drum which each one pounded in accompaniment to a wierd, gift-dance chant. With rigid bodies and a peculiar little side-step about forty Indians were moving around and around the drum squad.

We joined them, and "my squaw" seemed to have a painful time of it not to spoil the whole party by laughing at my dancing. The flush of joy at acquiring a new tango step does not come up to that of learning the step of the Indian pagan gift dance.

On leaving this gift dance, lighted by one unsteady torch stuck in the trunk of a massive tree, I soon heard the shuffling of many feet and the scrap of a violin with the tum-tum of a guitar playing quadrille music. The flaring torches then outlined to my companion and myself an open dance floor in a grove near the entrance to the Keshena fair grounds, revealed the musicians seated on high benches, and the graceful forms of Indian girls and boys dancing the old figures of the quadrille while many of their elders watched them admiringly from the sides, and every now and then tried dancing themselves.

For our trip to the Menominee Indian fair on the Keshena reservation in northern Wisconsin we made quite an appropriate start. Thinking to enjoy nature to a greater extent and to avoid unpleasant experiences with small town hotels, we accomplished both our ends by packing a tent in our automobile. That first night, when only twenty miles from home, our appreciation of nature and hotels was reversed because of a severe electrical storm. Lightning struck and felled a tree near where our auto stood, and we banged and crashed around in our poorly fastened tent for half the tempestuous night. Next morning we felt well hardened to meet strange Indians.

The Keshena reservation contains 144 square miles. There is a great deal of fish and game in the fine white pine forest of the reservation, which serves to reconcile the Indian's hunting instinct to the modern stage of cultivation which the reservation laws hold him up to.

As we neared the headquarters we passed many well kept farm wagons filled with Indian bucks, their squaws, and the children. These family parties, bound for the fair, and wearing white men's clothes, prepared us for the fact that the Indian is fast becoming a good

farmer. Each Indian, if he desires, may obtain a farm on the reservation from the government. Many of the Indian farms with their new buildings, modern cottages, and well-tilled fields, reminded us of the high priced farms of Winnebago county. Reaching Keshena we met the assistant superintendent, Mr. Marble, who directed us to the fair grounds, a quarter of a mile distant in a natural bowl sheltered by forest-clad hills on the banks of the Wolf river.

A friendly Indian at the gate asked us courteously for a quarter of a dollar each, and then permitted us to drive our Ford inside the enclosure. To our surprise, for we were early, we found that already a dozen or more of the same variety of machine had ceased their panting, and most of them, we learned, had brought their Indian families to the fair; families which were all well dressed. Each Indian, old or young, who is an enrolled member of the Menominee tribe is worth more than $6,000. At least that would be the size of his cheque should the government and the Indians agree tomorrow upon an allotment of the total wealth of the Menominee tribe. But as a tribute to the progressive Indians in the farm wagons and the Fords, we were told that the money was allotted to them only as the Indians demanded, and that most of the well-to-do Indians we saw had never received, as yet, any of their share from the treasury funds.

When the sun, our watches, and our stomachs reminded us that it was time for a noon-day meal we rather dubiously decided to try one of the numerous small shacks among the concession buildings in the fair grounds, one of the shacks which advertised "chicken dinners 25c." The Indian women who served that dinner for a quarter were clean looking, and I doubt that any white women working in similar circumstances could have improved upon it in any way.

With a fast increasing respect for the Indian we started in to make a general survey of the fair. Passing a long row of restaurant, concession, and amusement booths, we came to the two larger exposition buildings. Not far away was an enclosure from which issued a tom-tom-tom-tom, wherein one could watch Indian dancing of the "old school" for 10 cents. Moving on we came to a long row of tents partly hidden among the trees in the outlying parts of the fair grounds.

Each tent housed an Indian family, who for the benefit of the white visitors, reproduced as nearly as possible primitive Indian camp conditions. On gently skirting the guard of scores of sleeping Indian dogs we came upon one especially interesting wigwam made of tall marsh grass woven into mats. The squaw was greatly pleased when we took her picture.

A wild yelling at this moment brought us around with a jerk. A lacrosse game was on. It seemed as though Indians were running in all directions. We saw a ball go flying through the air, then a young buck leaped up, caught the ball with a peculiar stick, and followed by nearly 100 wildly shouting players, raced for a stake ten feet high. Before he quite

reached the stake a smash from another club sent the ball flying, only to be caught by another Indian and slammed again at the stake. The goal counted, and every Indian with a red spotted face whooped his joy.

An old chief took the ball, walked to the center of the 200 yard field, and threw it into the air. After another strenuous tussle between the two stakes at each end of the field, the red spotted Indians again triumphed and won the match with the gaudy colored calico ribbons as trophies—and chewing tobacco as an additional prize.

Soon followed horse racing, baseball, and other white men's sports, all closely watched and enthusiastically cheered. The Indians went into hearty applause when wiry Indian ponies raced against the larger troop horses of deputy marshals. Pony races followed. Foot racing of all kinds was conducted for boys, girls, married and unmarried men and women, fat and lean, in fact for everyone who could or would run.

The crack of bat on ball lured us to watch a very good example of the national game, the Keshena Indians playing against a visiting white team.

As we walked among the Indians we overheard, every now and then, an argument over the relative size of a prize turnip or cabbage in the exposition buildings. Finally our curiosity was aroused as to the actual size of the vegetables and we went to find the turnips and the cabbages.

On the way we stopped with a great crowd which watched a committee of judges decide as to the most beautiful native costumes worn by thirty Indians who had entered the competition. In the first exhibition building we saw a vast amount of Indian handiwork, such as beautifully beaded moccasins and gauntlets with "for sale" signs marked on them. We liked the gauntlets until we saw the price, $8, when we fled from the temptation. Besides many forms and patterns of beadwork we saw baskets, grass mats, and curious trinkets.

We found the cabbages and turnips in the agricultural building. I can simply say that the farm produce on display there would have done credit to the best farmer in the state. We did not at first realize the full significance of that fact. Here, these Indians who only a few years ago held farming in contempt, now proudly exhibit products that equal the prize products of county and state fairs.

Next we saw the stock parade on the race track, and realized that the Indian pony is no longer relied upon to do the heavy farm work. Under governmental encouragement the Menominees have acquired many large draft horses. After this review a cattle authority from the Agricultural college of the university of Wisconsin lectured to the Indians on what constitutes a good horse or cow. Live animals were brought forward to illustrate his points.

I noticed that the Indians, a large crowd of them, seemed deeply interested in the lecture, and one of them turned to me and said: "That is just what we need. A talk like that does us lots of good."

(Continued on page 37.)

A FOOT BALL PAGE

By L. E. M., 19.

"There are no quitters at Wisconsin."

The time-honored Badger battle-cry which has helped Cardinal representatives on to many a splendid victory, is present and doing business at the old stand again this fall. The old appeal that every Wisconsin man and woman has made, in time of need, to the five or eight or nine or eleven men who were bearing the colors, applies every bit as much to the rooters as well as to the warriors.

Coach Juneau's men have a hard schedule before them this year, with the elevens of Purdue, Chicago and Illinois to be played in hostile territory. But the men who are working daily on Camp Randall, taking the hard knocks which they must have before they are fit to meet the big teams of the Cconference, are a set of men who will prove in the next two months that there are no quitters wearing the moleskins and the colors—their colors, and ours. Most of Juneau's men have been through the acid test, and not one of the present lot has uncovered anything of the hue of ochre.

Those of us who have followed The Daily Cardinal's faithful accounts of the daily work of the squad at Camp Randall, have enough of a "line" on the 1915 men, so that no comment is needed here. As for the predictions by Conference sporting experts, who pick Illinois or Minnesota to land the title—the Badger school has another hunch. Suffice it to say, here, that it will take more to land the title this year than newspaper publicity, even of that variety which Illinois has had under way for the last few months.

The Suckers were a great team last year, and some of Zuppke's best men are back in harness this year. But they are not unbeatable, and those of us who saw the Badgers battle the Illini last November, have no fears for Juneau's trip to Urbana on November thirteenth. The record-breaking squad working out at Camp Randall shows that the football men of this school themselves are confident that the score of last year can be wiped out.

The gridiron season opened here last Saturday when Lawrence college of Appleton played the Badgers at Camp Randall, and Marquette of Milwaukee follows the Methodists here. The first big game of the season is on the sixteenth, when Captain Buck and his men meet Purdue on the Boilermakers' home lot. On October twenty-third Ohio State plays on Camp Randall, the first Conference game for the varsity at home. Wisconsin is scheduled at Chicago the thirtieth, and at Urbana two weeks later. On November twentieth, Homecoming day, Minnesota plays here to complete the 1915 schedule. There are those of us who believe that that battle will settle the title.

Remember—Wisconsin never quits. "Wisconsin" means more than eleven

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IMPRESSING AUNTIE

By Marion D. Luce, '16.

Mrs. MacGregor dressed Alice carefully. She had certain conscientious scruples about sending a child to school in its best dress. But she had stronger scruples about keeping a child from school for any reason except sickness. Alice must go to school. Also, she must look her best when she arrived home from there. For Alice's wealthy aunt was to see her for the first time, that afternoon.

"Alice, you must be extremely careful today. Do not get mussed or dirty," her mother warned.

Alice nodded. She was completely under the control of her mother and her mother had strict and tidy theories about children. Alice was very used to them and seldom revolted even inwardly. Once in a while she had a queer feeling within her which even she could not quite recognize as rebellion—but it was really that in embryo form. This time she had no feeling of any sort except dread of meeting the new aunt.

Mrs. MacGregor felt certain fear and timidity herself. She did not, however, see fit to enlighten Alice on the matter. The aunt was her husband's widowed sister who had lived in London since before the MacGregors had ever met each other. So the aunt was a stranger to the mother as well as to the child.

Mrs. MacGregor thought over her own ideas of how children should behave. She was very strict but probably not as strict as an English woman would be. She congratulated herself that Alice had always had the discipline that many children lacked. At least she would do nothing to utterly shock the aunt who was in a position to do so much for a niece to whom she should take a fancy.

Alice trotted off to school. The day was hot and she was glad she had on the thin lacy dress donned for the great occasion.

The afternoon passed with the usual leisureness of time when one is in school. Recess came and went. Alice had been rather uncomfortable during recess. The children had stared at her finery and withdrawn further than usual, and the usual distance they kept from Alice was a preceptible one. She was the result of certain theories of the proper manner of bringing up a child. This set her in a sphere, hardly akin to theirs, and emphasized by their parents' habit of holding her up as a model.

After recess the teacher strolled into the cloak room for the drawing boards. Her return was hurried and tempestuous.

"Every child may open his desk!" she commanded. Quickly passing up and down the aisles she examined the contents. At Alice's desk she stopped in surprise.

"Why, Alice MacGregor, you of all

people!" and the teacher grasped and opened a bag. It contained beans, the kind one blows through a blower.

"Alice, you may stand in front of the room from now until closing! and not a word out of you! You march!" The memory of a floor strewn with beans made the teacher forget to inquire deeper into this unusual occurrence.

Alice's face was white with surprise and horror. Bewilderment quickly gave way to a rage of understanding. The sudden appearance of the first primitive emotion of hatred she had ever experienced left her speechless. She felt the triumphant gaze of Minnie Packard from across the aisle. Minnie had always hated her. Minnie was jealous and sneaky.

Suddenly Alice gave expression to all the things she had never expressed before. She became the little savage and not the well disciplined child. All the fury, inherited from the ancestors that evolution had placed far behind her, became apparent in her eyes and set little jaw.

Plunging across the aisle, Alice attacked the cringing Minnie. Hair and ribbons were pulled, lace was torn, ink was spilt. Alice was a sight and Minnie,—well, Minnie was worse.

The second shock seemed to clear the situation in the teacher's mind. She was really a clear sighted young woman and she understood and appreciated Alice's situation. Having parted the combatants, she sent them both home in disgrace. Alice did not realize the difference, but the teacher's expression as she sent them on their way showed contempt for one and an amused admiration for the other. The teacher realized that Alice would, from then on, be very near to her, for she had discovered that the brilliant little girl was also human.

Alice loitered home. She felt a certain healthy satisfaction over her outbreak. The children had certainly followed her departure with admiring eyes. And Nora McNulty had patted her hand as she passed Nora's desk. This, from the tom-boy leader of the class, was a signal favor to a long scorned little "goody-good." Alice glowed with satisfaction at the memory. Nevertheless, when she contemplated the ruin of her finery, she dreaded the wrath to come. Never before had she merited or met that wrath, but intuition told her its characteristics.

At home Mrs. MacGregor sat stifly in a straight chair and gazed with incredulity at the free-and-easy manner of her English guest. Mrs. Newton was mannishly dressed. She lounged carelessly in a swing seat and talked of her horses and hunting dogs, of her artist and actress friends in the highest Bohemian circles of London, and of her love for little boys. She bewailed the fact that Alice was not Alex. Mrs. MacGregor began to doubt the possibility of the dainty and proper Alice making any appeal to this woman of Modernism.

Around the corner of the porch sidled a dirty looking child. There

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A DIGEST IN DOGGEREL

By Ralph E. Nuzum

The presidents of all our banks
Are hot beneath their collars,
And say that studes who bank with
them
Must leave a couple dollars.
The Sophs got stuck an awful price
For burning up some fences,
And now we hope
They'll buy their dope
Before the fire commences.

The Orph has started up again,
And Studes who are reflective
Consider it a good two fifths
To take as an elective.
Prof. Urdahl has again begun
His course in economics;
The same old line,
The same old line,
Like some of Louie's comics.

Big Arlie Mucks has told the boys
His Glee Club aspirations,
Which shows that football doesn't kill
Artistic inclinations.
The sergeant and the commandant,
With all their pins and nick nacks
Declare no kid
Can now get rid
Of Military tick tacks.

The Frosh don't try to arbitrate,
But quickly press the button,
And though they all look big and
strong,
It's plain their beef is mutton.
Two boobs from off the Kickapoo,

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WHO WILL TAKE THIS MONEY

Is the average Wisconsin student so well off that he doesn't care to compete for the numerous prizes offered in the university for special work? It seems so, when the fact is stated that there are hundreds of dollars available in special prizes which have not been competed for in years. The little blue handbook edited by S. K. Hornbeck and S. H. Goodnight, and obtainable at the registrar's office, contains a wealth of suggestions as to special honors and prizes.

Wisconsin students have assumed that scholarships and fellowships are practically the only forms of merit awards bestowed by the institution. Although The Wisconsin Magazine has always faithfully made announcements of prize offers, it seems that this condition of general student apathy is due in part to lack of popular appeal in arranging prize contests. It is wrong to imagine that every announcement is meant only for the further benefit of a few who have already won recognition along some lines of work.

Wisconsin men and women should consider that every prize offer is made for them, individually. They should use determination, perserverance and ability in competing for honors. Every effort may not win a prize or honor; again, it may. The chances are even; but whether or not successful in wining tangible recognition of merit, the one who makes the effort will have gained an invaluable knowledge of some particular subject, a realization of the essential of all competition.

The Lewis essay prize of twenty-five dollars has not been awarded since 1907. No one seemed to be interested in it and it was ignored. A cash prize of fifteen dollars is given annually by the junior class for an original Prom waltz. The Wisconsin Alumni Association of Chicago announces a song contest with a first prize of fifty and a second prize of twenty-five dollars. Haresfott lyrics, book, and musical score, and orchestration of the score, are paid for in terms of from $100 to $200.

Oratory and debate are rich with prizes. Honors are awarded in the sophomore year for good work in two or more departments. Half a dozen essay contests exist which are more than worth while. The chief of these is the William F. Vilas essay contest with two prizes, of fifty and twenty-five dollars each. For the last few years this contest has been extremely popular in the university as a short-story contest, but this year it will take the nature of an essay contest.

University students are urgently advised to keep their eyes and ears open for material which will aid them in competing in different departments for special prizes. There are engineering and political science prizes and any number of others, as the little blue book will reveal. This article gives merely a meager idea of the possibilities lying dormant in the university. The Wisconsin Magazine will contain special announcements from time to time.—M. K. and D. B.

SAPPHIRE BLUE

By Dorothy Hart, '16

The man came out of the brick house and slowly walked to the sidewalk. Lighting his cirgaret, he looked up and down the street. No one was in sight. No one had seen him. A taxi drove around the corner and he hailed it.

"To the Northwestern," he ordered.

As the taxi hurried him off, he looked back at the brick house and threw his freshly lighted cigarette away.

"I must stay in the country a couple of months as a hired man perhaps, and then when it is safe I shall return."

He took out a fresh cigarette, but after fifteen attempts to light the match, he gave it up.

The taxi neared the station. He straightened his hat, adjusted his tie, smoothed his unwrinkled gloves, and stiffened his features into self control. He bought his ticket for Chicago and passed through the gates to his train. The smoker was empty and as the car moved on he relaxed. A newspaper lay on the seat beside him and headlines on the front page attracted his notice.

"Daring robbery. Famous Buchan sapphire stolen besides diamond tiara, emerald set," etc., etc.

The lines brought a smile to the man's face. Looking about the empty smoker, he put his hand inside his vest and took out a kid bag. From it he drew out something which he shut up in his hand as though to delay his pleasure of seeing it. A large blue sapphire showed its many shades in the sunshine. It was a pale sapphire beautifully cut into thousands of sides which caught and reflected the light, as the man turned it over and over in his hand. Suddenly he stopped and put his hand over his eyes.

Blue eyes that changed color with every emotion; when they had looked on him they were dark blue; then they were pale blue; when she had told him she would be his tool no longer but would confess all, they had been like this sapphire in the sunlight, sparkling, scintillating, sapphire blue. As he left he had seen those eyes looking at him as she lay dead; it was his only remembrance of her beauty. He put the sapphire out of sight. To think that he had put an end to her life. No! He had merely made her happy. The last few months she had been unhappy. In vain he had cajoled and petted her. He had been obliged to listen to her complaints, threats, her pleas to him to reform, her furies. Now she could be honest. Now she was happy....If he could only forget her eyes.

The train stopped at a country town and he got off. Action would hinder thought and after all it did not matter which town he chose if it were sufficiently small. He walked down the road which led to some farmhouses he could see beyond the village. The sapphire seemed to reflect the sunlight through and through him and to change him to blue. He threw it away and walked on. After two blocks he returned and picked it up.

On his left, a white farmhouse was situated on a hill. Behind it were several red barns and a concrete silo. Men were filling the silo with grain. The man vaulted the fence and cut across a meadow towards the farmers. He caught his heel in a gopher hole and fell. He found himself lying upon flowers and surrounded by them; his hands had grasped some in his fall. They were cornflowers, sapphire blue. Would he never forget her eyes!

The man fled until he came to some woods. There was stillness in the moss, the underbrush, and the motionless leaves of the trees. Some children were picking wild flowers. A little girl some distance behind the others upset her basket and spilled all her flowers. The man started to help her pick them up. She looked at him, and her eyes were blue.

On and on he walked. He saw some farmers stacking hay. The fresh sweet odor came to him over the intervening fields. As he was waiting for the foreman to come down from the wagon, he saw that the overalls the men wore had been faded by the sun until they were now sapphire blue. The foreman wore a pale blue checked shirt. When the foreman reached the ground, he saw the man going away. All the men stopped their work and watched his departure.

Judging from the descent of the sun, the man thought it must be four o'clock. He was hungry. He walked to a farmhouse to ask for something to eat. As he neared the kitchen door, he could smell fresh bread and heard someone singing in German. A fat, red-faced woman gave him some saurkraut and bread on a large plate. As he lifted the warm bread to his mouth he saw that the windmills of Holland were painted on the plate in sapphire blue. The plate fell to the ground, and the man went around the corner as the woman came out scolding to pick up the pieces of the plate and the dog uncurled himself from the porch to eat the saurkraut.

The man sat down and leaned against a tree. He was tired, hungry, hot, dusty, and lonesome. He wanted to go back to the brick house and be fed and comforted. He wanted her, threats, pleadings, and all. . . He must not think of her. . . how his hand shook! Self control and fatalism were a good team. . . . he must re-establish them. . . she was happy now and all should be well. He had done it. . . It was past and he must forget about it. He moved away from the tree and lay flat on his back. The sky was blue, blue like her eyes.

Without aim he wandered through fields and woods. The sound of water flowing over rocks aroused him. Water, to drink and bathe in, to coolly refresh him! If it did not revive him, perhaps he might find everlasting forgetfulness in it. Guided by the sound of the falling water, he rushed over a railroad crossing and through some underbrush to the river. It rippled and reflected the sunlight, sapphire blue.

The railroad track was behind him and the man followed it to a station. The next morning headlines on the front page told of his surrender.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."—
TERENCE

CLUBBED TO DEATH.

Having seen many a student go home from the university at odd times during semesters, never to return as a student, and knowing that not all of these suffered with weak eyes, we find that more than one Wisconsin man and woman is each year clubbed to death.

It is a sad finish, this being clubbed to death, and as in cases of cancer the victim never knows that he is in danger until it is too late to guarantee a cure. The victim's class advisers and the college deans sometimes make heroic efforts to save, but the percentage of fatalities is high.

There are either fifty-seven or one hundred thirty-eight varieties of clubs or organizations of one sort or another to which Wisconsin students are eligible, and which they are importuned each year to join.

A little joining goes a long way at college as in private life. Pick out one or two clubs or activities which really count, or in which you are especially interested. Then keep out of the others, or you too will be clubbed to death.

* * * *

ON HOMESICKNESS.

It hurts, terribly, this seasonable illness which we call homesickness. We ache with it, and are almost numb at times with the indefinable pain. Home, and everything of home is exalted. We drag through the dreary days and do not see whether the sun shines or whether it snows.

Gradually we overcome the difficulty, we begin to enjoy our meals, work and play more naturally, and establish friendships and university habits.

In our last year at Wisconsin we are not ashamed that we were homesick underclassmen and we sympathize with those new students who are now in the agony. We wonder whether even the Christian Science treatment would relieve the distress of real homesickness. We doubt it.

* * * *

WANTED—A GOOD NEW SONG.

New Wisconsin songs are published every year. Elsewhere in The Wisconsin Magazine mention is made of a prize song contest. But we have not yet heard a Wisconsin song, outside of the crew song, which does justice to the beautiful lake background of the university as well as the Cornell toast does for Lake Cayuga. Our crew song is beautiful but difficult to sing.

There ought to be in some Wisconsin student's head, a first class, smooth-flowing melody, capable of rich harm-

ony, and this melody ought to be transferred by pen from the head to note paper.

Then there ought to be a couple of verses and a good chorus to fit this melody in making up a song which will honor Wiscinsin as fittingly as does "On Wisconsin," which is now sung and played from coast to coast.

The melody and words, furthermore, ought to find each other in time for the winter campaign of the Wisconsin Musical clubs. For that organization to use such a new song would mean its successful introduction to the student body and the general public.

* * * *

THE EDITOR'S PLAN.

To inject life and timely interest into The Wisconsin Magazine so completely that every student will want to read it each month from cover to cover is the aim of the editor. In this he enjoys the co-operation of the business department and of the faculty committee on student publications. It is sincerely hoped that with the distribution of this, the first number of the university year, the student body will respond by a wholesale subscription. The year's subscription price has been cut from $1.50 to $1.00 in the face of costly changes in substitution of better materials in the make-up. Single copies will be offered at fifteen cents instead of twenty, the old price. Yearly subscriptions, taken out now, will help most to support at Wisconsin a high class magazine, which shall take rank with those at Harvard and other institutions whose official magazines are the boast of their undergraduates and alumni alike. Wisconsin has material as good as any; support will bring it out in a way which will add even more lustre to the proud expression — a "Wisconsin graduate."

Pictures are to play a larger part in subsequent issues. The cover each month will reproduce the photograph of the Wisconsin man or woman who is doing most at the current time for his or her Alma Mater. The collection will make an excellent addition to every student's memory or picture book. It is planned to "run" next month the picture of Captain Buck of the football team.

Contributors are urged to get in touch with the editor early, for copy for the November issue will be assembled and selected by October 20. Previous experience or contribution to a university publication is not a pre-requisite to successful work. Special articles, fiction, and other forms of literary and journalistic work will be accepted. The present issue will serve as a fair—though hastily organized—example of the new Wisconsin Magazine idea.

But the editor does not imagine that he has gathered the best material available or that there are not a hundred good subjects ready at hand now which university people could fashion into the most interesting of articles.

Elections to the staff will not be made until after the material for the November issue has been gone over. Meantime the field is free. And contributors who do not care for regular staff positions are as welcome as those who do.

DR. MEANWELL CHEERFUL

BY C. F. J., 'VG.

Basketball prospects both in the university and in the conference as a whole are brighter than any year since Dr. Meanwell has been the Badger coach. It is probable that six of the "Big Nine" teams will be stronger than in any of the past four seasons. This will mean a harder fight for the championship and less likelihood of a 1,000 per cent team.

Four of last year's veterans are back on the Badger squad this year. This will give Coach Meanwell a better start, on paper, than in any of the four years he has been at Wisconsin. In 1911, he had two old men back; in 1912, two; in 1913, three; and in 1914, two again. The center position is the only one left to fill, although the coach is anxious to secure some capable subs—especially some six footers. None of the four old men are any where near the six foot mark, and the team will work under much the same handicap as last season.

A conference center must be over six feet, according to Dr. Meanwell. The only men out so far who even approach this minimum are some of last year's freshmen. Either they will have to be broken in, or some new "husky" discovered. The ability to shoot baskets is less important in this year's center than the ability to play a strong defensive game. The man needed is one who will be a good "rough-houser."

If anything beats Wisconsin this year it will be the schedule. The first six games will come in twenty-one days, and four of them will be away from home. Four of the first six games will be against four of the strongest Conference teams—Minnesota, Northwestern, Illinois and Chicago. Our chance to stay in the race depends on these games.

"If we win one," declared Dr. Meanwell, "I shall be satisfied. If we win two, I shall be pleased. If we win three, I shall be delighted. And I'll not say what would happen if we won all four."

The preliminary games are of a standard to prepare the Badgers for the rough going they may expect in the Conference race. On December 10,they play Beloit college here, and will probably play them again later in the season. Beloit is going to be stronger than for several years. On December 15, Wisconsin meets Lawrence college No other preliminary games have been definitely arranged, but the teams will be Milwaukee Normal, Wabash College, Northwestern College at Naperville, and Nebraska Wesleyan. These are all first string small college teams.

The Big Nine season opens January 8, with Wisconsin at Purdue. The Boiler-makers are the best basketball school school in the conference. Even football takes second place to the basket throwing sport in the Indiana institution, and Purdue may be counted on for a good team.

On January 10, the Badgers meet the University of Iowa in basketball for the first time in four years. Iowa has played a rough game, and if Wisconsin comes through this contest with no injuries the team should be in good condition for the first home game.

The coaches at Minnesota, Chicago,

Illinois, and Northwestern are all claiming that their teams will be the strongest in several seasons. The team that wins nine of the twelve Conference games should get the championship. The season should be the hottest in years.

"We will have a better team than last year," is Dr. Meanwell's statement. "I can promise a real basketball team if the men hold through the season. We will be in the race to the end if our schedule does not beat us."

The schedule is correctly and officially given below:

Jan. 8—Purdue at Purdue.
10—Iowa at Iowa.
15—Minnesota at Madison.
18—Northwestern at Madison.
22—Illinois at Illinois.
29—Chicago at Chicago.
Feb. 19—Illinois at Madison.
25—Purdue at Madison.
28—Iowa at Madison.
Mar. 4—Minnesota at Minnesota.
8—Chicago at Madison.
11—Northwestern at Northwestern.

A FOOTBALL COLUMN

(Continued from page 20.)

men. It means the student body as well as the team. Men who have played the game will tell you that championships have been lost through the quitting of rooters, and Juneau's men are not an aggregation who will show their rooters anything like that.

There is a mighty good song for us to chant every day of the football season: " U-rah-rah, Wisconsin can lick Chicago; U-rah-rah, we've got them on the run; and when we win, we'll hear old Staggie's jaw-go, jaw-go, saying the poor team won."

Before the Illinois game let's substitute "The Suckers" for "Chicago," and the last week we'll make it "The Gophers." The idea is the big thing. "Wisconfidence" is the good word, from now on.

* * * *

WHAT WE USE.

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.

—Clarence Urmy in Exchange.

* * * *

HOW TRUE IT IS.

No matter how the world defines
New women and their rights,
All clever girls are clinging vines
And pose as satellites.

WHAT MR. CARNEGIE SAYS

AND HOW HE SAYS IT

Andrew Carnegie has given libraries to many different cities. Many a student in the university has drawn books from institutions partially or wholly endowed by the great iron-master.

Mr. Carnegie has also done other notable things. He has paid a good share of the bills connected with the Hague peace tribunal, and seems to be willing to pay more if the nations will only get together again in the temple of the olive branch. More than that, he has come out staunchly in favor of simplified spelling.

So what he says in this paraghaph, from a recent article of his in The Cosmopolitan Student, illustrates at once both his ideas on peace and his ideas on spelling:

"We hav assumed that Germany and her allies first apply for an armistice, but it is just as likely that Britain and her allies may be the first, and there is a third contingency, each of the two warring hosts may find that continuance of the slauter can lead only to the destruction of both. In this event, the substitution of World Peace for a War of Ruin seems obviously unavoidable. Thus the advocates of World Peace, thru Arbitration and a World Power, can prevail in either of two contingencies. Militarism would then be left with only one recourse, 'continuance of the present policy,' which has proved ineffectual, since 'Preparation for War' inevitably produces war. Milton had it three hundred years ago, 'What can war but endless war stil breed?'

Men of Peace, be of good cheer, holding fast to the policy which alone can reliev the civilized world of its curse and giv it Peace insted of War."—Andrew Carnegie, writing on "The Decadance of Militarism" in "The Cosmopolitan Student."

LOCHNER TAKES BROAD VIEW

Wisconsin Man on War

Louis P. Lochner stands as a fine type of "The Wisconsin Man." While in school he did his work well and took part in some outside activities. One of the things he was most proud of after his graduation was his membership and work in the International club. There he met students from many countries, talked with them, made their acquaintance and often established friendships. Perhaps he missed many fussing dates, and dances, or often stayed away from a show in order to get better acquainted with the students from foreign countries. But he gained much more than the shallow pleasures were worth which he gave up.

Lochner is now working in the interests of the International student

organization. He has been sent to Europe, with every advantage given him to study at close range the conditions and sentiments in the nations at war. He has a German name, but no Frenchman could have set forth the French view point more sympathetically than did he. In a recent number of The Advocate of Peace, the Wisconsin graduate writes of "Side Lights On Embattled Germany." It is not a call to arms, a challenge, or a story of misery, squalor, or even glorious deeds. It is thoughtful, but Wisconsin students are more or less thoughtful, and we reproduce a part of what Louis Lochner wrote because it will furnish food for thought. It may serve also as a fire extinguisher for foolish, thoughtless words.

"It is one of the lamentable sequels to the outbreak of a war that the group of individuals known as 'the enemy' becomes transformed immediately into a horde of monsters. From the German point of view, England has become a 'race of barbarians;' on the British side, the press assiduously fosters the notion that the Teutons are 'savage Huns.'

"Unfortunately this same distorted point of view also obtains to a large extent in the non-beligerent nations. Broadly speaking, there is no doubt that the sympathies of America are on the side of the Allies, whatever may be the official position of technical neutrality of the United States government. As a corollary we are too much inclined to think of every German as a saber rattler. Many naive questions which I have been asked since my recent return from Germany bear eloquent testimony to this assertion, and lead me to believe that an objective, dispassionate presentation of what I saw in the Fatherland may possibly aid the cause of international understanding, which, after all, is the cause of peace.

"There will be those of my readers who will at once dub me 'pro-German' —especially if they look at my name. I ask them to remember that when last October I published various articles regarding my experiences in France, and tried with the same sympathy and understanding to analyze the currents and counter-currents in the *Grande Republique*, I was as generously deluged with letters taking me to task for being pro-Ally as I have of late been the object of unflattering commentary for alleged pro-German utterances.

"No one, whatever his views, can fail to be impressed with the great devotion of the Germans to the Fatherland. Clearly there must be some cause for this devotion, which leads thousands unflinchingly to march off to almost certain death. It is not sufficient to say that the Germans are the exponents *par excellence* of an exaggerated nationalism. As in other countries, there have been many counter-currents of international character at work to offset this feeling. Scholarship, travel, art, socialism—all these and many other forces transcend boundary lines. Nationalism alone would not have united all Germany

last August and enabled the Kaiser to say, 'There are no longer any parties —there are only Germans.'

"Ask any German what this something was that united the humble peasant and the haughty Junker on that memorable 4th of August, 1914, and he will tell you that a world of revengeful or envious neighbors had conspired to crush the Fatherland, and that self-defense or self-preservation demanded almost any sacrifice, however great it might be. It is the same story everywhere—Belgians, Russians, French, Englishmen, Austrians, Turks—all are fighting either in 'self-defense' or else "for their very existence.'

"Such was the feeling last August, I was told, on every hand. Such is the feeling still to a large extent. At the same time, just as in other of the waring countries the forces that stand for progress have gotten their 'second wind," as it were, so, too, in Germany there are more and more currents discernable that indicate a growing dissatisfaction with the intolerable European situation.

"There is, for instance, the group that is interested in social service—the social workers and the professors of political economy and sociology. They realize almost with a jolt, that they have been mere infants politically, as one leading sociologist put it to me. 'We thought we were having a hand in the government, only to find that a small ring, after all, controls the affairs of the nation.'

"Then there are the men of international affairs — scholars, jurists, ministers of the Gospel—who have long been interested in the promotion of international understanding, especially with England. These men and women are eager to resume communication with their colleagues on the other side, and almost pathetically request you to carry letters with you or assure their one-time co-workers that the rigors of censorship and military regulations make it impossible to put in writing what the heart would fain utter. The following is a sample of what I mean. It is taken from a letter which a religious leader wrote me just before I left Germany:

" 'I am much disappointed in the criticism made in the British magazine ——— regarding our work in Germany. When you get back to America, will you not set forth to him how exceedingly difficult it is for us to break through the barriers of censorship and to give a clear picture of what we are really after?

" 'It is next to impossible for use to give utterance to our real feelings, to our mental attitude and to the aims that we have set before us. Even those publications which we succeed in issuing give but a very incomplete impression of the spirit that animates us. We can quite well understand why the editor, Rev. ———, is disappointed in our utterances. At the same time we ask you as a neutral to write him, and to tell him that we should certainly like to state many things that it is impossible to get by the censor.' "—In the Advocate of Peace for August, 1915.

A DIGEST IN DOGGEREL

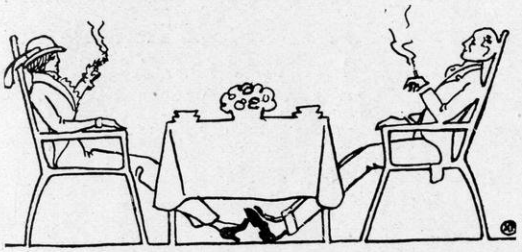
(Continued from page 23.)

Among the brush and thickets,
Both asked some guys
If it was wise
To purchase campus tickets.

They say that Otto's feature course,
The one in "Man and Nature,"
Came nearly getting stepped on by
Our noble legislature.
It seems the solons think that he
Is just a gay deceiver,
And that he knocks
The orthodox,
And loves the unbeliever.

Van Hise is back from Canada
With much rejuvenation;
It worked him pretty hard last spring
To tone down legislation.
The president of T. O. C.
Who made a hit last summer,
Is here again
Recruiting men
But says she's on the hummer.

* * * *



The Wisconsin Magazine will run excellent illustrations next month. You can help "The Mag" improve by subscribing now for the year.

IMPRESSING AUNTIE

(Continued from page 22.)

was an air of boyishness about the child, yet she was dressed in lace and inky pink ribbon.

Mrs. Newton regarded her with startled eyes for a minute. Could this be the child of her brother's prim wife, of this woman who had bored her for an hour with her stiff, formal ideas and ideals? Surely not! But, yet, no one in the world could have those same mischievous MacGregor eyes.

Mrs. Newton sprang past her sister-in-law and caught Alice in a tight embrace. Mrs. MacGregor gasped once to see the expression on her guest's face—then she turned—and gasped again at the sight of her offspring. Certainly there was something new about Alice. And that something new was strangely in affinity to the breezy something in her husband's sister.

"You darling little sport!" cried Mrs. Newton. Alice laughed with an air of gleeful companionship as she threw her arms around Mrs. Newton's neck and cried: "Auntie, the teacher sent me home for punching Minnie's face, the cheat. But you don't care, do you?"

WEATHER FORECAST

GENERALLY SPEAKING, *conditions* during the fall and winter will be very unfavorable. A large number of students will probably leave school o naccount of the said conditions.

The days will continue getting longer and longer as school drags on, while the nights will become painfully shorter. Little country girls and boys will notice at once how much shorter the nights get as they move farther away from the family center table.

Class advisors will continue to advise eight hours sleep. Obliging students will respond by taking warm, peaceful catnaps *in all lectures.* The thermometer will range from 77 to 95 depending on the amount of *hot air* shot off.

IN SCIENCE HALL AND VICINITY. *Snow* will continue whirling around the physics lecture room as usual. There will be a continued falling tendency in the Quiz sections, accompanied by several hard frosts. Students should be careful not to expose themselves in class work or in the laboratory if they can help it.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT. Bright and Fair. There will be considerable storming about at Easter time.

LAW SHOP. Dull and hazy as ever. Constant *variable winds* with no soap.

ROMANCE LANGUAGE DEP'T. *Cool* — very cool, but fair. Always promising, no matter how low the spirits may fall. A little sharp at times but the general tone will be good plus.

ENGINEERING DEP'T. Very dry with rising temperature. A hot time all fall. Studes in this department should install adequate cooling devices to prevent overheating. The *water system* is recommended.

CANDY SHOPS. From all previous accounts it is impossible to predict anything definite. In fact, the accounts vary very much—a few of them are smaller than the others. Will probably remain unsettled.—R. E. N.

"GOING TO THE INDIAN FAIR"

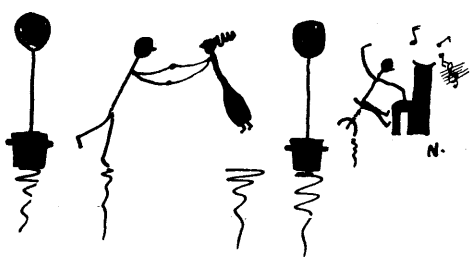
(Continued from page 19.)

That made me think again of the wonderful progress of the red man toward productive citizenship.

For supper we went to the Indian school buildings where we were served at the house of the principal and the other school employes. Four Indian girls waited on us and an Indian cook prepared the meal, which, even though we had not been so hungry, would have been most appetizing, for the Indian girls have mastered the art of cooking.

Because we were late for supper, my companion and I saw another phase of Indian life, a phase which, stupidly enough, surprised us at the time. The four Indian school girls waited to serve us, and then sat down to their own supper at a table nearby, so near that we could hear their conversation.

What did they talk about? About dates, dances, and what-he-said, and what-she-wore. The girls were perfectly well mannered—I cannot longer call them squaws—and it struck me with great force how like just ordinary American girls they were.



THE LIE FRATERNAL

(Continued from page 14.)

at the table across the aisle, and for the next half hour coquetted ever so prettily with Lee and Dean.

This silken creature in yellow and black was the embodiment of grace and of unaffected ease. If her fur fell away from her white neck it was not to expose too much of the slim plumpness of the skin. If her skirt caught on the chair, the silken skirt, it never disclosed more than the rarest bit of a dainty ankle picture. She was all charm and apparently all guillesness. And when other young men paused at her table, or older men quite evidently rich, how quickly her glance told them to move on. Yet both Lee and Dean felt that she was playing for them.

The girl was not without excellent judgment of men. Indeed her intuition matched her beauty. Upon first resting her eyes on Lee and Dean she said to herself: "Two fine young fellows from up-state who came down for the fight." The first guess became a certainty when she noted their soft hats on the rack, and the railroad timetable that projected its red cover from Lee's overcoat pocket. "They are probably well-to-do," she told herself as she selected the table nearest theirs. "I wish such a man would really love me, would take me. It is not too late. But pshaw. . ." And she smiled like a new rainbow after the clouds have delivered their storm, and the April sun comes out.

Lee, looking at his watch for the tenth time, said to Dean: "I hate to go; don't you old man? with that fairy sitting so near. But its only a quarter of an hour before the special leaves. We'll have to start."

"Isn't she a peach, though?" said Dean.

Something in the tone of his friend's voice cause Lee to think of his friend's fiancee at home.

They settled with the waiter, accepted their hats, were helped into their coats, and started out. In passing the girl's table, Lee, in advance, stooped to pick up her fur that had fallen to the floor. The silken creature took it with such an alluring smile that Lee hesitated for a moment, and felt an almost irresistible desire to seat himself at her side. But he smiled, and bowed, and went on.

As Lee passed by, Dean received the dazzling smile. Now Dean was engaged to a rich and pretty girl, as has been stated. He was a young man with a reputation that was never brought into question at the afternoon card parties where the women of a modern town catalogue and revise the current morals. Moreover he had had no misgivings at the altar during communion, for he was well aware of his righteousness.

She smiled at him bewitchingly, this lonely, lovely, silky girl in yellow and black.

Lee knew. The tone of Dean's words, "Isn't she a peach, though?" was warning enough. And he thought of Dean's fiancee at home. Then, as carelessly as though they were chatting in the privacy of the booth they had just quitted, Lee remarked quite aud-

ibly over his shoulder: "Let's wire your wife to have the car at the station when our train pulls in."

Dean straightened up, angry, an unspoken remark on his lips. He blushed. For a moment he glared at Lee's retreating back.

The girl looked away.

Lee had only one thought: "He's *got* to go home with me tonight."

And Dean went with him. After they had reached the street, he said: "Why that damnable lie of yours? Jealous?"

Lee did not take offense. He said, simply: "I had rather lie about you before a strange woman, than to a girl back home."

When they parted at the station in the home town at breakfast time Dean gripped the hand of his friend. "Thanks old man," was all that he could trust himself to say. (Copyrighted, 1915.)

NO REASON TO SWELL.

Too often a freshman head swells suddenly at the same time that a fraternity pledge pin is fastened in his coat lapel.

Upper classmen laugh at these evidences of snobbishness, and fraternity men think less of the pledges who are thus unfortunately affected. Underclassmen quite properly detest the fellows who allow their being pledged to make the slightest difference in their conduct or attitude.

Being pledged to a fraternity is no reason to assume a false front, as every fraternity man will tell the pledgee. The neophytes who fall into this deplorable error have much to learn as to the true bearing of Wisconsin men.

THE GAY "BANDELEROS"

(Concluded from page 11.)

like an organ, doesn't it, The Portland Commercial club helped make our stay in that city a pleasant one. During the boat trip to San Francisco, several of the boys took a fancy to hanging over the rail and yelling for Europe in order to bring the little fishes to the surface so that they hight enjoy a treat, to some Wisconsin music.

No Scrimmage With Musicians.

Though the boys all had a "fair" time at San Francisco, they bit as hard as anyone on the so-called gold bricks. The berths at San Francisco were a bit unusual, resembling flea circuses giving all night performances. Most of the boys just put warning signs on their baggage when they sent it home. Those were surely affectionate little creatures.

There is too much to tell about the exposition. Sousa's band and the Wisconsin band both played there. From Los Angeles, where the last concert was played on July 30, many of the boys took in the sights along the beach and elsewhere before leaving. We were invited out to Universal City to watch the making of motion pictures. Inasmuch as none of the boys cared about fooling the railroads they used up the remainder of their tickets as far as San Diego, and some even went over into Mexico—no scrimmage was indulged in. Once back on American soil the Wisconsin men parted over different roads for their homes. Needless to say the trip will never be forgotten.

Ye Tabard Inn

The Place with Music

WHEN England was still "merrie," esquires, friars, knights and students were wont to dismount before the Tabard Inn, and, after greeting mine host, would seat themselves down to a table laden with steaming platters of meats, huge pastries, and beakers of fragrant, spiced wine. These savory viands which induced sprightly chat and song, and the comfortable atmosphere of the place, made of this hostelry the mecca of weary travelers who sought refreshment and rest.

Purposely we dared take the name of this famous tavern. The "savory viands", and the "sprightly music", which we give you, will induce this same spirit of cameraderie, which made our ancient predecessor so popular.

Come, gather about our tables, you and your friends, eat our food, listen to the subdued music, and spend an hour of complete relaxation, and enjoyment, such as is worthy of the best traditions of Ye Tabard Inn.

Secret—On only $3.50 a week you can keep your stomachs satisfied.

F. C. Blied & Co., Printers, Madison, Wis.