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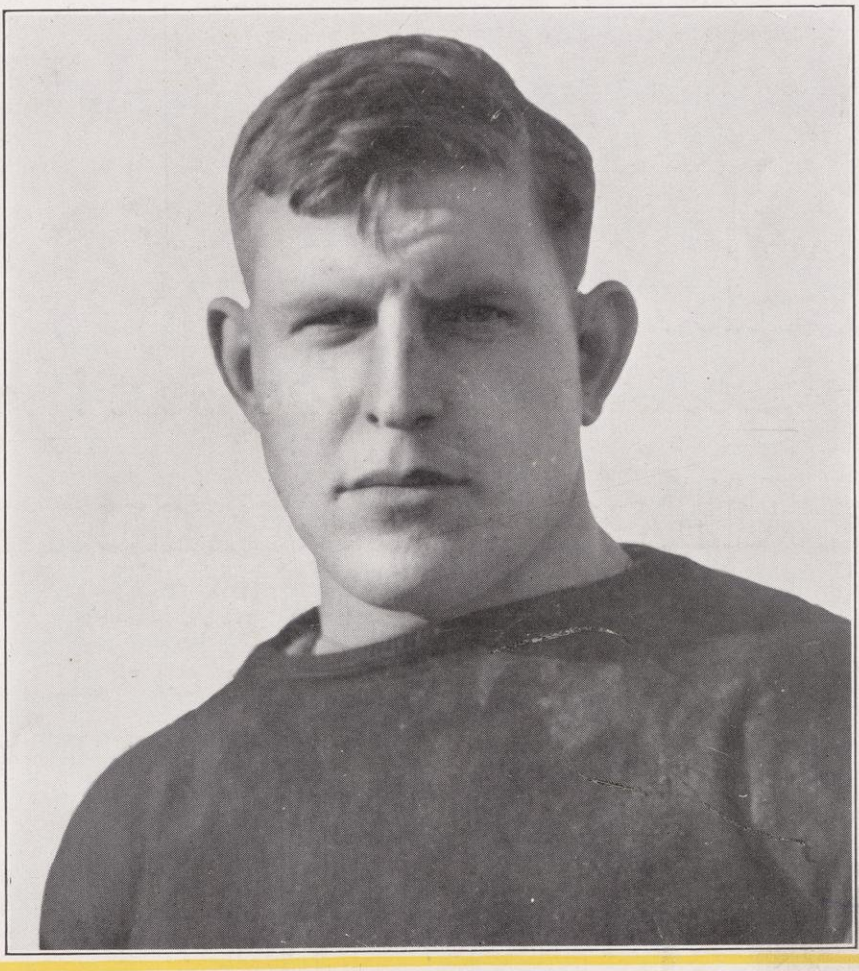
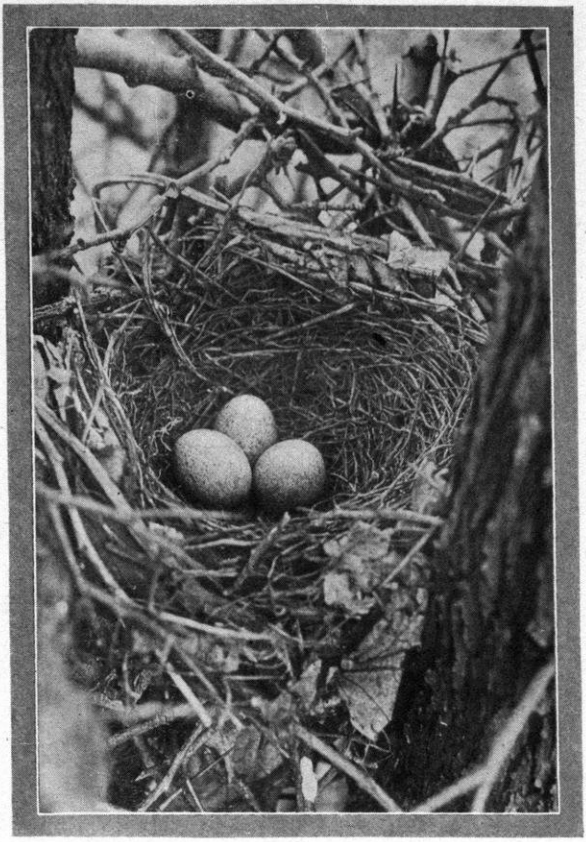
THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume XIII November, 1915 Number 2





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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is not to be assumed that the foregoing staff is final or complete. Further appointments will be made on the basis announced at the opening of this school year—work done and ability shown. Contributions are invited for the December issue, which should be on sale on November 30. Material intended for the holiday number should be in the editor's hands November 16. All communications should be addressed to the editorial office. The price of the magazine is one dollar for the school year payable in advance, or fifteen cents for the single copy.

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THE TRUTH OF THE SLOGAN

THERE ARE NO QUITTERS IN WISCONSIN

By A Senior

When we were little fellows, just learning to study the sporting pages of our home papers, we were thrilled to read of the gallant spirit which permeated two great American universities—Princeton and Wisconsin. In our games we were always either the Orange and Black, or the Cardinal. To our minds there was nothing more noble than the Princton Tiger fighting against odds, her men giving all that they had in strength to resist the Yale Bulldog, her rooters cheering their warriors loyally even in the bitterness at the end of a lost fight.

And we were so proud of Wisconsin, whose men never knew what is was to quit, who fought on and on in the face of defeat as bravely as though they were leading, and whose very determination often brought victory to the Cardinal after a dark battle! We believed that no Wisconsin person could do otherwise than to breath and believe the spirit that would not yield.

As freshmen, we came here full of that gospel. During the three years in which we have watched Wisconsin's struggles in all branches of sport against strong rivals, we have never detected the slightest sign that any of her picked men thought of giving up. But we have been hurt at the indifference, the disheartedness of some Wisconsin rooters in the face of a defeat.

It is wrong, this attitude of the rooters. The fighting men do not quit. And we are quite sure that Wisconsin's rooters will never again permit any of their number to do so. In the first place a Wisconsin team is never beaten until time is called. In the second place the old Wisconsin spirit is coming back, has come back. We not only sing, we feel the song —"On Wisconsin." We have what a writer last month characterized as *"Wisconfidence."*

The
WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

VOL. XIII NOVEMBER, 1915 NUMBER 2

SHALL MICHIGAN LEAD US?

WITH A POLITE SUGGESTION AS TO THE TRIPP ENDOWMENT

By The Editor

Michigan's undergraduates and alumni throughout the country are raising $1,000,000 for the purpose of building up a greater Michigan Union, a Union which shall become the heart of their university life.

Wisconsin's Union is confined to the first floor of the University Y. M. C. A. building. It's quarters are cramped, but it's activities are among the most beneficial in the entire University. It is the Union which makes the Exposition possible, which is back of other important works too numerous to mention here.

The officers of the Wisconsin Union are now busy at the task of formulating some plan which will result in giving to the University of the future such a Union as the University needs and deserves.

In this connection the Tripp endowment has been spoken of as a possible foundation for a greater Wisconsin Union.

J. Stephens Tripp of Prairie du Sac —a true friend of the University of Wisconsin—left a will which directs that the major portion of his estate be given to the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Tripp made his endowment free from any qualifications whatsoever.

After enumerating a number of minor bequests, he wrote, in his tenth paragraph, as follows:

"After the death of my said sisters, Emily Tripp and Mrs. Mercy A. Quinby, and my brother, Seneca Tripp, and after the final and complete settlement of the estate of James I. Waterbury of which estate I am the executor, and the full and satisfactory settlement of the estate of my mother-in-law, Mrs. Fidelia U. Waterbury, which I have been caring for, then I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, remainder of my estate (after deducting therefrom the sums necessary to pay all inheritance taxes, which shall be paid out of said surplus) to the Wisconsin State University."

The endowment has been accepted E. Stone, C. I. Kindschi, and M. A. Reynolds, all of Prairie du Sac, Sauk county.

The endownment has been accepted by the University regents, and President Charles R. Van Hise has undertaken to secure an authentic account of the life of Mr. Tripp and particularly of Mr. Tripp's interest in the welfare of the University. It is estimated by those who were acquainted with Mr. Tripp's affairs that the value of his endowment to the University will be approximately $350,000.

Inasmuch as Mr. Tripp's death occurred only last summer, and further, in that the endowment does not come into the possession of the University for some time, as the paragraph quoted will explain, no official consideration has been given, nor will such be given, probably, until a later time, to the employment of the endowment.

Nevertheless it has been suggested that no more lasting monument could be erected to Mr. Tripp than to make his endowment the basis for a greater Wisconsin Union. Two methods of procedure have been suggested: First, to send Wisconsin men out on the mission of securing a great fund which together with the Tripp endowment, shall equal the Michigan million-dollar fund. The second plan would dedicate the Tripp endowment to the construction and equipment of a Union building, the cost to be confined to the limits of the endowment.

The president of the Union, Crawford Wheeler, when asked for a brief outline of what the University needs for Union purposes, said:

"The purpose of the Union is to serve the social needs of the student body, and in a larger sense to act as a leavening, fusing, and democratizing influence on the many types and classes of students. The Michigan Union aims to extend its activities into many new fields, so that ultimately it will become the very core and essence of student life and alumni connection. Our needs here are as great as theirs; we have the organization, the proved success in our functions, and the support of the University, both faculty and undergraduates. But the Union lacks the full machinery of equipment to do all that the Union should for our University.

"As to what the Wisconsin Union building should contain: it should have on its lower floor lounging, reading, organization, and game rooms, an office,

and a hall of fame. There should be a large dining room and several smaller dining rooms in the basement; also bowling alleys and perhaps a college smoker and class room. On the second floor there should be a great auditorium, capable of accommodating university convocations, with a stage of appropriate size. The third floor should include a dance hall and smaller meeting rooms. The fourth floor could profitably—to the university—be devoted to office rooms for the student organizations and the publications which are an important part of student life.

"These are merely the principal needs of the Union. The sketch is roughly made, but it furnishes, I think, the nucleus around which the new Union must be built."

That Wisconsin needs a new and better Union none will doubt who have a true conception of the meaning of the University. But the University also needs men's dormitories, as President Van Hise and other leaders have long since pointed out, and as the recent legislature was almost brought to understand. The state will some day build a dormitory for men; it is not too much to say that the value of this first dormitory will prove itself so speedily that subsequent legislatures will not long delay the establishment of a proper system of dormitories, and even commons, for the student body. The women's dormitories were long ago recognized as worthy.

Believing then that the state will be more ready to furnish the University with the dormitories and commons than it would to contribute toward a Wisconsin Union, the suggestion is advanced for serious consideration by Wisconsin men and women, undergraduates, alumni, and members of the faculty, as well as the regents, that the Tripp endowment be set aside for the purposes indicated in this article.

A LYRIC.

The day has been so long without you dear,
The tasks have taken such a little while,—
The hours have loitered; maybe they, with me,
Were waiting for your smile.

To-night, as I look up into the sky
So soft and velvet in its starry pile,
I wonder, will the years be filled with days
Of waiting for your smile?

M. C.

ONE METHOD OF REFORM

SEQUEL TO DAILY CARDINAL STORY

By Carol McMillan

AS Sally Blaire hurried into the dining room at exactly seven forty-five on Thursday morning, hastily adjusting her middy-tie as she walked, she was greeted by a chorus of "Have you seen The Cardinal this morning, Sally?" followed by ominous giggles. Of course it was an unnecessary question, but Sally didn't take it as sarcasm.

"No," she answered, calmly flicking the powder from her eyelashes at the suggestion of her neighbor, and signaling to the maid to hurry with her toast and coffee.

"What's the excitement? Tell me while I eat, for I must make my eight o'clock on time this morning. They shut the door on me yesterday. I don't know what's wrong with my alarm clock."

"Listen Sally," Ruth began. "We have a foreigner 'in our midst,' who's been in this country just a few months."

"Nothing exciting about that. We have lots of them——Oh, I suppose you want to 'rush' her."

"No, no. This one is a man named Siegfried Donnerschlag, and he has some really interesting ideas. For instance: he thinks our taste for malted milks and fudge sundaes is foppish. In Germany the men all drink beer—and the girls too, for that matter. They think nothing of it. It's the custom. And he's a dashing hero, for he has fought ever so many duels and things. But here's the funniest. He can't see American girls at all— they're so artificial, he says. In his country the girls are taught from infancy to sew, and cook, and make a home for their future husbands. Did you know before, Sally, that we were nothing but little artificial dolls?"

"Why, the idea!" objected Sally. "We 'Home Eckers'."

"That's just it," interrupted Grace. "And we thought it would be great sport to fool him. Think of a scheme, Sally."

"No," looking at her wrist watch. "Don't bother me about any Germans. I have three and a half minutes to get to my Dietetics lecture." And she was off. But, just before the door slammed, they heard her mutter, "Artificial."

* * * *

Sally was busily jotting down notes in an economic lecture Friday afternoon. She was tired and found it hard work to make her fingers go fast enough. Then someone jogged her elbow. The pen flew out of her hand, spattering ink on the floor, and the notebook went after it. She looked up surprised and provoked, to meet the embarrassed countenance of a good-looking youth. His eyes, as startled as her own, were deep blue. His face, now glowing to the tips of his ears, was crowned by a shock of blond hair, which had an unmistakable Joseph Santley wave.

"I....beg your pardon," he gasped, rescuing the pen and the note book.

Sally recovered her composure immediately. She smiled forgiveness as she assured him that it was perfectly all right. Then, quite naturally, she glanced across at his notebook and there, at the top in easily distinguishable letters, was the name—Siegfried Donnerschlag.

Sally stiffened. So this was he, who thought he knew American girls. She took a few notes the remainder of the hour but it appeared that she was weighing many things in her mind.

When the bell rang, she rose to put on her sweater coat, but had so much trouble getting her collar tucked in, that it attracted the notice of the fair stranger, who immediately offered his services.

She accepted them, apologetically, and as she started toward the door, offered some remark about the disadvantages of Friday afternoon classes. "It tires one out so for the evening," she sighed, affectedly.

"Yes, I suppose it does," he admitted. At the door he would have left her, but she looked up at him smilingly so that he felt obliged to accompany her down the Hill.

"Don't you just love this autumn weather?" she began. "I long to go canoeing, but I don't know how to paddle," she fibbed. "So of course I can't go," she added after a pause.

Again the hero came to the rescue.

"Why, I have a canoe. If you like, I should be awfully glad to take you."

"Oh, you're so kind, but can you really paddle?" She regarded him with a look of artless admiration in her great, dark eyes. Wisconsin girls sometimes do that, often with all sincerity.

Siegfried's chest swelled in spite of him. What silly, helpless things these girls were. If she only knew of the things he had done. But of course, he would not mention his exploits.

He looked down upon her from his manly height, hesitated—and was lost.

"Oh but....I don't even know your name," she said.

By this time they had passed Music Hall at the foot of the Hill. Sally's black curls blew about her cheeks and temples, and her soft red sweater collar smuggled close against her throat. He thought that she looked very small.

"My name," he said, "is Donnerschlag—Siegfried Donnerschlag. Is that enough?"

"I've heard about you," she said, as though pleasantly startled at unexpected contact with a celebrity. "You're the one that's fought so many duels. My, but you must be strong, and brave, too." Girls talk like that on the Hill as well as in Life, or The Atlantic Monthly. "I wonder," shivering a little at the thought, "what it is like to be in a duel. Won't you tell me?"

The illustrous Siegfried blushed. He had meant absolutely not to say a word about duelling to anyone. But the tone of her voice was pleading.

"Come out in the canoe and I'll tell you what little I know," he conceded.

And she went. He placed the cushions for her at one end, and after seeing her comfortably settled, stepped lightly in, grasped the paddle, and with an energetic stroke shot the canoe for-

ward over the smooth surface of Mendota.

She drew out of him, with marveling, wide-eyed interest, one story after another. Somehow, in the telling, the sense of constraint vanished, leaving him at his ease.

* * * *

Sally came in to dinner with an appearance of suppressed mirth. Her cheeks glowed from the wind, and a reminiscent smile played around her lips.

"Well, out with it," commanded Grace. What's up?"

Sally hughly enjoyed releasing her story in meager installments. The whole table were hungry for particulars. They demanded an opinion at last. "He's all right," Sally insisted earnestly, "and I'm for him, though he needs a little reforming."

"I suppose you intend to take care of that job."

But Sally's checks were red anyway, from the wind.

Weeks passed, and news of Donnerschlag, as it became more common, was less exciting. But Sally kept her self-appointed job.

Late one evening however, as Grace and Ethel were exchanging comments after a party, Sally burst in upon them. She was almost in tears.

"Girls," she said, "this has got to stop. I'm afraid it has gone too far already." They stared at her, astonished.

"It's fun to act like a butterfly once in a while—but I've overworked the part. I'm sick and tired of it. Besides, I feel like a hypocrite. I've let that man think I'm a little artless fool. A fool I certainly am, but not artless. And the worst of it is"—here her voice broke, and she sobbed—"the worst of it is, he likes me that way. He likes the little artless fool. I'm going to give the whole thing up."

Grace and Ethel gazed at each other. They had never seen Sally this way before. But they knew she wasn't fooling, and so they tried to find a way out. Sally lay prone on the couch in all her finery, and wept, now.

"I've got it," said Ethel. "You're going out to the 'home-ec' cottage Monday for a week, you know."

Sally sat up. "Of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll write him a note telling him I can't see him any more, absolutely. Then if he calls up here I shall be gone, and you shan't tell him where I am. That will do for this week; and by that time everything will be all right—I think."

* * * *

Sally, attired in a pink checkered gingham apron, her hands covered with dough, was in the midst of bread-making. The clock's hands pointed to five, which meant that she must hurry, for it was her turn to prepare the supper. As several instructors were to be the guests that evening she particularly wanted everything to go without a hitch. Therefore it annoyed her beyond measure when she heard someone come up on the porch and ring the bell. It was an hour before the supper guests would arrive. Without attempting to wash her hands, she went in a humor not too amicable to answer the door-bell.

When she opened the door she stepped back, amazed and embarrassed.

"W—why did you come here?" she asked, coldly, and with all the dignity she could muster.

"I wanted to see you," he answered simply. "I called at your house, and finally learned where you were."

"But the girls said they wouldn't—"

"Never mind that. I had to know, and I used means to find out."

Then: "You're a good actress," he chided, though he looked with undisguised approval of her floury disarray.

"Ted Morley told me what a wonderful cook and housekeeper you were, how you went in for athletics and could paddle a canoe, play tennis and other sports like a good fellow. I admit, I was completely taken in by your acting. I liked it at the time, but I can see my mistakes now. Tell me, Sally," he spoke in a deeper voice, and the smile was gone, "why did you do it?"

"I....that is, do you still think American girls are artificial——Siegfried?"

* * * *

The instructors were obliged to wait half an hour for supper. Supper was that much late because of the fact that Siegfried took a half hour in amending his original notion.

WHERE LYNCHINGS ARE COMMON

ONE GLIMPSE AT THE NEGRO PROBLEM

By L. E. M. '19.

THERE are in the University of Wisconsin students from every state in the union, and from almost every country in the world.

This cosmopolitan character of Wisconsin student life is one of the most valuable features of the education received her. For, if one will draw out the statements and opinions of the man from Hawaii, he will gain a better idea of the Japanese labor problem in our Pacific possessions than he could possibly arrive at through book study. He will attain a peculiarly accurate insight into the status of development in Russia if he talks with the student from that country. And if he will talk with Southerners about the negro problem he will learn soon how senseless it is for northern (local) philosophers to solve the question which has for many years perplexed the south.

We in the north read of lynchings and with a pious feeling of false superiority try, and fail, to recall a time when there has been such a miscarriage of justice within our own community.

Yet, in the neighborhood of Okemah and Boley, Oklahoma, it is on an average of about once a month that a lynching takes place. This is a section of Oklahoma that was formerly a part of Indian Territory, and so accustomed are the people of Okfuskee county to extemporaneous executions of this

kind, that no determined effort is made in most cases to prosecute those who take the law into their own hands in that fashion.

Such, at least, is the observation of one of the students at this university, Lloyd A. Hammer, who has spent some time in Oklahoma. Quite as readily and casually as the average Wisconsin resident tells of duck-hunting expeditions in this state, Mr. Hammer calls to mind "stringing-parties" of which he has known in Oklahoma. The observations of Mr. Hammer may give Wisconsin people some idea of the manner in which the race problem is regarded in at least one community in the south.

"Lynchings for murder, robbery, or assault are not thought of so seriously in the very communities in which they occur, as they are in this part of the country," said Mr. Hammer. "Hangings of this kind, I should say, take place on an average of once a month. They are often hushed up, and generally for this reason: There is apt to be a race war between the black and white communities, if too much is said of them.

"I have several pictures that were taken the morning after a double lynching, not far from the outskirts of Okemah, in Okfuskee county. It was in the fall of 1912, as I remember. A negro and his wife and son had been committing a number of depredations, and when the officers went after them a sheriff and his deputy were shot. A posse of citizens then took the law into their own hands. The negro was shot during the course of making the arrest, and the woman and boy were taken to jail. Late that night the posse broke into the jail, bound and gagged the jailer and locked him up, and took the prisoners out to a railroad bridge and hanged them. Next morning, when the alarm was spread, Major Patterson took me out in his car, and I made a couple of snapshots. During the course of the day the county officers took down and buried the bodies. The lynching party was never found out. I imagine that the authorities must have entertained their theories on the matter, but no effort was made to bring suspects into court for it."

A snapshot in Mr. Hammer's kodak book, labeled "A Good Crop," next caught my attention, and he was asked about that incident. There were six colored bodies and one empty noose showing in the picture—seven at one haul. "That," said the young man who took the picture, "was a band of half-breeds. They had had a cabin in some of the wildest woods of Oklahoma, and it was known that they had committed a number of robberies, with a few murders in accomplishing their purposes. The citizens raided their place one night, and hanged all seven of them, not far from the Seminole reservation line. There they remained until the buzzards attacked them, an example to others not to follow in their footsteps.

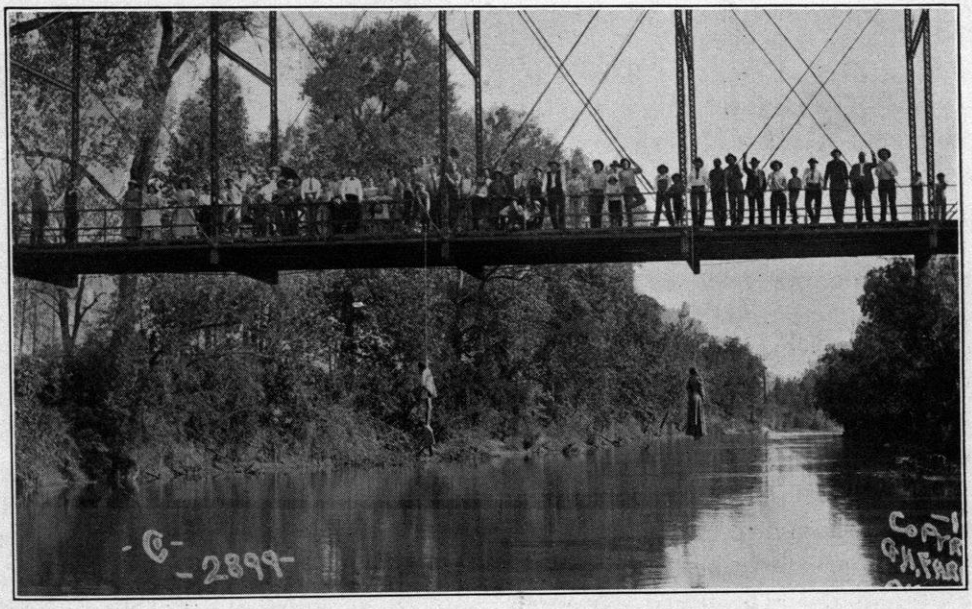
"Last summer, when I was visiting at Okemah," continued Mr. Hammer, "I narrowly missed connections on one of these parties. It was between the close of summer school here and the opening of the regular session. A ne-

gro committed a revolting offense, and the people were hot on his trail. He was placed under arrest, and the only thing that prevented a lynching that night was the fact that the authorities hurried him to trial, sentenced him to thirty years imprisonment and got him secretly aboard a noon train bound for the penitentiary at South McAlister, to begin serving his time.

"During the time I was there, quite a number of hatchet murders were committed, and the authorities and townspeople were about to take steps to put an end to his. It got so that it was hardly safe to go about on the streets at night, and if a man missed his street car, it was a wise precaution to call a taxi-cab, to get anywhere after dark."

Although to many northern people the race problem of the south no longer seems a formidable one, it is still an important problem in some states like Oklahoma. The towns of Okemah and Boley,, in Okfuskee county, are good examples of the extremes still to be met with. In Okemah, where the population is exclusively Caucasion, there are signs posted warning negroes not to let sundown find them within the corporate limits of the village; and in the negro village of Boley, similar signs of warning are directed at white men.

It is only recently that the Boley people have permitted white traveling salesmen and drummers to do business in Boley, realizing that they could not get along without their goods; but they are still as unwilling as ever to permit Caucasians to remain longer than is actually required for the transaction of the business which took them there.



A COMMON ENOUGH SI GHT IN SOME SECTIONS

BREAKING IN A CUB

By Frank Thayer

"DID you get the interview?" asked the city editor.

"No, Colonel Roosevelt would only say that he was going to visit friends in Cambridge," replied the young cub.

"He had nothing to say in reply to the Cooper Union speech the other night?"

"No."

"Well, you must have hung around that Union station like a bloomin' baggage smasher. You'll never get some things into your head, and as for a newspaper man, you might as well get a job as a 'white-wing.'"

The city editor turned in his chair to read an exchange, and the reporter withdrew to think things over. Naturally, the youngest of the cubs felt blue after he had tried to do his best. He realized that he had not been able to get the chosen interview with the strenuous colonel, and just to this extent—that he had failed. His practical philosophy, kindled with indignation, told him that even more experienced men had at times found it quite impossible to discuss matters of state with the ex-president.

But "a cub's only a cub for a' that," and he is usually forgiven for all his mistakes after he has submitted himself to a certain amount of abuse, after he has been told that he will never make a newspaper man and that he had better get a job as a "white-wing". But to a young fellow who has made up his mind to be a "journalist"—to use a term in more or less ill-repute among men on the big dailies—this is a hard lesson. All seasoned reporters were cubs once, but there are few city editors in the country who remember the time when they, too, failed to get the spirit of the office in their first week on a little beat that seemed to amount to nothing.

Fortunate, indeed, is the man who lands a job on The Springfield Republican, that staid old New England sheet which has made history for over ninety years. The policy of the "S. R.," as the venerable publication is known among the reporters of that beautiful city on the banks of the Connecticut, is to break in young college men who have ambition.

The Republican, in fact, is nearly forced to adopt this system. The paper sells for three cents a copy, or eight dollars a year. At this rate the factory laborers in the Connecticut valley find cheaper papers more to their liking. Its circulation reaches a large majority of the older families, as well as the more thoughtful strata of society; for even in Springfield the paper is considered distinctly "high-brow." Thus the real factor in the adoption of such a system is an economic one. As the circulation is in the neighborhood of sixteen thousand copies, the management must run the paper on the smallest possible outlay of expense. The result is that the paper employs a picked body of college men who are willing to work for small salaries while learning the game.

In other words the news standard of The Republican is not maintained by high-paid, well-trained reporters, although men in the editorial department receive good salaries after years of service. The young college man who becomes a cub on the Republican receives little money for his work; for even men on the city staff feel themselves lucky to earn over twelve dollars a week.

Any young man knows that an extensive social program can not possibly be carried out on that scale. But as one man expressed it a year ago last July: "I don't care what I get if only I get on the paper." And he was a Harvard man with considerable ability. New England colleges generally are turning out men every year who are anxious to try their hand at the same rate. There is one instance where a newspaper man of experience on a New Haven paper came to The Republican and took the same beat that all the cubs are accustomed to get, although it is said that he did not make over twenty dollars a week. Yet this fellow, a big, husky Scotchman who had the nerve to work his way through Yale, had to spend his days writing news of the Baptist social, or the special meeting of the executive committee of the lodge of Odd Fellows in the little town of West Springfield. He was no better than the rest—he had to serve his apprenticeship.

Good plums are always the hard ones to pick; so the better chances in the newspaper business are in the same proportion difficult to get. Before a man can leave The Republican, with its good word back of him, he must first get his place on the staff, and later "make good". Getting a start on any large paper is not an easy task. And if a man has tried unsuccessfully all the papers in Buffalo, Cleveland, and perhaps one in Chicago, he knows when to appreciate a job, even though it be one at a decidedly low figure. But when a man tries to win a place on the "S. R.," he will find his first days lightened with kindness. Under the direction of men who have been through the cub stage, the youth will have his blunders pointed out to him in a most kindly way. If any young chap who has the idea that he would like to try The Republican will write a letter to the former city editor, Howard K. Regal, now the news-manager, he will probably receive a courteous letter in reply. Regal was a star athlete on the gridirons of Ohio some years ago, and his constant identification with college men since that time has made him retain the sight and sympathy of youth. He has not lost his touch of humanity, and he will give freely of his experience to aid the fellow who worships at the shrine of Horace Greeley. The Republican considers that a man must be called to its fold, the same as a pastor is called to assume charge of a church. The Republican respects its men.

When a cub has learned some of the inner points of the business, he is anxious to strike out for bigger game. The question now arises, where do men go after they leave The Republican. The answer is, everywhere. Not long ago one reporter jumped from the West Springfield beat to the Chicopee beat, and in a marvelously short time was in charge of the United Press office in Boston, and

only a few months ago went to Europe, was captured amidst a series of exciting experiences, and as a result sold material to one of the best magazines on the market to-day. Did it pay for him to dig out the Sunday night church column, to copy golf scores, to write four or five sticks on an amateur minstrel show? Yes, it did, from the financial point of view, as well as from the standpoint of newspaper life. Year after year The Republican has been a training school for ambitious youngsters from the Rockies east to the coast. These youngsters are never sorry for their choice, for the graduates of the "S. R." firmly believe The Republican offers the best course in practical journalism anywhere to be found. Men are proud to be alumni of this staunch Massachusetts newspaper.

Perhaps some one may wonder why a collegian should consider himself fortunate in meriting a place on this influential publicatioin. The answer is an easy one to those who have been through the experiences of a cub on the "S. R." First, The Republican is the best paper in America to-day. To have worked on its staff, even in a minor capacity, is to have come into contact with some of the greatest men of all newspaperdom. The Republican is a paper that has not wavered. Through the long years of the Civil war, the reconstruction period, and the subsequent industrial development of the nation The Republican has stood its ground unsullied. It has given its opinion without regard to influence. It has been criticized, but it has masterfully withstood criticism. Head and shoulders above its contemporaries, to-day it is an example of the best results of the American press. It is a paper that holds a trust, a trust that to it means a most sacred thing. It is a paper that publishes a searching editorial. Its news reviews endeavor to give every phase of all public questions.

But greatest of all is the influence of the late Samuel Bowles, who died last spring. Bowles, a man who took command of the paper at twenty-six upon the death of his father, is still the spirit behind the organization. To one unfamiliar with the inside of this great newspaper, it is indeed difficult to realize fully the power that modernized this little daily and made it a national institution. With unfaltering courage Samuel Bowles stood as one of the early leaders in the effort to free the press from the bonds of mere partisan politics, and to give its opinions the potential power of conviction. Always independent of party control The Republican set the mark of journalism far in advance of its time.

In evidence of the high esteem in which The Republican lives, The New York Evening Post stands on record to the effect that notwithstanding the flooding of papers over the country with all manner of triviality and sensationalism, the absence of careful selection and intelligent prospective in the news columns, the vulgar offensiveness of big, black headlines, and of all public demand for sensation, The Republican has continued to hold its place in the city of Springfield and in the nation, without any departure of good taste and good judgment. In this fight to maintain its standard of right Bowles was

the apostle of righteousness in the newspaper field. To him is due the credit of making his paper a paper with an ideal.

The cub reporter, whether he come from Kansas or Amherst, has the privilege of breathing this influence. On The Republican he gains the ideal that the press is above all other institutions in its far-reaching effect on the great mass of our population. He learns that a try-out on this paper is worthy of his most intelligent efforts, for great writers have had beats before him on The Republican. He follows in the foot-steps of Colonel George Harvey of Harpers' and George Kibbe Turner, the magazine writer.

Willingness and reliability are the qualities that count for the most when the cub first breaks in on the city staff. The cub who is willing to be on the job from one-thirty o'clock in the afternoon until two-thirty o'clock the following morning, can demand the respect of the entire force. He can be reasonably sure of being treated as a gentleman, and he knows that his efforts will bring him later rewards if he only stays "in the ring." There is no better place to break into "fast" company than on The Republican. Here he is under the direct control of men who have grown up on the paper. These men know how a story should be handled. If the cub does not turn out a story with the proper "punch", he faces the task of writing the yarn over again until he produces a story that will muster the respect of the assistant city editor. But after a man has been on the staff a few weeks, the chances are a hundred to one that he will stretch every nerve and sinew to hand in copy that will pass the critical eye of the copyreader.

The cub may get the idea that he is simply drifting after he has been laboring for months to no apparent result, either in pay or encouragement, but he has gained the ideal of the newspaper of to-morrow: the paper that says what it believes, the paper that will not cater to what the public demands, but a paper that will judge its news, a paper that will discriminate between economic falsity and economic truth, in short, a paper with a high ideal of public service.

THE RUSH IS HISTORY

By C. F. J. '17.

The freshman-sophomore class rush this year was eminently successful from every point of view. It resulted in no serious accidents, practically no loss or destruction of property, was marked by fair play and good feeling, and acted as an effective termination for the slight hazing tendency of some of the sophomores.

Of course, when college men get into a tussle, it should be no childish frolic, and there are bound to be bumps and bruises. But there have been no reports of serious injuries sustained by men on either side, or of cases where men used other weapons than their hands—or feet. When freshmen showed medical excuses prohibiting them from entering the rush, the sophomores did not molest them. The more cool-headed

element among the sophomores gave evidence at all times of having the class in control.

Nor was any property damaged by the students. Everyone showed a high regard for the property rights of others. Some books and articles of clothing were lost by the freshmen in the pre-rush activities. This is to be regretted, but the amount lost appears to have been small.

The student "cops" must be given a large share of the credit for the orderliness of the rush and for the prevention of injuries. They kept the crowd off the field during the fight, and prevented the struggle itself from becoming too severe. Before the rush they protected the "frosh" and led many of the first year men in person to the field. This may have appeared somewhat unfair to the sophomores. And it must be said that the authority vested in a few of the "cops" seemed to turn their heads —these were more anxious to show their power than to confer any real benefit on the freshmen. The "cops" proved that they are capable of protecting the freshmen and giving them as nearly a fair chance as possible. They were well-handled and efficient.

The Dark Area Shows Where the Sophomores Flooded the Freshman Side

Probably the most encouraging feature of the rush is that it was followed by an era of good feeling between the classes and by an absolute cessation of all hazing activities.

Several features of the rush this year were especially interesting. The annual parade around the square was orderly and in no wise indecent, as was alleged to have been the case at times in the past. The parade was led by the

band and the student police, headed by the chief—Arlie Mucks. A double line clear across the street was made up by the "W" men alone.

The pre-rush activities of the sophomores were confined to tying up the freshmen and taking them out into the country. There the first year men were locked in a large silo rented for the purpose. Most of the men confined here were freed in time to take part in the rush. The sophomores also, on the night before the rush, flooded the part of the lower campus alloted to the first year men. This handicapped the freshmen to some extent, and was criticized as having been somewhat unfair. But such things must be expected from the sophomores—it is simply a part of their effort to make up for the superiority of the freshmen in numbers.

DUDE WRANGLING FOR THE YELLOWSTONE

By H. H. Morris

DUDE WRANGLER.

The words have a western twang, but they would scarcely lead anyone to imagine that they referred to any kind of "summer work". In every day English, however, they simply mean Tourist Agent for one of the companies that have concessions to carry tourists through that most fascinating of National Parks—the Yellowstone.

Yellowstone Park summer work is much sought after by college people the country over for there is such an attraction about the place with its wild and strange scenery, its history and legends, its coach drivers with their unique slang, and exaggerated stories, that when one has felt the charm for a summer he is more than anxious to renew the experience.

The thousands of tourists that visit the Park every year are by no means the least of its attractions, and it is the "Dude Wrangler" who has a chance to meet most of these, as he is located at some place just outside the Park where the tourists must change trains for the Park trip. It is his duty to answer all the thousand and one questions about park travel and accommodations, locations of points of interest, price of tickets, and anything else about the whole western half of the United States that occurs to them.

The college man is beginning to take his place in this line of work so that the traveling public is not entertained as often as it used to be by such mistakes as one of the agents made a few years ago when a tourist asked him:

"Do you find any congeniality when traveling with your company?"

To which the agent replied.

"Oh yes, we point that out to you just beyond Mammoth Hot Springs."

Out of the half dozen college men that were in this line of work this summer, there were two from Wisconsin, and our experiences in meeting the vast

number of people that made the Park trip this year, were humorous and varied.

A friend of mine who answers the questions in the information bureau in Denver told me at one time that he was sure from his experience that the traveling public left all their manners at home. That is a little severe on the average traveler, but there are certainly a large number that lose all sense of the fitness of things, and their ability to care for themselves when they start on a trip. The replies of the drivers in the Park to some of their foolish questions have been real bits of humor.

On one occasion a lady asked the driver if the hot pools froze over in winter. He replied, "Certainly, Madam. Why it was only last winter that a soldier was skating on one, and broke through and scalded his feet."

There is a system of slang in use in the Yellowstone that I believe is unique, and when one is speaking of the Park it seems out of place not to use it, but without a key it would be almost incomprehensible. For instance, all the drivers, and help in general, are known as "Savages," the travelers are "Dudes" while the two-horse drivers are "Scissor-bills". Then we have the "Pearl-divers", "Heavers", "Pack-rats", "Barn Dogs" and so forth, all of whose names are somewhat expressive.

There are so many college people working in the Park that the 'dudes' have made it quite a standard inquiry to ask the 'savages', "Are you a college student?" On one trip around the loop a party of 'dudes' had been having a good deal of fun at the expense of their driver, of whom they finally inquired, "Are you a college graduate?" He said that he was, and that rather sobered them for a time till one of the bolder ones asked, "What college did you graduate from?" "The Keely Institute," replied the driver.

Of course among so many tourists there are always those who are anxious to save a little money wherever possible, and are willing to sacrifice considerable comfort to do so. A year ago I met what I think was the champion family at the sacrifice game. A family of four got off the train one day, and asked all the particulars concerning the six-day trip. They asked among other things what part of the cost was for meals. I informed them, and then they dumfounded me with the question, "Can we go cheaper if we will fast while we make the trip?"

This kind of economy was even more exaggerated in the case of a man who went into the Park for his health, a year ago, taking the cheapest trip possible, but had to be hurried out when it was only half over on account of a serious turn of his disease. He refused medical aid saying that he had no money, but at last acknowledged that he had $25.00 that might be used for hospital service. After he had died a few days later several thusand dollars in travelers' cheques were found in his effects.

Among the tourists there is always the pest that insists on telling you how much finer things are in some other part of the world that he has visited. One day a young Englishman of this

(Continued on Page 29.)

VILAS PRIZE PARTICULARS

By Dorothy Bell

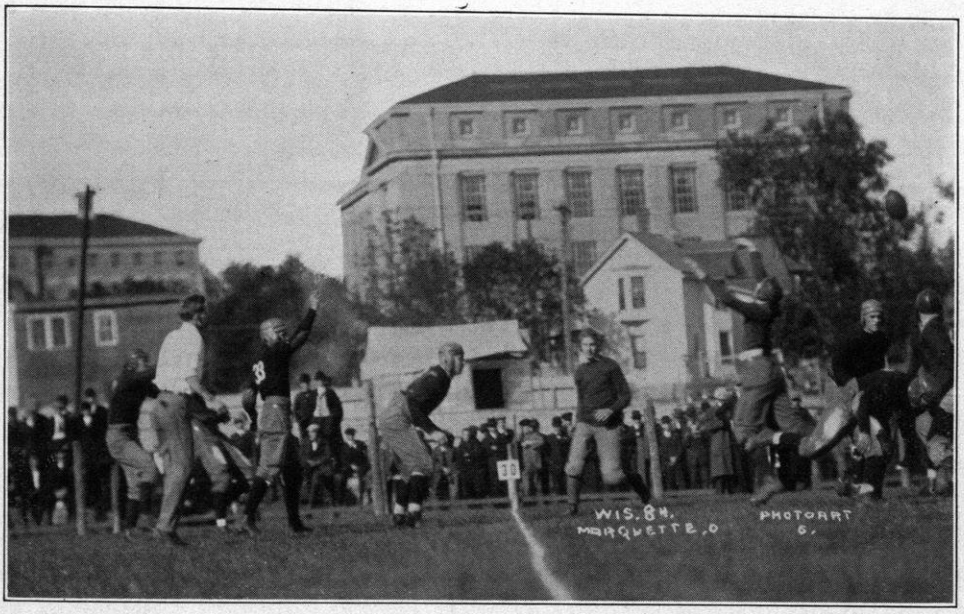
The Wisconsin Magazine for October mentioned in a general way the William F. Vilas prizes of fifty and twenty-five dollars to be awarded for the two best essays submitted in compliance with certain definite regulations. But while the time is still abundant, and the students' energy and enthusiasm are still fresh, it is time to give out the needed information regarding the contest. For now is the time to begin planning work in competition for the prizes, which are certainly worth while.

The founder of the prizes, Mrs. Vilas, had no especial type of essay in mind; the committee has, therefore, seen fit to offer a variety of subjects for different years. To avoid confusion it has been decided to accept this year only essays on literary criticism. The choice of the subject is limited to some poet of the last twenty years, or to some minor author or movement of the nineteenth century literature, but with the express understanding, however, that the field shall not be limited to English literature. The following regulations govern the contest:

I. Competition shall be open to all undergraduate students of the University of Wisconsin.

II. The judges shall be a committee of three appointed from year to year by the chairman of the department.

III. Judges shall be empowered to



One of Simpson's Forward Passes in the Marquette Game.

withhold either prize, or both prizes if one or both of the best essays submitted are inferior in quality.

IV. The date for the handing in of essays is the last Monday in April.

V. The essays shall be typewritten on paper of thesis size signed with pseudoyms and accompanied by sealed envelopes marked with the author's pseudonym on the outside and containing his real name within.

VI. Essays shall not exceed 6,000 words.

Editor's Note: For several years the Vilas prizes were awarded for short stories. The change in the nature of the Vilas contest leaves the story writers of the university without an especial prize to be contested for this year. The Wisconsin Magazine hopes that another year may see the restoration of a short story contest with substantial prizes to reward good work.

STEENSLAND ESSAY PRIZES

Two prizes of no little interest to the undergraduate students of the University of Wisconsin are the Halle Steensland essay prizes of forty dollars and twenty dollars to be awarded for the best essays on topics selected by the committee of the English department. Competition is open in this contest for the school year of 1915-16 only. The regulations governing this contest are as follows:

I. General rules of competition shall be those that govern the competitions for the Vilas prizes.

III. The following list of subjects is offered:

a. Permanent values of college life.

b. College as a preparation for citizenship.

c. The habit of exactness as mental discipline.

WHO?

They hadn't spoken—ages it seemed.
A lover's quarrel—but his eyes beamed
As he scanned the note. "Dearest," it read,
"I'm sorry,—won't you, Fred?
Won't you forgive—'twas I who was wrong,
And those lovely flowers—now don't be long
In coming over——"
He forgave.
The evening passed, and as he bid adieux
He wondered still just who
Sent her those flowers.

—Bab.

THE DIARY — A STORY

By Kathryn Morris

JAN. 1, 19—. Well, I've decided, for the forty-eleventh time, to keep a diary. In case I ever become famous, it'll be a nice thing for posterity to have. But I guess the only thing I'll ever be noted for will be the number of diaries I've started and never finished. This won't exactly be a diary. I'll use it to confide in, for since Phyllis married Eric, I have had to keep all my confidences. Ma Mere, being just a stepmother, doesn't listen sympathetically. I don't mean that she isn't kind and agreeable; but she's sort of cold-blooded —especially after Phyllis.

First, I'll tell all about my family. Ma Mere came into the family four years ago. She does very well as a chaperon and we all consider her the deciding voter in all arguments. She's really very stylish and quite a dear; but as I said, she's no good for confidences. Father, the dear, is a lawyer. You ought to see him do the hesitation and one-step. You'd never dream that he was forty-five. He is about five years older than Ma Mere. Then there is my own dear Phyllis. She is twenty-one. She is the prettiest thing you ever laid your eyes on. Her hair is just the color of a rich, ripe horse-chestnut, and curls all around her face; her eyes are wide blue ones, sparkling every minute, and fringed with long thick black lashes. And her mouth! It's a rosebud, just made for kisses. When she smiles, she shows a row of gleaming little white teeth, and two deep dimples. But her nose! It's just like mine, and though some people call them tip-tilted, and retrousse, and other names, we both know in our secret hearts that they turn up. They used to be pug, but we've out-grown that, thank goodness. I could rave on about Phyllis from now till the crack of doom. (I guess I have been raving.) To cut it short, however, I'll just say that she's the sort of talented, capable, charming, pretty, well-dressed girl that every girl would like to be, and every man would like to marry. She's a perfect dream.

Next, I'll tell about myself. I'm nineteen. People say I am very like Phyllis, but I don't see it. My hair is decidedly red—her's is chestnut. My hair is merely wavy—her's is curly. Now that I consider it, in other respects we are vastly alike. I hope posterity won't think me conceited, after raving so about Phyllis and then deciding that I resemble her. But this journal is for confidences, so I'll just say that I'm neither handsome nor homely, but a sort of a happy medium. I've always been fairly well satisfied with myself, except for my nose and hair. I don't want to be thought conceited.

Now I'll tell about Eric. His last name is Grannis. (By the way, I forgot to say that my name is Persis Edson.) To return to Eric Carlton Grannis—he's twenty-four. He and Phyllis were married last June. How I did cry!!! You see, I had met him only

four times, and I didn't know just what he was like. Now I adore him. I love him as much as I do Phyl., and that's going some. (Posterity will have to excuse slang.) I could almost be jealous of Phyl.; but I love her so much that I can't be. She is so happy. She met Eric at a house-party given by one of her school-friends. She and Eric were here for Christmas, and I'm going to visit her next month. I can hardly wait. She is just getting settled in her house now, for they went abroad for six months after the wedding. I was bridesmaid and Bruce McLean was best man. He's twenty-three. I was quite crushed on him; but that's a confidence I never even told Phyl. at Christmas. I guess my heart wasn't broken, as I thought it was at first when he went home, for I can't see that I'm going into a decline, and that's what I understand a broken-hearted girl should do. In reality, I've romped through this last summer and winter beautifully. Ma Mere gave me a wonderful "coming-out" dance in November, and that night, I thought I was in love with every man I danced with; but when I finally got to bed, I dreamed about every blessed one of them, so I guess it wasn't very serious. I was sorry Phyl., Eric, and Mr. McLean couldn't be there, too. It was a beautiful dance. I've stopped dreaming about the men of that night—Bruce crops out, frequently; but as a rule, I don't dream at all.

There! I guess I've confided enuf for one day.

Jan. 3rd.—I didn't have anything to confide, yesterday, nor all day today, until fifteen minutes, ago, when I got a telegram! Glory! But I was excited! Here I've lived nineteen years and never had a telegram before, and the first one I get is from a man! A M-A-N—man. And who do you s'pose it is? Bruce McLean! Was I surprised? Superfluous question number 99999 plus!!! I was dumbfounded! My heart slid up onto my tongue for a minute, and then fell with a dull, sickening thud into my heel. And ever since it returned to its rightful position, it's been doing a sort of Hesitation, Dip, and Boston, so that Ma Mere said I acted light-headed. She thinks it's all due to the surprise of receiving a telegram for the first time. She never guesses that it's due to the sender and what he wrote. I suppose it would be common-place enuf to any one else. This is it:

"Will be in Edgerton for a week, on business. Phyllis insists upon my staying at her old home. Can you accommodate me? Wire if Tuesday will be convenient. Am at Eric's now for week-end. Will be glad to see the little bridesmaid. Don't let this spoil your plans.

Bruce McLean."

Isn't that rich? Father wired immediately, and asked which train and road on Tuesday. I'm to meet him in the electric run-about, and Ma Mere says she hopes I'll attend to his entertainment, as she has an old aunt who is coming tomorrow morning for a two-week visit. She was here once before, and we all just loved her. She is like a frail bit of Dresden china. I don't object to amusing him. I hope his

business won't occupy all of his time. This is Sunday. I must wait all day tomorrow and part of Tuesday. My!! It seems long.

Jan. 4th.—This has been a peculiar day. Auntie came at noon, so that the afternoon passed quickly, talking to her; but this morning was awfully slow. A telegram came to Father from Bruce, saying he'd be here on the eleven o'clock train. I'm glad he didn't wait until the afternoon train. Billy Mitchel was here all evening. That boy's an awful bore. I used to think he was fun; but tonight he wanted me to play the piano all the time, and I felt more like discussing Phyl's wedding.

I call him Bruce one minute and Mr. McLean the next. I mustn't make that break while he's here. Well, I'm going to bed. I wonder if I'll dream.

Jan. 5th.—I met the train. He's just as nice as he was last June, only more so. Then he treated me just like a child; but now he acts as if I were grown up—as I am. We played tennis on the indoor courts at the Athletic Club all afternoon, and this evening, we went to a musical comedy. I guess it was good. I don't remember much about it. We enjoyed it anyway.

Jan. 6th.—This morning, he attended to business. I drove him down town in the electric, did some shopping, then called for him at the Registry Office. His business is about some property in Edgerton which is mixed up in a law case, and he has to look up the records.

This afternoon, we skated at the rink, and had tea at the Fireside Tea Rooms. If he does other things as well as he plays tennis and skates, he must be a marvel of accomplishments. This evening, we stayed home. I played the piano, he, a mandolin, and we both sang. It probably wasn't as good singing as it might be; but we enjoyed it, and so did the family.

I wonder if I'll dream again tonight.

Jan. 7th.—More business this morning. I sewed some, practiced on the piano, read a little, and wrote to Phyl. He came home about twelve, and we had more music. We call each other Bruce and Persis, now. It's more friendly. Auntie requested him to call her Auntie, too, as she is used to that title.

This afternoon, we went to a Charity Bazaar at the Women's Club. We had our fortunes told. I'm to be a wealthy old maid, adored by all. (Like Auntie, I s'pose.) I don't believe in fortunes. We bought a few little trinkets. Bruce gave me a little Kewpie, dressed as a bride.

Tonight, we went to a dance at Grace Power's. All the girls are crazy about Bruce. I had a blissful time. He dances divinely.

Jan. 8th.—Business! Business! Business! I didn't see Bruce from breakfast till lunch, and from lunch till dinner. I went to a bridge this afternoon, but this morning I stayed home and wrote letters for Auntie. Her eyes are poor.

Tonight, Billy Mitchel was here, so I invited Arda Brown to come too. We had a jolly time. We danced with the Victrola for music, then had a chaffing-dish supper. Billy acted sulky most of

(Continued on Page 35.)

AMERICANISMS IN WISCONSIN

By Marion Calkins

The other day, as my mind was revolving about this subject I saw a girl lean from an upstairs window and attract the attention of a girl below. "Will ya?" she shouted. "Yah, you bet," screamed the girl from below, brightly. It is a comfort, I thought, to know that the spirit is willing.

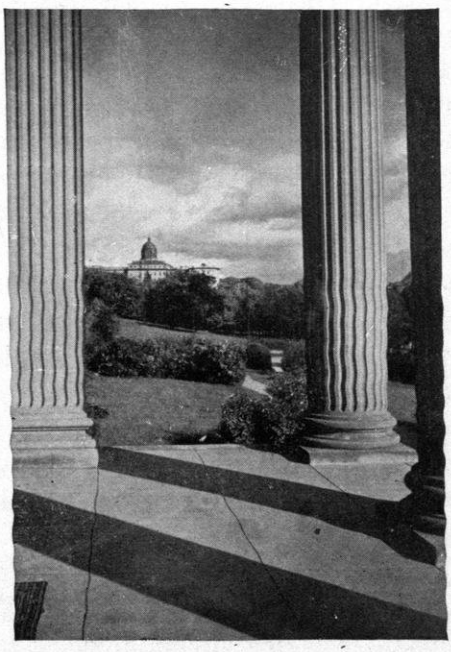
These incidents are too frequent to be noteworthy. But I had been more or less occupied in analyzing the air of careless abandon which, with a bathrobe, men throw over their swimming suits and saunter from Murray street to the lake. And I had been puzzled, too, more or less unconsciously to know why, that in a class of twenty in which I was the only girl, I was the eighth person out of the room, although I sat nearest the door and had no goods and chattels to collect for my departure.

Because of these things, the first incident dwelt unhappily in my mind. Is it, I pondered, unpatriotic for me to allow slight flaws in our manners to jar me, when they are so overshadowed by our glorious spirit?

But I do not say that these things are American. I call them Americanisms. An "ism" is provincial. Provincialism is distateful. Our Americanisms are our provincialisms. They are not what a foreigner sees in us. They are what a cosmopolitan sees in us. The first says that we worship bulk progression, grandeur, that we are new in spirit; that we are American. This is pleasing. But the cosmopolitan adds: he says, with a lift of an eyebrow—'so American'. This is piquing.

But I am told, "Be large enough to overlook trifles. Think of the spirit, the indomitability of us." But there is nothing narrow about spirit and indomitability. These should be expressed in an American manner: instead they are expressed in American mannerisms.

How we do a thing, if it is not done self-consciously, is expressive of the spirit in which we do it. Can it not be possible, then, that if, as all world citizens proclaim, our manner is wrong, that there is something lacking in our spirit? Would a gentleness and deliberation, a consideration of things beautiful, which would express themselves in a beautiful way of doing, destroy our directness and our love of size?



CURRENT DOINGS IN DOGGEREL

By Ralph E. Nuzum

The studes, who all last summertime
Were heaving picks and crowbars
Are resting now quite easily,
And gently smoking Omars.
The little freshman sniffs the air;
Then hangs his head and cringes
Before those stores
Where all the doors
Have double acting hinges.

The merchants here in Madison
Are just about disgusted;
They've got a lot of duds on hand
And all the studes are busted.
The Profs continue to complain,
With waving arms and cussing,
That students shirk
Their college work
For football, frats, and fussing.

The Dekes were mailed some dynamite;
They say that Urdahl sent it,
And though they know that's just his
speed
They wonder how he meant it.
All gourmands have decided that
The Union gives good mixers,
And say it's punch
And pop corn lunch
Beat malted milk elixirs.

Ruth Davies took a college Prof,
Some Swede from Minnesota,

Out riding in her motor bus
And ditched him in Mendota.
The grinds wend slowly to the libe
Across the lower campus;
With open books
And somber looks,
They raise their eyes and lamp us!

Prof. Kahlenberg has got a scheme
That beats our forward passes;
He wants to clean Chicago up
By using deadly gases.
Prof. Hohlfeld had to scour the states
To find some texts for German
And students heard
Him use the word
Made popular by Sherman.

Since Agrics can no longer sell
Their milk within the city,
They press it into poker chips,
And feed it to the "kitty".
The Sophs took out some shapely Frosh
And locked them in a silo.
All roped and strapped
And thinly wrapped
Like Venuses de Milo.

Jack Clark, a tiny southern miss,
Who hails from Marietta,
Said sure she liked the college rush
But likes a lynchin' bettah!
Professor Kehl is now in town,
He's back from his vacation
And now he's "hep"
To every step
That's danced around the nation.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."—
TERENCE

CANDOR VS. CHIVALRY.

Few men at the university are able to enjoy duck-hunting at this season of the year, but a great many of them take part in another diversion for which the open season is the same as that for duck hunting. Some men haven't missed attending a single sorority open-house. There are men so constituted that they feel that their social prestige depends upon their being seen near the refreshment tables at each of these functions.

Which leads to the observation that a number of these gallants are more candid than they are chivalrous. They are so candid that they discuss frankly and with almost brutal slang the relative merits of the various open-houses. Rather, they become so keenly analytical of the persons whom they meet at the receptions that one doubts whether they had any "bringing up" at all, or whether they so worship candor that they become prejudiced in trying to speak over-plainly.

For instance on an autumn Monday morning a man may hear such remarks as these: "Did you go to their open-house yesterday? Well, did you ever see such a bunch of lemons? And talk about getting a welcome—phew, every girl had her regular fussers about her and you couldn't break in without hurting someone." Or, again, "Of all the rotten refreshments—" Or, "I don't see where they've got any claim to good looks. Maybe they've got brains, but I don't know."

Open houses are a commendable institution. They supply an excellent opportunity to students, men and women, to become acquainted. We have sometimes told freshmen friends that a man ought to attend the open houses, at least one year during his undergraduate days, the same as he ought to attend the Junior Prom, at least once. But every gentleman should remember his manners, should be chivalrous enough to speak well of his hostesses after he has come away—even though he suffered the deep disappointment of failing to receive an introduction to the one girl whom he went to meet.

"THE LAZY LOAFERS."

"A good many of the Wisconsin men are lazy loafers," a friend told us the other day, the friend being a man who has got as much out of his university course as two ordinary students, not through Phi Beta Kappa standings (which he lacks) but rather through intensive cultivation of the university's resources.

"What do you mean?" we asked him in a huff. We were on our way to search for a vacant tennis court.

"Just this," he replied. "I mean that the average man here—we'll leave the girls out of this because they need so much extra time to fix up, evidently—the average man goes only to the classes and lectures for which he receives credit. He does not attend all of those, and he would swear at you, good naturedly if you invited him to go over to a lecture in some course in which he is not at the time taking work.

"You know as well as I do," our friend continued, warming to his theory, "Dozens of engineers who scoff at the thought of listening to a lecture by one of the big men on the Hill. You know self-satisfied law students who may be lucky enough within a few years to get legal work on a water power case, but who won't look far enough into the future to realize the value to themselves of going across the campus to listen now and then to a lecture on water-power development by an engineering authority.

"Agrics hit the trail over the Hill at exactly the same hour every day and would not consent to deviate, to spend an unrequired hour at some cultural lecture. So it goes throughout the university.

"We go to our own classes. Between our clasess we waste many hours every week with smoking, reading current fiction, or walking down street for a malted milk. When we are gone from Wisconsin we shall see what fools we were not to have spent some of our leisure time in lecture rooms where we were not expected."

RICH, SOFT, AND EASY PICKING

Suppose that Captain Buck, Byers, Stavrum, the Simpsons, and all the other Varsity football men rode luxuriantly in automobiles to their classes each day, smoking rich Havanas, and that they ate whatever their tastes dictated, and generally lived high. In that event the elevens which Coach Juneau could send out on the field to oppose Chicago, Illinois, and Minnesota would be easy picking for the hardened players of those great rivals.

Fortunately that is not the case. Wisconsin's football men give up all habits which are not conducive to the best of condition and they are putting up a fight which is winning highest respect throughout the country.

But the point of the comparison is this: that our nation has of late been often described as "rich, soft, and easy picking for any gunmen among nations."Publicists have written hundreds of sharp pages, warning us that we may be victimized by some strong and agressive power—either from the Atlantic or the Pacific side—after the present war is finished. The United States is so rich and so unprepared to defend itself against attack that many deep students of international affairs profess a real fear for the developments of the next decade in our national history.

If we were thorough-going advocates of pacificism, if we possessed the faith that not to carry a weapon is the safest

insurance against ever needing one, we should feel secure enough in the thought so well expressed by Mr. Bryan last spring, when he said that at the call of the president, this country would see a million men spring to arms between sunrise and sunset.

We should refuse to worry over the knowledge that even though a million men might spring up, they could not be trained into useful soldiers in less than six months time, and that in order to train these volunteers, the whole of our standing army would be required in the teaching business—thus leaving us without any army for a long enough time to permit a complete change of government on the eastern or the western seaboards.

And we should certainly refuse to worry over such a trifling fact as this: that there would not be arms and ammunition enough in the whole country for half a million men to spring to. Why should we allow ourselves to feel exercised over a remote possibility? We would imagine that our fore-fathers demonstrated once and for all that no power on earth could hope to defeat American arms! We should like to imagine that, but we know better.

We should like to consider these warnings as pure fiction. Only, the same things that are happening now in Europe were described in fiction, as fiction, five and ten years ago. We read then of aerial battles, of attacks on London by airship and of submarine raids. Those were good stories. But they did not come up to the true newspaper reports of today.

That is why we must think of peace, of war, of preparedness or unpreparedness.

University men and women do, it is assumed, take an active part in shaping public opinion in their respective communities. University men and women ought therefore to pay attention to this vital question while they are still at the university where they enjoy the very best opportunity to study international and national questions free from bias, and under the guidance of trained men.

The Wisconsin Magazine thinks enough of the question to present two different view-points under the heading, "Think On These Things." Under this head will be found two dissimilar theories. Read and think!

DUDE WRANGLING FOR THE YELLOWSTONS

(Continued from Page 18.)

type went to a barber shop in the town where some of the "Dude Wranglers" were located, and informed everyone how much inferior America was in most every way, and then asked, "How can I get to the Park?"

He was given instructions to walk down the street four blocks to the river, cross the bridge, and he would be there. It happened that this was only a small city park covered with underbrush and vines. After several hours of fruitless search the Englishman returned very much disgusted and remarked that he thought it was a crying shame to advertise all over the world that there was a park with geysers, hot pools and so on when there was nothing to be seen at

all. "Oh," said the fellow that had previously given him the instructions, "You want Yellowstone Park. That is fifty-four miles down the railroad."

I met a party of three prosperous business men from the East last summer, one of whom was much better off financially than the other two, but who was rather close with his money. The other two formed a majority that had the express purpose of making the third man spend something at every turn. They called me aside one day and asked me to tell them of all the things they could possibly spend money for on the trip so that they could just watch the third man squirm when he found himself confronted with a new expense. As one of them expressed it to me, "That fellow has got enough money to buy out both of us and not know he had a business transaction, and we are just going to make him spend some of it."

Travel through Yellowstone continues on Sunday the same as every other day in the week, and this is somewhat objected to at times by persons apparently of the old Puritan stock. On one occasion an elderly lady felt that it would be impossible for her to worship sincerely among the natural beauties and grandeurs of the Park, so she stayed over at the entrance for five days in order to leave on Monday morning and return before another Sunday.

On the other hand one might mention the surprise of one tourist when he found the man with whom he had fished every available stream throughout the trip, delivering the Sunday sermon at the last camp.

More than once I have seen clergymen cover their clerical collars with a handkerchief, and go in for the fun like boys.

The parties of tourists that travel together in the same coach for six days are bothered at times by some incessant questioner whom they are likely to silence if possible, either by foolish answers, or assumed ignorance on all subjects.

One coach load had the problem of two elderly maiden ladies who were always late at the morning start, and constantly fretting about the other one's welfare. On one occasion one of them left the coach along with a few of the younger people, to view the falls of the Yellowstone. The others returned but "sister" lingered, and the other "sister" fretted. Finally she asked for the twelfth time, "I wonder where sister is?" Then one of the returned party comforted her with the reply, "Why she fell down and broke her leg, and we had to shoot her."

The "Newly-weds" are always entertaining. Some feel embarrassed, others glory in their new possessions, but none could be more frank than one couple this past season who came to me and said, "We have lost all our reservations for we are just one day late. Can't you make them for us again? You see we are just married, and we are not responsible."

The slogan "See America First" is gaining a new popularity in this country, and we will soon hear people talking as enthusiastically about the Grand Canyon, as we formerly heard them describing the Swiss Alps.

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

A QUESTION WHICH WISCONSIN STUDENTS SHOULD CONSIDER

IS OUR COUNTRY FACING A GRAVE CRISIS?

Notes on Neutrality.

By JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

Steamship Cymric, Sept. 18.—The amiable General Bernhardi said that war was a biological necessity, and made for progress. I think he was to a considerable extent right and that is why I do not believe that the German idea can be beaten in this war. Suppose that one people in Europe develops a higher form of civilization than its neighbors. It may be the castle and the knight emerging from the dark ages, or the monarch raising himself and making one centralized nation by overthrowing feudalism, or the middle trading class reaching for his power, or liberty, fraternity, equality, individualism against social and legal caste. It may be the state socialism of modern Germany born from individualism by pressure of population. Whatever the latest form of social development in the most advanced country, war short circuits its spread to its neighbors.

That is why Germany is so difficult to beat. She had a more efficient civilization than any of her foes at the beginning of the war. To whip the German armies, though it will prove very difficult, is not impossible. It may be done in time by numbers and resources. But it can't be done, in my humble judgment, unless Germany's enemies imitate Germany's methods of organization. And that is precisely what they are doing today.

The Greatest Victory.

From The Advocate of Peace.

The greatest victory of the War of 1914 thus far has not been the victory of the French and English over the Germans in the battles of the Marne, any of the victories of the Russians over the Austrians in Galicia, nor any one of the victories of General von Hindenburg. These gruesome victories represent military operations on an unprecedented scale; they have been great battles, some of them more deadly than Waterloo, more important than Pultowa. But they all sink into relative insignificance compared with the diplomatic triumph of the American administration in its controversy with Germany over the rights of neutrals upon the high seas.

As pointed out in our editorial in the the last number of the ADVOCATE OF PEACE, "War with Germany?" the situation confronting the United States and Germany at that time was filled with danger. The uninterrupted friendly relations of the two countries were at the point of rupture. But without the rattle of any sword, with no cry of mobilization, with no threat nor hint of force, armed only with words and facts, the cold steel of unbending logic and the armor of law and moral ideals, Woodrow Wilson went forth to combat, a combat typical some glad day of all combats, the combat of mind against mind.

Notes on Nutrality

England is Germanizing its social structure as fast as possible, because so, and so only, can she gain sufficient strength to whip Germany.

So, though Germany be beaten, the German idea will win. Thus in one sense Bernhardi was right about this war meaning world power or downfall for his country. The German idea will have world power after the war, because it has proved its fundamental strength in conflict with a hostile world and the other nations are being forced to come to it or forego all hope of victory.

The competitive system makes a weak nation; the highly organized nation is a strong one. Woe to us if we don't understand that after the war. But I don't think we will consent to understand it until we have been beaten in war; probably by either Germany or Japan. I think it will take a war to force our political and social systems into twentieth century lines.

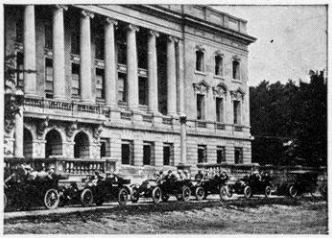
Words don't count in such cases. You can tell our plutocrats that much of the wealth that goes to make them strong individually should go to make the nation strong as a whole, and you could prove biologically and every other way that women workers shouldn't stand on their feet too long every day and that children shouldn't work at all and that no child should be allowed to have adenoids or bad teeth, no matter how abominably ignorant or miserably poor his parents might be, and you could prove to politicians that as a method for city, state, county, park government, pure

The Greatest Victory

The issue had been clearly drawn—shall the lives of non-combatants be safe upon the high seas, or shall they not? That was the issue.

International law before the war said that they should be safe. Germany had taken the position that the new submarine and aerial warefare had necessarily made certain portions of international law obsolete. President Wilson's note of July 21 re-established that international law. For, September first, Count Bernstorff communicated to Mr. Lansing, our Secretary of State, Germany's decision that "*liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety to the lives of non-cambatants,* provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance."

That was the victory. It was a victory for the United States, a very brilliant victory, giving to this country a new prestige among the nations, and assuring to our President a high place on the pages of history. It was a victory of the better Germany over the worse. It was a victory of right over might, of justice over lawlessness, of peace over war. It was a victory of civilization, humanity, of the God of nations. For these reasons it is the greatest victory of the war.



democracy has proved an impure failure, and you could prove to young workmen and farmers (and all other young men) that they ought to be made to go into the army for at least a year or the Japanese would gobble us.

Would it make any difference what one said, though one spoke with the tongues of men and of angels? I don't think it would make any difference what any one said, and so I think we are in for a beating before long unless the balance of power remains so absolutely even among the other powers that no one of either side will dare attack us, not from fear of us (Why should any one fear us?) but for fear that the other side would attack them.

We are rich, fat, soft and easy picking for any gunmen among the other nations. And the world seems to be full of gunmen just now.

This explains why particularly at this time we must think of America first—America ueber alles. We are truly in a precarious position. We have wounded Germany beyond her power or willingness to forgive. She believes that without our munitions she could win surely. Whether that is true or otherwise, it is what she believes. She sees us as one of the allies, supplying the fighting forces with food and ammunition. She sees us as one of the allies too cowardly to fight, but skulking in the background, coining the blood of German soldiers into American gold.

Well, to all intents and purposes we are one of the allies. But as a nation we get few fruits of the alliance. That goes to the private manufacturers of ammunition.

Now is the time to put the allies under obligation, to make them realize that if Germany is going to hate us after the war, they (which, of course, means England with her navy) must have the gratitude to protect us after the war from Germany's vengeance or Japan's ambition. Indeed, the gratitude of the strong to the weak after the event is not the livest thing on earth, but it is a considerable improvement on the contempt and annoyance of the strong for the weak as having been held up or "blackmailed," as the English put it in private conversation, for double prices in time of need.

This is the feeling we are now carefully preparing for ourselves. The feeling of gratitude of the strong for the strong would be the most fortunate of all of us. But there's no question of that. We shan't be strong as a nation until we're first beaten and maybe not then. China isn't strong and it certainly has been beaten a lot.

Now is the opportunity to drive a bargain with England for protection in the future against Germany and Japan. If England refuses the bargain we can and should stop the export of all ammunition to the allies now. We shall never be in a more advantageous position to make such a bargain than precisely now.

Will our government drive or attempt to drive such a bargain?

It will not. We shall proceed, as hertofore, embittering the mighty German nation to irreconcilability and

meanwhile placing the allies under no obligation to us whatsoever for protection after the war.

No Frenchman or Englishman with whom I talked—and I talked with many—no English or French paper which I have read seems to think we have acted in anything but an unhandsome and rather cowardly way to the allies.

If you mention ammunition, they say: "Good heavens, we pay you money for that, through the nose, a double price. Do you expect gratitude as well?" The money that they pay they do not pay to the nation, but the nation may yet pay for it.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, it appears to this writer that we are drifting on to our national Niagara, squabbling about the rights and wrongs of Belgium, thinking nothing of the greater Belgium that we may ourselves become.—Copyright, 1915, by The Chicago Tribune, and reprinted here by special arrangement.

AUTUMN HYMN.

Beneath the blue and gold of autumn skies,
Where fields of yellow grain are shining fair,
Soft purple mists half veil the sunset light
And rise like incense on the evening air.
O'er wooded hills and far dim prairies wide
By silent streams that seek the restless sea,
Where e'er the song-birds' notes are hushed, there comes
A voiceless song, of thanks, from men to Thee.

The changing lights burn red upon the leaves,
And lightly gild the mellowed peach and pear,
The soft winds creep through fruited, laden boughs
And scent the meadows gray with perfume rare.
Against some convent wall that crumbles slow
The clustered grapes hang full and sweet,
And angels fold their bright wings in peace, where
His song comes down to the world at His feet.

Yet o'er the sea the smiling autumn sky
Is dark with smoke and red with tongues of flame;
The cannon rolls along the quiet streams
And lips grow still that called Thy name.
The sobs and groans, the last faint breath,
The ghastly stains that soak the tender sod—
Is this a song, this cry that comes today
As shattered souls rush up to meet their God?

—*Iva N. Ketcham.*

THE DIARY—A STORY

(Continued from Page 23.)

the evening. I guess he's jealous of Bruce. I wonder if he has been rushing me seriously. He's only twenty-four. I never could love him.

Jan. 9th—This morning, Father asked Bruce if he knew how to run a Chalmers. Bruce did, and Father announced that he had bought a seven-passenger, yesterday, and as he couldn't get a chauffeur for a few days, he had intended to leave the car at the garage; but if Bruce wished to take Ma Mere, Auntie, and me for a drive, we could get the car out. I actually jumped up and down, clapped my hands, and hooted, for joy. I have wanted a big car for ages. The electric is such a poky old thing. We will keep both. Ma Mere wants the electric for her own use, and I can have the Chalmers. Dad is going to learn to drive and I hope to, too, some fair day. Hence, this morning, we all drove miles in the new car.

This afternoon, Bruce and I took Billy Mitchel, Arda Brown, Grace Powers, and Bob Staton out for a long ride. I sat in front with Bruce. I suppose I shouldn't have. We rode miles and miles and miles, and strange to say, hardly anybody said a word. It was a little cold, but we were all wrapped, had electric heaters, and did not get nipped at all. It was one of those lovely warm January days, anyway, that only comes once or twice a month. We had tea at the tearooms. I just love hot muffins, marmalade, chocolate, floating-island, and angel food.

Tonight, we went to an informal dance at Arda's. I wore my blue crepe de chine. It is very becoming. Auntie dressed my hair in an old fashioned way and used part of the forget-me-nots that Bruce gave me. When I looked in the mirror, I was quite astonished. I never dreamed I could look so adorable. If I had been a man, I would have fallen in love with myself. Maybe that's more conceit, but really, one should be thankful for one's good fortune. I'm fortunate, I think, and I'm correspondingly thankful.

Jan. 10th.—I slept most all morning. Bruce was down town. It snowed to beat the cars all afternoon, so we stayed home and had more music. Tonight, our whole family went to church. We all went to bed early, as everyone was dead tired. I'm going to pop into bed now.

Jan. 11th.—Bruce was busy all day at the Registry Office. I sewed all morning, and went to a luncheon-bridge. I won the prize—a dear little silver vase. It is the first prize I ever won, so I guess I'll use it to begin a Hope Box. Phyl had a Hope Box. According to my fortune the other day, I ought to call it a "Despair Chest." Wouldn't it be awful to begin a Hope Box and then never marry! I'd die of a broken heart. That sounds like Bertha M. Clay. Not that I've read many of her (I would say "his", as she's a man, I think) masterpieces, but somehow, Clay's characters are always dying of broken hearts, or blighted love, or hopes nipped in the bud, or some such ailment. If anything of that kind should happen to me, I think I'd become a nun, and look after poor little orphans. That sounds like the Elsie

Books. She was a saint, for sure. (Posterity will think I have a queer literary taste. I don't read much.)

Jan 12th.—Bruce is going tomorrow. I will miss him. We have been such good chums, and have so many tastes in common. For instance, we both love chocolate ice-cream, and both dislike Ibsen's sad plays.

This morning, he put the finishing touches on the business he had to attend to, and then we went skating. We went 'way up the river and had a bonfire picnic in the woods. We had bacon, toast, marshmallows, coffee from the thermos bottle, and cake. Then we skated back to town, where we had tea at the "Fireside." That sounds badly for our cooking, but you see the distance we covered sharpened our appetites. Tonight, we went to Macbeth. I may profess a depraved taste, but I must admit that I like musical comedy better than drama. I'm a laughter-loving soul, myself, and dramas are so often sad. Oh! dear! I wish he didn't have to seek fresh fields and pastures new tomorrow. He's going on the early train. Tears, sobs, and general lamentations.

Jan. 13th.—Bruce has gone. I took him to the station for the 8:45 train, then went home and dressed for Polly Merriweather's luncheon. The men came (a surprise) at two-thirty to dance. Bruce was invited, but he couldn't arrange to stay. Saxon Hale was my partner. I like him some.

Auntie, the darling, has invited me to go home with her next week and stay until I am due at Phyl's. I'm wild to go. She says she knows ever so many young people, so that I will have a peachy time. (TO BE CONCLUDED)

Belligerent Sophs—They Look Pleasant Enough.

PRESENT STYLES IN PROSE FICTION

By Gilman D. Blake

(Editor's Note—Judging from some popular magazines with large sales, it is necessary nowadays to have an editor's note. This is supposed to assure the reader that the story is either a corking good mystery, salacious, or thrilling. It ought to explain also that the story was written on order. Our Mr. Blake certainly catches the inspiration which gives a punch to every paragraph.)

WITH measured tread the thirteen stalwart apprentices, each bearing a jet black coal scuttle, advanced up the walk of the imposing La Bo residence headed by the lord and master, Harry de Rench, whose flaxen hair and Greek-like profile had made him known every where in the city of New York as the most renowned of plumbers.

The blinds of the tomb-like house were drawn and an atmosphere of indescribable mystery brooded over its appearance. The only signs of life which the desolate abode offered to the eye was an Edam cheese which rested on a window sill. For an instant the blinds behind the cheese fluttered back and a face, the radiance of whose beauty was tarnished by an expression of more than human sorrow, scrutinized the noble young plumber through a spy glass. The vision was gone in a moment but the ready eye of Harry de Rench had seized upon it and impressed its likeness upon the very core of his heart. He knew that he would go no farther in his search for the woman of his dreams. Here was his affinity and he swore by all the Gods that he would make her his.

Bounding up the steps with his heart in a whirl he dauntlessly seized the knocker and gave a lusty rap. The thirteen apprentices followed as a man and halted close behind him. A hideous jangling from the thirteen coal scuttles which reverberated above the roar of Broadway was the only answer he received. Again de Rench plied the knocker and this time the door opened a crack to reveal the most malevolent and crafty face which the handsome plumber had ever gazed upon. It was evidently that of an oriental or an East Indian for it made no answer to the plumber.

"I received a message this morning telling me to come to this address bringing thirteen coal-scuttles" said De Rench. "What's the job?" Without a word the oriental swung wide the door and motioned the plumber to enter. Ordering the apprentices into line they followed the turbaned figure into the great parlor of the house where Mrs. La Bo herself stood, an agitated figure, awaiting them.

She was evidently ill at ease for as she spoke to the famous plumber she kept casting uneasy glances in the direction of the stairs, down which the

almost imperceptible aroma of a curling iron in action was wafted to de Rench's nostrils. "Dismiss your men and follow me," commanded the society leader in imperious accents. With a low bow the plumber swept up his kit of tools and followed her joyfully up the stairs for he felt that he was already on the track of his loved one.

The haughty dame led him up four flights of stairs to what, judging from the feeling of drowsiness and oppressive langour which suddenly enveloped de Rench, he judged to be the sleeping apartments of the menage.

Drawing aside the heavy curtains which shrouded a doorway she ushered him into a luxurious boudoir and indicating the place in which he was to deposit the thirteen coal scuttles, she addressed him in this strange fashion: "I have sent for you to have you perform a task the reason of which you may not know and which you will no doubt think foolish in the extreme. Nevertheless it is of the utmost importance that you perform the task and ever afterwards maintain secrecy concerning it. There are your thirteen coal scuttles and there is my bed. Take the coal scuttles and rivet each one of them to the foot of the bed, making sure that the nose of each points towards the east." Without another word she turned and hastened from the room.

De Rench stood gazing at the bed. He was amazed by the strange order and at a loss to account for the feeling of an impending catastrophe which he could not shake off. One thought came to console him. At least he was in the same house with the vision of bliss. What cared he for the difference in their positions? Did not a bold heart beat beneath his plumbers jumpers?

Opening the window to give him air for his work he noticed the cheese reposing on the window sill. Its yellow rind seemed animate with forebodings of evil. Shaking off the feeling he gathered up his tools and placed the coal scuttles in order on the bed. He had been working for perhaps ten minutes when he experienced the uneasy sensation that some one was behind him, looking at him with a steely gaze.

The very roots of his hair turned to ice and the folicies suddenly stiflening like bristles lifted his cap from his head.

Quickly he turned around but his glance fell on an empty room. Nothing met his gaze. He became suddenly conscious of the odor of the cheese. Strange, he had not noticed it before. Cursing himself for a timid fool he returned to his work. The uncanny sensation returned with him. Nerving himself to bear the ordeal de Rench set to work on the rivets. A deathlike silence seemed to pervade the whole house. The sputter of his blow-pipe was the only sound that releived the intense silence. Suddenly from behind the plumber came a sepulchral voice which uttered in measured accents these mysterious words: "BEWARE OF THE GAS COMPANY."

Somewhat agitated, our noble plumber bounded to his feet and searched the room with his penetrating glance. Only stillness met his eye. Rushing

into the hall de Rench called shrilly, "Who warned me of the Gas company?" The ticking of the meter, which resounded from floor to floor was the only sound which answered the echoes of his voice. Returning to the room de Rench was struck with the appearance of the cheese, it had turned around and was pointing in a warning manner towards the street below. With cat-like steps the plumber advanced to the window and gave the street the once-over. Before the porte cochere of the La Bo home there stood a long low limousine with lowring lamps. The blinds were drawn and by the crest of arms consisting of two schooners on a field of mahogany, emblazoned on the door panels, de Rench recognized the car as that of Daley Hangover, the dissipated but famous club man.

Hangover himself was at the front door engaged in deep conversation with the mysterious oriental who had admitted the hardy plumber but a short half hour before. The two combined presented a sinister appearance, the blase' old roue' with his dissipated and sensuous face bent close to the pearly ear of the fiendish doorkeeper into which he was pouring a string of inaudible words accompanied with gestures which seemed to indicate that he was asking for a cigarette. The thought came over de Rench that this would be a desperate gang to deal with and he became sick at the thought of his lovely Jasmine in the hands of such an unscrupulous monster. Perish the thought! He had he heard it rumored that Hangover was determined to win Jasmine for her millions but now it came home to him with deadly force. Surely such an angelic creature as she would never consent to wed that monster. He attempted to banish the idea from his mind by returning to the arrangement of the thirteen coal-scuttles. Meanwhile Daley Hangover had entered the house on his fell errand of mystery.

Midst the Roar of the Cataract.

Getting out his compass, our hero began the difficult task of aligning the objects of his solicitude towards the east. With a start he noticed that the house had seemingly changed its position. Looking out of the window he saw that according to the compass the stately Hudson was flowing north. Could the evil atmosphere of the surroundings have set the laws of nature herself at nought? Instinctively he followed the line of the needle, pointed straight for the fateful cheese. With angry exclamation the plumber advanced upon the Edam, armed with his blow-torch. He would put an end to this nonsense. He was but a pace from his victim when a scream of mortal anguish rent the stillness of the attic.

The awful cry turned de Rench to putty, but only for an instant. With a spasmodic movement he set the blow torch on the window sill and bounded for the dumb waiter. It was the work of only a second to raise himself to the attic—and well be needed all his speed. But alas, the suspenders of his overalls caught on a projecting nail and were torn from his back; he was undone. For, as he leaped to his feet, he was in time to see the torso of his beloved Jasmine

disappearing over the edge of the attic window pinioned in the sinewy arms of Daley Hangover. By the time he had reached the scene of action all that remained of his loved one within his reach was her beautiful hair which had become unloosened in the rough-house. His only thought was to save her from the impending doom and with a convulsive grasp he seized the last opportunity.

A sharp report rang out and de Rench was left standing with the luxurious head of hair in his hands while the hairless Jasmine was lowered into the waiting car. With a groan the plumber sank weeping to the floor—laggart that he was—instead of rescuing the lovely Jasmine he had snatched her bald headed.

But our hero was not the kind that knows defeat. In a second he had volplaned to the street below in time to hear the chauffeur's order: "To Niagara Falls." In an instant the infernal machine had disappeared around the corner with our hero following close in its wake on the only means of pursuit that lay ready at his hands—a pair of roller skates. Onward they sped through the suburbs and through the quiet country, the limousine gaining as the miles rolled by. The stout legs of de Rench began to fail him, when, glancing ahead he saw the bald head of Jasmine protruding from the window and glinting in the winter sun. The sight gave him renewed energy and with heart afire he plied the skates.

Well beyond the three hundredth milestone the plumber thought that he detected a slight slackening in the pace of the car. He noticed that bits of rubber from its tires littered the road. Getting out his micrometer he measured the wear of his rollers. It was true, his theory was proved. The efficiency of the roller skate surpassed that of the motor car. Victory was within his grasp. If only the falls were ten miles away!

But as his spirits rose, the roar of the cataract became audible in the distance and the limousine, swerving from its course turned into the grounds of the National Bun Company of which Daley Hangover was president. The direful purpose became apparent. They would turn Jasmine into a shredded biscuit before her lover's very eyes. But no, it was impossible. Did he not have her hair safely secured in his hip pocket? The fiendish design must contemplate some other means of massacre. With a last despairing effort de Rench turned in through the gate and headed for the river. Around the building he sped just as the machine whirred away leaving the helpless Jasmine floating towards the brink of the falls lashed to a gigantic corn flake.

Now was the crucial moment. Now was the time for self-possession and daring.

The palsied heroine hovered on the brink of the abyss. The plumber summoned all his iron control, and rolled a cigarette. A few deep puffs brought inspiration; if he only had a rope. He remembered Jasmine's hair still safe in his pocket and in a flash he had it out. If he had torn it from her he would at

least make amends by snatching her back from the brink of the grave with it.

With practiced hands he wound the glossy curls into a lasso of wonderful beauty. His life on the western plains stood him in good stead as he dropped the coil over a stump on the opposite bank and made his end fast. The tensile strands quivered like a tightened bow string in the very eddy of the drop but the good hair did its work. The freighted corn flake lodged against it and hovered above eternity. Removing his skates, de Rench advanced along the slender cord. Nearer he approached to his reward. He could see the dimples on her chin, the color of renewed hope pulsating in her cheeks. One more step and she would be safe. He stretched forth his hand to sever the bonds that bound her when a black object rose out of the water and—

(To be continued in "an early number.")

THIS IS A BIT DIFFERENT.

Norman Angell has been much read at the University of Wisconsin since the peace meetings last winter. His books are almost to be considered the peace propagandist bible. But it seems that Mr. Angell is not fighting for peace for the sake of peace. Instead, he points out in a recent article that peace secured at the sacrifice of other considerations may often be disgraceful. He wants peace to secure right and justice. In one of his latest articles he says:

I do not necessarily endorse this view, but so far as it is true, and there is certainly some truth in it, it corresponds to what takes place sometimes with active pacifist propaganda. A Socialist, until quite recently, was for a couple of generations in the mind of the average man a person with long hair and a red tie who wanted to abolish all property, divide up the wealth of the world at once into equal shares and compel the industrious and competent to work for the idle and incompetent. The ordinary business man either laughed the thing contemptuously to scorn or was bitterly hostile; Socialists were for him impossible cranks with a program which was impossible of realization and would be mischievous if it could be realized. But when parties or individuals came forward not with a whole doctrine of the collectivist or communist recasting of society, but with specific proposals for the reform of existing social abuses, or the remedying of certain specific defective laws, legislation immediately began to be effected. "Social Reform" began to take the place of Socialism, the presentation of concrete social facts bearing upon immediately possible action took the place of the advocacy of doctrines concerned with the complete distant reorganization of society. Men came to understand that there could be no such thing as a completely socialist or completely communist state any more than there could be a completely individualist one; that any state would be partly individualist just as any state must be partly socialist. Thus it comes that

the parties which have "done things," like the passing of Old Age Pensions and Insurance Acts in England, are not even socialist in name; while the parties which are socialist in name, as in France and Germany, are not in the old sense socialist in fact, but merely what, in England, would be called Radical, or, in America, Progressive.

The battle against political oppression, against that doctrine of the power of the state which corresponds so nearly in the modern world to the power of the church and of theology in the older world, will be won in somewhat the same way.

The growing western travel will do much in the next few years to give easterners a better appreciation of the vastness of our western states and of the many wonders and beautiful scenery to be found there. It is to be expected that the next few years will bring very many less tourists to the Yellowstone who imagine that it is a place the size of a city park, and that the five or six days spent making the trip through its wonders are spent idling about some hotel veranda waiting to move on a few miles to the next point of interest. It will not be as common as it is now to have some young fellow full of energy walk into the office and want to buy a ticket to walk around the Park in a day, and then see him go out discouraged after he has been informed that the second day's travel is forty-five miles, and the whole trip 160.

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