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Vol. VIII

#### NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 2

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## The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1910

Number 2

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## Harnoff, Watcher of the Night

THE PRIZE STORY OF THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE CONTEST

#### MAURICE NEEDHAM

The River Vistula slips foaming quietly through the mill race in the little town of Danzwerder, in the Valley of Verlaun, on its way to the Baltic sea. Farther south, in Poland, the river is not so quiet; it tumbles over rocks, rushes swiftly against curbing banks, and makes itself known by its roar. But having once escaped into Germany, it reaches Danzwerder, and flows as smoothly and as crystal clear as the simple peasants could desire. During the late sixties I was sent there in the employ of the government to look up the record of a Polish revolutionist who was said to have lived there under the name of Harnoff Czand some ten years

before. In countries of old Europe they keep close track of such individuals. But the one of whom I speak had eluded the police and it was only after a tedious tracing of evidence that Danzwerder was discovered to be the last place where there was any record of him.

I had learned by experience that it was wiser in north Germany to take my lodgings with some peasant family rather than attempt comfort in a village inn. While the fare of the peasants is simple and rough, it is good and wholesome, and one is sure of a clean bed. Besides, I rather enjoyed observing these poeple in their intimate home life. The first warning of

autumn was in the air, and after dinner my host sat down before an open fire to enjoy his pipe with his family about him. There was the good frau at his right knitting in the ruddy glow of the flames. Ι could see she had at one time been a pretty girl-above the average. And then, too, her only daughter, Elga, a girl of sixteen, would catch the eyes of even the most blase. Her skin was pink and white. She had the good health an outdoor life had given her, and her clear blue eyes-bashful when strangers were about-drew mine to them frequently during the evening, only to find they had drooped and hidden themselves. The sons of the family-four in number-were all either full grown men or verging on manhood. They were a sturdy, stolid lot. Elga was easily the favorite of the family, as could be seen by the little awkward attentions she received from the others. The crackling of the flames was the only sound heard for some time after the few remarks encouraged by the meal had died down with their But I knew that if I managed cause. properly and with due delicacy I would have them talking. After opening up with a few questions on the success of the harvest just gathered in, and comments pertaining to their everyday life, I casually asked if they had ever heard of a man named Harnoff Czand. The effect of my query was amazing. Every member of the family turned quickly towards me, regarding me with close scrutiny. The brows of my host knotted. I was rather in a quandary what to do, when he said in a low, tense voice:

"Harnoff Czand! Harnoff, Watcher of the Night!" He paused. "Yes, we know of him. We do not speak of him."

He seemed to regret having even said the name. He clenched his fists, and his face was contorted. Absolute silence was Everybody gazed with atmaintained. tempted stolidity into the fire. I could see that I had touched on something which concerned these people closely. I determined for the present to drop the matter There and go at it more diplomatically. was no more conversation except a commonplace word now and then. One by one during the early part of the evening

the members of the family retired to the loft. I was left with my host.

"You seemed startled, friend, when I mentioned the name Czand. I do not wish to probe where you would not have me, but I am curious concerning this man, and if you could help lead me to any information in any way touching him you would not be without your reward."

He looked at me once while I was speaking, and then turned back to the dying embers on the hearth. He seemed deeply moved by some recollection. What could it be? I became more interested as I scented something out of the ordinary run of governmental police work, and I began to think of Czand not only as a political refugee on German soil, but as an actor in a Danzwerder drama.

My host said nothing for upwards of five minutes, and I began to think I would have to take another tack. Finally he broke silence. His voice trembled in spite of his efforts to appear calm.

"You have come here as a friend. We welcome strangers; we make friends of them. You have named a name which has not passed the lips of any member of this house for eight years. Why do you come and disturb our peace? Why do you make us remember what we strive to forget? Oh, God! Czand! Czand! Czand!"

He spoke the name with an inexpressible mixture of bitterness and fear, longing and regret. Such emotion I had never before seen in a peasant. I was awed.

"I beg your pardon, friend," I said, "I did not know."

I resolved never to harrow this family again with my search, but continue my work elsewhere. I lay in bed a long while thinking of strange things before I finally fell asleep. What connection could this simple German family have with a Polish revolutionist, and many other questions confronted my wondering mind.

The next day I spent getting acquainted with the inhabitants of Danzwerder, and the day after that, and for several days, without making definite headway on my quest. The peasants—most of them farmers on the surrounding land—were trustful and friendly. I did a service whenever I had the opportunity, no matter who

the recipient might be, and soon found myself generally liked. But everyone was backward about saying anything about Harnoff Czand. I found there were several who bore Polish names. Probably they had fled from oppression in Poland, but I could gain nothing from them. I could not even find out whether he was alive or dead. I gathered obscure references to my host's family-the Oberhauffs -and the family of a well-to-do retired land owner-the burgermeister and real head of affairs in Danzwerder-by name, Schlessing. I discovered that the eldest son of Schlessing had committed suicide some eight years before, that he had had a good education, was the hope of the village, and that he had held the office of town clerk for some time previous to his These details were collected by death. much indirect conversation. All the inhabitants of the village and those who lived outside to a radius of some miles absolutely refused to speak of the subject in which I was so interested. They would look startled, and then appear stupid, and remain dumb to all inquiry. There seemed a superstitious terror in their minds. It was by the merest chance that I learned that there had been an older Oberhauff girl—but she was no more. Further information was not to be gotten.

After several evenings over wine with Burgermeister Schlessing I got so far into his confidence as to be permitted to examine the village records, which were supposedly kept by the village clerk. They were in a frightful mess-no order or system of any kind. Burgermeister Schlessing was a good mayor for simple peasants, but evidently he had no great eye for accurate records. I was surprised enough about the second morning of my fruitless rummage over confused papers and records to find among a bunch of battered books on history—I know not what they were doing in the office of the village clerk -a portfolio containing a considerable collection of manuscript poems. Most of them were rather poor, technically considered, and I merely glanced them over with passing interest until my eye accidentally fell on the words, "Harnoff, Watcher of the Night." I sat up with a jerk. Here

was a poem, a long poem, which appeared, in part at least, to be about the man whose mystery I was striving to solve. Those queer, simple, stubborn peasants had thwarted me, but now I had something before me. Here is the tale the poem told. The verse form was a peculiar, jerky, irregular one, and I give the story in prose, with here and there an interpolation of the original. Did the poet know all the details as he wrote them, or did he use his imagination in part? I have often puzzled over this—but why should I? Let us take it as he has given it to us. \* \* \* \* \* \*

Out of Poland there came a strange man with strange, wonderful eyes which made all people fear. Into the Valley of Verlaun he came, and on the hillside over across the marshes, on the bluff high overhanging the river, he built himself a hut of logs hewn from the forest. A pall settled down over Danzwerder with the coming of this man.

"They called him Harnoff, Watcher of the Night;

When other peoeple slept and dreamed, When through the night the marshes steamed,

- And moon-made shadows murked the watcher's sight,
  - His lonely candle gleamed."

Who he was, for what he came, how long he would remain, these questions none dared ask. He came; and walking into the market place when all the people were about, he said in a loud voice:

"I am Harnoff Czand!" and at that he drew the peasants around him and began telling them tales. Weird stories they were, wild and mysterious, and as he held their eyes with his the people felt a strange, unknown terror in their hearts. Yet they could not leave off listening until the end. He looked about him with a sneer on his face, and silently betook himself back to his hut on the hill. And all the people stood about amazed, staring awkwardly at one another. Then they whispered-and wondered among themselves. Day after day, week after week, Harnoff led his solitary existence, furtively spied upon by the more daring of the young peasants. Sometimes he would

come into the village for supplies—he lived mostly by hunting—and then he would gather the villagers about him and frighten them with his tales. For all they hated him, they did his will.

Truly he was a strange man. Mothers told their children stories of his deeds to frighten them into obedience. But strangest of all he wielded a subtle power in the hearts of maidens. And this made him doubly feared and hated. Maidens feared him, but he ruled them. They would do his bidding. And he cast his eye upon the fair-haired Frieda. She would do his bidding. Sweethearts, brothers and parents set themselves to guard their dear ones against this fiend. Why did they not drive him out—or kill him? Because they feared him.

The people assembled in the market place—perhaps with no definite object but they were so filled with superstition for they felt Harnoff must have come from the devil—that they instinctively drew together. Questions and answers were whispered from ear to ear. Why was it that this fiend hung over their village? What could they do? A brave young hunter left the group, skirted the swamp, keeping out of view of the hillside hut, picked his way through into the forest, and slowly stealing, came out above, and looked down on Harnoff's place.

Ah! There was a maiden! A golden haired maiden with a white linen cap on her head, a blue waist and skirt, and a white apron.

"Lo," the hunter said on his return, "she is fairer than all maidens I have ever seen throughout all the valley, and she wears beautiful clothes. She was drawing water in a small bucket from a spring, and she was singing a strange song. She seemed very happy. Harnoff sat before his door. He watched her. He said, 'Natasha!' And I fled for fear of being seen."

Frieda Oberhauff's face blanched at the news. She left the crowd and went home. She was very silent. Other people whispered secretly, and wondered. She was not much noticed.

During the next few days strange things went on within the heart of Harnoff. He had his will. Natasha, whom he sought, he had.

Natasha's joyousness depressed Harnoff. He watched her. She seemed unconscious of his steady gaze, and played like a child, happy in the forest. She came running to him with a red rose, and put it in his hand. She wove a wreath of wild flowers and crowned him; she called him her Prince. She, of all people, alone, was unafraid of him. Her guileless heart knew no fear. And when she came close to him he felt his heart beating with a long unknown warmth. It troubled him—he, the heartless—would he know love?

That day the inner flame which burned in Harnoff's soul flared into lurid glare, and raging hate filled him through. He strode out into the forest, feeling a thousand devils within him. Mile after mile he walked, and burned with hate. At dusk he returned and found Natasha anxiously waiting. She ran to him, and threw her arms about his neck, pressing flowers into his hand. He was silent and unresponsive to her caresses. She had prepared his supper, and led him to his chair, wondering, her blue eves filling with pain at his strangeness. He would not eat, and sat darkly brooding. Night came on. Natasha lit a candle, and placed it on the table at his side.

He drew her close to his side and looked fiercely into her eyes. For an instant he glanced up at the window. He half rose, staring. There was the face of Frieda. looking in at them through the window! Blindly he seized Natasha's slender throat, and pressing her face against his breast, to hide her startled eyes, he strangled her, while joy rushed in his veins to see the sight of pain he made her feel. When he looked again the face at the window was gone. A gust of night wind blew out the candle flame, and he was left alone in the darkness with the dead body of Natasha. The wind moaned wildly without; a storm was coming up. He sat still until it burst in wild fury, rocking the forest on the hillside, and threatening the destruction of all in its path. Then he stood up, raised his hands, threw back his head, and uttered a terrible animal cry of deathly anguish.

All through the night he walked in the

storm. As the dread gray dawn came creeping over the hill the last remnants of the storm departed, and Harnoff, his eyes blood red, staggering exhausted, came to his door and looked in at Natasha lying there. He struggled out again into the forest and searched, and found a rose for the dead girl.

Returning, he tenderly laid Natasha out upon the bed, arranged her clothes, and sought to make her once more fair. He fastened the rose above her still heart, and softly kissed her lips. Then he set to work and with his last strength built a pile of dry wood on the floor in the middle of his hut. He poured oil over this heap, and laid the dead maiden on it. With strips of cloth soaked in oil he prepared a long fuse.

"Then bound himself to her upon the pyre,

And having touched the fuse with flame,

He called upon the Christ's good name To quard her soul and his from everlast-

ing fire,

And watched death as it came."

The flames leaped quickly high, consuming all. Roaring into the tree tops above, they cast a blight upon every living thing within their reach. Down in old Danzwerder the villagers rushed together into the market place, and with mouths agape looked on. They said nothing. Fear filled their hearts, and they knew not what to do. All but the Oberhauffs, and one other, forgot the search that some of them had joined in that day for the missing Frieda. They could not find her. She had disappeared the night before—utterly disappeared. During the remainder of the day the fire smouldered, but none dared go near till nearly evening, when at last they found that Harnoff, Watcher of the Night, was no more.

"The sun sank swift that night within a cloud

Of scarlet red and burning gold,

To leave the world alone and cold

With all the crimes that darkness could enshroud,

And misery untold."

÷

Looking farther in the records I discovered the signature of Friederich Schlessing in the same hanwriting as that of the poem. Was Friederich Schlessing the lover of Frieda Oberhau ffin those days of fear and trouble?

## In Autumn Days

#### GLENN WARD DRESBACH

The black birds follow the flight of the swallow, The orchard trees are hung with fruit; The golden rod gleams by hill and hollow, And winds are tuned to a fairy's lute. And sad and sweet is the west wind's singing Through leaves that listen and turn to gold, And Day is glad with the reapers bringing Gifts from the high gift gods of old.

But Night glides over, a darkling drover, And feeds her flock where the sunsets die; And clouds first flushed as the fresh red clover Change to purple along the sky.

And out of the dark comes the full moon beaming With crickets chirping an elfin rune,

And the west wind sighs and sets me dreaming Of love's soft arms and the stars of June.

## Indexing the Gridiron

CHESTER C. WELLS

Who's who in Wisconsin football? That is a question that the student body at large has asked itself rather frequently of With football the very center of late. university life at this time, it is not uncommon that every loval Badger is anxious to know something about the men who are defending the Cardinal in its five battles of the conference schedule. Of course everyone knows that Jimmie Dean. for instance, is captain, and is playing right end, or that the right tackle job is held down by big Al Buser. But who are "W" men, who played last year, where they played, and what department of the university they are in, is quite another matter. It is the purpose of this article, to tell, in as few words as possible, something about each player, and his record.

Of the men permanently on the first eleven, six won their school letters in football last year, namely, Jimmie Dean, Al. Buser, "Merry" Arpin, Mackmillar, Bunker, and Birch. "Jimmie" Adams and Ed. Gillette, who rival each other for quarter, both won their "W" sweaters in track last spring. Dean, Arpin and Bunker are the veterans of the eleven, all playing their third year, while Johnson, also out for his third year on the varsity squad, stands a good change to take along a "W" with his approaching sheepskin.

Men who are out for their first year on the 'varsity, are Branstad of Eau Claire, playing at right guard; Pierce, Madison, left guard; Hoeffel, Green Bay, left end; Adams, Appleton, and Gillette, Aurora, Ill., at quarter; Gilbert, Burlington, Ia., left half; "Bobby" Newman, Chicago, right half, and Samp, Cecil, Wis., and Benson, Heron Lake, Minn., fullbacks. Chambers, Little Rock, Ark., and Dennis Crile, Chicago, promising candidates on the second squad, are also out for the first year. Men who are playing their second year on the squad are Buser, Mackmillar, Birch, Grell, Zander, Wied and Carter.

Last year Buser, who is tackling this season, and Mackmillar, his partner, both played guards. Bunker, at end this year, was used at halfback also, last fall. Birch, Arpin and Dean are in the same old positions.

Captain Dean is a lightweight wonder. He hovers around 148 pounds with impunity, for he is a sure and hard tackler, and an expert at handling the forward pass. He was chosen for all-western in s veral selections last year, as were Buser, and Mackmillar. Buser weighs 190, and is a strong defensive player and capable field general, having a comprehensive knowledge of the game in all its newest complications. Mackmillar weighs 192.

At center Merry Arpin, who weighs about 173, is having good success, while Grell, who frequently goes in at center, does some splendid work, being an especially good passer. Grell only lacks the weight, as he tips the scale at 167. "Pete" Pierce, with a weight of over 200 pounds, has no difficulty either in withstanding flying wedges or accomplishing agile and effective antics in the guard position. Hoeffel of Green Bay, who did fast work on last year's freshman team, is quick under punts, and strong in receiving forward passes. He weighs 146.

In the back field, Adams and Gillette, both track stars, are about evenly matched, it being the first year for each. They are sure on their fect, and successful with the forward pass. Gillette weighs 155, and Adams, 151. Gilbert and Bunker are vieing for honors at left half. Gilbert plays a spectacular game, but is rather light, weighing 141, while Bunker exceeds him by 16 pounds. "Bunk" made a good record last year and is recognized as strong in handling the pass. Newman and Birch are rivals for right half. Newman is strong in the open field and in line bucking. He weighs 160, exceeding Birch by four pounds. Samp, weighing 179, is developing good form. He and Benson, who weighs 166, alternated in practice at fullback. Zander, with a weight of 190 pounds, plays well at center or guard.

Leroy Johnson, '11, is manager of the team. Johnson worked as assistant manager from his sophomore year up. The manager has himself been on the gridiron, having played two years on the Wausau High school team, and has made a systematic study of the oft-revised football of today. In dealing with the problem of handling ticket sales for the big games, Johnson has shown executive ability that means much-needed relief for the student body.

Dean is a senior in letters and science, Arpin in commerce, Birch in civil engineering, and Wied and Carter in agriculture. The juniors are Buser, Mackmillar and Zander in agriculture, Grell in commerce, Gillette and Brandstad in engineering, and Adams, Pierce and Chambers in hill. Gilbert, Hoeffel, Samp and Crile are sophomore hill students, and Newman is a soph in commerce. Bunker and Benson are second year law men.

Under tremendous odds—lack of old players back again, lack of weight, and even some general dissatisfaction among the players and rooters—Wisconsin has had to face a serious problem in attempting a football conquest this year. The biggest half is still to come. The fellows discussed above are doing their best to win honors for the Badger university. They are certainly entitled to their full share of that magnificent presence, we all hail as Wisconsin spirit.





THE SQUAD

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## The University—A Training Field for Service

#### THEO. R. HOYER

"Am I my brother's keeper?" answered Cain, and left for the land of Nod, on the east of Eden, to live the life of a fugitive and vagabond. Ever since that historical day when the earth reeked with blood and the first soul of man was hurled into the Great Beyond, the vaults of heaven echoed and re-echoed the same cold, heartless answer from teeming millions who defiantly disclaimed their brothers' interests and recognized but their own salvation as the primal end and purpose of their existence. Ever since that day fugitives and vagabonds roamed the ends of the earth, cowardly seeking seclusion and protection from that much dreaded voice thundering incessantly: "Where is thy brother?"

However, through the course of time, champions arose who acknowledged a debt to their fellow men and who bore heroically banishments, exiles, tortures, and even crucification, because of their love for the people. In their own time they were not appreciated, but now that their works live on, now that the principles they stood for have worked out successfully, now that the people have torn themselves from the iron shackles of oppressive governments, both religious and political, now their name is exalted and their statues raised from pole to pole.

These servants of men and their unselfish, self-sacrificing labors prompted Henry Churchill King to say: "You can make no helpful fight for your own character without beginning at once a service for others." He fully realized that service was one of the greatest things in the world, that service was one of the most influential factors in bringing about civilization. He set to thinking the would-be evolutionists with their law of the survival of the fittest, which credits the beastly qualities of man for the maintenance of the race. He saw in man higher, more nobler qualities than mere brutal force domineering over the lesser elements because of better adaptation to environments. The conqueror with his clinking armor, the slayer triumphantly treading in the gore of his victim, the brute ruling the weakling, all these he saw passing from the world's big battering stage, because of the coming of the servants of men, the low, the humble and the meek.

Service, humble, unrewarded service is now regarded as the stepping stone to success, as the means by which the world progresses most rapidly towards the ideal time when brotherly love shall reign supreme and souls wax strong through bonds of love that know no selfish ends. The selfish man and his ilk have no place in the world of today. They exist, of course, but their lives, which may reach the desired three score years and ten, are but superficial, and they themselves live not on in the memories of the next generation, nor does their work which they might have accomplished. John William Kaye had this type of man in mind when he said, "Selfishness is essentially suicidal. If it be true that heaven helps those who help themselves, it is no less true that heaven helps those who help others."

The significance of Cain's answer is now understood and its destructive force now realized. "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Yes," says the world, and reaches out to help a suffering brother. Humanitarianism has grown among the people and the servant of man has now come into his own.

Service may well be regarded as an art. To be a good servant requires training as well as experience. If the service should be effective, it must receive early atten-

tion. Men must be trained in it early in life. When men are out in the world. acting their part in the big drama of life. where "all the world's a stage," they must be prepared for action. The preparation should be made when the mind and character are susceptible to proper training. When once the individual's views are set and his course of action decided on. submissiveness to even big forces, submissiveness to service, are almost out of the question. The lifetime of the youth, his vears of development to manhood, are the time for this kind of training for service.

The training grounds for service are. of course, the school, the college, the uni-The four years' college course versity. practically completes the training period for most of the students who were fortunate enough to have had the opportunity to enter an advanced school of learning. After this period the drama of life lies before, and although the first few years must of necessity be spent in the capacity of an understudy, still the world awaits the actor in due time. A college course may be called the last rehearsal for the big play, and upon the interest taken in it depends the future of the amateur.

The opportunities offered in a university for just this sort of training, service for men, for the commonwealth, for the nation, for the world at large, are many. Here at Wisconsin, the student activities comprise one of the biggest, most noteworthy parts of the university. In fact, it may be said that student activities make, to a large extent, the school. The advertising a school receives is largely through the medium of student interests, and Wisconsin's name owes its renown largely to the fellows who are active, who work to heap glory upon glory on their alma mater. Student activities are the big things at school. Student activities inject life into the institution. Who said: "Activity is the spirit of heaven, stagnation breeds microbes of hell"?

In a university activity means service. There are relatively few selfish ends to be gained in being active in student life. Activity means hard, earnest work, and the glory of it all goes to the school. In forensics, the honors gained by the indi-

vidual are but temporary, but the fame of the school in developing orators and debaters lives on and on. Debating is a service. The mental pains and struggles before the final contest are most intense, and after the contest the effects of the work still hang over. Here is a student activity most praiseworthy. The participant uses his spare time primarily for the purpose of raising the standard of his society and his school. There is no reward, unless it is the cold, hard metal in the shape of medals, which after all are but "vanity and vexation of spirit." The service, however, rendered to the school, is invaluable. The servant in this case has learned the priceless lesson of giving all he has, his time, his energy, his genius, without an iota of appreciation or recognition. He has learned that his brothers demand his service, that he owes his service to the school, and without a murmur he burns the midnight oil to fulfill his obligations.

In athletics, which is the life of most schools, the participants are constantly doing something which demands unselfish actions. The time it takes for training is often long and tedious. The training involves mental and physical exertion. Night after night the football man, worn out from the strenuous drills, throws himself upon his couch, all the while glad to be thrashed that the team might be better off on account of it. His last bit of energy is given for the honor of Wisconsin. Who would belittle the athlete for his services to his school? Who does not envy him? What are the honors to be gained? To be sure, the hero is thrilled for the moment when the bleachers roar in due appreciation of his acts, but does a noise, a roar, or even a portrait in the Hall of Fame repay the fellow who for three months gave his entire self to his school? Most certainly not. Again in this case there is no reward. The athlete acknowledges himself his brother's keeper. He works for their interest, for the team, for Wisconsin. As it is with football, so it is in all other athletic events. Year after year our crews have gone East, and year after year they have returned defeated. A year's drill unrewarded. Wisconsin's prestige, however, as the only western university with a fighting spirit, grows stronger and stronger.

The important lessons of service are also taught in the fields of journalism. From the cub reporter to the editor-inchief the continual crv in the ear, which knows no ceasing from the moment the press turns out the first edition until the end of the school year, is work, work, work. A college course scarcely requires as much work as service on the College Daily. No college course requires the intense attention, nor taxes the individual's mental capacity more. The magazines which represent the more polished and more carefully worked out productions in journalism, call for the most sprious sort of labor and most concentrative kind of work. Here again is a service without reward. The work is accomplished in spare time, in late hours of the night, yes, college work, high marks in classes, are gladly sacrificed for the benefit of the publications.

In dramatics, too, the drill is long and strenuous, and after the glare of the footlights has vanished, the players are soon forgotten, but the spirit of the play remains in the memories of the audience, and the fame of the school in dramatics is heightened. Music requires time. We listen with cager ears to the melodies of the symphony orchestra and the band, but how many of us know the players or dream of the hours of practice which made our enjoyment possible? Our university band receives little credit, if any, for its work. We all want the band, but what do we give the band in return? At 5 o'clock in the morning it gathered last year to accompany the crew to the station. No remuneration for that. Here is just another example of the immense opportunities a college man has to learn the big lesson of service without receiving tangible rewards.

The field for service, then, at Wisconsin, is a large one, but who are the servants? One can easily divide the student body in two classes. The first class is uninteresting. It works but for its own selfish ends and cares nothing whatever about student activities. "I come first" is their motto. "The brother can take care

of himself." They are ambitious to the extreme. They live in their own little world and feel not the pulsating heart of the great university. They know their own name and possibly that of their instructor, but the names of men who are sacrificing their time for the sake of the honor of the school are unknown to them. We have in this class the larger percentage of "grinds." They suck all the vitality out of the school and keep the servants busy in replenishing it. They know not that the fellow who is active in student interests is really infusing the blood into the institution which keeps it alive. Are they their brothers' keepers?

The second class, the minority, has the interest of the school at heart, and the larger percentage of this class consists of fraternity men. It is true that there are a number of non-fraternity men who are "alive," but the fact remains that the most active men at Wisconsin are fraternity men. They appreciate college life, and are careful in correctly proportioning their collegiate work and their outside activities. Their scholastic work is fully up to the standard of outside students, and besides they accomplish a host of other things. The reason for this is, of course, that a fraternity freshman is made to feel that the school demands and deserves his services. He is urged to try out for this event and the other, while a non-fraternity man enters school without this sort of coaching.

Let us give the fellows credit who deserve it. If fraternities serve the school. let us learn a valuable lesson from them. If they give the proper life and spirit to the institution, let us do likewise. If they are unselfish and would rather give than take, let us follow their footsteps and take more interest in student affairs. Fraternities have been repeatedly attacked and efforts made to place them in a bad scholastic light. They have been accused of monopolizing the school. Why all this? Jealousy, pure unadulterated jealousy, has been the reason for these attacks. If we are not satisfied in having fraternity men highly represented in all the student affairs, why not turn over an equal amount of sacrifice and become contestants for

prominent positions in student activities? The field for service is here. If fraternity men monopolize the field it is because they are the most willing servants, more interested in the fame of the school than in their own accomplishments.

Occasionally a student falls behind in his studies on account of his heavy outside interests. We have all seen him wind his way to the railway station because he misproportioned his class work and other interests. However, we cannot help admiring the fellow. He has an unselfish heart. He works for no self-glory. He took his time for studies and turned it over to the student body. We probably pitied him as he left, but nevertheless we know that he must make good. He tried to help others and forgot himself.

Book learning has its value. It is a requisite to a degree, but the lesson of service has a greater value; it is a requisite to the life in the future when service alone is the qualification for an entrance to a life worth while, a life of unselfish, self-sacrificing for our fellow man. Are you your brothers' keeper?



A PLAY IN THE LAWRENCE GAME

Photo by Photo Shop



LAWRENCE GAME-WISCONSIN MAKES A TOUCHDOWN

photo by Photo Shop

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## O'Connell's Chance

ROGER BALLARD

You can't blame a fellow for taking chances sometimes, especially if there is something big at stake; and I may say that I rather admire the sublime nerve which often led Terrence O'Connell to trifle with Fate the way he did. But maybe that's because I know Terrence, and would back his discretion and chance of success with every dollar I own.

We were together for three years at college, were room mates in fact, and came to know each other as only room mates can. His clothes just fitted me and mine him, a fact which might have led to untold dissension, but which proved in our case to be rather a bond of union.

Everybody thought a lot of Terry; he was Irish—that may have been the reason. He wasn't all Irish, to be sure, and that was the greatest regret of his life; but he had all the keen humor and wit that any son of Old Erin is heir to, with the further good fortune—though he always maintained it was his worst ill luck—of having escaped the appearance of being Irish. He was handsome, unusually handsome, not one of your pretty boys with conventional features and well trained hair; but nobody seemed to count that against him.

Well, after we had been three years at the university, and he had become the most popular and influential man on the campus, his father died, and Terry thought he ought to give up his studies to learn the business that had been left him. Old Patrick O'Connell had started manufacturing buggies and wagons soon after coming to this country, and when the building of automobiles became an established industry, he had formed a company, of which he was the head, to put the "Connell Car" on the market. It was this business which Terrence set himself to learn a few months after his father's death had made him head of the O'Connell clan.

I have reeason to believe that he entered into it merely from a sense of duty, for mechanical work was anything but congenial to his tastes. At any rate, he acquired knowledge slowly, that is certain, for after four months of puttering around one of the downtown garages that were run in connection with the factory, he was still confusing his controller with his commutator, and had managed to smash up no fewer than five cars in his efforts to run them about town. He was pretty thoroughly disgusted with himself, but in accordance with O'Connell nature, he stuck doggedly to it, and every day found him spending part of his time at the garage, pulling some machine to pieces in a vain attempt to learn its geography.

Now, no normal man who has spent his early life as Terrence had in sports and pastimes of every description, can break off his old habits and bury himself in even the pleasantest sort of work at a moment's notice. In this respect Terry was hopelessly normal, and furthermore the business of dissecting machinery day after day was far from pleasant. It is not to be wondered then that almost every beautiful afternoon found him on the golf course or the tennis court, and almost every night saw him at the theater, or mingling in some way with the society that claimed him for its own.

Terrence enjoyed himself immensely. Again, he was a prime favorite and scarcely realize it. In fact, something soon occurred which so occupied his mind that he scarcely realized anything, save that he was consumed by a new desire—a desire more profound than any he had ever experienced. And that was to meet Her.

He had been dragged to the theater one night by a party of friends, and finding the play a terrible bore, was looking forward eagerly to the final curtain, when his wandering attention fell on a group in the box immediately across the house. Beside a distinguished looking old gentleman with a military mustache and thin gray hair, sat a girl who impressed Terrence as being quite the most attractive creature he had ever seen. Her hair—but then that's Terry story and one that only he can do justice to. I'll not attempt to describe her, but will merely say that she was more blond than brunette, and will hand down Terry's verdict that she was the likeliest winner in the free-for-all race for Perfection.

After that the play went much too fast, and the only thing which kept Terry from appearing actually rude in his scrutiny of the girl was the semi-darkness that concealed him. After the play he saw her again for but a moment. The crowd as it poured out from the foyer carried him toward the curb as she was being handed into an automobile by the gentleman of the gray hair, and by a good looking young fellow whom Terrence had frequently seen on the golf course. As he passed he had time for but two things, to hear her say, laughingly, "I'm so glad you have come, dear; you have neglected me shamefully all week, you know," and to notice that the machine was a Connell Car that he had frequently seen at the garage.

Ordinarily it was a simple matter for Terrence to meet whoever he chose; but though he frequently saw his new found Ideal at the theater, and once or twice on the links the same young man (for whom Terry had conceived the most unreasonable dislike) he was never able to find anyone who could bring about an introduction. Once he saw her at a reception, and once again at a dance, but just as he was congratulating himself that at last he was to succeed in his efforts, something turned up to thwart him. It really grew to be a serious matter with the poor fellow; he had always kept his head level and his heart whole, but that very fact now militated against him. He was hard hit, as they say, and he knew it, and recognized the foolishness of it, but at the same time he had to admit the fact to himself. Terry was not a bad judge of character, and he felt more than certain that he knew a very great deal about that

girl, merely from having watched her surreptitiously on every occasion.

He knew, of course, who she was, for it was a very simple matter to find out that the machine he had seen at the theater belonged to a certain Colonel Claypool, whose hair was thin and gray, and who wore a military mustache. Nor was it hard to find that this gentleman, with his daughter, had recently moved to town from New York. This much and a little more he learned from remarks dropped by the colonel's chauffeur on those rare occasions when he brought the car in for repairs. But as Terrence told me afterward, he never could make up his mind to pump information from a servant concerning such a girl.

About this time Terry decided to buckle down to work with a will. He began to spend more time at the garage, and actually began to show some promise of learning the difference between a cylinder and a gas tank. He hadn't seen Her for three weeks, and was chafing terribly under his beastly luck, when the Fates which had tormented him so long were careless enough, or kind enough, to give him an opening. Slight as it was, he seized it with the desperation of a drowning man. It happend in this way:

He had been working around the garage one exceptionally fine Saturday morning for two hours, getting in everyone's way and ruining a perfectly good car by his attacks upon it. At last he stood back, wrench in hand, contemplating the wreck he had made, and wondering if he had not earned the right to go out for a game He was still debating this of golf. weighty problem, when he became aware that he was listening to the unusual sound of a woman's voice. Terry glanced instinctively toward the superintendent's office. There by the doorway stood that official-a burly, pleasant Scotchman they called Bobbie Burns-listening attentively to the eager explanations of a young lady whom Terry knew at once, though her back was toward him, to be his girl of the theater.

Perhaps you have experienced the sensation that comes with the unexpected realization of a long cherished wish; if so, you can know something of how Terry felt. The delight at seeing her once more and the mortification over his appearance in his greasy khakis were blended into the one overwhelming desire to turn his previous failure into success. From where he stood he could hear easily every word she said, and he listened shamelessly.

"You see, our chauffeur left us only yesterday," she was saying, "and this morning I have a letter from father, who has been East, saying he is now at our summer home in Geneva, and asking me to run down with the car. I'm afraid I never could take it down alone, so I came to see if you could furnish me a chauffeur for the trip."

Burns thrust his hands into the deep pockets of his jacket, and buried his chin in his collar, while he mentally reviewed the situation. "There's George Martin," he offered at last. "Maybe he could go. If you'll just step into the office, ma'am, and make yourself comfortable a moment, I'll see whether he's here."

She thanked him, and did as he suggested.

No sooner had Bobbie Burns bowed himself out of the presence of his visitor than he was seized by the shoulders and swung around face to face with Terry.

"Never you mind looking for George, Bobbie," said Terrence, coolly. "I think I'll run that car of hers down to Geneva; so if you will just go back and tell her it's all right, I'll wash up and be with you in a minute."

The big Scotchman's eyes opened with wonder, and he spluttered helplessly in his efforts to find words that would express his amazement.

"Why, you—you—you bloomin' idiot," he bellowed, "do you mean to say you'd risk that girl's life and yours by trying to run that machine fifty miles over country roads?"

"Oh, I dont' think it is going to be such an awful risk," Terry said cheerfully. "Besides, it's fine weather, and I wouldn't mind an outing at all; and then she simply has to get to Geneva, you know. If you'll just run her car out of the garage and head it in the right direction, I think I'll be able to manage it all right."

The superintendent shook his head admiringly, while a grin spread slowly over his face. "O'Connell, you're a reckless devil," he volunteered, "but I like your nerve. Here's wishing you luck with the machine, and the girl. Keep your head, and don't set fire to the gasoline."

Terry raced into the wash room more excited than he had ever been in his life. He wanted to put on the suit of soft gray flannels that hung in his locker, but decided that they were scarcely in keeping with his new role. Instead, he climbed into a clean suit of khakis, which—though he did not know it—were vastly more becoming, and a moment later presented himself at the office.

The car, which had been left at the garage several days before, had been run out to the curb and was already waiting. Terry has often assured me that as he handed Miss Claypool into the tonneau he felt more satisfied with life than when he made a fifty-yard run and touchdown against Chicago. Maybe that was why he forgot to crank the machine; at any rate it was not till he had shoved every lever and pressed every pedal that he remembered. He saw Bobbie Burns in the doorway trying hard to control his laughter, and as he climbed out of the car he imagined that there was a trace of a smile on Miss Clavpool's face, but he dared not look to make sure.

She had given him an address on Sheridan Road as their first stop, and he rightly surmised that they were to take on some luggage. Contrary to his fears, the car ran beautifully, and by the time he had drawn up neatly beneath the porte-cochere of her home he began to regain his confidence.

To his unspeakable satisfaction, the trunk and boxes, which two servants deposited in the tonneau, so completely filled that portion of the car, that when Miss Claypool appeared a few minutes later in a long pongee coat and an auto veil, there was no room for her save in the seat by his side.

Terry tells me that as they wheeled out into Sheridan Road once more and he threw on full speed, it was as much as he could do to keep from letting out a rousing whoop and swinging his cap like a mad man. What he did do was to open the muffler by way of celebration, and shoot down the road like a comet. After three policemen had called to him to stop, prudence reasserted itself, and he slowed down to something like rational speed. Terry was rather ashamed of himself, for his boyish exhibition, and could not summon courage to look at the girl by his side. But in a moment more she was speaking to him.

"Oh, that was glorious," she cried, her eves sparkling as she adjusted her veil. "Father never will let Dorsey go faster than a walk, and I hate to poke along that way. Do it again when we get out into the country, will you, please?"

Terry wanted to say so many things at once that he finally compromised with, "Whatever you say, Miss." He had intended to say "Miss Claypool," but at the last second his courage failed. An instant later he would have given anything to have said it, for he saw he had spoken like a chauffeur to the manner born, and he could see by the way in which she drew herself up that he had made her realize the difference between their positions, and had lost ground accordingly.

For the next ten minutes not a word was said, but Terry was thinking hard and cursing himself artistically. He did not intend to lose the engagement merely because the first skirmish had gone against him, but he sought in vain for an opening.

"Your car runs nicely today," he ventured after several false starts.

She nodded disinterestedly and appeared absorbed in pulling on her gloves.

"It's really remarkable what these Connell Cars will stand; don't you think so?" he queried.

Called upon for a reply in this way, Miss Claypool admitted that they did behave rather well when well handled, but expressed her preference for the De Lux. Again she became interested in her gloves and forgot to pursue the conversation.

Terry winched under the gentle but quite evident rebuke that her manner expressed, yet he admired her the more for it. Again they drove ahead in silence, he pretending to be occupied by something about the machinery, while she merely hummed softly to herself and watched the flying landscape. By this time they were well out into the country, skimming along over the smooth roads, whirling past pretty little farm houses and through bits of woods, where the sun painted dancing pictures on the dark green hood of the raidator.

Terry pondered the matter deeply. He had not anticipated any such difficulty as this. He had not realized the obstacles he was raising when he had assumed the character of chauffeur. He had only seen an opportunity to be with the girl whom he wanted to know, and he had seized it blindly.

He was still wondering what to do next, when he became aware that something was wrong with the machine. He had thrown the throttle over, little by little, until they should have been making forty miles an hour, but instead, they had dropped down to a little more than ten. Terry felt a chill run up and down his spinal column. He was certain that something was radically wrong with the car, and he was equally certain that he would never be able to put it right even if he should happen to find out what the trouble was. He almost held his breath as he watched the speedometer; the throttle was wide open now, but slowly the hand on the dial registered their diminishing speed. He wondered whether Miss Claypool noticed that something was wrong, and what she would say when he was unable to solve the problem.

He decided to stop the now crawling machine rather than "wait for the old cat to die," and trying to assume a matter of fact tone, he said:

"I'm afraid there is something the trouble with the car, Miss Claypool. We'd better stop for a few moments till I look her over."

"Oh, doar," she cried, with true feminine alarm, "I hope it's nothing serious." What's wrong?"

Terry ran the crawling machine to one side of the road, and brought it to a halt before he answered.

"Why, I think there is some trouble with the tires," he hinted vaguely. "Or porhaps the transmission is out of whack. One never can be sure, you know," he added as if by inspiration.

No sooner had the machine come to a

dead stop, than Miss Claypool jumped to the ground and surveyed the rebellious car.

"It looks all right from here," she announced.

"Yes, doesn't it," agreed Terry, who had extricated himself from the steering gear, and taken a similar point of vantage.

"Tires are all right," he added cheerily, after walking around the car and giving each one a kick in passing. "Must be the transmission, don't you think so?"

"I'm sure I haven't any idea; I'm not much of a chauffeur, you know," replied his companion, and then added by way of proving her statement, "Perhaps it's a spark plug."

"Why, to be sure, maybe it is. I'll look and see in just a moment."

Terry would have been only too glad to look right away, but unfortunately he had forgotten in what region of the monster a spark plug would probably be located. He realized, however, that inactivity was fatal, so extracting a full kit of tooks, he spread them on the grass, took off his coat, and began to do the one thing that he was fitted for—taking things apart. In a moment the hood was off, and he was hammering away at the machine's vitals.

Terry says that he felt as guilty during the next half hour as if he had been caught cribbing in a final exam. Miss Claypool had seated herself on a grassy bank a few feet away, and leaning back on her daintily gloved hands, was regarding He dared not look at him quizzically. her, but he was quite sure she was laughing at him, and began to feel more uncomfortable than even the extreme heat of the He worked away day would warrant. feverishly-desperately-not caring what he did so long as he was doing something. There was an appalling array of bolts, screws and tubes rapidly collecting about him, and he wondered vaguely what he would do when he could find nothing else to remove.

Again the girl came to his aid with a suggestion. "Perhaps the water is getting a bit low," she volunteered demurely.

Terry wondered whether she was making fan of him, but as she was busily braiding long whisps of grass into a sort of whip, he could not tell by her face.

"Oh, that's scarcely possible," he said with more assurance than he dared feel. "Still it might be; I'll see."

He stepped back to the seat, lifted it, and peered into the tank beneath. "Why, bless my soul, it is pretty low; there's only a couple of inches in the bottom. Maybe I'd better get some more while I can. Would you mind waiting here alone just a minute till I run over to that farm house for a pail or two?",

"Not in the least. I'd rather like it, I think," she said cruelly.

Terry felt very uncomfortable and thoroughly defeated as he started off across the meadow, but the girl watched him smilingly, and laughed softly when he was out of hearing. She stood up, brushed the bits of grass from her coat, and walked over to the dismantled car. Bending down she examined the engine for a moment. "I thought so," she laughed. "What a funny boy he is."

When Terrence returned a few minutes later with two buckets of water splashing over him at every step, he found everything as he had left it. The girl was still braiding grasses, but she looked up as he approached.

"Well, this will help out some," he said, as cheerily as he could. "I'm terribly sorry that you are being delayed this way."

"Father doesn't expect me till late this evening, so we've plenty of time still," she answered.

"Oh, yes," he lied, encouragingly, "we'll be started very soon now, I think."

"Do you always carry water in your gasoline tank?" she inquired naively. "Because," she continued, "unless you've tried it before, and are quite sure it works all right, I wouldn't risk it now."

Terry stopped as he was about to empty the buckets into the tank he had investigated, and looked at her shamefacedly. Weak and helpless from this sudden blow, he set the pail down slowly and blushed furiously. A second later Miss Claypool's merry laugh stung him to action. He jerked off his cap and threw it savagely to the ground as he

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strode over to the bank where the girl was seated.

"Miss Claypool," he began, "I have an apology to offer you."

The girl opened her eyes inquiringly.

"Yes, I have," he insisted. "I'm not a chauffeur at all. I don't know the first thing about an automobile, and I've taken a mean advantage of you, and risked your life by attempting to run that machine. I can't explain to you why I did it—you wouldn't understand, and it wouldn't help any. But now my bluff is called, and I'll have to admit that I've not the slightest idea in the world what ails your car." He was ready for a terrible outburst, but none came. Instead, the girl smiled and motioned him to sit down.

"You don't have to tell me that, Mr. O'Connell," she said quietly. "I've realized it for some time."

Fortunately Terry had seated himself, or he would certainly have fallen when she spoke his name.

"Who told you my name was O'Connell?" he demanded. "Burns gave me away after all, did he? Wait till I see him!"

She laughed gaily. "Now don't be hard on Mr. Burns," she commanded, "for he didn't give you away at all; and besides, he's an old friend of father's—that's why I went to him for a chauffeur—and I won't have him abused."

"The deuce!" said Terrence, feelingly. "If I'd only known that a few months ago I wouldn't have made such a mess of things today. But how *did* you know me then?"

"Shall I tell you? It was very easy, and you helped me beautifully. To begin with, a college man is different from a coachman or a chauffeur, someway—don't you think so? And I couldn't help noticing that you didn't act as Dorsey, our last man, did at all. You nearly deceived me once, when you called me 'Miss,' and I thought maybe you were one after all. Then the machine broke down, and you took off your coat—"

Terry glanced down at his flannel shirt, where his college and fraternity pins sparkled innocently in the sunshine. "And you saw my pins!" he inter-

"Exactly."

"But how did you know that my name was O'Connell?"

"Please be patient," she pouted prettily. "You see I have a very favorite cousin who goes to Wisconsin, too, and he happens to wear the same sort of a fraternity pin that you do. So I couldn't help noticing."

Terry had jumped to his feet.

"You dont' mean it!" he exclaimed. "Who is he?"

"Don't interrupt me so much," laughed the girl. "I'm coming to that presently." Terry subsided.

"I had heard him speak of you ever so often—which was only natural, since he roomed with you for three years."

"Billy Carter!" asserted Terrence emphatically, grasping Miss Claypool's hands and shaking them so enthusiastically that she could not even remonstrate. "Bully! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'll never be able to tell you anything if you take away my breath like that again," she said, between gasps. "Besides, I haven't finished my story yet, and you're terribly rude to interrupt."

"I'll not do it again," he promised,

"Well, you see, he has described his wonderful room mate to me over and over and I've seen lots of pictures in which you figure—and I know some very interesting stories about you, too," she threatened, shaking her finger at him. "So it wasn't so very strange that I should recognize you as the Terrence O'Connell I had heard about for three years, after I had seen your frat pin, was it? Especially as Billy's last letter mourned the loss of his dear old Terry, who had stopped college to learn the automobile business."

"And who hasn't succeeded very well," he supplemented. "So you are Billy Carter's cousin! Think of it! You must be the one he was always telling me I ought to meet. Why, you must be the girl he took to Prom last year when I was laid up with scarlet fever. Can you beat that, now? Here I've been trying my best to meet you for two months, and I ought by rights to have known you a year ago. I might as well confess that it was only because I was having such a hard time to meet you that I imposed myself on you this morning, Miss Clay— No, by Jove, I shan't call Billy's cousin Miss Claypool. You've always been Marjorie to Billy and me; I don't have to change now, do I?"

"I hope not," she laughed, "for I'm afraid I never could call you anything but Terry."

"Good!" he cried, beaming. "And now we'll have just the best times ever, won't we? \_You play golf and tennis, and you ride, and you enjoy the theater— By the way," he broke off suddenly, "I want to ask you something."

"What is it, Terry?"

"Who is that fellow who is always playing golf with you, and who met you at the theater with this car about two months ago?"

"Do you mean Jack Nespor? He's a cousin of father's. Why do you ask?"

"I believe, Mr. Chauffeur," said Marjorie, saucily, "that if you take the trouble to unclog the pipe that drains your carburetor, and succeed in putting back all those things you have taken off, that our machine will run beautifully, as a Connell Car should."

"Marjorie, you are a cruel, cruel girl; you knew what was the trouble all the time, and yet you let me worry and broil away there in the sun, making a fool of myself for half an hour. I'll never, never forgive you."

"Oh, yes you will, Terry," she replied gavly. "Come on, let's fix it."

An hour later the two had managed, after many mistakes and much merriment, to put everything back as it had been before Terry's invasion, and the machine responded beautifully to the cautious cranking he gave it.

"We're off again," she cried, clapping her hands, "and I'm going to drive, 'Terry, because, though you may be the best fullback Wisconsin ever had—as Billy says you are—I'm not going to give myself into your hands again—at least not just now," she added, as an afterthought, and then bit her lip.

"Go ahead; my surrender is complete, Marjorie," said Terrence. "Take command whenever you choose, but I warn you, my submission is only temporary. I'm going to win out in the end."

Which, of course, was a very bold and pointed thing for him to say, but as I told you in the beginning, I'd back Terry's chances with every dollar I own, and in this instance I happen to be on the inside track, and I know that those chances are what I'd call mighty good.

### Song

#### GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Here have we heard the hill wind's song, And the patter of sweet rain; Here where we roamed, and O how long Ere we come again!

Here have we heard the water's throb, And the mated birds rejoice; Now all the winds and waters sob As I wait your voice.

## A Little Known Type of Football

#### G. L. L.

In England, unlike America, there is no universal type of football; in fact, almost all the colleges have their own individual modifications. There are, however, four distinct kinds—Rugby, Association, generally called Soccer, the Eton Wall game, the intricacies of which even the average Etonian fails to grasp, and lastly there is Harrow football, which is going to bore me for the next hour and you for the next five minutes, granting, of course, that you will read to the bitter end.

The rules and conditions of the game are of the simplest. The field is of approximately the same shape and size as the American gridiron. The goals, called for some unknown reason, bases, are two upright posts with no cross bar. You may kick a base as high or as low as you like, or rather as you are able. The ball is of a wierd and awful shape, a kind of inflated discus or a much sat on basketball, only much larger and about five times as heavy. Imagine this monstrosity when soaked! You know it rains all fall and winter in England! The ball may only be handled before it has bounced. If caught in this way on the "full-pitch" it entitles the catcher to a free kick or to start dribbling it. He can, in fact, do what he likes with it within a radius of three yards. By the way, while catching the ball he must shout out "yards." It is in fact the same as making a "heel" in English Rugby, or a "fair catch" in the American game.

One of the most important differences is that the ball is dribbled, kicked or pushed along but never carried in the arms.

The off-side rule is that of English Rugby; you have to be behind the man on your side who kicked the ball last. Of course if one of the other side has touched it you are put on-side.

There are eleven players on a side, three

"backs," two on each wing, and the remaining four in th center. It is upon these centers that the real-drudgery-falls; while the theatrical gallery play falls to the lot of the "wings" and "backs." It is the business of these centers always to be within three yards of the ball; so as to be able to block the player on the other side from kicking or running with it. It is to their share that most of the "scrumming" falls.

You are allowed to tackle a man as you like provided you do not kick, trip, collar or in any way use your hands or feet upon him. The usual tackle is a low crouch, head down and shoulders out, aimed straight at the opponent's middle, who will land flat on his back or will perforce take a running dive over the tackler's head. Other popular tackles are taking a flying leap at your opponent's shoulders and hurling yourself at his legs.

The object of the game is to get the ball through the base, which is generally done by dribbling it through or by receiving "Yards" near base and making a drop goal, each of which count one point. If one team gets five points before the other has scored, the match is considered as finished, even if the game has only been in progress a few minutes. It is a far greater disgrace to be "licked off" than to have a score of ten to one against one's team.

The game lasts one hour and ten minutes. The teams change ends after every base, no interval being allowed. If neither side has scored by half time, the teams change ends. When there is no score at the end of the prescribed seventy minutes the teams change ends again, playing for another ten minutes. If the game is still scoreless the teams again change end for another ten minutes' play. In the rare case when no decisive score has been made after this extra twenty minutes, the whole game is replayed on a following day. It is a physical impossibility for any team to tussle on after ninety minutes without any prescribed interval for rest.

The chief beauty of the game is that dirty work is almost impracticable. The fact that there are no penalties whatsoever sounds somewhat paradoxical to one accustomed to the American game. The explanation is that the third time a player has violated any of the rules he is turned off the field and no substitute allowed. Thus any advantage that may be gained by a foul play is taken away, and the players are careful not to commit one.



THE RUSH

Photo by Photo Shop



AFTER THE RUSH

Photo by Photo Shop

20

## A Social Necessity

#### GEO. W. EHLER, DIRECTOR DEPT. OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

#### I.

Many and various reasons have been given for physical training as a part of the curriculum of a school or college. Heretofore these have been based almost exclusively upon the need of the individual as an individual and only incidentally or indirectly upon his relation to other persons. It is our purpose in this article to review somewhat the history of physical training from the standpoint of the reasons that have been given for it, in order that we may bring out more clearly the principles guiding the Department of Physical Training in working out its plans for Wisconsin.

From the beginning of its history the need of muscular activity as a fundamental factor in the maintenance of the individual's health has been the chief argument, particularly in the matter of people of sedentary lives. In the classic days of Greece, the body was aposthecsized, every attention was given it and physical training was co-ordained with the mental training in the educational system of that day. The forms of exercise were almost exclusively athletic as distinguished from gymnastics as we know the latter today, and were natural types, including running, jumping, wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus and the javelin, and chariot racing. It is to be noted that these were all individualistic activities and that games involving team play were apparently unknown. Inasmuch as each freeman was a soldier and the game of war was frequently indulged in, there was less need than now for exercising this phase of the play instinct in make-believe forms.

Man later fell upon a time when the body was anathematized and its exercise in pleasurable ways was considered an inspiration of the Evil One. This doctrine has operated until now and has been one of the primary reasons for the universal neglect of the most natural method of preserving health and an essential factor in the development of an efficient individual.

It remained for the German Jahn to revive again in a practical way the practice of physical training as a part of the normal man's every day life. His methods led to the development of new appliances and methods of activity adapted to the conditions of indoors, and the handling of large bodies of people in small spaces during short periods of time. His exercises became in time predominantly of a type in which the body was supported by the arms, while various movements of the legs and trunk were performed upon such apparatus as the horizontal and parallel bars, the horse, buck, ladders, ropes, rings, etc. Coincident with this was developed the use of the wand and dumbbell by large classes of persons performing simultaneously. These appliances and their use constituted the German System Gymnastics. They emphasized the of exact performance of a multitude of movements with an infinite variety of combinations worked out according to the peculiarities of the appliance in a mathematically progressive manner. This system was introduced into this country during the '40s and for many years was the chief form of organized exercise. The class is the unit in this system where all do the same thing. Athletic competition by individuals was rigidly restricted and competitive games of the team type were excluded entirely. Recreation, however, was urged as one of its chief aims.

During the formative period of German Gymnastics, Sweden was the place of development of another method of exercise which grew out of the experience of Ling in applying movements to the cure of disease. He devised many exercises and various peculiar pieces of apparatus with a view to securing the exercise of specific groups of muscles. This system was later modified for the use of the normal individual under the exigencies of the classroom and took on a very rigid mechanical form. It was introduced into this country first as the "Movement Cure" by physicians, and later by Swedish teachers as the Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics. The competitive principle was entirely excluded from this system and recreation was distinctly denied as one of its purposes.

The early history of the propagation of physical training in this country is very largely a record of the competition between the advocates of these two systems to secure the adoption of their methods in educational institutions. As a result we find the German system dominant in the public schools of western cities and until recently the Swedish system in the east. In the women's colleges the Swedish system has possession of almost the entire field, subject now, however, to considerable modification by reason of the introduction of the athletic idea.

While a department of physical training had been established at Amherst about 1860 and at Bowdoin, Yale and Harvard during the '70s, physical training did not come to be a question of any prominence in the collegiate world until after 1880, and then coincident with the recognition it begain to receive as a hygienic measure, we find rapidly increasing attention given it by educators and college faculties and the beginning of definite provision for it in the way of gymnasiums and athletic At that time are to be noticed fields. two developments taking place that have characterized the physical training movement ever since; one, the introduction through faculty action of gymnastics— German or Swedish, or a combination of these or some other hybrid-as physical training; the other, the rapid rise of intercollegiate athletics through student action, unrecognized as having any value as physical training, but seen to be such a counter attraction to gymnastics as to require the latter to be made compulsory in order that students would participate in it.

The ideas regarding the function of physical training at this period were doubtless largely responsible for this attitude and served to greatly postpone the recognition of the place of athletics in physical training. A perusal of the physical training literature of that time shows that the dominant idea was one of Anatomy or Anthropometry. It was a time when emphasis was being laid upon all round development, and much protest was uttered against all forms of athletic specialism and the prevalent methods of athletic com-By all round development was petition. meant a symmetrical development of the muscles, that is, the left arm as large and as strong as the right, the right leg the equal of the left, and the like. The application of this idea led to the practice of all exercises equally to the left and to the right and the attempt to develop ambidexterity.

This idea of symmetry led to the very great emphasis of the physical examination, the taking of fifty or more different measurements of the body, the accumulation of vast quantities of statistics and their compilation into Anthropometric From these Tables conclusions Tables. were drawn as to what the proportions of the various parts of the body ought to be, and led to the attempt to affect the growth and development of the various bones and muscles in order to bring the individual into conformity with this unknown Ideal form that was invoked through the measuring tape and the higher mathematics. Every student was measured and charted and prescribed for accordingly.

In order to carry this idea into execution a new system of special appliances was invented and we have the pulley weights of many kinds, devised to apply a resistance to the contraction of any particular muscle or group of muscles and so secure its development to the exclusion of others that might not need it as shown by the "chart." This meant purely mechanical movements in which most individuals took no interest and the performance of which they shirked whenever possible. Later mathematical studies showed most anthropometry to be of no real value, as it was based on erroneous principles.

During this period were established sev-

eral schools for the training of directors of physical training, and in them was begun original investigations of the functions and metho's of physical training from the standpoint of the actual needs of the individual. Among the early conclusions reached was that health did not depend on symmetry of arms and legs or the size or strength of the muscles, but upon the soundness of structure and balance of function of the organs of circulation, respiration, digestion, excretion, and secretion. And further, it was seen that if one needed a better heart or lungs he should perform exercises that required a better heart or lungs, exercises, the performance of which would directly cause a quicker heart beat and deeper breathing in accordance with the *physiological* laws governing the performance of these functions. From these we were led to lay the emphasis on the exercise of muscles as physiological units rather than as anatomical units, with reference to their functions rather than their structure.

A direct result of this was the dropping in the case of all normal students of most measurements, the emphasizing of the examination of the vital organs, and the determination as far as possible of the individual's degree of vigor and vitality. The pulley weight in its mutitudinous forms began to move to the scrap heap, calisthenic and apparatus exercises were designed with reference to their effects upon circulation, respiration and excretion chiefly. The anatomical aspect of physical exercise was reduced generally to those considerations having to do with the correction of deviations from normal posture as seen in most persons who have had no training in this respect, and was specially emphasized only in the cases of those few individuals having marked deviations from the normal in form or position.

A further development in this period followed the discovery that specialization was not necessarily incompatible with good health or symmetrical development, but was a normal characteristic rather than otherwise and that the best specialist was one what at the same time took the necessary precautions to insure the fullest development of vigor and vitality. This, together with the physiological point of view, led to a recognition of the hygienic value of the various forms of athletic work and paved the way for their reintroduction as in classic times as definite factors in a scientific method of physical training.

(NoTE—In the next number of the Wisconsin Magazine the writer will take up the discovery of the social aspect of the various forms of physical training, describe the new influence this has introduced into the methods of physical training and indicate the plans for developing the Department of Physical Training in accordance with the principles elucidated.)

#### Revelation

#### WALTHER BUCHEN

My hand is over the Sun, Its shadow lies dark on the land, It strikes a chill to your heart— You weep and mourn for your heart, And cry for a curse on My hand, And say that there is no Sun— For the lands and the scas are dark.

But should My hand ever fall, O, man of the blinking eyes, Your heart, your poor little heart, You think such a mighty heart, Would die as the young grass dies When fierce glares the puny sun. So My lands and My seas are dark!

## The Undergraduate Conscience

KENNETH F. BURGESS

When one has been a part of the student body for five or six years, one may perhaps be excused for moralizing a bit, or at least for writing upon a subject which gives evidence of such a frame of mind. Sweeping changes have been made and so rapidly in student affairs and interests during this period, that one may also possibly be excused for attempting to find some reason or central force which has been back of all these movements.

There is a statement hidden away on page 54 of the University Catalogue with which probably not twenty students are familiar, and yet in a few words President Van Hise has epitomized the spirit which should prevail in the student body, and which, judging by external evicences, has been growing mightily. It is:

"The government of the institution rests upon the inherent obligation of students to the University and to the State. The University is maintained at the public expense for the public good. Those who participate in its benefits are expected, as a matter of honor, not only to fulfill the obligations of loyal members of the institution, of the community, and of the commonwealth, but actively to aid in promoting intellectual and moral interests. Every student owes to the public, in the form of superior usefulness to it, both while in the institution and afterwards, a full equivalent of the expenditure in his behalf."

So much for what the undergraduate conscience should be.

Three years ago a representative of an outside printing office came to one of the Badger sub-chairmen and offered financial inducements if the student would use his influence to secure the Badger printing contract. He was asked why he made the offer and said simply enough that it was his first attempt to deal with Wisconsin students, and that he had been told in Milwaukce that in order to secure a contract he must offer illicit inducements. Suffice it to say that he did not secure the contract. He was several years behind the times. He was prepared only to deal with students of a vanishing generation.

Some five years ago class politics had the reputation of being exceedingly "rotten." There were cries of "stuffing the ballot box," and voting illegal proxies, and pulling off "snap" elections without regular notice. Occasionally there was a scandal to be aired. There was the "Freshman Green Cap Case," the Badger financial investigation, the management of class purchasing committees and a dozen others.

In those days the student body was divided into three factions-those who were indulging in sharp practices and petty grafts; those who were trying to check them, and larger than both, the great body of indifferent students. Since then-perhaps it may be too idealistic to say that it is by the same force of insurgency which has been sweeping over the state and country-this large body of indifferent students has been diminishing, giving members to a new force in undergraduate affairs which has worked remarkable changes.

In those days the students were hampered by the feeling that the faculty did not trust them. The students had practically no power or voice in governing even the most minor details of their own affairs. It was difficult for the voice of student interest to reach the faculty ear, or if it did, to escape being labeled as presumptuous and pigeon-holed. In successive stages, the Student Conference has grown in power and respect, the power being based on sentiment at first, and a year ago it evolved the Student Court. Both have won respect. There have been problems, but somehow they did not prove so difficult of solution as some of the pessimists, among them some faculty members, would have predicted. And thus far it may be said without contradiction, that the STU-DENT BODY HAS NEVER FAILED IN AN EMERGENCY.

This fall the Student Conference representation has been reformed and remodeled. The present system rests upon the idea that the students of the University can, and will, by the exercise of their franchise, elect good representatives to the conference. Five years ago there was too much gang politics and general apathy to have made such a system feasible. Today it appears to be the only fair and safe means devisable to obtain a really representative group which will carry on effective work.

The signs of the times indicate that the average student is becoming fully alive to his privileges, duties and obligations. Enrolled in the University, he is realizing that "those who participate in its benefits are expected, as a matter of honor \* \* \* to fulfill the obligations of \*" loval members of the institution The student, feeling the responsibility which has been given him in answer to his demands, has developed and formulated a code of honor and loyalty. He is becoming more of an American citizen than he was.

This state of facts raises the question which must and will be thoroughly discussed this fall, "Are we ready for an honor system in examinations?" And it is fair to suppose that if the student body can demonstrate that it is ready for it, the faculty will create it.

There is a story of a Princeton examination, which may or may not be true in its details, but which illustrates the possibilities. There in a room full of students writing an examination, unwatched by the faculty, a student rose and asked that his classmates cease writing. "There is a man in this room," he said, "whom I have observed is cribbing. We are placed here upon our honor as gentlemen, and I ask that the man to whom I refer withdraw from the room and from the University." No one moved. The

speaker then asked for a vote of his classmates on the subject, and they thundered a unanimous vote asking the man to withdraw before they would proceed. That evening a Princeton student resigned from the University and went to his home or elsewhere, and the incident closed.

It is difficult to believe that here in the middle west we have not as much honor as in the east or south, or that to us the lie and the cheat is less odious. It has grated on us to know that we must be suspected and watched, when twice a year we write our examinations.

But the question still remains—are we ready for the change? An honor system will create new problems. Will each man or woman be so dominated by the natural code of honor that he or she will not only discourage any dishonesty, but will see that no offender goes unpunished? The punishment would, of course, be inflicted with as much delicacy and lack of publicity as possible, but inflicted it would have to be or the system would fail. Would a change lead to perjury or attempts to manufacture defenses? Would the small group, the Fraternity, for instance, fight to retain one of its men caught cribbing, or would it on its honor inspect the charges and if it believed them to be against their member, quietly advise him to withdraw? In the mixed class of men and women, would a man ever appear as the complaining witness against a woman, or a woman against a man?

These are merely outline questions. Α good many of us believe that they would not present permanent difficulties. We believe that the Wisconsin student would be a Wisconsin student whether he was a non-fraternity member, fraternity or whether he were called upon to pass judgment on the biggest athlete or the most obscure freshman, and that through it all would feel that no matter what the position in student life the offender occupied. if he had offended he had violated the code of honor of the student body, and the obligation on page 54 of our catalogue, and that his connection with the Universitv should then cease.

Certainly a few examples made—perhaps the entire student body would so adapt itself that there would never be an example made—would give permanence to the system and the idea. It would lead to a growth of individual responsibility, would condemn the guilty as far as necessary to remove him from the college community and Wisconsin would occupy the place of the first great state University to adopt and make practical the honor system.

If, then, the movement which has been going on and the spirit which has been crystallizing is now ready for the last and biggest demand for student self-government, and is prepared to meet the situations and problems which will develop, the matter should be given not only serious, but resolved consideration. Thus far the

student body has kept its faith with itself and with the faculty. The athletics have been raised from the stigma of professionalism, class politics from graft and not only the letter, but the spirit of the antihazing rules have been enforced-enforced not by three or five or a dozen students, but by the great body of student sentiment and conviction, which feels that "every student owes to the public, in the form of superior usefulness to it, both while in the institution and afterwards, a full equivalent of the expenditure in his behalf," and that "the government of the institution rests upon the inherent obligation of students to the University and to the state."

#### Dark the Sea

#### SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

Dark the sea; so hast thou fears! O weak heart. Hopes all flee; so fall thy tears! O meek heart.

Steer with faith, O my heart! Beyond is peace. "Should meet Death"! Why, my heart, Beneath, too, peace.



THE SCENE OF THE RUSH

Photo by Photo Shop

## Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow

R. E. COLEMAN

I.

They were bachelors and lived in an adjoining apartment in one of the bohemian sections of Paris. Every day the older could be seen taking the same regular course to his office in Rue Scribe, and returning at the same time every evening. He was a quiet man, and loved to linger at the stands on the Quay while purchasing some choice books. In his room, he had the walls lined with dark bookcases and the shelves filled with the best of the classics. A solitary lamp at one end of his manth piece threw a soft light on his table. A grate, where a cheerful fire always burned, was his main comfort.

The other man was younger and enjoyed the activities of life. At night, one could find him at some cafe, sipping his "Vin Rouge" with Marie or some other acquaintance. One day he fell in love. It was on the train from St. Cloud. He saw opposite the girl, a brunette-one of those girls whose eyes are so dark that they seem like particles of coal in a tray of diamonds. The carriage was unoccupied except by them. His eyes traveled to hers more than once, always restless, and when they met, she blushed and looked down and he noticed it. A spark of love came suddenly into his heart. He tried to keep his eyes from her, but the power of attraction was too great. He was inwardly struggling with that desire to hold her in his arms although he had never before seen her.

One day not long afterwards, he was walking in the Luxembourg Gardens, thinking of the girl and wondering if he would ever see her again, when he espied a familiar face. She was seated on one of the benches, almost hidden in the shrubery. At first, he couldn't remember where he had seen that beautiful face before, but the moment was fleeting; for soon the desire to speak was uppermost. He waited. Would she see him? Would she recognize him? What a desire was his! Finally he ventured, and was rebuked. He went away in silence and betook himself to a lonely bench at the edge of the gardens. Why had she treated him so cruelly? Could she not have remembered him? Could she be married?

Francois Le Fevre, the older of the two men, had invited him to a small dinner party to meet a friend of his cousin's. It was to be at the Cafe de la Petite Riche. He dressed hurriedly, and was not in a very good frame of mind when he met the party. However, his face changed when he was introduced to the ladies, for one was—the girl.

So the younger man and the girl met. A strong friendship immediately grew up between them. She was employed in a shop, and went and came at the same time every day. He arranged to meet her in the morning and evening, and as the days passed better relations were formed. They went occasionally to the theater; sometimes to the cafes, and many times for walks up the Champs Elysees. Picnics were planned, but she always had some excuse to thwart their becoming realities. At last she gave in to his earnest pleading that they go to the Restaurant-Boulant for dinner some evening.

#### II.

She was at the railway station first, which astonished him, but she said: "Before we go, Jean, I want you to promise me something."

She suddenly reddened and trembled as she continued: "I will not go unless you promise me that you will do strictly—that you will be strictly conventional."

He did not immediately reply, unable to find words to express himself. He was disappointed. He would love her less, yes, if her conduct were light, but what a happy, charming experience. He squeezed her arm tenderly, and said, "I promise."
She seemed much relieved and smiled.

During the journey the conversation was of the most general nature, as the carriage was filled. The sun shone brightly on the fields of flowers, and each ray seemed to be reflected in their hearts. They were eager to talk of their love, and at last, when the little place was reached, and they got out, she said, "Please forgive me for what I said, but I wanted to feel that everything was to be all right. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Why, it is only natural," he said, "but you should not distrust me. It cut, but I'll forgive you."

"I appreciate what you have done for me. It has been grand. I live so very quietly with father, and he is so old and has a good deal of trouble. I am not always cheerful. I try to laugh and make the best of everything, but I do not always succeed. I hope you will not feel sorry you asked me to come."

He drew her towards him, and gently kissed her. She moved back abruptly, and getting angry, exclaimed, "Oh, Monsieur Jean, to think that you would break your promise so soon!"

Silence followed and only occasional remarks were exchanged during the meal. But after dinner they regained their good spirits, and were conversing in low tones over their coffee about what things interested both, when Jean leaned far over the table and clutched her hand in his. She did not appear to notice it, so intent was she in the conversation. He came closer, and putting his arms about her, crushed her in his powerful embrace. Their lips met in one thrilling, mometary kiss. She recoiled, her hair dishevelled, her eyes sparkling. Her hands held his. She was frightened. She drew him toward her, and hung to him frantically. Suddenly she released him, and cried out, "Don't touch me! Take me home!"

He was bewildered and pleaded to know the reason, but the girl was firm and they went. He tried to console her, but she kept saying, "Goodness, goodness." He vainly urged her to stop, but now her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sunken, and as soon as the Paris station was reached, she left him without even saying good-bye. When he met her the next day she appeared changed. She seemed thinner. When they were alone, she said, "Please don't ask me the reason, but we must never see each other again." Then he became excited, tortured by his love, and promised to marry her. She said, "No," and went on her way.

As time passed the girl He waited. went out of his thoughts and another crept in. He became interested in his new love, and not long after, married her. Their life was very peaceful, until one day it was rudely jarred by the sudden appearance of Jean's former friend. She came to him ready to accept his offer, but he did not respond. She did not understand, and he did not tell her the reason. Her heart was broken. All that old love, which she had concealed from him, broke out afresh and with increasing strength. He was unable to know what to do. She continually haunted him. At last, he made up his mind. His wife and he would change their residence. Thev moved. The girl came, only to find the house vacant. She went away, broken in heart, and spirit to console herself with the remembrance of a pure love.

The older of the two men knew the story and he worried over the affair. It was he who had been the means of their meeting. Was he not responsible? He resolved to save the girl. With a firm determination he set out on his mission. Day after day he met her and had delightful talks. Their friendship grew rapidly, for she was in need of an older friend and she was pleased that he took such an interest in her. They would sit for hours in the cafes, reading his favorite selections and she became fond of his oftrepeated quotations. One night changed He asked her to marry him. She all. was thunderstruck. Nothing could have been farther from her thoughts. A big lump came into he throat, her head whirled. Must she choose between a strong, true friend, who had been her greatest help, one whom she liked to be with, who shielded her from every harm, who was her constant joy and life and the desire at one time to marry the man she loved, a cherished desire nurished from

infancy? That one day she would marry the man of her childhood dreams had been her ambition. Had all to fall? Tears came and she rested her head on the table. sobbing. He tried to comfort her, but availed little. He then took her home.

With a resigned feeling, he wandered through the darkened streets to his lodgings, and as he sat before the dying coals of his meager fire, he thought, Life is a queer thing.

#### Aftermath

#### PAUL MAHONE

They say the aftermath we reap is bitter, Its feeding rains fall as belated tears. Yet southward flying swallows pass and twitter Above the slopes where tares have grown for years. O, let me reap my aftermath unfearing With winds deep voiced o'er fields to stubble shorn; 'Tis well to reap though poor the pay of reaping, 'Tis ill to flood the fount of life with weeping, And o'er the hills of Hope I see my fields of ripening corn. I do not fear to sow for sheaves I covet, Though drouth may come, the rains have come before, And if but aftermath is grown, I love it— It bears the hearts of things I loved of yore. O, let me reap the harvest of my sowing; I do not fear the silly cries of woe; And if there be an end to love and gladness, The in a construction of the construction of the construction.

There is an end, as well, to hate and sadness; But there is more to court than Death; my soul has told me so.



FINISH OF ONE-HALF MILE, CONFERENCE 1910. DAVENPORT, CHICAGO, FIRST

### From Madison to Norwalk in a Buick

ROBERT D. TRISTRAM

In the beginning, let is be distinctly understood that this is not a write-up for the Buick Motor Car, but merely an accurate account of our trip from Madison, Wis., to Norwalk, Conn., in which I will try to set forth as many of the details as space will permit.

We made absolutely no extra provisions for the trip beyond carrying an extra casing, two inner tubes, tire chains, top and a regular kit of tools. Our speedometer registered 250 miles when we left Madison, the car having been run two weeks.

It might be wise at this point to give a brief outline of the route we intended to follow. Our original intention was to go to Milwaukee; thence to Chicago; then to Indianapolis, and from Indianapolis to Columbus, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York. We carried out this plan as far as Columbus. From there we went to New York, for reasons explained later, by the way of Cleveland, Eric, Buffalo and Albany.

It was a beautiful cool day, the 7th of June, when we left Madison at 11:15. The little Buick was running like a sewing machine, and prospects certainly looked bright for a very successful trip.

In the way of baggage we carried three suit cases, a shawl strap bundle, a case of thermos bottles and a camera, besides rain coats, guide books, etc. We were headed for Milwaukee, and had just passed through Sun Prairie, when I noticed that my tire iron was loose. It seems like an easy thing to fix, but I had to remove all our carefully packed luggage to get into the tool box for a pair of pliers. Safe to say that after that I carried pliers and screw driver under the cushion.

After loading on the luggage we only made one other stop, in order to lead a frightened horse by the machine, before reaching Watertown at 2:10 p. m., a distance of 40 miles. As the hotel had just closed, it was the Sterling Cafe for ours. After lunch I was talking to the garage man, telling him what awful roads there were between Madison and Watertown. He then informed me that the road west of Watertown was all macadam to what we would find east of there as far as Ixonia. He was right, too.

After leaving Ixonia, the road improved and we ran into Milwaukee and arrived at the Plankinton at just five minutes to The first day's run was far from six. easy, but we were not in the least bit dis-There were no hills, and excouraged. cept for the few picturesque lakes along the route the scenery was very mild. However, we had had no mishaps of any kind and were beginning to look forward to the rest of our trip with a good deal more of interest, now that we had had a taste of it. Our distance was 85 miles. Our running time was 5 hours 30 minutes. Our running average was 15.4 miles per hour.

Wednesday was just as nice a day as Tuesday and we left Milwaukee at 11:15 a. m., headed for Chicago. Some kind friend advised me to take the inland road by all means, and as that was the route given in the guide book, we followed that one. Soon after leaving Milwaukee we began to strike places where dirt had been piled up so high that our pan was continuously scraping on it, and was bent in several places. If we had attempted to run with one wheel in the sand and the other on the edge of the road, we would have been tipped over. When we didn't have dirt to plow through we had some clay ruts, which, when baked in the sun, as these were, are much worse than running over cobble stones, especially with a small machine. We had not taken any lunch with us, thinking of course that we would find a town to get something to eat in about noon. The first town we

found, excepting Franksville, was Libertyville, 111., 70 miles from Milwaukee. Maybe our lunch didn't taste good, as it was 3:10 when we arrived there.

After a good meal at a cute restaurant and after getting some gasoline in a nearby saloon, we started once more for Chicago. From then on the road was much better, and the last few miles down the famous Sheridan Road and along the lake shore into Chicago were beautiful. The scenery along this route was very tame, and we missed the pretty little lakes which we had seen along the route of our trip the day before. I must say, after two days of such hard traveling, we were a little discouraged at the roads, but the machine was working so perfectly and the weather was so fine, that our spirits were not at all dampened. Our running distance for the day was 103.4 miles, with a running time of 6 hours 15 minutes, and an average of 16.6 miles per hour, which on the whole was a little better than Tuesday's run. Our only excitement was the killing of two chickens.

When we woke up on Thursday the weather was cloudy, but we decided to go on anyway as far as we could before it rained. It was just 11:45 as we passed through Jackson Park in Chicago. Just after leaving South Chicago and when we were a few miles this side of Hammond, Ind., we came to a railroad crossing where the engine was off the track, and the road was blocked completely. We were told that there was no other way around without going back to Chicago, so we simply had to sit and wait. It took a little over half an hour for a wrecker to come and get the engine out of the way. By that time there were many autos and trolleys waiting on each side, and nobody was a bit backward in expressing their opinions of this particular railroad. From here on to Valparaiso the run was delightful. The roads were all fine, there being no hills and few turns.

We had had a very late breakfast so only stopped in Valparaiso 35 minutes to buy a few crackers and some gasoline. We continued our way through Westville to La Porte instead of taking the new road from Westville to Michigan City and thence south to South Bend. The road

was not so good the way we went, but was shorter, and, after traveling the roads of Wisconsin, we did not mind any kind of a road. Things were going finely, and we were making great time until six miles west of South Bend; my engine became very hot. I stopped at a farm house and it was half an hour before I could get the motor cool enough to continue. I made the run to South Bend in quick time, arriving there at five minutes to It just happened that there was a six. Buick agency in the place, and we made a careful search to see what had been the trouble. The only thing we could find wrong was a slight leak in the packing around the pump shaft, and this we easily Our day's running distance was fixed. 103 miles, with a running time of 5 hours and 10 minutes, and an average of 20 miles per hour. Except for the overheating of the motor, which I thought was all right now, and the killing of one chicken, we had a very successful run. There was very little scenery except flat farm lands, but we were getting to the stage now where we were not looking for scenery, but merely to get eastward as soon as possible.

Friday was another cloudy day, but so long as it did not rain a cloudy day was much better for our purposes. This day was where we made the mistake of our trip, and it cost us two whole days of travel to make up for it. In Madison they had told us that if we would only go to Indianapolis, that there we would strike the National Road. This they said was a fine road right direct to either Washington or Philadelphia. Consequently, we headed for Indianapolis without further inquiry, while if we had been wise we should have gone direct from South Bend to Toledo and Cleveland.

However, that is neither here nor there. We started for Indianapolis none the wiser of what was in store for us, at 11:20 a. m. on Friday, June 10th. We started rather late, as from here on the cities were mostly new to us and we were anxious to look around a little and see the sights. The road was fair, and we averaged 20 miles per hour to Plymouth and 25 miles per hour from there to Rochester, where we stopped for water. We continued along, running over a chicken in the meantime, to a little school house six miles north of Logansport. Here we stopped to eat lunch. Most of our water was gone, and the motor was pretty warm. I poured the water from our thermos bottles into the radiator, and ran into Logansport at 3:30, with my engine steaming at a great rate. I decided not to fool any longer, so ran into a garage. We finally located the trouble in the pump, and it took three hours and a quarter of good hard work to put in a new pinion in the pump, and get things working again.

In the meantime, my mother had been out looking around the town and had decided that she would rather go on to Indianapolis, if we did not get there until morning, rather than stay here all night. Therefore, at just a quarter to seven we left the garage and started on our 71mile trip to Indianapolis. The road was much improved now, and we made 21 miles in  $\overline{45}$  minutes, when we stopped to light our lights. We reeled off seven more miles in the next 15 minutes, and we were patting ourselves on the back that we would be in Indianapolis before we knew it. Just then we came to a long iron bridge, over which we went with a rattle of boards, and just as we reached the other end the engine stopped, and there we were. We hadn't passed a town or even a house for miles; there were no trollevs or railroads near; we sure were up against it. Not wishing to frighten my mother, although I was pretty badly scared myself, I immediately jumped out and began to look as though I knew exactly what was wrong. More by good luck than knowledge I found a wire off the timer. The nut was gone, but with some string I tied the wire on so that it would run us to Indianapolis. I can tell you that no music ever sounded sweeter to me than the steady hum of that little Buick engine, when she began to run again. From now on it was merely a case of get there as quickly as we could with safety. I will never forget my feelings when my headlights shone on a sign, which said, "19 miles to Indianapolis." It seemed as though we were almost there. We made the whole 71 miles in two hours 45 minutes, which is a mighty good show-

ing for a small car over a strange road at Fortunately, we were traveling night. over the famous "Michigan Road," which has not even a bend in it between Logans-Sometime I port and Indianapolis. should like to take the trip in the daytime, and see the numerous small towns that we tore through, hardly any of them larger than Middleton, Wis., However, through it all we had a feeling of content, for at last we had reached the National Road, and our troubles were over-absolutely no more bad roads and nothing but clear sailing right into Washington. That's what they said in Madison, but we all learn the most by experience, and we learned a Our total distance for the day was lot. 137 miles, with a running time of 6 hours 20 minutes, and an average of 21.4 miles per hour.

We had a good night's rest at the Claypool Hotel, and in the morning took a look around Indianapolis, which was the finest city we passed through on the whole trip. It was a quarter to one when we left the city, bound for no place in particular, but headed east of the National Road. I was sure of one thing, and that was that we were through with night runs over strange country.

The road certainly was good and we made good time, passing through many small towns to Greenfield, where we stopped for oil-the first since leaving Mad-It was only four o'clock when we ison. reached Richmond, the last city of any size before crossing into Ohio. The machine was running perfectly, and the roads were fine, so we decided to go to Springfield, O., 60 miles east of Richmond. Shortly after leaving Richmond we came to a fork-one branch going to Dayton and the other direct to Springfield. A man told us that the left branch was the National Road; so without further questioning we went to the left. Things went well for a few miles, and I stopped to take a picture of the machine just after we crossed the state line. It did not have a spot of mud on it then. I wish it had been light enough to take a picture of it when we reached Springfield. Soon after I took the picture we began to strike mud; then we struck more mud; and then a lot more. There was thick mud and mud

puddles, and, in fact, mud in every shape. The country became more hilly and every minute the sun was getting lower in the west, until it seemed to me we never would see Springfield. I still had visions of another night ride, but at just seven o'clock we pulled up in front of the Bookwalter Hotel. It seems it had rained for ten days steady in that part of the country. We were lucky to escape the rain, but its effects were plenty bad enough. Just about this time we were wondering if the National Road was quite all it was cracked up to be. I decided to make inquiries the next day. Our distance for the day was 126 miles, with a running time of 5 hours 45 minutes, and an average of 22.2 miles per hour.

Sundav was a fine bright day, but we were too tired to do any sight seeing. The town impressed me as a dirty place, with cobblestone streets, and old-fashioned buildings. While in the garage I got in conversation with a man who had toured most all over the United States, and he advised me very strongly to give up the idea of crossing the Alleganies, but advised me to go direct to Cleveland. He said that the National Road was "nothing but a big bluff and never had been or never would be," as he expressed it, "anything but a mud road." Therefore, we decided to run into Columbus in the afternoon and start for Cleveland on Monday. Before starting it was necessary to tighten up the bolts holding the body lights, tire irons, brake and high speed levers, all of which had jarred loose coming through the 50 miles of mud on Saturday.

The trip of 43 miles into Columbus was uneventful, and took us just two hours and 15 minutes. The road was muddy, but not so bad as the day before. Columbus was another city with cobblestone streets, and we wished we had gone direct to Cleveland from Springfield.

Monday, the 13th of June, was a fine day, and not the least daunted by the fact that it was the 13th, we started at 10 a. m. for no special place, but this time headed north and *not* over the National Roads. We had no definite point in mind to reach that night, but the weather was so fine that we were anxious to cover as much ground as possible.

After getting off from the wretched paving in Columbus, we had a good "Pike" road, passing through Delaware, Marion and Bucyrus. Just a few miles south of Bucyrus we struck a mud hole in which we nearly stuck. Jumping out before the machine had time to settle, I began to push, while my mother worked the low speed. In this way we soon got out of the mud and were soon bowling along on excellent pike. After leaving Bucyrus we lost the "Blue Book Road" which we had been following, and continued directly north on the "Bellevue Turnpike" to a little town called Attica. Here we stopped fifty minutes for gasoline and lunch. We were told that the Pyke road ended just north of Attica, and that we would have a few miles of "mud" road to run over. The hotel keeper gave us explicit directions as to getting to Bellevue. Soon, however, I lost the main road, and found myself on a country cross road, with mud up to the hubs. We soon saw we were going wrong, but the mud was so deep that we could do nothing but back up in our own tracks. After backing for some distance, I thought I had found a place to turn around, and so shot ahead with a good deal of power in order to cross the deep ruts in the mud. When I applied the brake to stop, the Buick kept right on going and finally stopped with the right front wheel in an 18-inch gullev at the side of the road. The rubber floor mat had caught in the brake lever, and that was what sent us in the ditch. Thinking I could get out by running along the ditch, I soon had my right rear wheel in also, and was stuck for fair. It was very hot, and we were eight miles from the nearest town. The only house in sight was a deserted one in front of which we then were. Things looked bad. As luck would have, an old farmer came driving up, and he was soon followed by Neither of them had a rope, but another. contrary to my expectations, both were very willing to help me. By a liberal use of jacks and levers, and blocks of wood, we succeeded in getting the Buick back in the road after a half hour's hard work. We gave each of the old men-each was

seventy years old if a day—a dollar, with which they were greatly pleased, and started off again.

I would have given anything if I had had a film to take a photograph of our getting out of the ditch. You could not imagine a more rural sight than the turnouts of these old farmers, and the sight of my mother leading the old farm horses down the road when I started the engine, was a picture in itself.

However, we went on our way again. This time we had a firm determination not to lose the way. We soon arrived in Bellevue, and started for Norwalknot Norwalk, Conn., as we wished it might have been, and reached it about 5:30. Although not so large as our home town, we were very favorably impressed with the place, and they surely can surpass us in public buildings. Upon asking the condition of the road to Elvria, we were told that it was fine. Since the distance was only about 30 miles, we decided to spend the night in Elyria. The road was a rotten clay road for 27 miles, and we struck our first macadam three miles west of Elvria. We were some tired when we finally got there, but we found the New Andwur a very nice hotel, and were glad we had made the extra effort to reach there.

I will quote an item which I find in my diary. "The country is a little more picturesque and hilly, but roads are not nearly so good or so straight up here as they are in Indiana. The people you meet with carriages on the road are the biggest hogs I ever saw, and will send you in the ditch every time." Our distance for the day was 136.7 miles, with a running time of 7 hours and 30 minutes, and an average of 18.2 miles per hour.

Upon leaving Elyria the next morning we encountered the first rain we had had on the whole trip. It was merely a slight shower, which we ran into soon after leaving Elyria. We put on our rain coats, but did not even bother to put up the top. It was just 10 a. m. when we left the town, and by 12:30 we were well outside of Cleveland, having stopped there only for gasoline.

The ride over the famous Euclid Avenue, with its fine residences, was partic-

ularly enjoyable to us. One thing that is noticeable around Cleveland is the large number of brick roads. For miles on either side of the eitv the roads are all brick, which makes it fine for automobiling. We continued along the main traveled road from Cleveland to Erie, and stopped at Geneva, Ohio, at about 2 p. m. for lunch. At Conneaut, Ohio, just before crossing the state line into Pennsylvania, we had to pay our first toll-five cents for a long bridge. It was just 5:45 when we rolled up in front of the Reed House at Erie, Pa. We had covered 125.7 miles in 6 hours 15 minutes, at an average of 20.7 miles per hour, but were not at all tired. A short quotation from my diary will perhaps sum up the day's run. "The only excitement we had was a big skid; we took in a pile of sand and came awfully close to upsetting.

"We had much better roads today as a whole than ever before, and the trip was a pleasure to us. We are now going east as fast as we can, and are about 550 miles from New York."

We were quite encouraged by our fine run of the day before, and left Erie at 10:15 on June 15th, with hearts full of hope and a tank full of gasoline. We covered the first 65 miles in three hours and decided to stop at Athol Springs for lunch, but went through the place without knowing it. In many places the road was torn up, and we were obliged to make detours. At two o'clock we were nearing Buffalo, and were getting pretty hungry.

The road had led us through the famous grape belts of Pennsylvania and New York, where vineyards stretch for miles and miles as far as the eye can see along each side of the highway. For miles we had been watching to catch site of Lake Erie, but in this we were disappointed. For some time the motor had not been running well, and I had about decided to stop in Buffalo to see what the difficulty was, although our original intention had been to spend the night in Batavia.

Upon making inquiries as how to enter the city, we were told that we were headed straight for Erie again. In some way we had got lost, but the worst was yet to come. When I cranked the engine it would not start. After working fifteen minutes in the hot sun, during which time quite a crowd had collected, I decided to find the nearest garage. The nearest one was the "Hydraulic Garage" on Filmore Avenue, near Seneca Street. All I have to say is keep away from there if you are in trouble. The man thought he knew what was wrong, and I must give him credit for putting up a very good bluff.

To make a long story short, we staved at the "Statler" all night, and when I went out to the "Hydraulic Garage" in the morning, the Buick was running, but running rotten, and I had fourteen hours labor and nine gallons gasoline charged up to me. I was thankful she was running enough so that I could get out of the place, and gladly paid the bill. I immediately ran up to the Buick Branch Office on Main street. They sent down a magneto expert and when he raised up the hood of the car his first words were, "Damn it, who has been monkeying with this magneto." In two hours time the Buick was running better than ever, and at 3 p. m. we were once more headed eastward.

It was a little disappointing to be held up twenty-four hours at this stage of the trip, but probably the rest did us good. The first twenty-three miles of the road were macadam, and we rolled along in fine style, but were soon forced to make a detour on account of road-building. We reached Batavia at 5 o'clock, and rested there for twenty minutes. After making another detour to avoid torn up roads, we finally struck macadam, and made the last twelve miles into Rochester in twenty minutes, which is traveling some for a small Buick. We only covered 78.1 miles in three hours and 30 minutes, at an average of 22.2 miles per hour; but made up for it by running 155.4 miles the next day.

Rochester is a fine town, with large stores and good hotels, and we were mighty glad we had not reached Batavia the night before, as the only hotel in the place, the Richmond, was closed for repairs.

Friday, June the 17th, was an ideal day. We got a good start at 9:30, and

made fine time over excellent roads to Canandaigua, where we stopped 20 minutes to tighten the low speed clutch. From there to Geneva, where Hobart College is located, is a fine stretch of new macadam. We had a race with a big Cadillac car, which was equipped for long distance touring, and had a license number, which I could not recognize. We pressed the driver so hard that just west of Geneva he slowed up to let us go by. There were



three men in the car and they were all very good natured, and had been laughing and waving to us all through the race. We did not think much about it then.

Just one mile east of Geneva I had the first puncture of the whole trip. Soon our friends in the Cadillac came along and asked if they could help us. We had quite a talk with them. It seems they were traveling from St. Louis to New Haven and back. All three were Yale men, and were going to attend a class reunion. They went on, and as they expected to reach Albany that night, we thought we had seen the last of them.

We were soon on our way again, after drinking some hot coffee, which the lady in front of whose house we were, sent out to us. We were just nearing the Montezuma Swamps, when who should we see but our friends stopping on top of a hill to look at the view. This time they threw us a bag of candy and a bag of nuts. We also took some pictures of the bunch. Together we passed through the "Swamps," which were fairly dry and not very bad going. Upon leaving Auburn, where the New York state penitentiary is located, the Cadillac broke its trunk rack. Since we could be of no assistance, we went on ahead. We stopped 40 minutes in Syracuse, and as it was only about 4 o'clock, decided to go on. Just outside of the city we passed two toll houses, which taxed us 8 cents each.

Stopping only at Chittenango fifteen minutes for gasoline, we went along in grand style, making as usual several detours, until six miles west of Utica. Just then I heard a roar and turning around saw the Cadillac hurrying along to make up time. We let them go by, and kept behind them into Utica. When we reached the center of the city, we left them again, and this time we were sure it was for good.

We put up at the Baggs Hotel, which by the way, celebrated its 117th anniversary this year. Utica is a typical slow moving New York town, situated on the Erie canal. It is a town of nearly 70,000 people, and has one garage, which will take machines for over night. Oh, it's a thriving burg all right, and I might mention I had to take two trolley lines to get back to the Baggs from the garage.

Things were bad enough in the city, but to make things worse it rained all night long, and when we went to leave the next day at 10 A. M. a sea of mud greeted us. Soon we were on macadam, and soon it began to rain and also soon the macadam stopped.

The rain proved to be a hard thunder shower, and while we were putting up the top for the first time since leaving Madison, four fellows in a Pierce car drove up, and the first thing they asked was, "Is there any macadam between here and Utica?" We told them that they would find some right ahead of them, and then asked how the road was ahead of us. "Forty miles of mud, and be sure and put on your chains," was the answer, and they drove on.

At the time I thought they were trying to scare us, but now I know they told the

truth. I did not put on the chains, but plowed along through the mud, until when turning out for a big car-again a Pierce—down we slid into the ditch. The chauffeur and owner of the other car immediately came to my assistance, and the three of us were able to get the Buick back in the road. The chauffeur helped me put on my chains, and warned us about a six-mile stretch of mud just before reaching Fouda. By this time a girl of about twenty, evidently returning home in Papa's car from Smith or some other Eastern girl's college, came up. She told my mother that we had better wait a week or so until the mud dried up, as they had had trouble with their big six-cylinder car, and she was so afraid our *little* car would get stuck. Mother fired back that our little car would go some place where their big car wouldn't.

It was not long before we struck the sixmile stretch and for a little while we wished we had taken the girl's advice. The pen cannot describe it adequately. It was awful hard going, but the little Buick pulled it without a whimper, and nearly all the way on *high* gear. To give an example of how deep the ruts were—



we met a Packard, which was traveling in the same ruts we were in. Neither of

us could turn out, and as I was on the right side of the road, the Packard had to back up for half a mile before the front wheels could be turned.

We reached Fouda just after the hotels had closed for lunch, and had to eat at a "dog wagon," but anything tasted pretty good after our strenuous fifty-four mile run. After an hour's rest we started on our way for Albany once again. The road from Fouda to Amsterdam was fine, and we went over the famous Tribes Hill on high gear with no difficulty at all.

Beyond Amsterdam we had mud for eight miles. At Hoffman we took a ferry to avoid more mud, and were landed on the south side of the Mohawk river. From here into Schenectady the road was macadam. Our machine was covered with mud as it was, but upon entering the city we struck a mud hole which must have contained a mixture of tar and oil, for it certinly put the finishing touches on our white car and ourselves included.

It had cleared off finely before noon, but between Schenectady and Albany we were racing a thunder shower. We beat it by about fifteen minutes, and it gave us a feeling of content to watch the storm from our windows in the Ten Eyck.

When we left Utica that morning we had expected to sleep in Poughkeepsie that night, but considering the roads we thought ourselves very lucky to be where we were. We had made 96.8 miles in five hours and thirty minutes, making an average of 17.7 miles per hour. The one redeeming feature of the day was the scenery. Our route was along the Erie canal and the Mohawk river, both of which we crossed several times. Sometimes we were high above the river and could get a grand view of the surrounding country; then again we would be on a level with the stream with hills on both sides of us.

From here on the road was not new for me, as I have made the trip from Albany to New York several times. Thinking that if we got a good early start we could easily reach home by night. We left Albany about 7 a. m., on *Sunday*, and on the *thirteenth* day of our trip. Some people are superstitious on the thirtenth. I never was, but I must admit I am now.

We had gone only ten miles when the road became so muddy that we were forced to put on our chains. It took me some time to get them on, and when I went to start the motor she would not start. After working for a half hour, I got a farmer to drive me to the nearest telephone. Here I telephoned to the Buick Branch Office in Albany, and they promised to send a man right out, if I would meet them at Schodack Center. We drove back three miles to the "Center," consisting of a hotel and about four houses.

It was here that I saw our friends in the Cadillac go by. They did not recognize me at first, but when I shouted they stopped and wanted to help me. It seemed they had had trouble the day before, and only got to Albany a few minutes ahead of us. I let them go on, thinking every minute that the Buick After waiting two people would arrive. hours, we drove back to the phone. This time they promised faithfully to be out in forty minutes. It was nearly noon when I got back to the Buick, and just for amusement I thought I would crank the She started on the first turn. machine. and never went better. We piled in the stuff, and went on, leaving the Buick people to scrap it out with the farmer in front of whose house we had stopped.

This sure was our Jonah day, for ten miles further on we had a puncture. Ten minutes, and we were on our way again. One mile south of Kinderhook we lost the cap to our radiator. Stuffing in waste, we continued ahead, when just out of Hudson we had another puncture. It was then 1:30, and we had traveled just thirty-three miles since seven o'clock. We ran into a garage, and went down to the Worth hotel for dinner.

It was four o'clock when we left Hudson. We now had our tires in good shape, and had found that our stalling up near Albany was caused by weak batteries. It seemed like we were starting all over again, and indeed we were, for the next few hours things went without a hitch.

At six o'clock we passed through

Poughkeepsie, and in many places saw college pennants hung out in view of the coming regatta. At 7:45 we were in Peekskill, having made 74 miles in three hours and forty-five minutes over pretty muddy roads. We were now only 48 miles from home, and fully intended to go home that night after a light supper.

It was 8:40 p. m. when we left Peekskill for Norwalk, and just 9:10 when We had not gone five miles we returned. from the town, when we became hopelessly lost and found ourselves on the side of some mountain. The day's run was sort of a dissappointment, as we were anxious to get home. However, the scenery along the Hudson was grand, and when we did run we made pretty good time. We covered 119.8 miles in five hours and fifty minutes, at an average of 20.7 miles per hour. Monday morning we were up and on our way at 5:05 a.m. The trip was absolutely without incident. We passed through Portchester and crossed the

state line into Connecticut at just 6:25 a. m. Thirty minutes later the little Buick was standing in our driveway at Norwalk, Conn.

Just a few figures of the cost and other items of the trip may be of interest here. The total distance, not counting what we ran around the different cities, was 1,451.1 miles, and the total running time was 73 hours and 20 minutes. Our slowest average was on the first day—15.4 miles per hour, and our fastest average was on the last day—23 miles per hour. The total cost of the trip was \$160.85, while the cost for the Buick only was \$54.65. We used 87 gallons of gasoline and six quarts of cylinder oil, besides what was in the tanks when we started.

In comparison with the great number of tours that are being taken now, our little trip seems but a mere trifle, but to us it was quite a big thing—the experience of which money could not buy.





## Editorial

#### YOU MEN!

"Of course, all our women 'boost' the team!" Wisconsin has been granted a weak football team by our critics. Weak is a word that must not brand the team. And yet public opinion seems to speak in a loud voice with the wail of the "knockers." Public opinion decreed the cross for the Man of Sorrows. If it proved so wrong in this lamentable case, it must often prove wrong in little affairs of the world.

You men who sit on the bleachers and "knock"; you men who never do anything for your university but for your own interest; you men who expect too much of others and too little of yourselves, get out and "boost" awhile and see the good you can do. The team, either in victory or defeat, needs our interest and support. The men that wage the war of the game for us are working hard. Afternoons and nights when you are lolling around they are getting hurt. You men who are "boosters," keep up the good work. It is a part of Wisconsin men to be hopeful. For the loyalty we show the team will fight with a better will toward the goal. And for the good Wisconsin spirit in the team and in the men who believe in the men who play the game, will come the glory of a brave fight that will discredit all the wailings of weaklings.

#### THE PROMISE AND THE FRESHMEN.

We have kept the promise! Not a case of hazing has been reported, and the student body is nobler for its honesty. Along with keeping our word as true men should, we have taken a long stride toward self-government. When we show ourselves able and worthy to rule, there is no longer a reason why the rule should not be granted. There are many who maintain that the freshmen need to be hazed to keep them true to the traditions The Student Court of the university. can give judicial punishment when it is required much better than men at large who believe it their duty to make each freshman miserable. Traditions, whatever they may be, will not be violated since hazing is abandoned. And the freshmen must know this and respect the court, knowing their duty to themselves and the great institution they have joined. And, freshmen, since you have been spared the pain of a hazing, remember the promise that has saved you. Remember that it has helped you into a firmer place of student power. And remembering these things, do not forget to be good freshmen.

There is much to do now. On every side and corner something is to be done that suits your ability. Since you are here you must know that we cannot judge by your high school days what you are to do in a greater place. We have shown you that here we can keep promises and do things worth while.

"By their words ye shall know them." We are working; some of us succeed better than others, but we all leave our works. Freshmen you didn't get in the cold lake, but "get in the swim!"

#### TO THE VICTOR THE SPOILS.

Have you written your story for the Vilas Prize Story Contest? The time draws near when the stories must be in the hands of the judges. And no favor will go with the decision, for the best story will win. It has been whispered by some deluded, rather cynical scribblers, that a chosen few are the only writers who have a chance to win because of graft and prominence.

The judges are fair minded as well as gifted in the art of knowing a good work in literature. Even if the names on the stories were not non de plumes, they would bear no weight with their decisions. All talk of graft is rot and shows a bad spirit.

The story that wins may be a great story and it may be only moderately good. At any rate it will be the best story that is submitted, and its merits alone will count. The only graft is the writer's graft with his art. That alone can win the spoils.





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School; the Course for the Training of Teachers, and the Course in Chemistry. The College of Mechanics and Engineering offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

The College of Law offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.

The College of Agriculture offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture; (2) a middle course of two years; (3) a short course of one or two years in Agriculture; (4) a Dairy Course; (5) a Farmers' Course; (6) a four years' course in Home Economics.

The College of Medicine offers a course of two years in Preclinical Medical Work, the equivalent of the first two years of the Standard Medical Course. After the successful completion of the two years' course in the College of Medicine, students can finish their medical studies in any medical school in two years.

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

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

#### Special Courses in the College of Letters and Science

The Course in Commerce, which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers.

The Courses in Pharmacy are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy.

The Course for the Training of Teachers, four years in length, is designed to prepare teachers for the secondary schools. It includes professional work in the departments of philosophy and education and in the various subjects in the high schools as well as observation work in the elementary and secondary schools of Madison.

The Course in Journalism provides four years' work in newspaper writing and practical journalism, together with courses in history, political economy, political science, English literature, and philosophy, a knowledge of which is necessary for journalism of the best type.

Library Training Courses are given in connection with the Wisconsin Library School, students taking the Library School Course during the junior and senior years of the University Course.

The Course in Chemistry offers facilities for training for those who desire to become chemists. Six courses of study are given, namely, a general course, a course for industrial chemist, a course for agricultural chemist, a course for soil chemist, a course for physiological chemist, and a course for food chemist.

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

Detailed information on any subject connected with the University may be obtained by addressing W. D. HIESTAND, Registarar, Madison, Wisconsin.



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