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The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume IX

OCTOBER, 1911

Number 1

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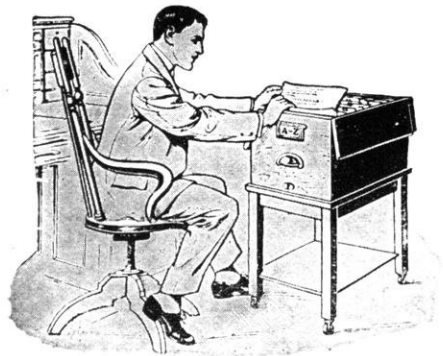
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The Wisconsin Magazine

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume IX Number 1

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GREETINGS

WHENEVER a man beholds the verdant splendor of a new-born earth, and sees again the floral fields painted as though by magic in a night, he stands enraptured in the marvelous scene and for him speaks his heart in ever quickening, pulsative throbs—and, when the ear perceives again a long lost strain, recalling to sacred memory the hymn of youth which once brought nearer unto earth the Great Beyond with all its beauty, mystery and sanctity, man feels the presence of a power ineffable, and lo!—a trance enshrouds the soul immovable;—and, when the scent of morning fields, laved in the dew and bathed in the first rays of the rising sun is once more wafted o'er the lanes and meadows wide,

man seeks a better understanding of the omnipotent Creator, and with astonished look gazes at the morning blossoms drinking in the nectar of the early days;—and, when man stoops to pick a red ripe berry and tastes its pleasant sweetness culled from a tasteless earth, he ever glories in that miraculous Force which unseen quietly produces new fruits from the ample range of nature;—but when he grasps the warm hand of a friend returned, and feels again his surging, coursing blood; when again he looks into the eyes that speak of days most memorable and dear, and hears once more the voice that oft before in ecstasy and joy, in sympathy and love spoke true to him, his lips are opened for then he understands

and knows, and with a gratitude most deep, and with a pressure of the hand, and with a look of thankfulness he hails him brother—brother safely returned to live with him again the former days and add to them a greater purpose—a *life more sacrificial in the service of all mankind*. To this end he welcomes and greets his friend—to this end do we greet our readers, old and new, returned to this institution, the learned mother of a host of friends.

TO THE WORK

WHEN students see a man with a purpose, a man willing and able to carry out his plans, they stand aside and let him go ahead. Hundreds of men have gone ahead with propositions here at Wisconsin and have left us the heritage of their labors. Men have worked for a students court—it is now an established institution. They have worked for a seven-game football schedule—it was granted; they conceived the idea of a Wisconsin union, yes, in fact, our well organized student activities, all of them, represent the labors of earnest workers. Yet, how many of these workers remained here a sufficiently long period of time to be able to enjoy the benefits of their own established institutions. If we were to define Wisconsin spirit we would define it in the terms of these innumerable monuments erected by Wisconsin men and women. They stand before us now as an expression of true loyalty, as an incitement to serious application on the part of ourselves for creating comforts and joys for the next generation of Wisconsin men and women. Let us, therefore, begin at once, individually and collectively, to carry on the unfinished work for a Union Building and for a new Boat House; let us begin at once, through proper education, to spread the knowledge of the workings and mission of the Honor System, so that it may be intelligently instituted within a few years; let us create a new life of song in our institution and develop this most sadly neglected side of our student life; let us enter into athletics with a new spirit of sportsmanship, condemning ineligibility as Wisconsin disloyalty and giving due

credit for work well done; let us regard the band as more than a perfunctory body, pleasing us when life is full of mirth and gayety, but let us regard the band as one of our foremost organizations, indispensable in the life of a student body; and lastly, let us ever suppress the popular spirit of discontent with men and measures of the year. That college community is best which strives to interpret acts and motives always for the best. To the work then. A greater Wisconsin shall be ours.

THE VILAS MEMORIAL PRIZES

MRS. VILAS again offers the William F. Vilas Memorial Prizes, one of fifty dollars for the best story and another of twenty-five dollars for the second best story submitted to The Wisconsin Magazine. Last year this contest was eminently satisfactory. A number of good story writers were developed, and several of them have since appeared in our national magazines.

In awarding these prizes, Mrs. Vilas does not intend to place Wisconsin Magazine contributions on a mercenary basis. However, she is satisfied that a worthy attempt deserves a worthy recognition, and in her kind generosity offers these excellent remunerations. We shall look forward to meritorious stories of high literary excellency this year. The contest is now on. We earnestly invite your competition.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. The contest is open to all undergraduates of the University of Wisconsin.
2. The length of stories submitted shall not be less than fifteen hundred words or more than four thousand words. There are no limitations imposed on subject matter. Contestants are requested to have the copy typewritten.
3. The stories must be in the hands of the business manager of The Wisconsin Magazine not later than the third of December, 1911. The story must be inclosed in a large envelope and addressed to the business manager of the Wisconsin Magazine for the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest. This large envelope shall contain a separate envelope, sealed, which shall hold the correct name of the

contestant, together with a *nom de plume*. Only the *nom de plume* shall appear on the story.

The following members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin have consented to act as judges of this contest: Prof. T. H. Dickinson, Prof. A. Beatty, Prof. F. W. Roe, Prof. J. F. A. Pyre and Mr. R. W. Owen. .

OF INTEREST TO FRESHMEN

“AND others, too,” we may add, for the article on “How Freshmen May Enter College Activities” contains valuable information not even known by some seniors. This article has, however, been mainly planned for *freshmen*. They need the information given and should benefit by it. In the first place, this article lists all the important student activities. A knowledge of what is happening all about the campus is a prerequisite requirement to the making of a good Wisconsin man. There can be no excuse for not knowing about the existence and the functions of an important organization. New students and others uninformed would do well if they would go to friends and get such information as is necessary to supplement the explanations given in this article.

Secondly, this article opens to every man the gates to these activities. There has been at Wisconsin a group of students who in their prejudice, probably chronic inertia, maintained that the gates to certain activities were under combination locks and that only a certain few students possessed the combination. This, however, has been a mere brain hallucination and is not founded on facts. Our student activities are open to *all students who are willing to work*. We trust that freshmen will study this article and join the “live” students in a work which builds character, which gives a certain prestige to the university, and which furnishes the participant with a fairly accurate gauge of his own capabilities.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

LECTURERS we have many. Our rostrums are mounted by silver-tongued orators who can well qualify for the platform in the Roman forum. Yea verily, the age of oratory has not passed in university circles; the lecturer has supplanted the tutor—tutorage is becoming obsolete—tutury is obsolete and the tutress is dead. Alas for the poor pupil—what is to become of him? What is to become of him, that is our problem and it is a serious problem, too, a problem that threatens a national calamity. We are already hardened to the voice that speaks from the discs and cylinders and have long ceased to hope for an acquaintanceship with the artist who sings or plays for us. The stage already parades its lifeless forms before our eyes, and the living actors, where are they? Not among us. Oh, what an age! What idiotic fools traverse this machine made age—mortals contented with the soulless forms and voices of men and women that are and yet are not. But is not the lecturer a being of blood and bone and does he not possess a great soul, too? Yes, he is that, but too often that for himself alone. He lives but for an hour and then he is scarcely seen more. His personal relationship to his class too often is *nil*. He is already displaced by the phonograph in correspondence courses. He lives and still his life does not reach far beyond the platform. Living he is still dead, so far as his personal influence on the lives of students is concerned, and that ought to be, after all, the one great ambition of every man—to touch with your soul the soul of your neighbor—to live your life with the lives of your fellows. Take away the personal touch in college life and the product turned out must eventually become cold, devoid of personality, devoid of the spark of life, machinelike, a mere mechanism without a soul—for the soul had to perish for want of companionship.



Our Football Prospects



FOOTBALL prospects for 1911 are more favorable at Wisconsin than they have been at any time since the inauguration of athletic purity. Over half a hundred experienced men, any eleven of whom would equal the team that started the 1910 season, are eligible and have reported for practice. Coach John R. Richards arrived in Madison early in September and has been working ever since in preparation for the initial call of the pigskin. During the summer, Richards got into touch with every promising football man in the school, urging those who had the semblance of a scholastic difficulty to work hard to remove it at the opening of the school year, and requesting those who were "scholastically pure" to take particular care of their physical condition and to report in sound health.

Predictions are always hard to make at this time of the year. Minnesota has suffered the loss of several of her greatest players, including the redoubtable Johnny McGovern. It is my individual opinion that the Gopher gridiron star is beginning to wane. With Coach Williams' stars out of the way, we should have nothing to fear as the Maroons should be only slightly better this year than last year, and Northwestern should prove hardly more than a strong contestant.

One game, scheduled and made possible by the seven game grant of the faculty last year, with Colorado College, is going to prove one of the hardest fights Wisconsin will have on their hands this fall. Colorado is far ahead of Ripon and Lawrence. Last year they secured a victory over Denver, after the latter had succeeded in playing Marquette to a tie. A team with such a record is worthy of real consideration.

The faculty has shown that their supposed antagonistic attitude towards football is nothing but a mere myth and that they are with us. The students have always been with us and will be so this year more than ever on account of the prospects for a good team and possibly a championship. With such favorable conditions all around, I expect one of the best football years ever experienced by Wisconsin students.

Alfred Buser
Captain 1911.

THE ADVENT OF THE MAN WHO CAN

Chester C. Wells

As the trains rushed us nearer and nearer Madison and as they poured us out at our common destination within the past few days, not a few experienced an exciting thrill—mayhap a dilating nostril or a quickening pulse—for we realized that we were plunging into the very heart of a football epoch at Wisconsin. We talked football on the trains and we zealously read the pre-season “d o p e” that appeared. And deep down in our hearts we have felt a snug satisfaction because we knew—well, what?

When one attempts to analyze those feelings, he does not find so many tangible “knews.” Of course we are happily aware that the greater majority of the football men of high caliber at Wisconsin are eligible. We knew that Captain “Al” Buser had been busy all summer writing to the players, urging strict training and lots of hard physical labor, and that he has been accomplishing good re-

sults. We realized that a strong student sentiment would be there to back the team, and to demand victories. And we knew that one John R. Richards was the most important man, to us, in the whole college world.

Is it not in John Richards that our “snug satisfaction”—if that expressive term may be repeated—really centers? Of course we know that Wisconsin’s new football coach comes with a clean, creditable record, and highly endorsed. Nevertheless, the student mind, in general, has not formed its estimate of the big Wisconsin captain of 1896. That student mind has perhaps intuitively placed the completest of confidence in his ability to produce a winning team, and thereby has loaded onto his shoulders an enormous responsibility and burden. But on the other hand, he has been given an enthusiastic squad of eligibles, highly



JOHN R. RICHARDS

desirable timber, and a chance to win united student support. The whole challenge is—"Make Good."

Those who have made it their business to know who and what John Richards is can offer a satisfactory answer to that challenge; they point to a big man of splendid physique, a man of virile personality and vigorous carriage. In their minds arises a picture—an exemplification of indomitable purpose of the brand a Wisconsin coach needs. What is this picture?

John Richards has been headmaster of Shattuck Military school, at Fairbault, Minn., since 1901. He finds a disgusting system of peonage, in which the freshmen—"new yaps" they are called—are compelled to perform menial and displeasing services for the upper classmen. Each "new yap" was numbered. Each had to run when his number was called and perform service or be vigorously hazed. Mothers wrote to Richards complaining, their letters stained with tears. Orders, addresses and exhortations were tried, but to no avail. The boys continued, grinning, and summary punishment to "fresh" new boys continued, without any more mercy.

Punishment of several hazers on one occasion, led to a vote on the part of the older boys to leave school. They made the younger ones go with them. They paraded the streets all day. But the telegraph and telephone companies held up their messages, and when the boys got hungry they returned. The following Sunday things were worse than ever. Headmaster Richards, seeking for a way to end it, determined to segregate the students—a simple expedient. At noon Monday, the eighty-seven boys affected were ordered to assemble in one of the halls. All the rest were sent to the drill field. Then movers from the city hurriedly made the changes, heedless of protests and complaints of roommates. At dinner each dorm was declared out of bounds for the other. The change and the order made the school silent and ugly.

A pow wow followed, and the student leaders shaped all the cadets they could muster into a flying wedge, and started

for the entrance of the freshman dorm. This was to show contempt and break a rule wholesale. Across the campus dashes Richards. About twenty boys are already inside. He plants himself in the doorway and orders the mob back. Instead they charge at him. Four times they charged, and then they withdrew with their maimed and bleeding. The headmaster had hit for keeps as they came up.

The rest of the incident is briefly told. Mr. Richards was shunned—a terrible man. The best players quit the football team. He was boycotted. For a month he continued drilling his demolished football squad. Finally the Hamilton game came. Shattuck had not beaten them for years, but Richards' little fellows went in and won, 24 to 0. The celebration dissolved the boycott and the sullen spirit, the old players came back, and Shattuck was endowed with a new, wholesome student soul.

But don't get the idea that John Richards' bravery is limited in its objective scope to immature military cadets. In 1905, his choice cattle land claim in the then recently opened Nintah Indian reservation was jumped by "Johnnie" Green, a notorious gambler and bad man, who intended to say "boo" and scare away the chicken-livered school man when that person arrived at the claim again in the spring.

Richards heard of this as he traversed the ninety intervening miles from the railroad to his claim the following June. Arriving at his cabin, he calmly walked in, found Green there, thanked him for keeping it during the winter and ordered him out. Green went. There were no words, no trouble. A day later Green was growling in a saloon, looking for the guy that steered him up against a male "school marm."

* * *

An ability to see the student point of view, it is said, is in a large measure responsible for any coach's success. If that is true, there should be a strong tie between the new football coach and the student body he is to work with here. In his undergraduate career he was one of the most active student leaders, and even

in his fifth year, in the law school, he continued his interest in athletics. We all know that he played football on the varsity for four full years and was captain in his senior year, but few of us know that in 1897 John Richards was the first man in the west to run the 120 hurdles faster than 16 seconds. He made a record of 15.4-5 that stood for five years. But he also participated in literary and legislative activities. Listen to his

fifth on the team—as well, when he also held the captainship for the second year.

He is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

Here is the estimate Joseph L. McNab, '96, a Chicago attorney and a classmate of Richards, sends regarding the new coach: "In Richards' athletic career I was most strongly impressed by the fact that he was a natural athlete and that he trained very consistently. He came from his home

COLORADO COLLEGE,
COLORADO SPRINGS,
COLORADO.

December 12, 1905

Dear Mr. Richards:

I have the pleasure of informing you that at the last regular meeting of the Faculty of Colorado College it was voted to tender you the thanks of the College for your efficient training of the football team. It gives me great pleasure to do this, and I wish to add that we all thoroughly appreciate what you have done for College Athletics.

Very sincerely yours—
E. C. Hills.

Where Richards stood with the Colorado College Faculty

Badger summary as a senior of 1896, taken from the 1897 annual:

John R. Richards, C. H. (Civic Historic). Athenae. Semi-public debate, (2). Class president, (1). Captain class crew, (1). Varsity crew, (2). Track team, (1), (2), (3). Board of Directors of the Athletic association, (2), (4). Varsity eleven, (1), (2), (3), (4). Captain varsity eleven, (4).

It might be added that Mr. Richards played during his law school year—his

in Lake Geneva in the fall of 1892. A tall, well built fellow, probably six feet in height, he weighed about 175 pounds. He was anxious to make the varsity eleven in his freshman year, and he succeeded. In all his athletic activity he was a very hard worker, and coupled with this, a good student. There was nothing of the professional athlete about him. I do not think Wisconsin ever had a man who worked any harder for the success of his school than Richards."

It was during his two years as captain of Wisconsin's team that Coach Richards gained his interest and real start in the game of football, which he has made a life study. He has been coaching teams for thirteen years, and at the same time he has been doing full work as an academic instructor, oftentimes principal of a large school. His teams have been successful, but he does not regard their achievements a test of what he can do at Wisconsin because here he is to devote his whole time to this work, not the lesser portion of it.

No one will accuse the new coach of coming to Wisconsin for pecuniary reasons, for he sacrifices a thousand dollars a year for the chance. He recently told the writer that he places a high value on the opportunities for real telling service in competitive athletics in a big university. He said, "I have roamed up and down the Rockies for years, and have seen college men from all institutions of our country; I have talked with them singly and in groups, and the athletics of their colleges and their athletes were their strong interests. There is no getting away from the fact that competitive athletics takes hold of college people, whether they participate or not, and athletes are men of big influence. Maybe I can make football a wider, more inclusive field.

"Of course I'm sanguine of success with Wisconsin teams," he continued. "They are my teams, not because I shall coach them, but because they represent Wisconsin. Football is a game that is particularly susceptible of much study. No man or institution has a title to first or original knowledge of the game, and no name of coach or player should particularly awe Wisconsin. A well regulated system, intelligent instruction, and work with spirit and determination will put out good teams always, and champions wherever the material unites with these conditions."

* * *

"Hats off to the gallant Tigers—the football champions of 1905; and once more, and three times three, to Coach Richards, the man to whom Colorado college owes the winning of a state championship, the first since 1900."

This was the opening paragraph of the account given Colorado College's championship game by one of the Colorado press. It was in 1905 that Richards produced these two state championships in the same year, and at the same time—Colorado college and Colorado Springs High school. Elsewhere is reproduced a copy of a letter showing where Richards stood with the Colorado college faculty. It is to be hoped—and expected—that about Thanksgiving time, the Wisconsin press will write of Richards the way the Colorado press did in 1905, as shown in this excerpt:

"But to one man more than any other, Colorado college owes her clean football record this season. And that man is J. R. Richards, of the High school; a man who has the unique distinction of bringing the championship to two elevens in the same season—the Tigers and the High school. He came to Colorado Springs two years ago, an unknown quantity, but his reputation had reached here first. At once taking charge of the coaching of the High school eleven, he built up a team that lost but one game during the season. This year he was secured by Colorado college, although he also devoted much of his time to his High school squad. The latter team's record is a matter of history now, they swept everything before them, and that made by the college is equally as brilliant. Early in the season the proposition at Colorado college looked hopeless so far as an even mediocre football team was concerned. There were three or four men of ability to form a nucleus for a team; there were a half dozen others whose gridiron records had been hardly more than mediocre and there were ten or twelve others whose football knowledge was very limited. And from this collection Coach Richards molded an eleven that Saturday held the heralded champions safe at every stage. Owing to lack of material, he was forced to teach linemen and ends how to play in the backfield; backs were transformed into linemen and a green man was developed into a punter who has, at least, held his own against his opponents. Coached another year under Richards, and Morgan will be punting

sixty yards. And it is to Richards, and to him alone, that Colorado college owes her season's success—the success that will give her prestige at today's athletic board meeting in Denver and place her in a position to demand her rights from the other state institutions. Always a gentleman in every sense of the word and an advocate of clean sport, he has discour-

aged any attempts at dirty play by the elevens he has coached, that's why Colorado college has the distinction of playing the cleanest game in the state today. And so, in singing the praises which are due the Tigers, remember that a word of credit and congratulation should go to Coach Richards, the man who made them the season's champions."

THE FALL

C. F. G. Wernicke, Jr.

SCENE.

The Wise Man sitting at his table, facing front, surrounded by books of all sizes, containing the Knowledge gained by all the generations of Mankind. Seated on the floor to the left of him and forward, the Fool.

TIME.

The last shaft of the setting sun dies out with the Fool's last words.

WISE MAN (*caressing his books*).

It is here around me—All Knowledge—and it is mine—all mine—all.

FOOL (*shaking his bells*).

All.

WISE MAN.

Aye—all. (*Ponders a moment.*) And still I want more.

FOOL (*playing with his bauble*).

All is Little and little is All.

WISE MAN.

What? What said ye, Fool?

FOOL.

Knowing naught, I say Nothing.

WISE MAN.

Aye—but I speak, knowing all. All knowledge is mine. I can prove, disprove and prove again and still settle by argument all dispute. Nothing is secret before my mind—all is open, clear—and my words have solved hidden problems. Yea, Christianity and that false child of human fear and ignorance—Religion—

have fallen before my onslaught. Civilization has crushed Superstition.

FOOL.

Far in the distance we hear the sweet ringing of the church bell. Nearer and nearer—until it is borne past us on the back of a crashing locomotive, which disappears in the distance—sending back the gentle sound of the church bell.

WISE MAN (*clutching his books*).

What words are these? But then, thou hast not the wisdom of thy speech, witless babbling of a crippled brain—idle and of no purport.

FOOL.

There is needed no tossed blades to show the Tempest's blow.

WISE MAN.

Ye speak, but behind thy words lies no Mind. What know ye of Knowledge or of the Ways of the World. What know ye of Sex and Life and Marriage? Man is born, grows to maturity, flourishes, reproduces his kind, withers and dies—a dry and brittle stalk. Before I came, Sentimentalism was, but before my arguments it falls like a rotten stump in the wind.

FOOL.

The tree's rustling in the breeze hides a lover's wooing.

WISE MAN.

Be quiet, Fool, thy Babble but interrupts my speech. The thought of Heaven

and Life-Hereafter perishes before my words. Even the Ignorant now deem me right and bother no more of Life-to-Come.

FOOL.

The Cross stands in the Graveyard still.

WISE MAN.

Thy senseless mutterings lead my Thought. Where still exists the belief in God before my dispute? Before my words even He does fall.

FOOL.

Hark! Methinks I hear the Anthem of a parting soul.

WISE MAN.

Yea, death—the cessation of our feverish activity and existence—I have taught—and now no brainless lout fears the pillowing of his head in death.

FOOL.

The Slow-worm in the grave does not understand the clouded Sun.

WISE MAN.

Ha! What is that you say? The Slow-worm! Do not say that here. The Slow-worm. These bones of mine are old and—Ah-h the Slow-worm—blind, red—ugly—the Slow-worm.

FOOL.

Ah! Now the Roof leaks with the dampness of the Grave.

WISE MAN.

Stop! Will'st drive me mad, too. (Clutches his mantle around him.) How cold it is in here. Aye—the dampness of the Grave—the dampness—of—the—Grave.

FOOL.

And the Light shows faint through the cavern Darkness.

WISE MAN.

Dark—ness. Darkness. The Grave is Dark.

FOOL.

Is it Portal or is it Wall?

WISE MAN.

The Darkness—the cold Damp—the Slow-worm—GOD—God have pity on my soul. (Plunges his head in his arms, kneeling at his desk.)

FOOL (shaking his bells).

The Wall crashes and Light is in the Cavern. (Leaves the darkened room, coming back in a moment with a lightened candle which he puts before the Wise Man.)

F-I-N-I-S.

TO RUTH

Theo. R. Hoyer

*Those tones! They cannot burst in loud melodious chords
From souls that cannot soar beyond this earthly sphere.
Those tones! I hear a longing heart that's reaching towards
The Beautiful—The Greater Soul that dwells not here.*

*Your violin's vibrating strings are but your sighs
That seek the vast infinitude of space, and there,
Freed from terrestrial vesture, scatter through the skies
And search for peace in huge Immensity's pure air.*

*What gift Divine, O Ruth!—What sincere heart must beat
Within the breast that hides those soft, sweet melodies?
What Gift!—to tell a stolid world in accents sweet,
Thy inner feelings and thy inmost sympathies.*

*Ah, me!—What soulless, heartless form am I, am I!
I cannot touch the hearts of men with music clear;
The chords within me—ah alas—they die, they die.
My life is barren, closed to men, I fear, I fear.*

HOW FRESHMEN MAY ENTER COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

C. C. Chambers

IF IT were the privilege of the writer to draw up ten commandments for the freshman class at the University of Wisconsin he would set down as commandment number one: "*Get thyself out into the field of college activities that thy Alma Mater and thy fellow students may be benefited by thy presence here.*"

Many freshmen may not understand the meaning of the term college activities. This term is used in reference to those activities which are open to general participation by all students in the university and which are ordinarily not officially recognized as regular courses of study, although some of these activities are very closely connected with university work. Under college activities are included all branches of athletics, dramatics, newspaper and magazine work, musical clubs, literary societies, student self-government, etc.

Many other freshmen may appreciate the value of college activities and may have the ability and desire to take part in them, but they may lack the knowledge of just how and when to go about it. It is the purpose of this article to make no plea for participation in college activities (that is unnecessary), but the purpose is to tell briefly and with no attempt at literary style just how an ambitious freshman may enter any of the many forms of college activities.

ATHLETICS

Under university rules, freshmen desiring to try out for various freshman teams must have passed a required medical and physical examination, and must have secured a standing of Aa1. All freshmen are assigned an hour for examination at time of assignment to regular academic classes, but any who are desirous of try-

ing out for any of the freshman teams, as noted hereafter, should apply to Dr. Maxwell for date in advance of regular assignment.

Football.—The freshman football team offers an opportunity for a man of fair size with plenty of grit and a desire to stay with the team until the end of the season. The squad works out every afternoon at three-thirty on the freshman field at Camp Randall. Candidates should apply to Mr. John Wilce, athletic manager, at the camp office for permit to train and should then report to Mr. E. A. White, freshman football coach. Suits and lockers can be secured from Mr. Wilce. Students who wish to tryout for the position of manager should report to Mr. Wilce.

Crew.—Previous experience in rowing is not necessary for a candidate for the freshman crews. Coach Vail will soon issue a call for the fall try-outs, and any man of fair height weighing over one hundred and forty-five pounds will very likely be given a chance in the shells. Men weighing under one hundred and twenty pounds will be needed for coxswains. Candidates should see Coach Vail in his office in the gymnasium as soon as possible.

Track and Cross Country.—The freshman squads in track and cross country work out every afternoon at three-thirty. Coach Wilson will be glad to give personal attention to anyone with a liking for track work, no matter what his previous training may have been. Many of Wisconsin's star athletes never wore a spiked shoe until they entered the university. Coach Wilson may be seen in the gymnasium in the morning and at Camp Randall in the afternoon.

Basketball, gym team, swimming team

and water polo teams will be organized later in the semester and due notice will be given to all candidates desiring to take part in any of these teams. Edwin C. Austin is president of the swimming team and Richard G. Soutar is captain of the gym team.

Tennis.—Enthusiasts of this sport may join the Tennis Club by applying to President H. F. Phelps. The university courts are on University Avenue, west of Camp Randall.

Golf.—The University Golf Club conducts tournaments on the links of the Madison Country Club. Information regarding membership may be obtained from President Gaylord Case or Captain William K. Fitch.

Fencing.—The Fencing Club has as its object the promotion of instruction and contests in fencing. Devotees of this sport should see Mr. H. H. Burdett, fencing master, or J. B. Hubbard, president.

Rowing.—Freshmen who are interested in rowing are this year eligible to membership in the Mendota Crew Club. An annual interclub race is held with the Badger Rowing Club.

Canoeing.—This sport is promoted by Nitchie Cheeman. Every student is eligible to membership in this club. Members demonstrating their mastery over a canoe are privileged to wear the official hat of the club. Candidates should see Commodore Walter C. Ketter regarding particulars concerning the club.

General Information.—Prof. G. W. Ehler, Dr. W. E. Meanwell, Mr. John Wilce, or any of the coaches will be glad to advise any freshman interested in any form of athletics whether he has had previous experience or not.

JOURNALISM

The Daily Cardinal.—Many opportunities are open to a freshman with a liking for journalism or other literary work. The Daily Cardinal is the student daily newspaper, in all respects a miniature city daily. Freshmen may try out for the news or business staff. The editorial staff is reserved for upper classmen. The news staff is presided over by Alvin H. Kessler, managing editor. Arthur Hallam, university editor, assigns reportorial work to all

those desiring to enter into the news-getting and news-writing departments. Reporters should call as early as possible on members of the staff in room 66, University Hall, at 8.50 in the morning and in room 7, Democrat Building, in the afternoon immediately following lunch. At the end of each semester substantial prizes are awarded to reporters doing the best work. From the best reporters are chosen the new members of the staff at the annual Cardinal banquet, at the end of the school year. The business management of the paper is in charge of Edwin P. Kohl. Under him freshmen are given assignments in advertising and subscription work, and as they show ability are promoted to business assistants, assistant business manager and finally business manager. Mr. Kohl can be seen any afternoon after one o'clock in the Democrat Building.

The Badger.—This publication is the Wisconsin annual, and although in the hands of the junior class, offers excellent opportunities for freshmen to try out their skill in both the art and literary departments. Those interested should see Chester C. Wells, 604 State Street.

The Sphinx.—This humorous monthly magazine is edited by Morris B. Mitchell and managed by H. H. Barker. The art department presents an opportunity for freshmen with ability as cartoonists and illustrators. Jokes, verse, humorous articles and drawings should be contributed through the Sphinx box in the vestibule of Main Hall. From the men thus contributing the magazine staff is chosen. Upon application to H. H. Barker, 428 Murray Street, freshmen will be given a chance to work up in the business department.

The Wisconsin Engineer.—This publication is a monthly magazine published by the students in the College of Engineering. Aspirants for positions on the editorial or business staff should consult with Carl F. Ruhloff, editor, or Fred J. Coup, business manager.

The Wisconsin Country Magazine.—Students in the College of Agriculture publish this monthly publication. Information regarding the kind of contribu-

tions desired may be had from Editor James H. Weir. Lewis K. Wilson is business manager of the magazine. Only students in the College of Agriculture are eligible to the staff of the Wisconsin Country Magazine.

The Wisconsin Magazine.—This is the literary publication of the university, published by the students. Literary contributions are desired at all times. Short stories, verse and articles of popular interest are the features of this publication. Cash prizes are offered for the best short stories submitted to the business manager, George Bailey, before December third. (See editorial in front of book for concrete information regarding these prizes.) A box for contributions will be found in the vestibule of Main Hall. The business manager can be found at 521 N. Henry Street by freshmen desiring to try out for the business management of the publication. Men of literary ability should consult with the editor.

DRAMATICS

The Haresfoot Dramatic Club.—Dramatics at Wisconsin are highly developed. Eligible freshmen will have a chance to try out for a number of plays and entertainments which are staged by the various clubs during the year. The Haresfoot Club presents an annual musical comedy, try outs for which are held at the opening of the second semester. President Joseph D. Mercer will give information about tryouts for the orchestra which will be held at an earlier date. For business information see Manager Healy Powell, 521 N. Henry Street. Read the short article on the Haresfoot Dramatic Club under the Drama Section of this issue.

The Edwin Booth Dramatic Club.—This society puts on a biennial play. Students with talent as readers should see the President, Harry Meisner, about the tryouts for club membership, which are held at various times during the year. Read the article on The Edwin Booth Dramatic Club under the Dramatic Section in this issue.

The Wisconsin Dramatic Society.—Prof. T. H. Dickinson is president, and William K. Braasch is secretary of this society. Any student interested in true

art is eligible to this organization upon paying a small membership fee. Students interested in acting should see Harry Meisner, and those interested in the translation of plays should report to C. F. G. Wernicke. Read Prof. Dickinson's article under the Drama Section for information concerning the purposes of the organization.

Die Germanistische Gesellschaft.—Students who speak German will find this society an excellent organization for the perpetuation of the German language in the university. The society gives a program in German every second week during the school year. Lectures are given by prominent German speakers, musical evenings are held and German plays are presented. Information as to membership may be obtained from Miss S. A. Sterling.

The Romance Language Club.—This is a similar organization to the Gesellschaft, but for French-speaking students. Louis R. Herrick of the French Department is president.

MUSIC

The Glee Club.—Tryouts for the Glee Club will be held early in the semester. A notice will appear in the Daily Cardinal and freshmen who can sing should consult with Herbert Stothart, director. Maurice C. Pierce is leader of the club. The Glee Club is one of the most popular organizations in the university and takes several trips throughout the year. Song life at Wisconsin is not what it ought to be. A larger number of capable candidates would be highly desirable.

The Mandolin Club.—Tryouts for this club will be held soon. Candidates should consult with Dexter Maple, leader, or Marshall W. George, manager. These two clubs give joint concerts during the year. Arthur Doe is president of the joint clubs and Archibald Taylor is manager.

The University Band.—The Band is affiliated with the Cadet Corps, and membership excuses one from military drill. It is considered one of the best student bands in the country. A series of concerts and hops are given during the year, and a trip usually taken with one of the athletic teams. Aspirants for positions should see Conductor C. A. Mann, or the

Commandant of Cadets as soon as possible.

The University Orchestra.—This is an auxiliary organization to the band. C. A. Mann also conducts the orchestra. Students will be tried out for this organization within a few weeks. It is desired that all men able to play string instruments associate themselves with the orchestra or the Mandolin Club.

MILITARY

The University Cadet Corps is an activity in which every freshman is obliged to take part. Those with previous military training may enter the tryouts for non-commissioned officers by applying at the Commandant's office in the gymnasium. Those interested in rifle shooting may join the Rifle Club and tryout for the rifle team which represents the university in the Intercollegiate Rifle Match every year. A gold medal is offered every year by the regents for the highest score on the range.

THE UNION

The Wisconsin Union.—Every freshman is, by virtue of being a student in the university, a member of the Wisconsin Union. Club rooms with pool and billiard tables, bowling alleys and reading rooms are maintained in Association Hall, just west of the gymnasium. Privileges are free. The government of the Union is vested in the Union Board, the members of which are elected by the student conference and who hold office during their stay in college. Freshmen who desire to try out for the board should see President Halbert Kadish.

SELF-GOVERNMENT

Student Self-Government.—This is an activity in which every freshman should become interested as soon as he has matriculated. The Student Conference is the student legislature. Representatives are elected from the different organizations, classes and colleges. The freshman class in the College of Letters and Science is entitled to two representatives and the freshman classes in the College of Engineering and Agriculture, to one each. Read the article on the Student Court in this issue.

FORENSICS

In the field of oratory and debating there is much to attract an ambitious freshman no matter how mediocre may be his abilities. Prof. Gustave Buchen, head of the public speaking department this year, will be glad to give advice and instruction to any freshman who is interested in this line of work.

A declamatory contest, which is open to all freshmen, is held about the middle of the semester. Three literary societies, Athenae, Hesperia and Philomathia, have as their object the promotion of oratory and debating. Inter-society debates and oratorical contests are held during the year. Information as to membership may be obtained from A. M. Levitan, president of Athenae, Harold G. Eckhardt, of Hesperia, or Alvin C. Pais, vice-president of Philomathia. These societies meet every Friday evening at seven-fifteen. Students in the College of Agriculture maintain the Agricultural Literary Society.

RELIGIOUS WORK

The Y. M. C. A.—Next to student self-government, the Y. M. C. A. is an activity which should interest every freshman. In addition to the Sunday afternoon meetings, talks are given frequently by prominent men on all topics of the day. Social mixers, boat rides and picnics are held to afford an opportunity for freshmen to get acquainted with their fellows. Bible study classes are conducted and an employment bureau is maintained to aid students working their way through the University. There is a splendid opportunity for freshmen to engage in pleasurable and profitable committee work by applying to President Clarence Cleveland or to Mr. Frank West, general secretary.

SOCIAL CLUBS

The Advertising Club.—Students interested in advertising will find it to their interest to join this club. At the meetings talks are given by prominent newspaper men, advertising and commercial men, and discussions are held upon different phases of advertising work. Information as to membership will be given by the president, L. G. Castle.

The Cubs' Club.—This is an organization of underclassmen interested in journalistic work. Arthur Hallam, the president, will give information about membership.

The Dixie Club.—Students from southern states compose this club. C. C. Chambers will be glad to furnish desired information concerning the mission of this club.

The Rocky Mountain Club.—Students from western states are taken into this club.

The International Club.—This society is affiliated with the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs of America. There are men from many foreign countries who aid in presenting interesting and instructive programs. Club rooms are maintained in Music Hall. William Aberg is president.

The U. W. Engineers' Club and the Civil Engineering Society are organizations of students in the College of Engineering which meet for the discussions of engineering topics. President T. W. Reilly of the Civil Engineering Society and President H. L. Woolhiser of the U. W. Engineers' Club will be glad to give any information regarding the objects and missions of these societies.

The Mining Club admits men taking courses in Mining Engineering.

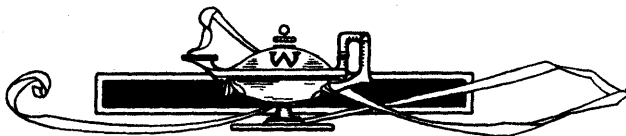
The Daniells Chemical Society meets for the discussion of matters of interest to students in the chemistry courses.

Catholic students have formed the Catholic Student Association of which L. L. Barber is president.

THE GREATEST ACTIVITY

There yet remains the greatest of all college activities, an organization which prints no membership list in the Badger

and which collects no dues, elects no officers and refuses admission to no one. There is less glory and more personal satisfaction in belonging to this organization than to any in the university. The slogan of this organization is, "For a Greater Wisconsin," and the motto of each individual member is "For Wisconsin I Will." You will not find it hard to distinguish the members, although they wear no badge nor do they boast of their membership, but at times when a helping hand is needed they are there to extend it. On the side lines at football practice, cheering the team; at the station to bid them "God speed" when invading an enemy's camp; and again to welcome them home after victory or defeat; promoting and attending mass meetings; circulating hand bills for games, elections, entertainments, and the like; devoting hours of precious time to work for the circus, relay carnival, Union vaudeville, spring carnival, etc.; boosting for a new Union Building, helping run off the class meet, skating and hockey contests, toboggan tournaments; supporting the self-government system and doing a hundred and one other things that help make our Mother of the Lake and Hill one of the greatest and grandest of universities. It is within the power of every man in the class of 1915 to join this organization of boosters. There is no one to apply to for a chance to tryout and it may be some time before your efforts are rewarded or even noticed. But your greatest reward will be the knowledge that you have done your share towards raising the standard of the University, and in the end your work will be appreciated and your name honored as that of a loyal Wisconsin man.



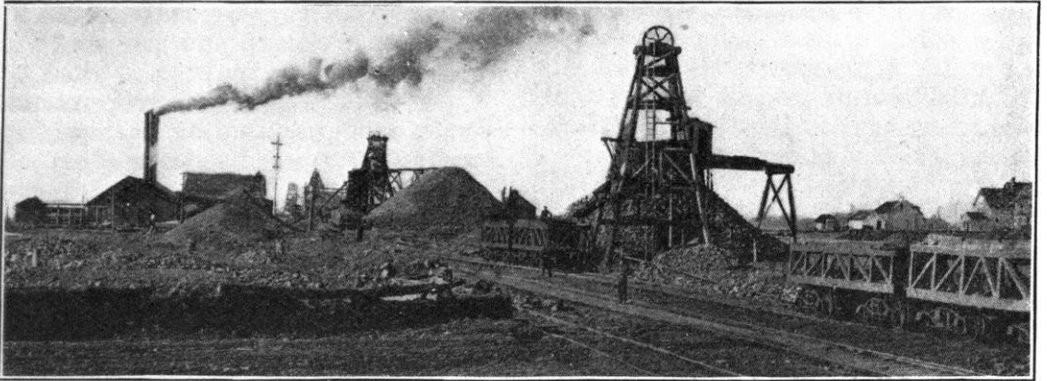
THE PERIL

Dedicated to John F. Sullivan, a Pioneer on the Gogebic Range

Sander Sant

T.R.H.

*In the hills of the Gogebic iron range of Michigan,
Near the new home of the warrior, the Odanah Indian,
Where the Montreal red waters in Superior pour their toll,
And the country is one hill and vale of undulating roll;
In the bosom of the red earth, in the dark, dead vaults of ore,
Runs a whisper through the caverns, "Light of day shall break no more."*



*Miners hear it, miners fear it as they toil beneath the ground,
As the thund'ring blasts send onward through the deep uncanny sound,
As the rocky pillars echo and re-echo ever more
Detonations from the driftway, from the dynamited bore.
As the clouds of smoke crawl slowly on the tunnel roof and floor,
Runs a whisper through the caverns, "Light of day shall break no more."*

*Daily must the rusty miner in his uniform so red,
Enter deep into the darkness where no light of day is shed,
Where the cage and bucket travel up and down the shaft so steep,
Where the tramcars o'er the tramways roll along the drifted deep,
In the moist cold mines of iron, in the veins of reddish ore,
Still the dread voice haunts the blaster, "Light of day shall break no more."*

*Slowly into upper levels does the surface settle down,
And the caves of size gigantic soon surround the mining town,
Bridges span the mighty chasms and the streets wind round deep holes,
And amid the clink and clangor mining bells ring out their tolls,
For the bucket filled with miners leaves the surface for the ore,
Where the warning voice still whispers, "Light of day shall break no more."*

HIS FRIEND JACQUE

Alvin H. Kessler



“**B**UT you’re my friend, Jacque?”

“A better friend you’ve never drank with!”

And still you would kill me?”

Jacque did not answer.

The two were sitting in the Blue Goose tavern, awaiting the arrival of the hunting party which was still one hour behind them in the forest, and sipping ale from great pewter mugs. It was late afternoon. Outside a drizzling rain was falling, and the low-hanging clouds made the gloomy forest all the more dismal and forbidding. A heavy mist hung above the towering tips of the oaks. Only Jacque and Humphrey were drinking at the Blue Goose.

Humphrey pounded upon the table. There was nothing in the last mug of ale to make him want more, but he had learned like most of mankind which has not wrapped itself in the all-sufficing cloak of abstinence that the cares and troubles of life do not haunt the flowing bowl, and that though he drowned his pricking conscience, he need not lose his manhood.

The keeper of the Blue Goose filled the mugs once more with the frothing, sizzling liquid. Humphrey paid, and raised the foaming cup. “And here is health and happiness to ourselves, and to the fair Winifred! May she live long, marry——”

The pewter mug flew through the air, and fell with a dull, leaden thud on the mud-tracked floor of the tavern. The ale sizzled on the wet table-top, and flowed in two tiny streams to the floor. Jacque was on his feet, trembling, his hand doubled ready for a second blow. Humphrey, with open eyes, dazed by the suddenness and swiftness of the blow, looked like one who had been rudely awakened from a sweet dream. Jacque fell back into his seat, and

pounded upon the table. The innkeeper brought another mug of ale to Humphrey and the two drank in silence.

“Pardon me, gentlemen—but the mug is broken—two shillings is not too much for such a mug, gentlemen. They were made especially for me, and are——” But Jacque drew his leather purse from the hunting jacket with a jerk, and threw two shillings upon the soaked table before the plea for the broken mug was finished.

“Do you know who is leading the party, Jacque?” ventured Humphrey, after they had been sitting in silence for many minutes. “It’s a bad evening to be lost.” But his companion was quiet.

And so he left Jacque and walked quietly out of the inn. In the drizzling rain the trees dripped with great shining beads. The mist still hung low over the forest. Everything looked dull and melancholy.

Humphrey was unfortunate, like so many young men, in that he had never faced a real problem. He had never found it necessary to worry, and looked upon life with that nonchalant air which usually is a hindrance to either sipping the sweet, clear liquid or drinking the dregs of the cup which is forced upon us whether we will or not. Whenever Fate did turn against his happy run of life, which it seldom did, it was Jacque, good old Jacque, who always helped, with “This time, Humphrey—but some day you may have to deal with me, and then——” And now that day had come.

The horn resounded through the wet and melancholy air, and the baying of the hounds told Humphrey the party would soon arrive. He must call Jacque. But Jacque did not seem to hear. He remained silent, sitting as Humphrey had left him, elbows upon the table still reeking with the stale ale, chin resting on his doubled-up hands, his eyes half closed,

seeing nothing but the gray mist through the square window.

Did Jacque know? What would he do? Humphrey shuddered. "A better friend you's never drunk with," kept ringing in his ear. But Winifred would not return with the party! Jacque had turned aside with her to stop at the spring. Then came the lie. The party thought she had ridden away with Jacque and Jacque as he hurried on to prepare for the reception, thought her safe with the party. And now the horn resounded nearer and clearer, and the hunting party appeared at the edge of the darkening forest, looking to the right and to the left.

* * *

Jacque was quiet, but Humphrey read his fate in the flashing eye and the highly colored features of his dear friend. "Find her and bring her back to me untouched!" And Humphrey left.

The weight of the gold which he carried in his innermost pocket troubled him. He knew that Winifred was many, many miles away in the forest, nearing the estate of Dubois. Who was he that he should go to Dubois and carry his prize back to Jacque who loved her? Could he ever find the way? And tomorrow, he paused, yes, tomorrow would be too late.

It was dark. A heavy wind arose. Humphrey knew a storm was brewing. Then branches commenced to creak and groan, limbs to snap and fall in his path. Bolts of lightning lighted up the drenched thicket with a ghastly illumination, and he clapped his hands over his ears as the thunder rolled above him. He went on and on, dodging the crashing limbs which

were torn from the dead monarchs of the forest.

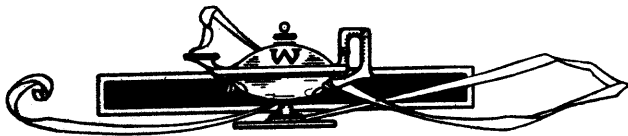
All night the party pleaded with Jacque to stay, but as the first gray light of morning came through the little window, he rushed out into the open, and entered the gloomy path upon which he had seen his friend set out at nightfall. For a long time he hurried on.

The skies were now clearing. The heavy gale of the night was followed by the cool and steady wind from the east, and above the dripping oaks, Jacque could see the blue sky. And soon the sun lighted up the reeking forest and the great drops of rain which clung to the underbrush shone like myriads of brilliants. But of Humphrey or his path there was still no sign.

He stopped at the spring and blew his horn, but there was no answer. As he stooped to drink he saw near to the edge of the spring the footprint of Winifred. The tracks of horses evidently in great confusion were all around. "Dubois," was all he muttered, as he stumbled through a thicket to gain another path.

And on the path which led to Dubois' estate he found Humphrey. A great branch from a dead oak had crushed him. He was cold. "Oh Humphrey, Humphrey, that I should have done this to you. Oh, Humphrey, my truest, noblest——" But he bit his tongue, looked at the silent features and went away.

And there were great festivities when Winifred became the wife of Dubois, but her maid on entering the lady's room late in the afternoon of the self-same day found her weeping.

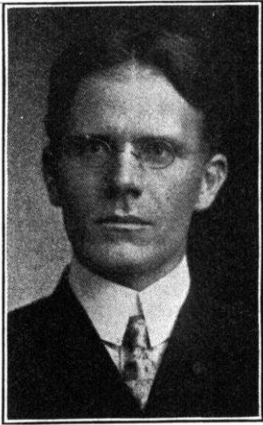


GYM FOR 1911-1912

Geo. W. Ehler

"Gym" in the past has connoted in the minds of students and alumni something unpleasant and disagreeable—a thing to

be avoided if possible—otherwise a necessary evil to be endured. It is hoped that this feeling may pass away at an early date and "Gym" come to stand in the minds of Wisconsin men and women for an important experience that was at the same time a source of great joy. The students returning to Madison this



fall will at once note some external, concrete evidences, that are real indications of certain changes in principle, policy and method that are designed to make every phase of university physical education at once natural, normal and pleasurable.

In the first place he will find a transformed lower campus. This, the chief playground of the male student body, has been for some time rough and rocky, dangerous to ankle and knee, with several men permanently lame to its credit. Most interclass athletic activities have been and for some time must be conducted here if at all. The wonder is that so much has been accomplished here. The field has been graded to a uniform level and given a pleasing relation to the different grades of State and Langdon streets and the Library. The surface has been cleared of

all gravel and stone and treated in a manner designed to prevent dust in dry weather and mud in wet weather. Here during October and November, April and May will be conducted most of the prescribed physical education of freshmen and sophomores, in accordance with the new policy that provides for exercise indoors only when it is likely to be inclement outdoor—December to March. Further, this improvement will permit the change in method that the new policy involves. During the outdoor months, the physical education courses are to be devoted to athletics, cross-country running, football, baseball and a variety of vigorous games that can be played by large numbers at once. The policy calls further for providing the broadest possible opportunity for the practice of competitive activities between every sort of group or organization. This improvement provides the requisite facilities for a large extension in this direction.

In the second place will be noted the building activities on the east side of the old "Gym." Here is rising the new "Athletic Annex," provided at this time from funds advanced by the university, but to be repaid by the Athletic Council from its income from games. This building is one story high, eighty-three feet wide and two hundred and twenty-five feet long and constructed of brick, steel and concrete. The twelve-lap running track of cinders is twelve feet wide. The infield is sixty feet wide, one hundred and eighty feet long and twenty feet to the girders. With the dirt floor and broad skylights it provides an ideal indoor athletic field and baseball cage. Hereafter track work and baseball should not suffer because of inadequate indoor facilities.

The third notable development of even greater importance than the improved facilities thus afforded, are the changes made possible within the main building so that its usefulness is extended from six to ten years longer and there is made possible the conduct of the work of the department in such a manner as will permit its development to adequately fulfill its function in the life of the students, the demonstration of the need of a new building for the exclusive use of the department, and the gradual evolution of new plans and ideas that must be incorporated in such a building.

The removal of the baseball and track work to the Annex relieves the old "cage," from which have been taken the old board track, the handball courts and rowing machines, leaving a clear room except for the posts, 65x165 feet. Here all gymnastic paraphernalia have been installed. Much of the old material has been "scrapped" and about a thousand dollars of new apparatus put in. The "cage" has become the gymnasium.

Under the new conditions of this room it will be reserved absolutely for the use of those dressed properly for exercise indoors. It will be kept absolutely clean, and unsanitary mats will become a thing of the past. Visitors' galleries at each end will provide space for spectators, whether students or others. Canvas curtains will permit the division of the room into three parts so that different class activities may be carried on simultaneously.

The handball courts have been erected in the drill hall and this latter becomes the "games" room. Two sliding nets twenty feet high divide the room into three courts, making it possible to conduct games of basketball simultaneously, or one game can be played in the middle court without interfering with the handball courts at the ends.

By these changes and improvements it is now possible to arrange the indoor activities so that with the necessary staff, basketball, boxing, fencing, games, gymnastics, rowing, swimming, track and field, tumbling and wrestling may be conducted simultaneously at any hour except drill time and drill will only interrupt games for an hour or so. This means that

while the total number of students accommodated at any hour may be greatly enlarged, they can be organized in much smaller groups or squads. Thus actual instruction and training may be conducted and real physical education accomplished. Further than this, it makes possible a real election by sophomores of the particular line in which they wish to take their prescribed exercise. This had been impossible heretofore.

Further improvements will be noted in the first floor that add to the facilities for the conduct of the work of this department as well as improve the sanitary aspect of the place. The changes in the swimming pool chiefly affect the work. The pool will now be open daily and all day. The water will be changed frequently and there will be no more occasion for swimming only at the beginning of the week.

Some improvement in the congestion in the locker rooms has been accomplished, but it is expected that another year will see a radical change of system in this respect that will do away with all disagreeable features, provide for indefinite expansion for several years, and forever eliminate the danger caused by more than one student occupying the same locker.

The removal of the guns to the drill hall and of the offices of the military department to the second floor, releases the gun room and old offices of the commandant to the department of physical education for needed store room and offices for the increased staff, and provides a room for the corrective gymnastic work required by so many students.

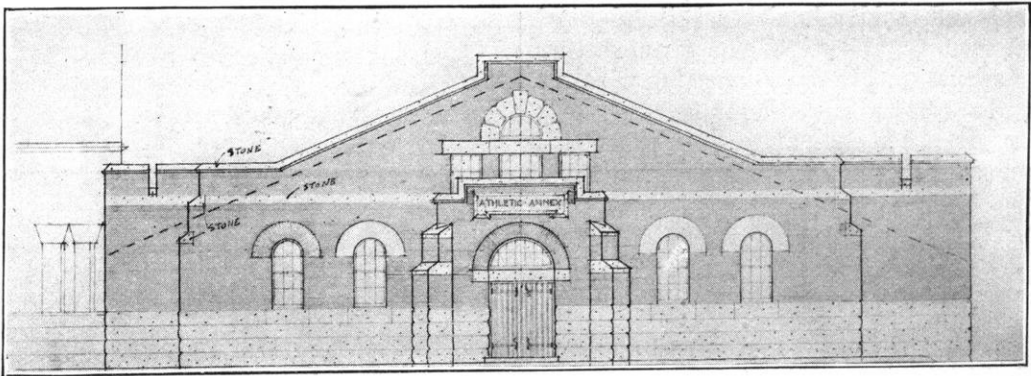
From the foregoing discussion it will be seen that much progress has been made in the provision of facilities, changes of method and administration of the department to bring it into harmony with some of the principles of physical education discussed in this magazine at various times last year. One or two other items need to be noted.

All freshmen will be examined as heretofore, but a new feature has been instituted that it is believed will add much interest to the course, the "Motor Efficiency Test," which seeks to determine what each man can do at certain typical

exercises. This examination includes (1) *throwing a baseball*—five throws at a three-foot target at a distance of fifty feet; (2) *running high jump*—five jumps, minimum three feet; (3) *climbing an eight-inch mast*—hands and feet, time limit one minute; (4) *vaulting a bar*—five vaults, minimum four feet; (5) *running three minutes*, minimum distance six hundred yards.

All freshmen classified as "Aa1"—(A as to organic condition—heart, lungs, etc.,

development of both body and mind—that through the sedentary activities of college life he is apt to lose otherwise. This is not a *gymnastic* course, but using the most valuable features of calisthenic and apparatus exercises includes systematic work in wrestling, boxing, fencing, basketball, swimming, track work and other games and sports and leads naturally to the specialization of Physical Education 2, as soon as the tests outlined above show that the individual is prepared for it. The two



"a" as to development—height, weight, bones, muscle, etc., and "1" as to Motor Efficiency), are permitted to take Physical Education 2 and elect any subject in that course. Freshmen classified "A," but falling below "a1" in development and efficiency will take Physical Education 1 during the winter and spring terms (December 4 to June 2), but may try out for freshman football, rowing or cross-country with the special consent of the Director of the Men's Gymnasium. All other freshmen are required to take Physical Education 1 throughout the year, October 2 to June 2.

Physical Education 1 is a developmental course designed to give in a systematic manner thorough training in muscular control, physical judgment, physical courage, ability and endurance, to stimulate the fullest measure of organic vigor and to secure to the student a training in the fundamentals of those games and sports that have large values from the moral and social standpoint as well as the physical. Through this course the student will secure some measure of that growth and

credits allowed for this course will be given only after the student has reached the standard required for entrance to course 2. This will usually be at the end of the freshman year; it may take longer.

Sophomores are also required to devote two periods per week from October 2 to June 2, to Physical Education. This work will be taken in Physical Education 2, by those who have no freshmen deficiency to make up, and all taking this course may elect the sports they desire to follow. Those electing the general class in this course will be required to attend only twice a week, but those electing certain of the special branches must give three and some four periods a week because of the more limited value to be derived from these branches in the same length of time, or because the greater amount of individual attention required by each student reduces the amount of exercise each is able to do in the regular period.

The sophomore's election in Physical Education 2 may be made from the following list:

October and November—Cross-country,

football, general class (games), rowing and track.

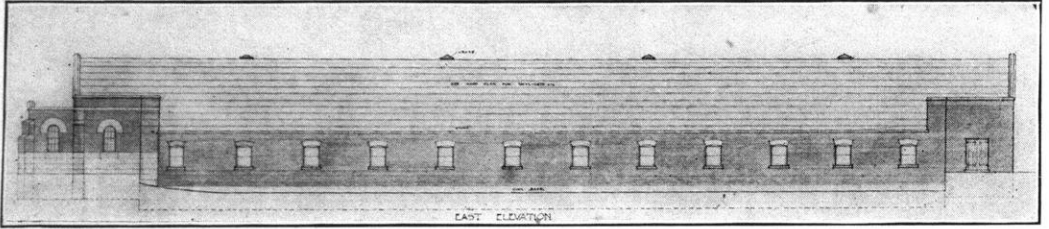
December 4 to March 31—Basketball, boxing, fencing, general class, gymnastics, rowing, swimming, track, water polo, wrestling, ice hockey and skating when weather permits.

April and May—Baseball, football, rowing, tennis and track.

Accompanying these courses will be Physical Education 4—Efficient Living—constituting a series of lectures on topics of importance from the standpoint of personal and public hygiene, both physical and mental. These will be given during the second semester in connection with the regular class work as heretofore.

Throughout all courses definite, systematic, progressive instruction and training in each subject will be the rule and the tests given to determine progress in them will include besides determination of skill acquired and development secured, written work on the principles and methods taught. In this manner it is believed that the student's interest will be aroused as never before and that he will get such returns from the time and energy spent that "Gym" will come to have a new meaning to him and take on a dignity and value on a par with other university courses.

NOTE—"Intercollegiate Sports—1911—1912 and After," will be discussed by the writer in a subsequent article.



East Elevation of the New Athletic Annex

THE MASTER PAINTER

Theo. R. Hoyer

*I watched the glowing moon rise in a deepening sky,
And saw the planet march in distant paths on high;
I saw a fiery orb dart through the starlit night,
And lingered lone and long o'er this most wondrous sight.
Again I saw beyond the fields in marsh and moor,
Blue tongues of fairy sprites in daring dances dur,
The lake where fallow fawn their trails did trace,
Lay in a trance, and stillness marked the wily painter.*

*I was alone, yet not alone,—for at the brink
Of plashy fen the blue sprites circled in a rink,
And, leaping frantic in the air, lit up the scene
With bluish-yellow light, and from the lake serene,
I heard a whisper soft and low, distinct and clear,
"In such a night as this, O Mortal, witness here
True art!" I knelt beside a stone and worshipped there
The Master Painter, while spells bound the nightly air.*

THE LOST ART JUSTIFIED

Arthur Wood Hallam



ALTHOUGH there seemed to be small demand for a trade like his, Guiseppe Amigo was happy in his work. Day by day, with infinite care, he plied his handiwork, giving no heed to the outside world, for Guiseppe Amigo was a carver of figure heads. His shop was on the very shore of the Bay of Naples, where the big ocean liners that steamed by seemed to try to remind him that he was laboring on a lost art. Yet Guiseppe was famous in his way, for his was the only shop of its kind remaining in all Italy, or in the world, for that matter. The walls of his little work room were covered with models of figureheads; beautiful ladies, lions, wild horses and what not. His best works were in the busts of women. Throughout them all, in spite of their great variety, ran a theme, a thought of one beautiful personage, a dream fancy. Unconsciously Guiseppe modeled into his work the cherished image of his daughter, who had run away years before with a strapping young American sailor. The father had been a prosperous farmer, a grower of oranges and olives at that time. Even though all his money had been spent in the search for his daughter, Amigo failed to find her. She had gone so far away that she had never been heard of since. At last, penniless, he had opened this little shop. Here he sought contentment in striving for excellent perfection in his handiwork. Like a true Italian, Guiseppe had the instinct of a Michael Angelo, with a fine sense of proportion and an appreciation of well-wrought beauty. It was for this reason that his figureheads were famous. Although few people used figureheads in

those days, the trade was well selected. It is doubtful whether the shop would have survived in the busy ports of England or that fine country, United States, where men hurried in and out, without thought and little time for the beautiful in life.

Such an existence was not for him. Once Guiseppe's comrades had urged him to go with them to the golden land called California, where the oranges grew so abundantly that one needed only to pick them.

Nothing could move Guiseppe, for he was satisfied. Supposing his daughter should return for the forgiveness she had only to ask. Would he be in a position to receive her if he was far away in California? No, he would stay. Old Italy was good enough for him. When he forgot the gnawing lonesomeness of his heart in earnest endeavor, he needed no artificial entertainment.

One day Guiseppe sat smoking his pipe on a low bench before his quaint little shop, under a misty Italian summer sun, gazing dreamily across the bay. He noticed unconsciously that something was missing at the prow of each ship, all the time wondering vaguely if one of those great steamers was not bringing back his daughter. Would he recognize her after these ten years? Yes, he thought he would. She would be twenty-eight now, for she was only a slip of a girl when she had left him. Of course Phillippo was a fine young fellow with a promising future, but what right had Phillippo to steal his child? Although he had been embittered by the loss of his only daughter, Guiseppe had forgotten all in the lapse of years, and was only too glad to forgive. Well, he feared it would never be, for he

was growing old, and when he passed away the busy world would forget his existence. How many times had he mused thus without result. It seemed as if the old man's one wish was never to be fulfilled.

He was suddenly awakened from his doze.

"I know not your name, good sir, but you are a carver of figureheads. Is it not so?"

"It is, sir."

"Ah, then I am happy. Everywhere have I looked for a figurehead for my new yacht, and nowhere have I found any one who would undertake the task. They all say, 'You are out of date. We do that kind of work no longer.' I am all tired out."

They passed into the shop.

"Is this all your work?"

"It is, sir."

"Ah, again I am pleased. I wish you to make me a figure head which is the counterpart of my wife. She is the most beautiful woman in all Italy. Will you attempt it?"

"Well," thought Guiseppe, "if my daughter were only here, I would ridicule his rash boast." Aloud he said, "I will do my best, sir."

"Most excellent. Then tomorrow I will bring my wife, at nine o'clock, to your shop, and we will make the agreement."

"Farewell, senor."

At nine o'clock the haze was just rising from the bay as the fine captain and his wife strolled down the little street to the shop.

"My dear, he is such a quaint old man," the captain was saying, "and his work is certainly fine. He has a most excellent conception of beauty, especially in his women. There seems to be a familiar strain running through his work, which I could not place in my mind. Perhaps you will be able to help me out."

They stopped before the little door and knocked. "This is the place," said the captain, "is it not unique? Just wait till you see the inside."

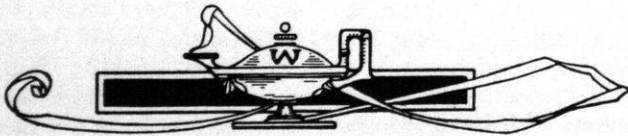
The old carver bowed low to bid them enter. "Pray be seated," he said, without glancing up.

"This is my wife," said the captain. "Spoke I not truly?"

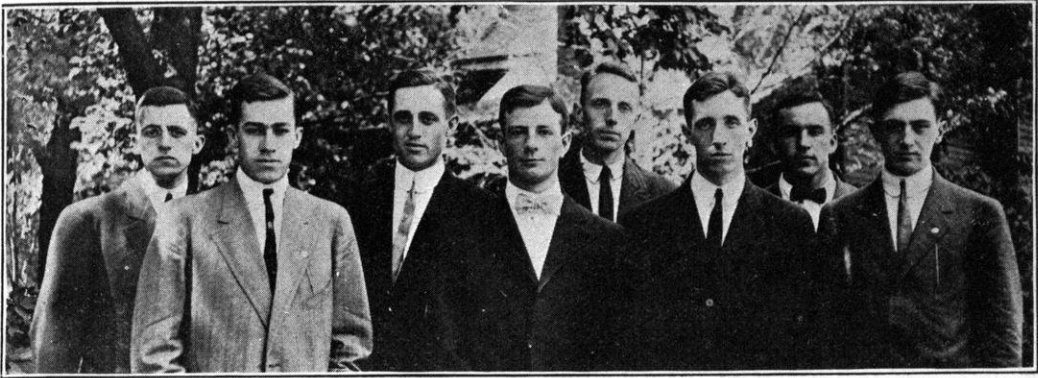
The old man bowed, looked at the beautiful lady, and gasped in astonishment. She was the flesh and blood image of the wooden figures which lined the wall. The sunlight of recognition broke upon his face. "My daughter," he exclaimed, "is it really you?"

The lady gave a startled cry. "Father, at last." They were locked in each other's arms.

The old man's dream had come true.



THE STUDENT COURT



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1, Morris B. Mitchell, '12; 2, Samuel B. Groom, '12; 3, Rae F. Bell, '12; 4, Harold G. Eckhardt, '12;
5, Kenneth S. Templeton, '13; 6, Clarence R. Cleveland, '12; 7, Edward J. Samp, '13;
8, Harold P. Janisch, '13; 9, Walter A. Scoville, '12.



WISCONSIN ranks foremost among all the universities of the country in the extension of the self-governing power of the student body. The student court was established in January, 1910.

The board of regents ratified the measure for self-government among the students on January 19, 1910. Although several changes in the procedure of the Court have been planned by a student conference committee, readers will get fairly accurate information regarding the workings of the student court in the following brief account:

Composition—The Court is composed of nine students, six seniors and three juniors. They are elected by the student conference committee. No member of the Court can hold at the same time the following offices: Badger board, Union board, class president, student conference, athletic board and prom chairman. If Court members are elected to these offices they must resign their position on the Court and the conference will fill the vacancy from eligible students.

Complaints—Students can bring complaints directly to the Court. All cases involving the breaking of university rules

and traditions, excepting cases involving dishonesty in university work, will be tried upon complaint made to the Court. The student conference in an early session will define university traditions and prescribe punishment for breaking of traditions and provide for their enforcement.

Appeals—Any student convicted by the Court can appeal to the faculty discipline committee on any grounds. The only other person who can appeal from the decision of the Court is the dean of the college in which the student is registered. The only grounds on which he can appeal are that there is new and unheard evidence in the case.

Finality of Decision—If there is no appeal by either student or dean, the decision of the Court goes directly to the faculty for enforcement. In case of appeal by either student or dean, the faculty discipline committee reviews the case. If they find the appeal groundless, the decision goes to the faculty for enforcement. If there appears to be cause sufficient for a new hearing, the discipline committee remands the case to the student court with recommendations. They can take no action. The Court again considers the case and its final decision goes to the faculty for enforcement.

REDMAN'S CHANCE

Charles R. Roter



WILBURTON, coming into the dressing room from the showers, paused suddenly as he bent over his locker, and listened attentively, his hand resting uncertainly on the little door

knob. By instinct he was no eavesdropper, but over at his left, in the next tier, he had heard voices, and a chance sentence had caught and held his attention.

"Wilburton ought not to play the Atwood game," some one, he thought it was Wiley, was saying. "The better man? Of course he is, but I tell you Watterson, I'm sorry for Redman. You know yourself what he has had to fight ever since he first went out for the team as a Sophomore, three years ago. That year he played three games and then lost out by a broken ankle. The next year Wilson beat him out for quarter, and Wilson wasn't a bit better; just a little pull he had with the coach. Wilburton lost out by the same deal then, and he was sore enough about it. And now—well you know yourself what it would mean to Redman to earn his letter this year."

"Yes, I know," replied the other doubtfully, "but doesn't the winning of the letter mean just as much to Wilburton. Hasn't he worked just as hard this year; isn't he the better man?"

"I'll grant you all that," said the other quickly, "but this is Redman's last chance—the last game of his last year. Next year Wilburton will have a clear field, not a soul to go out against him. He will get his letter anyway; why can't he wait, and give Redman his chance. If they could each play just half the game they would both get their letter, for they have both played three games this year, and the rules only require half the association games. If Norcross would only give each of them half the game it would be all right. But

he won't, because he never takes a man out unless he has to—and he won't have to take Wilburton out, once he puts him in."

"Well," came back in resigned tones from the other, "I wish it could be fixed, but it's none of my funeral. I'm going home. Going my way?"

As their footsteps echoed through the dressing room, receding toward the outer door, Wilburton turned slowly and began to dress, dazed, his brain the battleground of a dozen conflicting impulses. As he dressed he revolved the matter over and over again in his mind. Until this very minute he had never thought of the thing as it had been presented by the conversation which he had just overheard. Until now he had regarded the rivalry between Redman and himself as a natural matter of course, in which the better man would and should, by all rules of the game, win out. The year before he had rebelled at his displacement by Wilson, but that was a different matter—a mere question of favoritism. Redman and he had been friends in a common cause then, and it was a friendship which had not yet been forgotten. Wilburton liked his rival immensely. Long since they had agreed that whoever should win out should suffer nothing from the malice of the other as the result of his success. For Wilburton, it had ended there. He had gone into the game with but one end in view, that of winning his letter. The desire had beset him; it was his one idea, the one thing for which he had lived during the long summer, and the endless evenings of wearying, grinding practice of the early fall. Of Redman's idea of the matter he had never thought. But now, in the light of another's point of view, the complacency with which he had regarded their position was rudely shattered, and Wilburton was

at a loss to know how to adjust himself to the new idea, and reconcile himself to it.

"I suppose they were right," he muttered to himself as he walked slowly down the deserted corridor. "I suppose they were right and yet I don't see what they would want me to do. Why should I give up my chance now, after I've worked for it all year just as hard as any of them. I won't do it, that's all." But again the accusing sentence came back to him—"You know what it means to Redman."

Absorbed in thought, Wilburton walked slowly toward his room, oblivious of those whom he saw and passed. He was struggling with his problem, but struggle as he would he could reach no solution. Again and again the half-formed resolution almost crystalized, but always he recoiled from the idea and all that it implied. To sacrifice this desire was almost more than he could bring himself to endure. Even if he should decide to give Redman his chance he saw no means to accomplish his purpose save that of quitting the game and that was not to be expected. He loved the game, and if in the Atwood game his school needed him it was not for him to say. Reaching his room he opened and read his mail, then leaving the place, went out for dinner, where he sat in somber silence throughout the meal. Dinner over, he walked down town and meeting a crowd of team mates remained with them during the greater part of the evening. Redman was there and Wilburton almost regretted the friendly smile with which his opponent greeted him, feeling that an evident animosity would be preferable in the slight justification it might give his selfishness. Returning home, he fell wearily upon the bed fully dressed, there to toss the whole night through, his problem still unsolved.

Morning came, bringing no conclusion. Again and again he brought himself almost to his decision, always to recoil from it. But through the morning, as he sat listlessly inattentive through his classes, the sentence kept recurring—"You know what it means to Redman—his last chance." Slowly but surely he was weakening, but it was not until the noon bell rang that his resolution took form and became determination.

It was late November and Thanksgiving and the final game of the season but a week away. It was Atwood, the ancient rival of the Blue that would match its strength on Penniston's field that afternoon, and the contest was being heralded throughout every school of the association as the game decisive of the championship. All about the Penniston campus it was the one subject of conversation, and even there opinion as to the outcome of the game was divided. That the teams were evenly matched was a conceded fact, and both teams were known to depend largely upon their kicking for the winning score.

From the day on which Wilburton had first come out for practice his kicking had marked him as a man whom any team might well fear. Several times already this season his kicking had been called into play to score against a particularly obstinate line, and whatever speculation there was as to the probable lineup of the Penniston team in the Atwood game, the quarter position had been conceded to him without dispute. Wilburton was not long in learning of this, and it made his position doubly hard. There was no doubt that he would open the game, and knowing Norcross as he did, he knew that going into the game meant staying in until his removal was necessary. There were two alternatives, both equally repulsive to him; either to show the despicable yellow streak or to fake an injury. He could bring himself to consider neither of these, and the day of the game dawned with Wilburton still uncertain as to the means by which he could draw Redman into his place without dishonor to himself. He must let events take their course. But on one point he was resolved. His team must win in the first half; then Redman should have his chance.

As the Penniston team fell into position to receive the kick-off, the grandstands seemed to heave themselves into the air to hurl defiance at the Atwood eleven. Increasing swiftly in volume, the grand old Penniston locomotive launched forth, bursting at its conclusion into a chaos of noise and clamor that lost to the grandstands the screech of the referee's shrilling whistle. Scarcely had the echoes

died in the hills about the stadium, when in a long black line the Orange team advanced on the ball, the Atwood captain catching his stride for the kick-off. His foot met the ball squarely and the yellow pigskin rose high in the air, sailing swiftly and true toward the Penniston goal. Higher, further and higher it rose, then turning downward in its flight, seemed to settle gently in the arms of Watterson, who stood there waiting—and the game was on.

Receiving the ball on her own twenty-yard line, Penniston advanced it to her forty. Albrey, right half, received the ball from Wilburton, and running to skirt left end, was intercepted even before he had cleared the line. Henderson made two yards through right tackle, with eight to go. The line fell into position for the kick. Dropping back, Wilburton paused for a moment, his arms outstretched. His fingers snapped and the ball shot straight and true into his hands, even as the Atwood right half broke through the line upon him. He was poised for the kick, however, and the ball shot straight and low, just above the half back's head, then rising against the wind, sailed swiftly down the field. The ends were already far down the field, bearing down upon the Atwood safety, who stood waiting to receive the punt. Without apparent effort his arms closed upon the ball and he started to run, only to fall in his tracks as Kennedy tackled fair and low. Atwood failed to gain on first and second downs, losing five yards by an attempted forward pass. Gehring kicked to Horton, who returned it to Atwood's fifty-yard line, where the ball was lost on downs.

So it went through the entire first quarter. Both teams played hard and well, and it was to be seen early in the game that line plunges and end runs were useless for ground gaining. After the first spurt that carried the ball into Atwood territory, neither team could gain the advantage, and the ball see-sawed back and forth about the center of the field. Punted far into dangerous territory now and then, the ball would be returned by a furious flash of energy to the middle of the field, there to remain. Already it seemed that unless one of the two teams wearied under

the heavy rushes of the other, or unless some unforeseen accident occurred, the game would end without a score for either side.

The first quarter ended with the ball in Penniston's possession on Atwood's forty-yard line. As the whistle blew announcing the end of the first period, the players dropped wearily from their places, and walked toward the opposite ends of the field, there to await the opening of the second quarter. Wilburton, walking slowly toward his place, glanced toward the little group of men huddled on the sidelines. There were many there, but among them all he saw only the pale face of Redman, who, pathetic in his hopelessness, smiled bravely at him with a gesture of encouragement. Wilburton saw him try to speak and catch himself and with an answering smile and a wave of his hand he walked toward the group of players who sat huddled in their blankets upon their field.

"Something will have to happen. If I've got to score, I'll do it, and then—Redman can have my chance. If we can only get within kicking distance." He dropped quietly down beside Watterson, who greeted him with the question:

"Why didn't you kick from their thirty when we had them there? You knew we couldn't get around them."

"Mistake, maybe," replied Wilburton briefly, with a smile. "Left end seemed to be weakening. Next time, probably. There's plenty of time left yet," he added, as the whistle blew again. "We've just been warming up."

On Atwood's forty-yard line Penniston took the ball, and with a series of brilliant dashes, advanced it to the thirty-yard line where Harris fumbled. Atwood taking the ball there, pushed it back to the center of the field, where it wavered back and forth, exchanging possession a dozen times before Penniston again began her steady advance toward the goal. From her fifty-yard line, a brilliant forward pass advanced to the middle of the field, where a clever delayed pass brought in another ten. An end run and another forward pass netted substantial gains, and Penniston was on Atwood's thirty-yard line.

Unwilling until now to attempt to try

himself while there was an opportunity for another to score, he signalled his attempt to score by kick. As he dropped back the line stiffened, the players there stamping to gain a foothold, waiting for their opponent's plunge, when the ball should be passed. Wilburton, his arms outstretched, paused a second before giving his signal. Suddenly he opened his hands. What happened then no one but the center could tell. A groan arose from the crowded grandstands as the ball was seen to slip from the center's hands and roll deliberately in a semi-circle about the field. A groan arose, which gave place to a gasp of astonishment as Wilburton, springing forward, snatched the ball from the ground, even as the hands of an Atwood lineman closed upon it. Like a flash Wilburton was off across the field. Clearing the line before the surprised Atwood men knew what had happened, he dodged here and there, evading man after man as they dived to tackle. Watterson and Kennedy, forming interference, accounted for a man each, and Albrey went down in a heap with the Atwood end just as he dived. Another man dived and missed and Wilburton, free from opposition, started off across the field, straight for the goal. The field was clear now, except for Houston, the giant Atwood fullback, who, playing safety, was running out to meet him. It was but a matter of seconds before they met. The fullback, circling from the left, dived; his arms half closed about Wilburton's knees, but the runner, with a final effort, wrenched himself free. As he whirled he slipped and half fell, but, stumbling to his feet again, staggered blindly on toward the goal. He crossed

the fifteen-yard line; it was ten—five. Suddenly some unseen thing struck him full upon the back, throwing him forward with terrific force. A sharp pain ran through his body. He stumbled forward and half fell to his knees, but struggling again to his feet, pushed on, every step an agony. The weight about his waist bore him down, but still he struggled on, no longer seeing. Suddenly his knees collapsed weakly beneath him, and he sank helplessly upon the ground. The air grew black, and strange loud noises filled his ears and he knew no more. Wilburton had no need to fake an injury that afternoon.

They have not ceased to talk of that run of Wilburton's yet at Penniston, of how, just as the whistle blew to end the second quarter he stumbled over the line, the Atwood fullback hanging heavily about his waist, vainly struggling to bring him down before he could carry the ball over for the winning score. They have not ceased to talk of the delirium that ran through the grandstands, or of the screeching, yelling mob that followed the stretcher that bore him gently off the field, shouting his name in accents of adulation which he could not hear. Nor have they ceased to talk of the game that Redman played, when, at the beginning of the third quarter, he went in to finish the game. They say that he played the game of his life that afternoon.

Their pictures hang today, side by side, in the student hall of fame, among those of other heroes of other years. They are full length pictures taken in the toggery of the game, and the sweaters that they wear both bear the great blue letter "P."

REAPER'S SONG

Shigeyoshi Obata

*We turned the water-wheel,
We turned it 'neath our heel,
Oft felt to reel.*

*We braved the thunder's threat,
We stooped in summer heat,
Our brows in sweat.*

*To labor did we cling,
Weeding and watering,
Summer and spring.*

*In gold the rice-fields lie,
And who the sickles ply,
But you and I!*

HOW I JOINED THE PROCESSION

M. C. Otto

PROMISE in haste, repent at leisure. It was easy, Mr. Editor, to say "yes" to your request for a letter from over here, but the endeavor to comply has brought back freshman theme days with a vengeance. Not that there haven't been "impressions"—my brain is honey-combed with them. From the moment we crossed the border into Canada and suddenly observed the absolute disappearance of chewing gum, or, rather, the gum-chewer, until the present minute, when I have just returned from a trial spin in Swiss mountain shoes, heavy as a man's heart who has drawn two failures and a con—from them till now "impressions" have trooped in upon me. The problem has been where to risk myself; and having decided to manage a halt sufficiently long for coaxing my guaranteed, absolutely non-leakable pen to emit ink at the right point. (No pun intended, as Winslow somewhere says, unless you like.)

For a time Glasgow seemed promising—memorable in my mind for poor, emaciated old women, chimney pots, and receding chins. But Glasgow reminded me too much of smoky Pittsburg. It was hard in the next place to pass over the beautiful furniture of England, and the rare taste displayed in pictures. In the most unpretentious homes we were sure to find a few pieces of furniture and some pictures that the so-called best people at home might well be proud of. But furniture and art offer too great an opportunity for the display of ignorance.

In London to me the greatest thing was a statue of Huxley in the Natural History Branch of the British Museum. Only one other chiselled thing gripped my emotions in a similar manner—the justly famous lion of Lucerne, and in the case of Huxley one escapes the shops. They tell in German about a man who has made a god of Bismarck. He has a fine marble

statue of the iron chancellor in his library, and although an atheist, bows in prayer night and morning to the deity expressed in this remarkable man. And he has arranged with his physician that his dying look shall fall upon this marble image. If I were inclined to follow his example this statue of Huxley would have much in its favor. Go to see it. If you are a lover of man, man at his best, it will repay you. The strength, courage, fight are conspicuous. You cannot miss them; but walk around until you find the spot from where you get the twinkle in his eye. And—

That is why I rejected this and some other subjects, cathedrals and old village churches for example—there'd be no end to the story. This letter is to be about an experience in a little English village, which, simple as it was, always stands out in relief when my mind wanders back over days that passed too quickly.

It came about in this way. The commercialization of Stratford-Upon-Avon getting "on my nerves," I tramped into the country, following the wind as guide. It was a laughing landscape everywhere; green hedges, beautiful little flower gardens, brooks lined with willow herb and bluebells, rolling meadows where singing larks soared into the sky to tumble down again, patches of wood in whose shady borders one could hear the thrushes and the robins. And such elms by the roadside! In due course the white road led into the picturesque village of Broadway, Worcestershire, where I found a room in a little thatch roofed cottage, which, though hardly bigger than a stall at "The Pal," promised a good night. (The promise wasn't made good, for the electric fan was out of order and the one window was much like a port hole. But all this doesn't fit into my story.)

I was having tea in the garden when the hostess told me that an American

lady, who had a house in Broadway for the summer, had given all the children above the age of three in the place a day's outing at the seaside, and that being an American (it's my hat and my shoes, Mr. Editor), I might care to see them return. "The whole village will be there," she said, "and the band is going down to meet them, for nothing like it has ever happened in Broadway, nothing. And it will be writ up in the papers, it is that grand, if I have to do it myself." Well, she got me interested, and after spending a few memorable hours in the old village church, built when America hadn't been discovered by Columbus, or perhaps by anyone else, I sauntered down the long street to the station. It was after eight, but the west was still splendid, and the clouds floating above the horizon were rich old rose.

I had grown almost weary of waiting a quarter of a mile from the station when all at once I saw them marching down out of the sunset. I saw the Union Jack raised, then the band struck up a march, and in what seemed another moment the dark mass, spanning the road, was coming upon me with a swinging stride, waving hundreds of little tin pails and shovels. The movement and sound of it—the bits

of conversation, snatches of laughter, the general murmur, the spirited music, thrilled me. But it did more—it brought me my very first touch of homesickness.

Just then it happened. Suddenly up went the Stars and Stripes, and at the same instant the band burst forth into "O Say Can You See!" The last thing I remember is literally jerking my hat off. For the whole scene vanished from me, and I stood thousands of miles away on a college campus. The fellows were marching; over yonder was the Gym; Mendota shimmering to the west of it; the purple shores beyond.

When I came to I was being gently pushed along by a marching, giggling throng, and there was no doubt of it, I was dividing attention with the main attraction. So I turned about face, put on my hat, and became one of the happy four hundred fifty and marched with them to the village green, where there were speeches and more music. When we dispersed the stars were shining, the same old stars: Vega overhead, the Great Bear, Arcturus. I rearranged the geography till these old friends hung over another city, far away, then climbed to my little attic room and blew out the candle.

And that is how I joined the procession.

TOLSTOY

T. R. Hoyer

*Self-pampering hosts of men at thy life grin,
Scorn and deride thy name from mountains high,
Thy temple, wide as earth and high as sky,
They must defile with sacrilegious sin,
Dead though thy body, still thy soul lives on
Among the paupers thou did'st love so well;
When worlds turned deaf as thy words stinging fell,
They heard thee, seer, and followed thee anon.
Thy soul rebels when e'en the least of these
Must bear the brunt of burdens, sins and vice,
While powers pilfering their harvests reap,
And glory in their victims' miseries.
Thou gav'st the meek thy humble sacrifice,
Great sage! What souls did weep at thy last sleep.*

ON THE GRAY CLIFF**Glen Ward Dresbach**

*There stands a gray cliff by the sea,
And wild waves lash it restlessly;
And here she stood when the full moon
Rose from the sea one night in June.*

*And with her stood—Why tell the tale?
Long she has sobbed it to the gale,
That laughs and sobs along the dunes,
Like some mad piper at his tunes.*

*And now it is no longer June.
On autumn nights the blood-red moon
Comes slowly from the misty sea,
And wanders westward silently.*

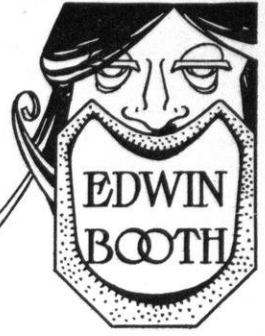
*And on an autumn night she strayed
On the gray cliff while night winds prayed,
And soft rains laved her flowing hair,
To cool her white brow's hot despair.*

*The gray cliff loomed beside the sea,
And the wild waves lashed it restlessly—
Ah, now she rests. The seaweed keeps
Its arms about her as she sleeps.*



OVR STAGE and the DRAMA

THE WISCONSIN
DRAMATIC SOCIETY



A WORD FOR THE WISCONSIN DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Thomas H. Dickinson

THE purposes of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society have been stated to be: First, the fostering of a high standard of dramatic appreciation in the community; second, the diffusion of information concerning the best modern plays in English and other languages; third, the amateur production of plays of absolute merit under conditions as nearly as possible free from the pitfalls of commercial production.

It will be seen from this statement that the work of the society has two sides. The one is large and general; the other is local and particular. On its general side the society becomes a part in a wide spread movement for making the drama a more worthy art and a more efficient social instrument. This movement is now so vigorous and so well distributed that it is discernible to even the most casual interest. It has produced numberless experiments in the writing, producing and support of plays, and is in fact the one thing that is alive in the present theatre.

Every organization that purports to be anything more than an amateur producing society must of necessity pay some attention to the general principles underlying this movement. But there are dangers in attacking too large a task. It may even be questioned whether, in "uplift" movements, if we must use the ugly word, close application to the local and particular problem is not more productive of results than a large and exclusive concern with principles and ideals.

It is upon this theory, at any rate, that the Wisconsin Dramatic Society is doing its work. It recognizes clearly enough the need of a better American drama, but it is most concerned with giving the people of Madison and its vicinity a practical knowledge of better drama. It is much concerned with high principles of dramatic technique, but it is more anxious to secure a local audience that will appreciate these principles when they are realized. This is a philosophy of limitations, to be sure, but we believe that even our limitations, if properly respected, will serve us a good turn by localizing our work and keeping it practical.

Too many good movements die because they are not rooted in the ground. Their theories are good, but at no place do their theories touch a practical problem. If you trace the history of any great social ideal you will find at its source a very concrete piece of social service. It is this idea the Wisconsin Dramatic Society must keep before it. It must begin by doing things as well and as disinterestedly as possible and let the formulated theories follow after if they will.

It is for this reason that we have encouraged people to read as many good plays as possible and have had very few lectures. It is better for people to talk among themselves than to be talked to. We are publishing some translations of plays and by this act we are showing that we believe in these plays, but we are omitting criticism and comment. It's better that people get the plays first. There is too much reading at second-hand in these days of book reviews. And we are producing plays, but we wish each play to stand

upon its own feet. We shall be content if our deeds speak for themselves.

This shouldn't lead anyone to suppose that we despise theory or underestimate the real quality of some of the drama ideals just now forming. It simply indicates that the large and general side of the case does not constitute our problem. We are concerned with the local and particular. It is our desire to encourage as many Wisconsin people as possible to know good plays. To this end we are distributing play books to readers, we are translating plays, and we are producing plays. Next to our desire to make many people know plays there comes the desire to encourage Wisconsin men and women to try to write plays of the highest type. Even in pursuit of this rather large aim we are going to stay at home.

As we are just at present more anxious to be active locally than to work out our theories we are also somewhat limited in our ambitions. In fact, the task set before us is larger than our machinery can compass. There are organizations for a national propaganda, and to these we gladly leave the national work. The Drama League of America is doing a good work in the broad field. For such a work the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, through the very concreteness of its purposes, is unprepared. We shall, doubtless, plant a producing branch in Milwaukee during the autumn, but beyond this our means cannot go. Our own field is large enough for us.

Neither do we expect a theatre of our own in the very near future. We might easily be in too much of a hurry to secure these external signs of substantial success. We have known cases recently of theatres being built before an audience had been provided to fill them. We should prefer to secure the audience first. If we are successful in this, we believe the theatre will come. Meanwhile we will use the instruments at hand.

Finally it should be said that it is particularly fortunate for such a movement that it is able to find a home in Madison. The temper of the state is progressive and

at the same time practical. And that movement is fortunate that lies close to the heart of young men. The resiliency of mind, the freedom from the bias of the established thing, the zest of the untried are nowhere stronger than among students. So if one should ask whether the work of the society is not made tentative through the fact that it is so largely a "student" movement, I should answer that to my thinking in this fact lies its greatest strength. I shall gauge the place that this society may take in the world from the place that it takes in the interest of the young men and women here in Madison.

THE CHINESE DRAMA*

IN THE romance literature of China one seriously feels a want of a rich, creative, constructive imagination. The Chinese novelist writes far too disinterestedly, I might say, far too historically. He never crosses the bounds of propriety, and therefore his heroes are ordinary individuals and his heroines merely wooden, well-bred ladies.

More freely does the Chinese power of imagination move in their drama, but, alas, most frequently only in spectacular style or in burlesque form. Their literature contains a large number of plays, but in spite of this their dramatic art still exists in its infancy. Their theatres are barracks erected on posts; the faces of the actors are thickly besmeared with all sorts of make-up; the orchestra plays in one unisonant tone, and scenical machinery is missing. If the opening of a door should be represented, the actor makes gestures as though he is opening the wing of the same. From the correct movements of a hero's thighs, the spectator must infer that the actor has mounted a horse. At the appearance of demons and ghosts, at the portrayal of historical scenes, battles, etc., horribles outcries are raised. Lately, however, the Chinese dramatic art seems to have advanced, at least from the reports of Lay, who particularly praises the gor-

* This is the first of a series of translations by the editor from Scherr's *Geschichte der Weltliteratur*. The next article will treat on the Japanese drama.

geousness of the costumes and the correct form of the mimical art.

Drama, mostly in the form of operas, has been found to have existed in a very early period, about 1800 before Christ. During the dynasty of the Yuen (1280-1368 after Christ) the writing of drama

taire wrote *L'orphelin de Chine*; in like manner "The Pagoda of Heaven," containing reminiscences of Hamlet. Most often, however, there is lacking an artistic construction and a more serious motive. Only in passionate moments does this otherwise prosaic language take on a



A Performance in a Chinese Theatre—from Scherr's *Weltliteratur*.

appears to have had a particularly plentiful development. An old collection entitled "*The Hundred Plays of the Yuen*," offers models for plays of a later period. They take their material from all phases of life and are not without genuine dramatic action, effective, serious and jovial scenes and striking characterization; as, for instance, *Tschao-schi-ku-uel* (The young orphan of the Tschao family) by the dramatist *Ki-Kiun-thiang*, upon the basis of which production, following the translation by the Jesuit *Primare*, Vol-

greater vigor and rhythmical movement in verse form.

A more rigid division of the forms of drama can scarcely be undertaken. In like manner as the novel, it must frequently serve to turn to ridicule Buddhism, which in China predominantly spreads only in its corrupted form. Probably the most popular of all plays is *Pipa-ki* (The History of the Lute). *Hoeitan-ki*, *i. e.*, the history of the chalk circle, the famous theatrical production which

was written about 1350, is a criterion of Chinese dramatic art.

It may be characterized as a melodrama, as a criminal, dramatic novel. The heroine's name is Hai-tang, who, because of her mother's poverty and her urging requests becomes first a singer and dancer in a Chinese theatre, later the second wife of the prominent Mr. Ma, to whom she bears a son. The first wife of Ma, with the aid of her lover, Tschao, clerk of court, poisons Ma, and also has intentions of killing Hai-tang and to get control of the child in order to obtain the inheritance of her former poisoned husband. She brings charges of murder against Hai-tang, who in the first court is condemned and in the second, however, acquitted.

Davies writes that the Chinese literature possesses 200 volumes of plays from 187 dramatists, and Bazin mentions that in the short period from 1260 to 1333, after Christ, 81 dramatic writers flourished in China, who together wrote 564 plays. In our own day, an educated Chinese himself, General Tsching-Ki-Tong, who spent a long time in Europe, has given us important insights into the theatrical life of his country in his French book *Le Theatre Chinois* (1886) in which he has compared it with French dramatic life.

Among other things, he says: "The French theatre, without question, is far more developed than our own, but the latter is older. Among us in China, dramatic art flourished when it did not exist in France. Our stage arrangements are still patterned after the style of past ages and do not follow the modern fashion; our actors are not taught the correct art of speech in a conservatory, and our actresses—there are none." (The roles of women on the Chinese stage are taken by boys and young men.) Furthermore Tsching Ki-Tong informs us that in China the main purpose of the drama is "The Furtherance of Virtue," and that slovenliness and slatternliness are strictly prohibited on the stage, whereby, and quite justly so, he casts a contemptuous side glance at the French theatre and arrives at the conclusion, "Nothing is missing on our stage for a

comparison to the stage of the occident than the deceived husband."

EDWIN BOOTH DRAMATIC CLUB

AT THE present time the people of the entire English speaking world are busy with preparations for a gigantic Charles Dickens centenary—a fitting celebration of the birth of one of the greatest literary artists the English language has produced and nurtured. The author who labored in poverty, and whose offsprings were deprived of just royalty on his works, is to be commemorated by voluntary Dickens associations that are alive and active in every city and community; even a national celebration is being undertaken.

In the University of Wisconsin the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club stands sponsor for the success of the Dickens commemoration. The chief feature, naturally, will be the elaborate presentation of a Dickens play. In planning this undertaking, the club has set a high standard of production. Elaborate detail is to combine with historical accuracy in settings, costumes and properties. Further, the club plans a series of university lectures and programs of readings relative to Charles Dickens that will produce the requisite atmosphere for a truly Dickens festival.

The Edwin Booth club was organized at the University of Wisconsin about twelve years ago. Carving out for itself a definite sphere—that of artistic drama—it has rigidly adhered to the policy of drama for dramatic art's sake, and has successfully presented a number of classical works, including "Othello" in 1902, "Trelawney of the Wells" in 1904, "Bachelor's Romance" in 1906, "Twelfth Night" in 1908, "You Never Can Tell" in 1909, and "The Road to Yesterday" in 1910.

Membership in the club is restricted to those students in the University who by tryout demonstrate their liking for and ability in dramatic work. The tryouts this year will be held in connection with the selection of the cast for the Dickens play. Among the alumni members of the

club who have been prominent in college dramatics are Leo Tiefenthaler, Alfred Arvold, John D. Jones, Jr., Thomas Mills, Edward McMahon, Edgar Robinson and Manfield S. Gross.

The Booth men this year are planning a week end—three-stand—trip to a trio of Wisconsin cities at which the Dickens play will be presented.

THE HARESFOOT DRAMATIC CLUB

THE plans for this winter's Haresfoot Dramatic Club show took a decided bound early in September, when Business Manager Healy Powell received from Milton Blair, former president of the club, the announcement that "Hod" Winslow, '04, author of "The Dancing Doll," had completed the book and the lyrics for the coming opera.

No one, it is believed in university dramatic circles, is better qualified to supply a libretto than Winslow. His "Dancing Doll" was the beginning of a new movement in student dramatics at Wisconsin, and made the name of the Haresfoot Dramatic Club a byword among people of this state and in the Illinois cities where the club has played. Winslow is the author of several other student productions which have had an unusual success. At present he is on the staff of "The Masses," a newspaper with a plea for sociological betterment which has created a stir among thinking people in the east.

The acquisition of the book of the coming show at a time so far ahead of its production will insure an unusually finished show. In past years the book has not been received until Christmas, and the work of rehearsals has been unduly rushed or cut short in consequence.

The Haresfoot Club will probably possess rooms of its own this winter. Although none have yet been found which are suitable, the club expects to be settled in its own quarters soon after the opening of school. In this event, it is planned to establish an "Actors' Loft," where the university followers of the mask and wig may meet in an atmosphere conducive to good

fellowship and to greater efforts in the production of amateur drama.

THE JUNIOR PLAY

WHEN the curtain rises at the opening scene of the Junior Play this year, the critical connoisseur will realize that the performance before him is not a heavy drama, nor a serious problem play. We venture to make this prediction, not because "The Servant of the People" of last year was not well received—for it certainly was—but rather because we feel that Wisconsin will not sacrifice her one prime opportunity of the year to stage one real local college production, abounding in its traditions, good fellowship and common bonds of interest such as make for a healthy college community. We have only to gaze in the faces of the audience and our problem of what type of play we should select is solved. We have but one alternative in the matter, and that is the choosing of a play that is both amusing and instructive. Tired bodies, tired minds and spirits artificially pitched to a degree of great merriment demand a stimulant, and the junior class must furnish the right kind of stimulant. It is useless to idealize the real life as it exists on Junior Play night. There is one occasion when the stage may conscientiously cater to the wants of the public, and we are glad in this instance that it can, for no other time of the year is more opportune for a more real, original and unique Wisconsin production.

An amusing entertainment, however, need not lack that felicitous union of the principal actions of a drama, nor that concatenation of cause and effect which binds the actions into a whole. A well developed plot is essential. Local coloring and setting will be great assets, at least in the minds of the audience, and they are the judges. One of the important prerequisites of a successful entertainment is the instructive element in the play. Amid all the wit and humor and lines that may receive wall-bursting appreciation there should run a serious strain, a subcutaneous purpose, awakening within the spectators a sense of responsibility and a desire to

profit by the instructions. A mere babbling of college slang and cant is not entertaining. That's fatiguing and tiresome talk, but sound, healthy references to well-known situations, "take-offs" on men and measures, together with a well organized

plot with a moral—all these should be worthy of embodiment in a typical Junior Play.

A votre sante, beaux esprits! A hundred dollar prize and limelight fame is offered to the winner.

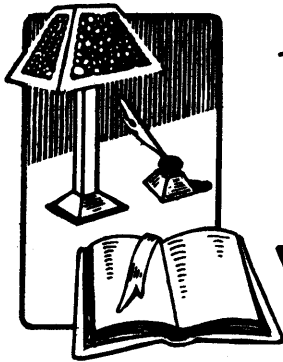
JUDGE NOT

T. R. H.

*Thou hast passed judgment bold upon my life,
 Thou hast condemned, convicted, censured me;
 My doom in bitter imprecations rife
 Hast thou foreshadowed in thine own decree,
 Yet who art thou, self-righteous Pharisee,
 Who sittest 'midst thy flock self-satisfied,
 Who would'st predict my own hard destiny,
 For thou alone can'st never be my guide.*

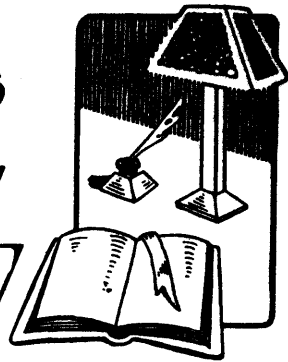
*Pray leave thy biased haunts and conf^{ines}res ill,
 Where sects and creeds unholy words do wage,
 Pray open up thy mind and hear His will,
 Who ever speaks to man from age to age,
 Think not that thou alone hast been thus blessed,
 That thy faith must alone redeem a life.
 The soul that thou condemn'st above the rest,
 Will bless thee even through eternal strife.*





WHEN I WAS at COLLEGE

"*Geringes ist die Wiege
des Grossen*"



FACULTY LIGHTS

PROFESSOR E. B. M'GILVARY, Davidson, '84; Princeton, '88; California, '97—editor of the Davidson Monthly, '83-'84; representative of Philanthropic Society (one of the two literary societies at Davidson college) at Junior exercises, delivering an oration. Won essayist medal in same society in junior year. There were only intra-college sports and no standing teams, the old-fashioned pickup game of football and baseball at Davidson college at that time. If Dr. McGilvary were to attend college again he would try for a place on some editorial staff on a college paper; he would take an active part in forensics and would go in for some light form of athletics, such as tennis. "The wider the circle of student activities a man can satisfactorily carry on in college the better, but it should not be allowed to interfere with good work in one's studies. A student should not be a 'grind,' but he should do all his work well. He should cultivate a few intimate friendships and a large circle of acquaintances. I believe in a good fraternity connection, but dislike fraternity machine politics." Professor McGilvary is the author of philanthropic articles in the new International Encyclopædia and numerous articles in various journals.

PROFESSOR JOHN L. KIND, University of Nebraska, '99-'01; Columbia University, '06.—Chief interests, first, scholarship; secondly, society. As a result of preparing his lessons daily to the very best of his ability he never had to review for quizzes or examinations and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the first

election. Translated stories from the German for a magazine for one winter, otherwise did nothing in the way of journalistic work, athletics, dramatics, forensics, or music. Military drill three times a week for three years. "If I could live my undergraduate days over again I certainly would study just as hard as I did while in college and make it a point to have my work prepared every day to the very best of my ability, but I should pay more attention to athletics. Whether I am of an athletic build or not, I certainly should make an effort to take part in every form of athletics. Athletics pay in the long run if they are not overdone. Athletics should not rob a man of the time he should devote to his studies, nor should they lead to overstraining, but they are, when carried on sensibly, one of the most valuable phases of college life. If I were president of a college and had the power, I should force every man, every year, no matter what his class standing, to take part in athletics. I believe they would thank me for it later in life."

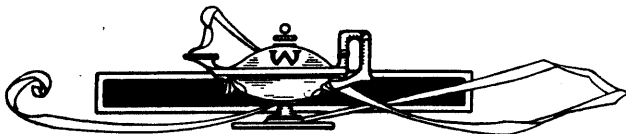
PROFESSOR L. KAHLENBERG, University of Wisconsin, '92-'93; Leipzig, '95; Ph. D., summa cum laude.—Was elected member of first University of Wisconsin crew, but did not row with them, for the race came off during summer vacation. Member of Hesperia; chose not to go on debate, because that interfered to too great an extent with scientific work in the laboratory. Pianist and violinist. Co-editor Journal of Physical Chemistry, also Journal de Clinic Phy-

sique, Geneva, Switzerland.—“If I could be an undergraduate again, I should interest myself especially in developing home athletics as distinct from intercollegiate athletics, also in developing more sociability amongst students who do not belong to fraternities. I should pay special attention to work in music; should join the musical clubs and stimulate interest in good, hearty singing on part of the students in the literary societies, clubs and other gatherings. This would tend to create strong bodies and minds that have the right attitude toward the intellectual work the university is trying to do. It would help to create a better spirit of honesty and fairness toward university work.” Dr. Kahlenberg is the author of “Outlines of Chemistry,” “Laboratory Exercises in General Chemistry,” “Qualitative Chemical Analysis” (with J. H. Walton), and a long list of original researches on chemical and allied topics which have appeared in various standard technical journals, here and abroad.

PROFESSOR W. L. WESTERMANN, University of Nebraska, '94. Reported university news on a city paper for one year. Played third base on the baseball team for two years. Mem-

ber of the senior play cast, “Der Tisch ist Gedeckt.” Played with the Mandolin Club one year. In his day, college activities were not organized as they now are.—“I suppose I would do the same thing were I an undergraduate again. One follows one’s natural inclinations. It is my present belief that college activities are overdone by some men. If I were to do my course over again, I should go in for out-of-door sports and my college work, and leave student politics absolutely alone.” Professor Westermann is the author of a number of scientific articles.

PROFESSOR W. G. BLEYER, University of Wisconsin, '96. University editor and editor-in-chief of the Daily Cardinal. Editor of the Aegis. Chairman of the Badger. Professor Bleyer would add dramatics and forensics to his sphere of student activities if he had an opportunity. He believes that “Student activities of the right kind can be closely correlated with university work, and when the time devoted to them is not out of proportion to that demanded by regular university work they may be made the means of valuable training.”—Professor Bleyer is the author of a High School Course in English, 1906.





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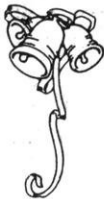
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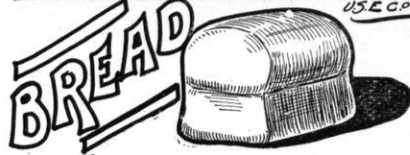
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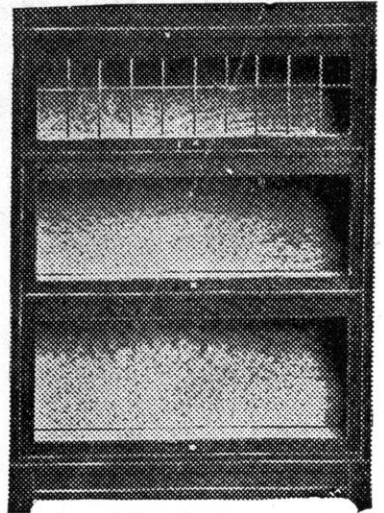
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