

# The Wisconsin magazine. Volume XIII, Number 5 February 1916

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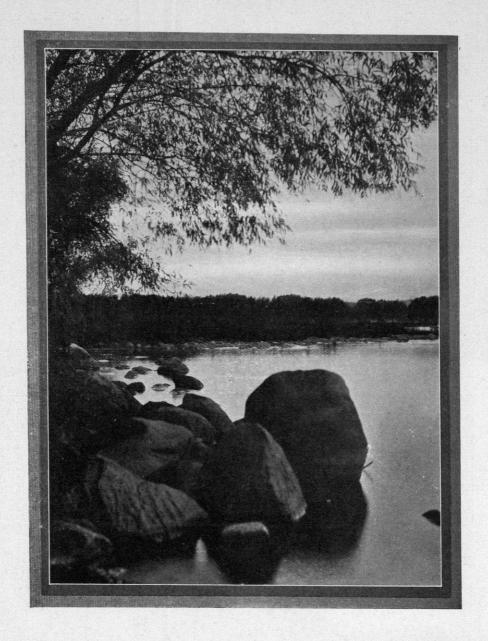
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**Volume XIII** 

February, 1916 JUNIOR ISSUE Number 5





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# WISCONSIN MAGAZINE



"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

VOL. XIII

FEBRUARY, 1916

NUMBER 5

#### SECOND SIGHT

By Harold Wengler



HE manservant brought the mail in to old Silas Flipp on a silver tray. Silas grumbled inwardly at the necessity of reading

his morning's mail, thinking that a man who had retired on a large fortune should have such duties taken from his shoulders. But Silas never could quite reconcile himself to a private secretary: he possessed a great mistrust of everyone but himself, and a great fund of curiosity. For the latter reason he couldn't bear to think of his mail being sifted out—expurgated—for him. The top letter of the lit-

tle pile just brought in, was a choice bit of stationery, marked Clarendon Hotel. He opened it and read:

"Silas J. Flipp, Esq.,

My dear Sir:

Unfortunately for myself, I must admit that I have not the honor of being known to you. It was my pleasure, however, last evening, to exchange several words with you while you were alone dining here in the Hotel. I, my dear sir, took your order on that occasion. After you finished your repast, one (if I be permitted the commentary) which in point of sumptuousness and elaborateness cannot be surpassed

in the Hotel Clarendon's cuisine, you gave me an example of your great, and, may I say, characteristic generosity, as a token, conventional it is true, but none the less genuine, I think, of your appreciation for the interest I took (professionally) in seeing that the service at your table was in conformity with the desire of the management to please the most fastidious.

However, my dear sir, it would be presumptuous of me to suppose that my attentions were in the remotest degree worthy of the remuneration which you so munificently bestowed upon them, and I hasten to return to you, with the sincerest appreciation for the motive which was responsible for your gift, my personal check for ten cents."

"Well, I'll be ——ed!" muttered Silas, wondering at, and admiring, despite himself, the fellow's audaciousness. Then he looked at the signature. "Howard Greenleaf Craig," it read. Old Silas felt as though he were going to be bad tempered on this morning. Truly, that letter was not calculated to improve an irascible old man's peace of mind. He read the letter over again, seeing clearly this time, the impudent sarcasm in the phrases which at first had seemed a superabundant amount of gratitude. Silas was quite sure now, that his morning was going to be a bad one.

The foregoing is for the purpose, my dear reader, not only of giving a portrait of Old Silas in action, but also, and what is more important, of showing you that Miss Clementine Flipp, the twenty-two-year-old daughter of Old Silas, just out of the Fytche Finish-

ing School, came in at just the wrong psychological moment to effectually squeeze a nice wad out of her dear old daddy that morning. For she came in just as old Silas was about to pick up the next letter on the little pile.

"Hello, daddy dear!" she breezed, with an adorable dimpling of two rosy cheeks. "Is your gout any better this morning?"

"No. Good morning," grunted old Silas, taking, despite his bearishness, great joy in looking upon this *enfant* terrible of his. Oh, how she did warm his callous old heart!

"Daddy," said Clementine, coming to the point with admirable promptitude, "I want, and must have, three hundred dollars. I simply must."

"Hey?" sharply inquired her doting father, with a fine show of not having quite heard.

"Yes," replied Clementine, "that's what I said. Three hundred dollars."

"Can't have it," said old Silas, who was already mentally writing out the check.

"Now, daddy, don't be unreasonable. You know that money doesn't last forever, even when one economizes, and heaven knows I haven't spent anything on myself for ages. (The bills in that particular little pile of mail aggregated, for her clothes and incidentals, some seven hundred and fifty dollars.) But I really must have some amusement. Here I've been, poked away in that old school for a whole year (the school, one of the most fashionable in the country, was just an hour's ride from the city, and she came in, "for the opera," on an average of twice a week).

without having any real fun in all that time. But now I've got to. I'll die if I don't," she pouted, coquetting at her father from underneath half-closed lids. Suddenly she brightened up, adding:

"Oh, daddy dear! I met the darlingest man up at Tweedys' yesterday afternoon. He has arranged a twoweeks' motor porty—the Tweedys and the Martins-he has the cutest French touring car you ever saw-and he invited me. Mrs. Tweedy accepted for So you see, I've simply got to get some new frocks." And then she treated her beloved dady to that classic phrase, the phrase that Eve handed down as a heritage to all her opulent "Really, I haven't got a daughters: thing to wear."

Old Silas was drinking in this passionate appeal like *Chambertin*. He loved to see his offspring have a tantrum, for that only accentuated her charm. He paused a moment or so after she finished her dramatic monologue, and then said, irrelevantly,

"Really, Clem, you're looking unusually well this morning."

"Oh, never mind that!" she retorted, coloring, "but please divvy up, daddy dear!"

"How much do you say you need?"
"Oh, about three hundred and fifty,
—or so," said Cilementine, absorbed.

"Or, so, eh" drawled Silas, slyly. "Daughters are an expensive luxury," he sighed.

"Well, daddy, you can't very well blame *me* for being here; it's not *my* fault. Furthermore, you know perfectly well that you made me expensive, and want me to be expensive. You do know that, don't you, daddy dear, eh?" queried she, artlessly. Artlessly, yes; for she had learned the art of artlessness.

"None of your shy looks on me, young woman," he said firmly, and banded her the check—for four hundred.

"Thanks awfully, daddy," said Clementine, before kissing him on the nose. And she started to go.

"Oh, by the way, who's the young man?" Silas asked.

"A Mr. Craig," Clementine replied promptly.

"What?" Silas burst out. He wanted to hear that name again.

"Craig. Mr. H. G. Craig." Clementine said, antagonism secretly rising to meet possible objections. I met him yesterday afternoon, and he stayed all evening at Tweedy's."

"All evening, eh? What's his first name?"

"Harold, I think," replied Clementine. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said Silas. As she left the room, he picked up a check for ten cents, signed "Howard Greenleaf Craig".

"Well, I'll be ——ed," muttered Silas.

#### $\mathbf{II}$

In the afternoon of the same day that Clementine Flipp came in to do her daddy out of three hundred or so dollars at the wrong psychological moment, but got the dollars nevertheless, Mr. Harold Grantley Craig was sitting on the terrace of Mrs. Tweedy's country place, drinking tea with his hos-

tess, a little apart from an animated group of young women and one or two seemingly bored men wearing tennis clothes. Harold was seated in a reclining chair of willow, from which he could see the whole terrace, and below that the lawn leading down to the mountain lake.

"That was a charming woman I met here yesterday—Miss Flipp," observed Craig.

"Did you like her?"

"Very much indeed: she has so much of naivete. And yet she is at ease with the world and has intellect."

"Oh, yes, oceans of intellect. That she gets from her father. Clementine in a few years will be a very prominent character."

"She is entirely different from the girls I have known at home," said Craig. "At home I have never seen the combination of pristine innocence and worldliness. She has it. And oh! what a flirt! Her eyes would do in musical comedy!"

"Truly," agreed Mrs. Tweedy, very interested in the remarks of her 'young Lochinvar who came out of the West.'

"The only thing I don't like about her is her name," laughed Craig.

"And that \* \* \*"

"Can be changed!" cried the young man, happily.

"I'm glad, for your sake, Harold, that she can go with us on your motor tour. Then, too, I'm getting dreadfully old. I shall need a great deal of pampering."

"Yes," averred Harold with solemnity, "we shall have to treat your venerable ancientness very carefully. Hot

foot-baths, comforters, ad infinitum."

Beverley Martin and several other girls strolled away from the tennis men, to join Craig and his hostess.

"It's really shocking and shameful the way you are monopolizing Mr. Craig, Mrs. Tweedy," said Beverley.

"Yes, indeed," chimed another of the girls; "why don't you keep your husband home from the office occasionally? We girls called him 'Charley' last year, but you have stopped that. And the worst of it is, now that you have him, you don't use him."

"The truth about Charles," said Mrs. Tweedy unequivocally, "is that he thinks he is too engrossed directing railroads. One of these days he will come home properly jealous of Mr. Craig, or someone else, and will greatly appreciate me. You see, I'm not appreciated."

A chorus of laughter condoned the beautiful young woman's unfortunate destiny.

"Can we prevail upon you to allow Mr. Craig to come and be beaten at tennis until dinner?" said Beverley.

"No, I really couldn't think of allowing it," replied Mrs. Tweedy firmly.

Harold said to them dejectedly, as they started to move away, "You perceive how absolutely I am in this woman's clutches!"

"Too bad about you," Beverly flung back lightly. But Craig thought he felt just a trace of disagreeableness in her tone.

Said Mrs. Tweedy to Craig, when they were alone once more: "You know, Harold, I really wish that you would

(Continued on page 39.)

## A TRIP THROUGH GERMANY

#### By John Frazee



ANY new impressions come to the traveler in Europe. Many old ideas, which were cherished partly from prejudice and partly from

tradition, must give way when you and mingle with the people of the warring nations. Of these my opinion of Germany was changed probably more than any conception had held of Europe and European condition. I am, in this short article, going to relate a few of my experiences while travelling through Germany, and some of the conversations which I had with both Germans and Americans who had lived in the Fatherland, which made me change from a pro-ally to a strictly neutralattitude.

The Ford Peace trip, probably known better to you as "the cruise of the cracked pots," of which party I was a member, was made through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Holland. When we arrived at Copenhagen, the question of how we were going to reach The Hague was up in the air. Our passports were made to travel only in neutral countries, so our thought was that it would be necessary to go by water. Passage was provided by chartering a boat, which was to cost Mr. Ford the exhorbitant sum of \$50,000, exhorbitant, because of the high insurance rates and the infrequent travel over this route.

In the meantime it was necessary to get our passports viseed at the German consulate. Four duplicates were

made from the photograph on each of our passports. Two of these were kept by the German consulate at Copenhagen, and two were sent ahead. This work was done on Wednesday and Thursday. I must say here that the Germans showed us the greatest consideration by staying up most of the night to get their task finished.

Friday morning at 9 A· M. we assembled at the New Central station, and there, after giving the usual demonstrations, which differed from the chautauqua salute in that the women waved their handkerchiefs and shouted goodbye, instead of hurrah, and theoretically shed tears, we left for Germany, going south across the island. We ferried to Falster Island, rode across it, and then ferried to the mainland of Germany.

Once we were in the harbor of Warnemunde, our curiosity was aroused. (I might at this point say that it took something really wonderful to excite our fear and curiosity, for we had passed through so many dangerous zones that we were almost immune to fear, and we had seen so many sights that diamonds looked like mud,—figuratively speaking, of course.)

As I was saying when the last tangent was reached, our curiosity was aroused to see how the Germans would treat us. At first they made us land one by one, going ashore in alphabetical order. The name of Dr. Aked, an Englishman by birth and the most eminent speaker in the party, who was described as the boy orator by one of the

delegates, was the first to be called. After his name others were called in But tiring of this slow succession. method, the German officers allowed us all to land, and examined our passports on entering the train. Although the soldiers and officers were very courteous in their treatment of us, yet they would not allow any to get off the train, when it was once boarded; and I noticed that soldiers kept us inclosed in a relatively small area while we were waiting on the dock at Warnemunde. In fact every time our train stopped inside the German empire there were soldiers stationed on both sides of our special at a distance of approximately one hundred feet apart.

On the train were two officers; one, Major Baur, who rode as far as Hamburg, the other, Lieutenant Hoffman, who rode from Hamburg to Bentheim, the last stop in Germany. They were both iron cross men of the Death Head Huzzars. The Germans are very modest about the honors that have been conferred upon them; neither would say much concerning the way in which he had received his badge of honor.

"The United States," said Major Baur, "was formerly great and free. Now she is only great". Meaning by this that our foreign trade is under the domination of England.

Being interested in the attitude of the Germans toward the United States, I asked some of the privates in Bentheim what they thought of our country. One of them said to me when I deplored the fact that the war was lasting so long,

"How can you expect us to bring the war to an end as long as you send food and ammunition to the British?"

This was, however, an expression of

opinion rather of the common soldier than of the officer. The officers, when I spoke of this point, did not feel antagonistic toward the United States because of our shipment to the allies. They admitted the legality of our actions in this regard.

What I noticed in conversations with the Germans was their enthusiastic patriotism for their country, their belief that they are entirely in the right while their opponents are entirely in the wrong, and their confidence in the ability of their government to ultimately win in the struggle.

But what will keep Germany from being defeated in this war is also one of the things that has made Norway, Denmark, and Holland pro-ally. This is the autocracy, the efficiency, and the wonderful power of the German government. The people of these neutral countries fear the government; they do not hate the people. One cannot hate them. They are courteous, respectful, keen, and quick-witted. The ones we met were very likeable.

The German government in the Fatherland is supreme. Benevolent, however, rather than oppressive in its power. The poor are taken care of, while the rich are made to pay taxes proportionate to their wealth. are none of the "gulash" class in Germany so far as the government can prevent. The "gulash" is the class which has made money off the war-so-called, because many men in Denmark became extremely wealthy at the outbreak of the war, by sending gulash to the Germans. As soon as the government finds anyone who is prospering from the sale of war materials, his wealth is exploited.

One of the most impressive things

to me is the way the Germans are preparing for the continuation of the war. They do not wait for an emergency to occur, but prepare for it long in advance, so that the emergency does not generally come at all. In the cars and stations were posted what we called the "ten commandments". Some of them were as follows:

"Do not eat more than is necessary and do not waste the food."

"Be sparing of butter."

"Remember that left-over bread makes good soup."

"Eat lots of sugar."

"Save the peelings of potatoes."

"Feed the cattle what is not consumed by human beings."

"Abstain from meat on Tuesdays and Fridays."

As we traveled through Germany on Friday, meat was not served, but it was well substituted by fish and omelet. In fact the food we received in Germany was the best that was given us on any of the trains on our journey.

Our train went through only the northern part of Germany, passing through Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen. At Hamburg, where we made a short stop, we saw many women in uniforms, driving the taxis and working in the station. All of the men on the trains, even to the engineers, wore military uniforms. When Lieutenant Hoffman boarded the train at Hamburg he remarked,

"You are now in a country hated by all the world."

Going through Bremen at 10:30 P. M. we passed two trains, one loaded with soldiers, and the other with Red Cross nurses, both going to the front.

The next morning when I awoke, I found myself in Holland, riding toward The Hague. About twelve thirty I was notified of our proximity to the capital city by the Dutch conductor, who came into my compartment, and tapping me on the shoulder said,

"Dis is der Hog."

I assured him that he was mistaken.

#### H. TOKO ON THE PROM

#### By Kathryn Morris

Honorable Editor "Wisconsin Magazine," who dance glibely at Prom and knows truth,

Dear Sir:—

Yesterday night I went by the Prom, where such sightlies met my gaze! Such medlies of rare bloomers! Such expansion of raw neck and shoulder blades! I gabble in awe.

Long time I invite fair lady of opposite sex to be my guest. Her coyly acceptance played my heart organ, and I

doomed to spend lavish moneys in her amusement. But what I care for expense? I have many of those. I, too, also get rare bloomers from Fred's—not those Ferdy's where I collects other bloom—and my lady gets vision for dress—I see little of reality. We go in gas-chariot to marble capitol where gaysome musicales and other noises of laugh and talk blind the ear to listen one's guest jibber. So we smirk and look enjoyably bored.

Many others there, dressed waiter-like, as yours truly servant. And lady-guests also clad, I spicion. Such glee-some costumes! Marvels of tintinna-bulating textures and flims! Angels could do no more. Marble State House were fairly vision like castle in Spain built by good imaginer, and Honorable Chairman and Honorable Chairlady deserve praise and lauds for efforts to seem pleasured in meeting strange guests who don't know them next day.

Near dawnlight, we ate ourselves of magnificent repast in refectory of State House. Such elegance and estimation! My hunger are roused, like sleeping dog, and after deposit lady-guest at her front door, I leave gas-chariot to infest dog-wagon for light meal.

I forglect to describe soulful dance! Sublimated music tunes set feed stuttering, and lady clinging close, we start on meteroical flight down corridor. Foot unkindly planted on lady's ruffle caused disastrable rip and hard feelers on both sides—but have clear conshunts as intentions were worse.

During evening, I often punch ladyguest, which are delectable liquid of small flavor. Better punches to be had at Ferdy's and others, but these more costive.

Coming soon, I attend great Militant Ball, where expect more spactacular views to be heard. Perhaps can write more apostles telling news and hope you will be absent at home to receive him.

Am stunned by adventures. Hoping you are the same.

Faithlessly,

H. Toko.

#### THE DAY'S TRAGEDY

The prologue is the morning prayer;
The Day unfolds her cast,
And YOU take up the lead again:
This play may be your last.

Some shallow impulse starts you off, Your fortunes rise and soar; You reach the climax of your day: You never may be more.

The tragic crisis comes at length,
You see yourself decline.
Struggle and gasp for breath, you fool!
A word will end your line.

But act until the curtain drops,
And the age your name applauds
When you are gone, still play the
part,—

The epilogue is God's.

-Harold R. Wieben.

#### YOUTH AND BEAUTY vs. ANCESTRY

#### By Wyatt Rushton



E was one of those hopeful youths who, dwelling always serenely in the future, do not include within their horizons the other

broad divisions of time. The present was alluring to him, it was true, and he very wisely (he thought) indulged in its joys and its activities while laying up for himself friendships and strength for the future. But he had no sympathy for the past. What was it indeed but a valley of dry bones?

He had an aunt whom he scarcely ever saw, when he could avoid it, and who lived all alone in a queer, old fashioned street of his home town. The house he avoided as consistently as the gloomy old woman who inhabited it. In its dark germ-laden parlor had been held the first funeral he had ever witnessed. He had never entered that room since.

Aunt Mary let no more life-giving sunshine into her own soul than she did into that mournful parlor. On her, as on everything else about the place, there seemed to have settled a minute antiquarian dust which might defy all modern housecleaning.

Her old age spent itself in a diligent though desultory research into the records and history of her ancestral line. She could trace and prove every possible relationship. Frank, (for that is a convenient name for our dazzling youth) had even overheard her once telling a distant cousin, with unholy zeal, that a certain Adam had founded the family! But even such information did not concern him.

He appeared one June morning however, after the annual commencement, on his aunt's doorstep with a package under his arm. Mother had asked him to deliver it on his way to town. He knew that it meant an unescapable visit of ten minutes or more but he had submitted. He jerked the old pronged door-bell in annoyance.

With awkward haste his aunt responded from the inner hall.

"Hello, Aunt Mary, how's everything going?" As may be seen from his language, there was always action about him.

"I am about as usual, thank you, Franklin," she replied in a hopeless voice, imposing upon him a "kin-folks'" kiss. "You are glad to get home, I suppose?"

"Sure!" Then, rather as an apology to himself for staying even long enough to be *decent*, "just thought I'd see how the old place was getting along. Hello, what's this flourishing affair, I'd like to know?"

He lifted from the rack a broadrimmed, girlish hat trimmed with a mass of pink roses.

"That belongs to your cousin, Edith Powers, who is making me a visit. Her mother was a Churchill, you know—"

"Well, no, aunt," he said, impudently twirling the beflowered thing on a finger, "I didn't know. But where is this chaming young lady cousin of mine? Did you say she was staying here?"

"Edith" called his aunt up the heavily carpeted stairs, "come down, dear!"

"Hm! must be a kind of natural af-

fection between these two" he mused, "I bet she's a bluestocking or—ye Gods! I wonder if she'll expect me to kiss her, too!"

Edith did not give him the chance. To the contrary, when her aunt had very tersely informed her that "this is your cousin Franklin, Edith, on your father's side," she stuck out a very frank and sunburned hand with a delighted little "Oh, I'm so glad to know you, cousin Frank, — I've heard so much about you!"

"Why, er, pleasure's all mine and that sort of thing, you know. Aunt Mary, I suppose—"

"No, no! George—Mr. Stevens, you know, who goes to your college—"

"Why, George Stevens's the best friend I've got! Say, you don't live in Green Bay—?"

"Why, of course! didn't you know that? I've lived there oh! 'most always."

He was compelled to look a little ashamed.

"He came down to the train with me yesterday," she continued eagerly, "and he told me how you took the tennis title and led the Junior prom—and oh! lots of things!"

"'Bout ruined my reputation, I guess," he murmured modestly, unconsciously taking a seat. "A special friend of Georgie's!"

"So many honors!" she rattled on.

"Oh, that's all a part of college life," he observed deprecatingly. "Those things don't really count. You just wait...." He stopped short, realizing that he was taking a very useless kind of person dangerously into his confidence.

"For what?" she queried after a moment.

"'Till I graudate. Then" — he plunged in recklessly now—"I'm going to get down to business and I intend to wake up this town! I'm going to take George in with me," he added confidently.

She smiled at him wisely for a moment and for once he was confused. "Say," he broke in abruptly, for Aunt Mary had already retired to the rear, "isn't this a rummy old place though! I bet you're bored stiff already."

"Why of course not! Why do you think that? The old house is just as interesting as it can be! I've been through it from top to bottom—"

"Yes, and I bet you got a dose of ancestry just as soon as you arrived. Not for me!"

The girl laughed musically. "Why, it all might be useful some time, you know. How would I have come to know you now if Cousin Mary hadn't traced it all out!"

"Yes, that's true," he admitted after a moment. If the girl really wanted to be friendly, he couldn't decently prevent her.

Aunt Mary reappeared in the doorway. "You are going to stay and take dinner with us, Franklin?"

"Why, er, really, Aunt Mary, I had intended....I-er—"

"Oh, do stay!" Edith urged, "I want you to tell me about college."

Frank was past further demurring. He hung his cap on the rack beside the stairs.

After dinner she led him not entirely unwillingly all over the big house, explaining every item of furniture and decoration in detail. "Aunt Mary told me where she had collected all these old relics" she confided, "I think they're so different."

"Well, you're not having such a poor time as I thought," he said as he stood, cap in hand, an hour later, "it's a pretty big place to be in with only Aunt Mary for company, though."

"Well, Cousin Mary does go to bed rather early—," she admitted.

"Say," he blurted in a sudden spirit of generosity, "let me take you to the movies some evening!"

"Why, certainly. When do you want to go?"

"Tomorrow evening? I haven't anything on then. That's a bargain!"

"Not so bad for a cousin," he reflected as he strode down the hedgerow path.

She had on one of those cool white things which on a warm June evening made even an unventilated "movie" tolerable. Why, of course, she was good-looking! He should have given Georgie credit for seeing that.

"You must tell me some more about the Prom sometime," she said as she held out her hand on the front porch "I do just revel in dances."

"Why, do you dance yourself?" He recollected as peculiar that he hadn't thought to ask her that before.

"Of course! We always have a very gay time at home. Georgie—"

"Well, say, look here! The fellows are getting up a little 'scrip' for Friday night. Would you like to—"

"Why, I should love to! It's so nice of you to ask me! And I did enjoy going to the pictures with you tonight so much and—goodnight!"

"I did, too" he stammered "Good-night,—Edith!"

"Hm! seems like I'm beginning to fuss this cousin of mine," he mused after she was gone, "Well, it's not much time wasted anyhow."

She was really a delightful dancer; Frank told her so. "Maybe it runs in the family," she laughed. "Aunt Hester Churchill was a famous dancer; she met Uncle Andrew at a ball, though how he ever danced I don't know! He was a Colonel, you know, and got his arm shot off in the War....Aunt Mary has a letter in which they said he showed distinguished bravery"—

"You don't say!" exclaimed Frank to whom an "ancestor" with a record for something besides "forebears" and descendants appealed instantly," That's really interesting! I'd like to know—well, tell me something more about him."

"Come to see me tomorrow," she said coyly, "and I'll show you the letter."

He did "drop in" for a few minutes the next afternoon. Miracles of which he did not know seemed to have taken place during Edith's brief sojourn. She had evidently induced Aunt Mary to break the custom of years and permit the old parlor to be "aired" a bit. The windows were all open and the sunlight was streaming in; and in the clear white light the polished mahogany shone brilliantly. There was even a dangerously gay pillow decorated with Frank's college colors lying on the capacious old sofa in the corner. remembered it as a "last resort" of three Chirstmases ago.

"Why here he is now!" exclaimed the girl as she rose from among several scattered papers. "Here is that letter right here! And a picture of Aunt Hester, too! Cousin Mary insists that I look exactly like her! I'm going to let you decide if I do."

"Your Aunt Hester was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw," put in Aunt Mary, "your uncle got down on his knees to propose."

"Well, I guess the old boy did have the knack of accomplishing things," observed Frank.

There was silence for a moment and then Aunt Mary spoke up again. "Edith tells me that you want to go into business after you graduate, Frank. Now I have a little money which has been in the family for a long time—"

Edith was ecstatic. "I knew vou'd

start him off when you knew what he was going to do," she exclaimed, "I knew you would! He and Georgie—"

Frank had become seized with a certain shyness, "Why really, Aunt," he said quite slowly, "this is mighty generous of you. It does a fellow a lot of good, you know, to feel that his relations want to help him succeed, and I—"

He paused irresolutely. Was it real interest, was it the new light streaming in on dark places or was it only a radiant face of the girl sitting on the sofa beside him—who knows?

"Aunt Mary" he said earnestly, "tell me about Adam and all the rest of the family tree."

#### ARE THERE TOO MANY ENGINEERS

#### A TALK WITH H. E. KETCHUM



S the engineering profession overcrowded? This question is being asked by many young men who are considering courses in

our technical schools. Young civil and mechanical engineers are finding that responsible positions are not plentiful and that in many cases graduates of our best engineering schools are taking positions at less money, even after some years service, than college men are receiving in high school instructorships immediately after graduation. In the last few years the opportunities for technical education have been increased greatly, and the enrollments in engineering colleges have been large. But in the last couple of years the number of students in the larger en-

gineering colleges has not been growing. In some cases, as in civil engineering, the number of students has decreased. The reason for this may be due to the fact that new and equally attractive fields are being opened, such as commerce, forestry, and special branches of engineering work. At one time engineering was about the only course open to a boy who was scientifically inclined, unless he wished to enter some form of scientific research.

"There are two engineers for every engineering position," is the way one man characterized the situation the other day. The truth of the statement was asked Harold E. Ketchum, superintendent of the construction work on the Detroit-Superior high level bridge at Cleveland, recently. This work

when finished will be the largest of its kind in the country, and Mr. Ketchum is a Wisconsin engineer who has made good, an engineer well qualified to speak on a matter of this nature.

"Yes, it is safe to say that in many sections of the country, especially in the West, there are civil engineering graduates out of work. In and around Cleveland, however, a number of men have recently found satisfactory employment and the daily papers often have advertisements for designers and draughtsmen."

When Mr. Ketchum was asked how the graduates of the University of Wisconsin school of engineering ranked with the graduates of other leading technical schools, he replied:

"Unquestionably the civil engineering graduates of the University of Wisconsin are the equal of or are superior to the graduates of other institutions and are generally considered so. To illustrate this I cite my own case. Out in Seattle in the lean year of 1908, after the financial depression of the previous year, I applied for the job of chainman

and found twenty men there ahead of me. Some of them were from the best schools in the country and a number of them had had practical experience. The only question we were asked was where we came from. I was chosen head chainman on the strength of coming from Wisconsin, and a man from the University of Illinois was given a place on the corps. The job lasted two days but it led to seven years of the most interesting construction work for the same company."

The brightest future for the civil engineer appears to be in contracting work. Although it is conceded that it is often difficult to break into this class of work as contractor and that some contractors are prejdiced against college men, the rewards are most attractive. The salaries paid by contractors are uniformly higher than those paid by engineering companies, and it is not uncommon to find that the superintendent of construction receives two or three times the salary of the resident engineer under whom he is working.

#### A FANCY OF H-

I dream of thee.

Thou, dear, art mine

In reverie alone.

I'm thine.

I build thee castles in the air
And on a throne I seat thee there;
To it I kneel, to worship thee:
Bestow thou but one smlie on me,
I'll ne'er forsake my fancied keep
As long as dreams shall bless my sleep.

H. R. W.

#### THE CHUCKLEHEAD

#### By Louis A. Pradt



OMEWHERE I have read, probably it was in a cook book, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But the other

sex is not so gastronomically susceptible, and therefore I doubt if the corresponding path to a woman's heart could be thus briefly defined.

I once used to think that I knew. T knew everything in those days. was when I was young, and almost a graduate of the medical school, and consequently possessed of all the wisdom of the ages. But it was mainly the fault of my rooming with a chucklehead that I was given to airing my experience on all mundane matters, particularly as applied to the understanding of women. Horace was the kind of a chap whom one is irresistably tempted to advise and take care of and help out of holes. He was undoubtedly a chucklehead, as I have stated, but a lovable sort of a one; and then he could always be persuaded of a morning that it was his turn to get up and shut the window-in fact he could be persuaded to do almost anything—so he made rather an ideal roommate. He had a diploma from somewhere, how he got it the Lord only knows, for he never studied; and he did something in the graduate school; and was perhaps the most trusting and guileless chap I ever knew. He was not what I could call a handsome person, but kind of young and dark and eager looking-like a Polish poet—and he was addicted to reading strange and unfathomable literature

and giving quarters to tramps and being generally imposed upon.

At the time of which I speak this precious chucklehead of mine was engaged in spending most of his income in flowers and doodads for one of these popular girls, to wit a certain Miss Marion Moore. I shall not describe her—she was the kind of a girl for whom men will always give up their seats in a street car, and vie with each other to put on her rubbers and hold her umbrella.

Now Jack Smith, captain of the football team and handsome as Lucifer, also considered Miss Moore to be worth the having; so what chance was there for a dreamy chucklehead?

I told him so. "Horace" said I sternly, "you have no business paying attention to the women anyhow—it's a dangerous occupation even for a man of brains and understanding such as myself—but if you must, why pick out one who is hopelessly cinched by another?"

Horace smiled absently and went on reading.

"Now listen here," said I. "Hark to one who is old and wise, and knows the world. Jack is handsome. Jack is an athlete. Jack is a man of action. Why waste your time?"

Horace looked up. "Listen to this" he murmured, "it's beautiful.

'By the flow of an inland river

Whence the fletes of iron have fl—'"
I seized his confounded poetry book
and hurled it into a corner. "You incorrigible ass," I bellowed, " you are

privileged to hear words of wisdom. I was remarking that Jack is a man of action, if that conveys anything to you. While you sit here prating of inland rivers, he is probably taking her out driving."

"Well, that's fair enough," he replied. "I'm taking her to the show this evening."

"And wasting four perfectly good dollars! Horace, the female sex is composed of soulless butterflies! The truth is not in them! And you, you trusting babe in the wood, are going out with the most experienced siren of the lot! I'll bet she laughs at you in secret!"

That seemed to hit him. "I don't believe she does that," he said. "I know I'm rather a chump—but I try to show her my best side, to treat her as she deserves, and—"

"You do," I snorted at him. "Your check stubs show that you treat her, although I wouldn't say as she deserves. I believe she could have your head if she could figure out any possible use for it! You are a Victim, not a fool, and you shouldn't be allowed to run loose!"

Whereupon I stalked out of the room, slammed the door and went to see old Bill Burns.

Bill is an assistant professor of something or other, has traveled through many heathenish countries, and possesses a vast knowledge, from artichokes to Yaks. I found him with his blue yarn feet on his desk; a large pipe in his face and large cat in his lap; picking out something akin to "Killarney" on a melancholy banjo.

"Bill," I started, "do you know anything about women "

He blew a large cloud of smoke at

the cat, which did not seem at all pleased. "Does man know anything about the fourth dimension?" he replied oracularly.

"I have come for your advice on an important matter, Bill. Your opinion will coincide with mine, I am sure. We are men of judgment. Now, my childish roomate—"

"It's Horace — the fine lad — ye mean?"

"Even so. Horace, the fine lad, is wasting his time over a girl who is honored by the attentions of Jack Smith."

"Smith- He's the footballist, I'm thinking?"

"The same. Face like a Greek God."
"Sure. Head like one too. The ivory statues of 'em, I mean."

"Well, there's some truth in that, Bill. You and I are above the average; we mustn't expect too much of the others. However, he's handsome, and an athlete. Get the plot? See the fix our guileless Horace is in?"

Bill replied not. Instead, he dreamily picked out a few exceedingly blue notes on the battered banjo. I took the banjo from him and threw it at the cat, which retired protesting.

"Give me your attention, Bill!" I said peevishly. "What's to be done?"

Bill puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. "I mind the girl Horace is attendin'. I've noticed 'em. A fine couple they are."

"What nonsense is this?" I demanded.

"Ye should learn not to interrupt an old man when he gets started. I was sayin' I've noticed 'em. I've noticed the lad helpin' her at street corners. When your friend Smith walks with her, he's too busy admirin' his athletic

feet to think of such trifles. Horace sends her violets in the winter time. Once she happened to mention that she liked marrons glace. Now he brings 'em whenever he calls. I think Romeo was a lad like Horace."

I exploded. "Romeo was a sentimental ass, and so is Horace! A chap's a fool to cater to a woman's foolish whims! They secretly despise him for it. A girl likes a strong man, a handsome man,—one who commands! Consider the cave men!"

"Consider what happened to 'em," replied Bill placidly. I snorted in disgust. Bill blew a perfect smoke ring and regarded it raptly. "If a man can give a girl what she wants before she knows she wants it—ah!" he murmured.

"Bill" said I, "I am disappointed in you. Once I considered you a learned gentleman—one of many parts. Now I see you as an empty fraud. What you don't know about women would sink a ship." I opened the door.

"Bide a bit," said the empty fraud, arising joint by joint. He tenderly rescued the banjo from the corner and held it up. "I've spent all my salary this month on books. But I'll bet ye my most treasured posession against whatever ye like, that ye're tetotally mistaken."

I didn't want the infernal thing, but I was mad. "All right," I snapped. Against a ten dollar bill." And I went away from there.

Thereafter I avoided Bill, as an idol whose feet had proved to be of clay. Life went on in its accustomed way, as life is wont to do, and I buried myself in odorous surgical courses, and thought contemptuous things of Horace, who was volleying the fair Miss

Moore with favors and moonstruck glances—and I suspect sickly poetry—harder than ever. He still shut the window of mornings, so I forbore to chide him from the profundity of my experience. A roomate whose habits you are used to is a pearl of price.

One day I abandoned anatomy for a short while in favor of a spin in Jack Smith's new "Stentz". It was a beauty of a car, and as we ate up the road I listened dreamily to the purr of the engine in accompaniment to Jack's autobiography,—he does rather like to talk about himself. But then, it doesn't interfere with his driving, which is perfect.

As we rounded the turn along by the Experimental Farm I noticed a smart trap ahead of us, with two people in it who seemed familiar. Then I recognized the man to be Horace, presumably taking Marion out driving. When you've lived with a fellow two years, it is possible to recognize him by the back of his neck. I was just wondering whether the spectacle would please my chauffeur, when suddenly things began to happen in bunches. A motorcycleinventions of Satan-whizzed by with the usual maniac on board; the mare gave a snort, the trap gave a lurch, and the whole outfit was off like a shot. Horace tugged at the lines, trying ineffectually to stop the brute. Horace is a hopeless dub when it comes to anvthing practical. But the Adonis at my elbow was made of sterner stuff. lunged on the accelerator, the car jumped and coughed, and we cut the air after the runaway. As we drew alongside, I saw Horace, white-faced but game, struggling frantically with the reins, trying frantically to do something useful, and failing miserably. Then the trap lurched again, and the poor devil went out of it head first. Jack shouted "Hold the wheel!" at me, vaulted lightly out of the car—it was doing a good twenty-five, too—in a beautiful, sure-footed leap, and landed square on the horse's neck. He grabbed the lines, threw all his weight on the bit—and the thing was done.

I wondered, as I brought the Stentz to a nervous stop, what in thunder I could do with Bill Burns' banjo, and whether I dared give it to Jack as a wedding present. Then I wondered whether it would not be the tactful thing to give the hero and his rescued heroine an unwittnessed opportunity for any joint action they might deem

expedient. So I diplomatically turned around and gazed backward down the road.

But from the one glance I took, the odd fact was borne in on me that Marion wasn't thinking much about her handsome rescuer. In fact, I doubt if she recognized his existence. For you see, she was sitting in the road with Horace's head in her lap, and a lovely tear or so dropping on his face, and she was murmuring silly and wholly adorable things over him.

Well, I was out a wedding present either way. But what bothers me is this—there has to be a chucklehead in this story somewhere, and I am rather afraid it wasn't Horace after all.

#### SONG

We wandered 'neath the twilight skies, When spring's soft breezes blew; We stood beneath the gnarled old elms, And watched the stars peep through. The whole wide world was still and dim, when first Your warm lips thrilled to mine, And all the stars, and trees, and earth, dear one, Breathed not of space nor time.

Oh, golden hours of love we knew,
That came and sped away;
We pledged our vows in dewy eves,
Forever and for aye,
But when the hush of the dying year
fell slow,
Ah, just one year ago;
The harsh word came and left, dear
heart,
The silence of the snow.

Iva N. Ketcham.

### THE JAPANESE SITUATION IN HAWAII

#### By Joseph R. Farrington



HREATENING European complications are of but secondary importance in the little Territory of Hawaii as compared with the

increasing gravity of the local Japanese situation. While the islands are enjoying unheard of prosperity through the rise of the price of sugar, due to the war, and while the numerous races are living together in peace and outward harmony on the islands, sinister conditions of national, of international importance, are quietly developing. The abnormal increase in the Japanese population, the superior number of their children in the public schools, the comparatively small portion of taxes contributed by them, and the rapid increase in the number of private business owned by them is considered as nothing less than alarming by many students of island conditions.

Gov. Lucius E. Pinkham, in his annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, makes the following significant estimate, based upon the census of 1910, plus steerage arrivals and departures, and births and deaths recorded since 1910:

		Estimate
	Census	June 30,
Nationality.	1910.	1915.
Japanese	79,674	93,135
Hawaiian		24,120
Portugese	22,303	23,650
Chinese		

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Farrington comes from Honolulu. He is therefore, acquainted with the Japanese.

American - British		
German - Russian	13,029	16,000
Filipino	2,800	15,220
Part Hawaiian	12,506	14,800
Porto Rican	4,890	5,080
Spanish	1,990	4,210
Others	5,164	5,270
Total	190,071	$\overline{223,256}$
Army and Navy	1,838	9,600
	191,909	232,856

That the Japanese hold a huge preponderence in the islands is evident from the above. This in itself is of little importance unless it is noted that there has been an increase of 17.68 percent in the Japanese population of the islands since 1910; that race has always held a numerical lead since the organization of the territorial government in 1900. The rate of increase is the cause of alarm. An abnormally high birth rate is the direct cause of the Japanese ascendancy, for the number of steerage departures for the year endending June 30, 1916, showed an excess over the arirvals of 517 adults and 761 children. An excess of 1.009 female arrivals over departures is probably due to the great number of "picture brides" imported each year. It is also significant that during this last fiscal year the following births were recorded:

Japanese4	,606
Chinese	607
Hawaiian	533
Part Hawaiian	<b>786</b>
Portugese	883
Spanish	266
American	

A proportional increase of the total births for Japanese would have been 2,442, just about half as great as the actual record, 4,606.

As to the overwhelming increase of Japanese in the public schools, Governor Pinkham in his last report pointed out that since 1900, when the number of Japanese in public and private schools was 1,352 out of a total of 15,-537 pupils, the number of these pupils has now reached a total of 13,553 out of a grand total of 36,529. Over a third of all the school children in Hawaii are Japanese. Of 28,827 in the schools supported and maintained by the territorial government, 11,557 are Japanese and only 696 are Americans. guese number 4,459, Hawaiians 3,203, and Part Hawaiians 3,158. The majority of the Americans are found in private schools, 750 being enrolled in such.

Although the great bulk of wealth is vested in the sugar industry, the relative control of businesses by races in Honolulu (population estimated 64,150) shows the Japanese in control of 839 out of a total of 1,878 businesses. Americans, British, and Germans own businesses; Chinese own In Hilo, the second largest town in the islands, Japanese show a still greater predominance. But the character of their businesses is not on the whole of a high type. Small stores, dirty, illventilated with miscellanies of groceries, candy, fruit, vegetables, dry goods serve also as lounging places. They are scattered mostly through Japanese camps, the tenements, through Honolulu's Chinatown. The women take care of them for the most part.

Yet all businesses owned by Japan-

ese are by no means of this character. Newspapers, banks, importing house. and good stores in considerable numbers are owned and managed successfully by Japanese The Japanese originally went to the islands as laborers for the sugar plantations, but more and more have drifted to the city of Honolulu and to the small towns in the islands where a thrifty and active merchant class has sprung up. Although the population shows an enormous increase, the number of Japanese laborers employed on the plantations is about the same as it was fifteen years Most of the increase of the Japanese population seems to have gone to Honolulu, to own stores, to become carpenters, to work on the water-front, and in various capacities.

The Japanese are penetrating the very heart of the economical and political life of the Hawaiian islands. Their increasing grip upon the economic situation, brought to bear by a rapidly rising and clever merchant class, the growth of many large businesses and increase in the number of private businesses, is now beginning to assume startling magnitude. The competition offered by the oriental to the white man is harassing. Theoretically and practically the white man can not compete on an equal basis with the Japanese unless he lowers his standard of The Japanese is very clever, shrewd, and a hard worker. He dresses less lavishly, eats less, and lives in more modest quarters than the Amer-The Anti-Alien Law passed by the state of California was provoked by a situation similar to that which is arising in Hawaii, but of comparatively less importance.

The eleven thousand and more American-born Japanese children in the public schools of Hawaii will constitute an entirely new element in the electorate with a few years. The actual desirability of oriental voters and the character of citizen into which they can be developed are food for deep thought.

Men of the army and navy look upon the Japanese situation in a somewhat Hawaii's importance different light. as a commercial center, and particularly the advantages afforded for a naval base has led the federal government to establish its largest army post on the island of Oahu, develop the defenses of the island extensively, and make it a permanent naval base. its position, 2,100 miles from the coast, it serves as a basis of war maneuvers in the Pacific and would be of particular importance should hostilities arise on the other side of the Pacific. inadequacy of the army and the presence of a strong Japanese population, many of whom have had military training has aroused the jingoist to vociferously call attention to the danger of invasion.

Rational thinkers see a solution of Hawaii's Japanese problem in the Americanizing influence of the public school. In the effort to assimilate the Japaneses population, that is, to thoroughly Americanize the growing generation, cutting off all allegiance to mother country, Hawaii has laid special stress upon the public school. If the Portuguese, for example, have proved good citizens why can't the Japanese who are even more patriotic, intelligent, and capable, be developed into equally as good if not better American citizens? They have already exemplified their usefulness in their ter-

ritory, and it only remains to Americanize them. Other influences are continually working in view of preparing young Japanese for American citizenship. The Honolulu Y. M. C. A., an especially efficacious organization in the islands, has planned classes in citizenship amnog the native born Japanese who may exercise the rights of American citizenship, the classes to be headed by prominent Honoluluans. Fifteen hundred Japanese are already enrolled in an organization called the Japanese-American Citizen's Association, whose aim is to give young Japanese training in citizenship.

But the influences at work to off-set these efforts are alarmingly effective. The aggressiveness of the Japanese authorities in keeping a hold on their people is directly irrevelant to the efforts of our government. The Japanese consulate of Honolulu today has a most complete and detailed account of every Japanese in Hawaii. Japanese birth is recorded by the consulate. Of the 4,606 Japanese births reported to the consulate last year only 3,377 were reported to the Territorial Board of Health; 1,229 births which were recorded by the Japanese consulate were not reported to the American authorities. Thus Japan holds the moral allegiance of the parent and child by constantly reminding them of their duty to Japan—not to the United States. The secretary of the Honolulu Y. M. C. A.'s citizenship committee recently reported one-and only oneyoung Japanese man's demand, that the consulate remove his name from their books in order that, under no circumstances, could he be rated as a Japanese instead of an American. The consulate reluctantly complied with the demand, but the secretary doubted the advisability of urging others to take this action lest friction result. The German-like efficiency with which the patriotism of the growing generation for mother country is maintained meets with no opposition whatever. On the other hand, the so-called American business interests fear to offend the Japanese for purely selfish reasons.

However critical the situation may be, there is no outward expression of hostile feeling between the Americans and Japanese in Hawaii. Race preiudice is absolutely lacking. In their many dealings with each other and in their daily relationships good feeling is constantly in order. When the Congressmen, invited by the territorial legislature, went to the Hawaiian Islands they were amazed by the patriotism of the Japanese school children. numerable demonstrations, the Japanese population has expressed itself as apparently sympathetically American. Japanese school children in large numbers walk in parades carrying the American flag, learn to give the flag salute perfectly in the public school, and sing American's national airs with the fervor of the most patriotic Ameri-Realizing the precarious state of affairs which might arise, Japanese take every advantage to show their adversity to any and all hostility. anese of national prominence who frequently pass through Honoiulu seldom fail to lay special stress upon the impossibility of war between the two nations and the necessity of peace. urge the Japanese of the islands to support the American government as their own. Incidentally no mention is ever made of the work of the Japanese con-In a speech delivered in Hon-

olulu three months ago during a brief stop over on his way from the mainland, Baron Shibuzawa said: "I want to say to the American citizens of Japanese blood that you should be educated as American citizens, and although many politicians will not agree with me, I believe that those born in a country should owe allegiance to that nation. They should act and feel in every way that they are real American citizens and not subjects of Japan.

"Hawaii is the keystone of the nations. I am glad to see the work that is going on here. If the work becomes successful here, I am sure that it will become successful everywhere. You have the opportunity to do much for the relations between nations."

But out of the peaceful, every-daystate-of-affairs signs of a latent feeling occassionally arise. In striking contrast to the continual obsequiousness of wealthy so-called American business firms is the attitude of the governor towards the Japanese. Within a recent date, The Hawaii Shinpo, a Japanese daily representing a strong element in the oriental population—after the Japanese had failed to get a quorum in a meeting called to consider the participation of Japanese in the annual Carnival—states that the Japanese should not be willing to cooperate in the Carnival which takes place in February, for Governor Pinkham, who is at the head of the government, has shown on a number of occasions that his feeling is anti-Japanese. The following translation from an editorial in The Shinpo, illustrates the attitude of the Japanese;

"The reason why many of the Japanese do not wish to help with the Carnival is because Governor Pinkham has not displayed a friendly attitude towards the Japanese. It is the opinion that the people living in Hawaii should cooperate to work for the welfare of all races. The Japanese idea is what the executive has not shown justice towards our people.

"Should we participate in the Carnival our hearts would not be with the spirit of the occasion. This would not be the proper spirit that should go with the Carnival. If the Japanese participate in the Carnival, a committee of Japanese people should tell the Carnival committee the reason for the hesitation, so they may know that the hearts of the Japanese are not pleased at the anti-Japanese feeling displayed by the chief executive."

The opposition Japanese paper, representing quite another element, immediately proceeded to condemn this stand and explain that the supporters of The Shinpo had been interested in a Japanese aviator whom the governor refused a permission to fly on the island of Oahu where the fortifications of the government are located. The Japanese finally decided to enter the Carnival as they have in the past.

Such incidents, and others of nationwide interest, have been the source of considerable exaggeration and misrepresentation, and have caused the people of Hawaii to be alarmed lest unnecessary trouble rise. The Honolulu papers regret the recent bellicose statements of Senator Phelan concerning the Japanese. Honolulu men better understand just how such statements are received by the Japanese, especially in Japan. The alarmist points to the end of American commerce on the Pacific in the removal of the Pacific Mail boats, Japanese inroads upon China, the recent action concerning the Philipines, Senator Phelan's statement's on the exclusion of orientals, and the possible action of Japanese in Mexico, the California Anti-Alien Law, and the increase of the army and navy in Hawaii, as signs of the times.

Japanese of the islands regret these demonstrations as much as do sound-thinking Americans. Living together in perfect harmony and prospering as they never have before, the many races of Hawaii fear lest these hasty actions and words afford them unnecessary trouble.

As Baron Shibuzawa stated, Hawaii is the keystone of the American and Japanese nations. The test of their relations lies largely with the people of the islands. But the Japanese situation in Hawaii has not been settled yet. On the contrary, the government seems no nearer a solution of the problems concerning the assimilation of the oriental element than it had a little after the start. However this does not mean that it has failed, and many men still retain faith in the public school to accomplish the desired result. next ten or twenty years the attention of the world will be turned to the Territory of Hawaii where the possibilities of an Oriental-Anglo-Saxon government are being tried.

## JUST MY BROWN DOG

#### By George Anundensen



LIKE to think that somewhere in this friend-filled world there is a dog that is waiting to follow me—my own Brown Dog, who

will look at me with tender understanding eyes, who will lift quick, sympathetic ears to hear my voice, and who will thump his lazy meditative tail against the floor when I smile at him across the room.

I dream of him most often just at lamp-light time when I turn in at my own gate. As I feel my way through the darkness up to the edge of the porch I can almost feel his cold nose come sniffing a welcome into my hand and hear his four rough feet scratching against the flooring as he dances about telling me how glad he is to see me.

I like to think that he will seek me out some day, out of a million or so of people just like me, and elect to follow me—just me, wherever I may lead, with the simple faith of staunch friendship.

He will be the sort of dog that I can say, "Let's" to, and without question be counted upon to say, "All right! Let's" with all the eloquence of his enthusiastic tail and his fun-killed eyes.

It is queer how few folks one can say "Let's" to. And it is such a friendly, comradely sort of word—the kind of word that is an "open sesame" to all sorts of delightful "You-and-I" things. People are so uncertain when one suggests "Let's" to them. They always are so weary or so busy, or so interested, and that whisper of wanderlust that

starts me roaming to-day may call you to-morrow, but I have come home again, soul saturated with the open way and very content, and you must wander without me.

My Brown Dog will be always ready when I am; he will be that kind of dog, I know, and we two will fill our lungs with all the summer in the air and run, and run, and run, until we drop panting in the long, dusty grass at the road-side.

We will follow broad highways and crooked lanes, and roads that run away off to hill-tops, through valleys, into deepest woods, and over daisy-starred meadows, and ever my Brown Dog will be intensely interested in all that passes, with the keen interest of the born wanderer.

He will go darting off to investigate some cranny, or to drink with quick, spasmodic laps at some shady, willow-kissed creek, and he will twist himself into dusty, agitated circles to snap at an inquisitive blue-bottle fly, as we two go romping through the wide blue and green country-side.

And then, on hill-tops, when the wind from some far mountain sweeps across the world, <sup>I</sup> will push my hands deep into my sweater pockets and look away, and away—past the gray gates of the Now—past the edge of the Last Camp—and then will I feel his harsh rough little paw come rasping against my blowing skirt, pleading dumbly for me to come back and play with him.

Best of all will be the camp-fires on the shore of some shadow-clad lake, where the loons sweep great circles on the dark waters, their sad voices piercing the night like quivering darts of sound; where the humming things of the forest sing a symphony in the trees until it sounds like a great harp; where my Brown Dog and I will go hunting fire-wood side by side in the gathering dusk.

Afterward, when darkness has fallen in among the trees, bending low over the crumbling embers we will cook our supper and eat it together while we watch the smoke curl its way up into the dim whispering rafters of the forest.

And then coming home!

I used to think I had found him sometimes. Once it was in a crowded city street. He stopped to greet me in passing; we looked into one another's eyes, and for a moment I thought—but some gay boyish whistle down the block called him with the unforgetable call of master to man, and he turned, a little reluctantly I think, and went off, giving me one backward look as if to tell em that he would have liked to stay.

Another time it was in the woods in Autumn. The leaves were crisping and the grass was brittle under our feet. The fields were camps of shocked corn and the dusk of coming winter clung to the far off shaven hills. He came romping down a long corn aisle and he caught the edge of my skirt in his teeth. It was a gay invitation, a challenge to come and play—so we did. We played all afternoon, resting sometimes upon a fallen log, and then setting out to explore with the zest of youngsters,

climbing over rocky outcrops and into stream carved valleys, deep with the talus of the forest slopes.

It was a gay day, and such a good one! but just at sun-down when we both began to think of home, my playmate saw a chalky quarryman plodding along across the field, thumping his dinner pail against his baggy knee, and without a word he darted off to follow him and I knew that he could not be my dog.

Sometimes I wonder if I should go seeking him, but after all, the friends, we love the best are those we find by mutual consent, and those we value most are those to whom we give our greatest gifts.

There is no mutuality about friendships, no balanced giving and receiving, for the deepest, truest love is that unspoken love which leaps from heart to heart unwatched, and from hand to hand in little intimate services, and from mind to mind in small unnoticed gifts of intellect and ideals that bear no stamp and need no word of thanks. And yet they never counterpoise, these friendships of ours, for one of us is always giving most, giving with generous hands and with all his heart, just for the love of it; and I know that such a friendship ours must be, between my Brown Dog and I, for I will only have to offer my gentle hand for him to lick. my fire for him to lie beside, my roof for him to seek in time of storm and my comradeship when I have time to play, while he—he will give his whole life, his unflinching fidelity, his unfaltering trust, his day, his night, his universe.

# WISCONSIN STUDENT LIFE 1865-73

By S. D. Stephens



HE end of the Civil war, and the beginning of the new era in student life which followed it, were fittingly celebrated by the

students. When on April 9th, 1865, news came over the recently installed news telegraph that peace had come, the students built a bon-fire, serenaded the professors and made "other demonstrations" in honor of the event. On the morning of the tenth they heard patriotic addresses from the faculty and were given a holiday. That night buildings throughout the city were illuminated, with candles and kerosene lamps, and fireworks were set off from the dome of University hall.

Immediately after the Civil war everything began to increase, attendance, student activities, social lifeexpenses. People began more and more to turn their thoughts toward education, and consequently those who were able to do so came to the University. The increased attendance meant varied interests and the establishment of new organizations of all sorts. The memory of the war caused added stress to be laid on military drill, though the department was not yet strong enough to prevent the sophomore class, in 1870, from holding a meeting of protest when they were forced to buy uniforms. (Imagine anyone, even a sophomore, daring to protest publicly against an action of the military department of today!) The engineering college was begun, though not without the protest of the hill students, who for some time refused to associate with their "more practical scientific brethren, fresh from the fields." Probably all these factors contributed to an increase in expenses—at least expenses did increase, and the average student had to pay about \$350 a year, though some estimated their expenses as low as \$150, some as high as \$600. These are not high as compared with modern times, but they were an increase over the earlier period.

With the increased interest in activities, social and otherwise, the interest in literary societies ceased to be universal and became limited not to a smaller number but to a smaller percentage of the increasing student body. Not long after came the fraternities and sororities, and in their train a large group of student activities, both serious and frivolous. These presented the greatest problems of student life, one which, however, need not be considered until the following article, which deals with the period of their organization.

The most important activity began, or rather revived after the war was student journalism. We say revived because there was an attempt in the years 1857-58 to publish a magazine, called the Student Miscellany. The project was begun by the Athenaen society in January 1857, and after one year Hesperia took half the control. The magazine consisted of poetry and articles on literary and philosophical questions, with an occasional story. It reported a circulation of four hun-

dred about six months after its organization, which meant that it was sent throughout the state. It seems to have been sent, however, as an invitation to subscribe and pay the subscription price, and the fact that many people so invited failed to respond with the dollar is probably one of the reasons for its failure. During less than two years, however, its editorial staff contained many men who have since become prominent, including Judge E. O. Hand, Bishop Samuel Fallows and Senator William F. Vilas.

After the failure of The Miscellany no student paper was published until 1870, when The University Press, a weekly and later a bi-weekly paper, was started by G. W. Raymer and J. (now Bishop) Bashford. Press was much more of a newspaper than the Miscellany had been,, but still it aimed to give material of a less transitory nature, including a thorough history of the University up to that time, which it later published in book It also printed in full every student oration of any importance. The paper followed this policy continuously during the sixteen years of its existence. It was very different from the student newspapers of today, especially in that it was less inclined to use scare heads and light feature stories, but the fact that it would print an apology for misspelling a man's name shows a desire for accuracy which is not to be despised.

Another interesting relic of those days, and one very valuable for a student of the times is the class history, started by the class of 1873. It was the germ of the modern *Badger*, but unlike the *Badger* it was not published. The first history consisted of sketches

of the members of the class, written from material supplied by themselves. The data given are those concerning age, weight, appearance, habits, use of tobacco and liquor, favorite studies, favorite authors, yearly expenses, intended vocation, and whether the student was engaged or intended to be. A group picture of students and faculty is found in the 1873 history, while individual pictures are included with the sketches in later histories. histories, from 1873 until the time that they were replaced by the Trochos, the immediate forerunners of the Badger were deposited in the University library.

Though many students were giving their attention to other activities, yet the increased attendance left a larger number than before in forensic work, while many who were prominent in other activities still found time for their literary society. It has always been the policy of the debating societies to limit their membership, in order to do intensive work with a few members, so that new socieities had to be formed to accommodate the added students. In the year 1867 a new society was started in the preparatory department, after preparatory students were no longer admitted in the old societies. It was called the Philomathian society. having, however, no connection with the present society of that name, which was started two decades later. Philomathia had a difficult existence on account of the changes in its membership and the lack of a suitable hall, so that after about six years it dissolved on May 23, 1873. In the year 1871-2 a Law class society was organized for law students, and was followed by several others in later years. A second

women's society was begun in 1872, called Laurea, an organization which seemed to be successful until the late nineties .when, after twenty-seven years, literary work in class exercises and the lack of interest on the part of its members caused its dissolution.

The renaissance of forensic activities showed itself not only in new societies but in new contests and debates. most important of these is, of course, the joint debate, revived in 1867, after several unsuccessful attempts at organization ten years before. The first was on the constitutionality of the military reconstruction bill of the 39th Congress, with W. C. Damon, J. Turner and W. E. Huntington debating for Athenae, and J. S. Leavitt, F. S. Stein and Burr W. Jones debating for Hesperia. Hesperia was successful. those who are interested in the success of Wisconsin alumni it might pointed out that Mr. Jones has since attained prominence which is nationwide as a legal authority, while Mr. Huntington was for many years president of Boston University. The roll of honor of Wisconsin Joint Debaters began early. The debate was held in the chapel of the University, with R. M. Bashford, who later became a member of the Wisconsin supreme court, as Mr. Bashford was then a president. For many years the chairstudent. men of the debates were chosen from the societies alternately as had been the chairmen of the old joint exhibition, which in some respects was the parent of the "Joint". The debate itself took about an hour, and the rest of the program consisted of a prayer, music, and The men showed considerorations. able ability "considering" (says the

State Journal) "how little practice they have had."

Debates were held in 1867 and 1899, and then an account of the "Athenae-Hesperia War" there were no debates until 1873. Debaters were chosen for the 1870 debate but could not agree on a question, nor would the societies do anything to bring about a conciliation. There was in those days no such system such as exists today for choosing a question, so the result was a deadlock. In order to have public debates the societies in 1871-2 instituted intra-society exercises, consisting of a debate, orations, etc., entirely managed by each society separately. joint exhibitions were still held, however, so the schism between the societies was not complete.) After the joint debates were resumed the semi-publics, as the intra-society debates were called, because eventually limited to sophomores, as a sort of try-out for the Joint debate, and they exist today as the sophomore semi-publics, though within recent years they have become intersociety in character. During the period when no joint debates were held there was the first agitation for intercollegiate debates, though none were held until considerably later.

Another thing in those days which had considerable significance was the beginning of prize oratorical contests. The first recorded prize ever given for oratory in the University was in a declamation contest on June 23, 1867. Four men from each society, trained by Professor Pickard, took part. The prize, a set of Macauley's history, was won by J. T. Bradley of Hesperia for the declamation Regulars to the Carthaginians. The next contest, also for declaiming was held in 1871 on the oc-

casion of Athenae's anniversary. There was some opposition to the giving of prizes, indicating a state of mind which the modern student finds it hard to understand. There was also much opposition to the system of intercollegiate oratorical contests which came some years later. But the desire for the pleasure of winning was a part of the new college spirit, and the conservative followers of the old order found it necessary eventually to accede.

Little knowledge of the student "stunts" has come to us except in the minds of a few surviving students of that day. A few contemporary records still exist however. One of the most interesting is that of the burying of Homer. The 1875 class history tells of the event as follows: "It was a murky night in October, when, under the glimmering light of a greasy torch marched the entire classical department to the 'squealing of a wry-necked fife' appropriately decorated in Chinese mourning, the bard of Symrna on the bier. The sorrow of the class in parting with the greatest of all poets was expressed in an

"Oratio sophomori classis prima habita in campo

Universitatis Wisconsinensis'
'Nunc requiescat in pace'
and with the usual benediction the
bard of seven cities was entombed to
the singing of an appropriate requiem
in Latin and English Macaronic,"

Just how long this custom was continued is not mentioned. Similar ceremonies used to be held in other institutions, such as the burying of Euclid at -Yale, so Wisconsin can scarcely claim originality in this matter. Class badges were used in the early seventies and possibly before. The members of

the class of 1873, for instance, wore tall white hats, while other styles were adopted by other classes. The student body was not very different perhaps, from the student body of today.

During this period the University had several presidents, none of whom showed himself the leader who was needed to crystallize the new elements in student life and student tendencies. At last, however, in 1874 a president was found who was an executive, a teacher, and a man. With his coming came the culmination of the upward movement which characterized the period after the war, and during his administration the foundation was laid for many of the things which have made Wisconsin great.

#### THE COWARD By H. R. W. I.

The arclight under which the outcast stood, sputtered feebly in the falling snow. A young woman, muffled in furs and lugging a heavy suitcase, made her way past him through the storm.

"Was that smile for me?" he thought as he stopped shivering long enough to pick up the little black glove she dropped.

She turned, and seeing she was being followed, hastened her gait. The outcast broke into a run to overtake her. Out of the shadow of a doorway, a heavy hand jerked him to a halt.

"Well, I got ya this time," said the patrolman. "I'll learn you bums to go scaring women. Wot's this—A black glove. She dropped it? Well, ya can't prove it by her; she's beat it. Shut up now. Ya kin tell it to th' judge in the morning."

II.

Spring zephyrs softened the revengeful heart of the released prisoner.

"God knows I was innocent, and He is just," he thought as he lifted his eyes to again look mankind straight in the face. Then, as if with sudden fear, he hid his face in the crook of his elbow. In the passing runabout was the girl whose smiling face had kept his memory sweet through those three months.

The world had winced under the steady gaze of one of its minions, and had crowned him with wealth and successes. No one knew his past, no one questioned it. He again met the girl of the smiling face, and taught her to love him.

On their wedding eve she came to him behind the blooming roses with something held tightly in her hand.

"What is it, Lover?" he asked.

"The last of my girlhood, dear. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Do."

"It is a confession," she warned.

"I feel very brave."

"It is not so many years back that a ragged youth came into my life,—only for an instant. And my girlish heart cherished romantic hopes that he would someday come to claim me for his own. O, it is well enough for you to smile; you are a man. But it troubled me greatly when the thought that he might be a convict entered my mind."

He had opened his mouth as if to speak, but his face grew serious and half fearfully he asked:

"Would that make a difference?"

"Yes."

"If he were innocent?"

"He should have been above suspicion as you are, dear. This that I have in my hand is something he would have been sure to recognize. Before I throw it to the bottom of the pond, tell me," she commanded with assumed seriousness, "has my Knight Errant ever before seen this!"

He hesitated a moment and very slowly he shook his head.

It was the other glove.

#### CURRENT DOINGS IN DOGGEREL

The Prom came off without a hitch, And filled our hearts with gladness; Life never seemed so good amidst This academic sadness.

The students who have made their grades

Are feeling much exalted, Though all they've got Is just a lot Of useless credits salted. We understand our school is full Of common trash and bummers, Who if they staid at home with dad, Would make successful plumbers. For those still on this hopeful list; Whose outlook still looks gloomy, It's well worth while To lamp the smile Connected with Judge Toomey.

Prof. Ely has advised a course
In hard routine gymnastics.
So co-eds can get discipline
Like men in fighting tactics.
Old crew men have brought up again
Their arguments for rowing;
The old shell game
Of Hudson fame
Is still alive and growing.

The old maids' leap year list is out, And since our profs are stupid. The ones who are not married yet Will shortly hear from cupid. Advisors tell their thesis men. They must be up and humping, But all that stuff. Is just a bluff. To keep the seniors jumping.

Prof. Miller says that as a kid
He always got a slamming
For stuffing things at Christmas time,
Yet still he urged our cramming.
Prof. Kahlenburg thinks cramming up
Is neither good nor lasting;
He hopes his lambs
Approach exams
With lots of prayers and fasting.

Our "men without a residence"
Are in a sad position,
But we can't let them live with us;
They wouldn't pay tuition.
When fussing at Das Deutsche Haus
A. Cantu should be certain,
So he won't bore
The bunch next door,
To please pull down the curtain.

In four more months a lot of us Will lose our loved illusions, And after roughing it awhile Will reach some real conclusions. A business man informs us boys To cut off our mustaches; He says they're bad, And make folks mad Except when making mashes.

Some students want arrangements made

With men like Mister Borden
So they can still get malted milks
Across the river Jordan.
John Commons says he can't adjust
Industrial relations,
And wants to sit
And rest a bit
From his investigations.

-Ralph E. Nuzum.

# EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



"Humanum nihil a me alicnum puto".—
TERENCE

#### BACK WITHINGTON

There is just one thing which Wisconsin owes to her new football coach, Dr. Paul Withington of Harvard, and that thing is loyalty.

"Give him a chance." That is the advice of athletic officials, football players, and older heads among the student body. He has not achieved the fame of a Camp, a Haughton, a Shevlin, a Stagg, a Yost, or even a Dobie, but with the opportunity awaiting him here at Wisconsin, the name Withington may become as synonymous with victorious Wisconsin football as was the name of Phil King. To localize the comparison: our popular friend and track coach, Tom Jones, did not have a string of victories to back him up when he took charge of his branch at Wisconsin. But he has made himself a most enviable record. Dr. Meanwell, our successful basketball coach, was not taken from a championship organization, but he has brought Wisconsin three championships in the indoor sport.

Regarding Dr. Withington's qualifications, a former president of the alumni association remarked recently that Head Coach Haughton of Harvard wrote that he regarded Dr. Withington as the "brains of the Harvard staff,"

Wisconsin men will also admire in the new coach what we have been fortunate to possess and to emulate in our former coaches, namely, fair play and a spirit of true sportsmanship. Of course we want to win games; but after all is said and done, we admire clean sportsmanship. Dr. Withington is a sportsman, a brainy sportsman, and he is coming out here, a young man, to handle a big job. We will get back of him to a man, regardless of whom we hoped would be selected as the 1916 coach.

#### PROM WEEK MEMORIES

Certain it is that the present generation of students will not forget the Junior promenade of this year. Held in the new state house—one of the most magnificent buildings in the world—under a management which must be congratulated for its smooth running capability (efficiency would have been the proper word, but it sounds rather out of place in speaking of a Prom), and with a noticeable spirit of democracy pervading the whole function, the crowning social event of the college year left a most delightful impression.

The Prom festivities commenced this year with the home concert of the Wisconsin Musical Club,—the combined Glee and Mandolin clubs,—at the Fuller on Thursday evening preceding Prom. The day following the Prom

was given over to such events as fraternity dances, sleigh rides, dinners, and theatre parties.

Notwithstanding the charm of the young women of Prom time the majority of this year's Prom girls were University students and notwithstanding the delight of music and flowers and dinners and dances, the fact that the floors in the state house are floors of marble and tile gave a great deal of truth to the parody which was sung at the Prom concert of the Musical club, particularly that sentence which ran: "The best part of Prom is your bed."

It is the picture of the Prom chairman, Charles W. Walton, which appears on the cover of this issue of the "Mag."

#### WOMAN'S NUMBER NEXT

The March issue of The Wisconsin Magazine will be known as the Woman's number. It is being prepared by the young women of Mortar Board. Promise is given that the magazine will be extremely interesting. The young women are in complete charge of the enterprise

The April issue of the Magazine should be published directly after the first of the month, and the May issue, the last of the year, should be in the hands of its readers by the tenth of that month.

#### WATCH CONGRESS

College professors are forever telling how little the average student knows about what is going on in the world at large. They give out lists of questions which students have incorrectly answered, all the way from Lorraine to Lansing. Perhaps the stu-

dents are pitifully ignorant. Perhaps they are not. But at any rate, history is being made at the present time in wholesale quantities, and at an unprecedented speed. Our own Congress, in the midst of a political sand storm, is doing momentous things. Ten years from now the records of 1916 will have great significance. Let us watch Congress now through the columns of a reputable journal, regularly. Education is not restricted to the past tense.

#### A WORD TO JOURNALISTS

The recent unfortunate case involving a student of the University in a criminal case at Waukegan, Ill., was a splendid example of newspaper exploitation of the sensational. It was, from the head line writer's view-point, "big stuff." And it sold hundreds of extra copies. Most of these extras were filled with pure chaff. Most of the columns upon columns printed thus far about the case have been ninety-nine percent But people read it. The case has the elemnts which made good reading, so called:—a "pretty girl," a mystery, poison, love letters, a walk in the woods, and a university student. Ideal! Just exactly as good a combination as "Harvard man," or "Yale graduate," chorus girl, lobster parties, father's yacht, elopement, etc.

But the real story has been told from day to day in a half column of authentic news sent out by the Associated Press, and printed in the more conservative newspapers. Where sensation mongers have padded out ten columns with pictures, other papers have given the developments under ordinary headlines, without crowding out important news, and offending the nostrils of intelligent readers.

# COVETING A CHANCE

#### By Frank Thayer



AILED—that was "Spike" Paine's mark in Cicero. Latin, in fact, had been his bugbear ever since he entered East high school, and

only the pleadings of his mother prevented him from throwing up his high school long before his junior year. Perhaps early in his course he did not work or did not find his pace, and accordingly he always loathed his Latin. More than once he had a bad case of "nerves", and vowed that he would not go to school another day. At these times only the earnest persuasion of his mother and the stern interference of his father kept "Spike" in scholastic circles at all.

One thing in the high school did interest him, however, and that was his work on the staff of The Tatler, the weekly school paper. Young Paine liked the work, he wrote the best stories handed in to the editor-in-chief and by the beginning of his third year, he made the position of assistant editor. He worked hour after hour in this outside activity, even to the detriment of his regular school work.

Early in September after the opening of school, the city editor of The Daily News, the best afternoon paper in the city, called him up at the house one night, and asked if he could talk with young Mr. Paine. The editor asked him to come down to the office the next afternoon after school. Naturally, "Spike" was on the job, and the result was that he "landed" a place writing high school news for The

News. This clinched any lingering desire in him to do anything else in life, and then and there he decided to be a nournalist.

But all this time Latin stock was losing ground as far as "Spike's" interest in the Latin market was concerned. The mid-year examinations sealed his fate; he failed in Cicero, and was conditioned in German. This condition of affairs brought matters to a quick solution. "Spike" learned that he would probably have to go to school another year, and this piece of information was like a doctor's bitter pill.

He decided to quit school, and went down to see the editor of the News in order to get a reporter's place on the paper. He found that this was the dull season of the year, and that the paper would not take on any new men. The editor said that he did not know when there would be any opening, and that he would rather have men who had had some experience. Naturally, "Spike" took this information rather hard.

As he was about to leave the office, the city editor called to him, asked him if he would be willing to take a job outside of the city. "Sure" was Paine's reply.

"Well, I don't know whether I can do anything for you, but I was in Harrisburg last week. An old friend of mine, Bill Edwards, is city editor of The Star, and he told me he was looking for a man with some experience who could handle police news. I'll write him say that I have a friend who can fill the bill. Of course you

have not had a great deal of experience in writing copy but I guess you can get away with it."

A week passed by, and "Spike" heard from The Daily News city editor that the Harrisburg paper could not give him a place. As something must be done right away, "Spike" worked in a drug store for the next seven months. But all this time he was on the watchout for a newspaper job.

It was on the twenty-eighth of August that he received a wire asking him to come to Harrisburg, to start at ten dollars a week. He accepted the place, did fairly good work, but found that he could not live on the ten dollars a week. During his stay of eight months on the Star, he had to write his mother for money about every three weeks. Finally he "got a berth" on a Philadelphia daily, and this through a special feature article he wrote for this paper's Sunday edition. At his new position he made eighteen dollars a week.

Today after twenty-nine years of the hardest kind of labor, Paine is the publisher of a newspaper in a large city in New Jersey. He is on a salary, and gets a commission on the circulation of the paper. By no means is he a wealthy man, but he probably has twenty-five thousand dollars carefully invested; he owns his own home, and carries several thousand dollars life insurance.

A failure he can not consider his life by any means, but he feels that he should be farther along in his profession than he is, and he attributes the cause of his present financial status to the difficult start he had to make in getting himself established in the newspaper business.

This story of Paine is not an uncom-

mon one. It is, in fact, the usual life story of an old-line newspaper man. In the newspaper development of the latter half of the nineteenth century, newspaper men got their places through haphazard chances. All kinds of men tried for positions on papers, and in many cases the poor ones were retained on the staff, with the result that the salaries of all newspaper workers were on a low economic scale. And in the same ratio the standards of these papers was not high. Low wages go hand in hand with a low standard of production.

For this reason many men who had real ability in the newspaper field were retarded in their development, simply as the result of the slip-shod method of sifting out the totally unfit. There was no way to eliminate negative factors, and the capable men were left entirely to their own means of establishing themselves in permanent places in the profession. With this method of adding new men to the ranks grew the idea that a good newspaper man must start as a printers' devil in order to know the business from the ground up. The two ideas were concomitant.

A new movement is now under the process of germination. The universities are founding schools of journalism. Here come all kinds of men. The fellows who want to be journalists and can't are soon left at the bottom, and the men who understand the problems of the publishing business are given the opportunity to master the executive as well as the editorial branches of a modern daily newspaper. A man trained in such a fashion, need not start at starvation wages; for the papers of today are demanding the standard of "Accuracy Always", and are requiring

that their men have a broad knowledge of political science and social questions. No longer will any old kind of copy pass the test of news. are two reasons for this: first, newspaper competition among the papers of a city is too keen; second, the public is better informed and accordingly asks for better and more carefully selected news. The newspaper profession has needed a means of adequately training men; the universities are answering this demand with schools of journalism.

The old guard laugh at the idea of fitting a man for this business in a Some of the old timers still have the viewpoint that a newspaper man must start as the office devil. other professions we find that some of the leaders began at the bottom. It is not a strange thing to find a railroad president who launched his career as a section hand. At one time an herb doctor was the only reputed physician. The first medical schools were greeted with a sneer. But in the twentieth century a diploma from a medical school is the first requirement of a physician. Leaders in the railroad world are now coming from the ranks of men trained in railroad administration, and no longer from the track gang, which is now made up of residents from southern Italy.

This change in social forces holds equally true in the newspaper business. Only the other day the Memphis News-Scimitar wrote editorially as follows:

"All things may be said to be transitive, and mutability leaves its impress upon everything, and we may expect that in the near future what is known as the newspaper man will be a mere memory, or at best a curio or antique.

The tendency of the times is toward specialization and authenticity, and the metamorphosis is likely to affect journalism, just as it is affecting other activities in life."

In the case of "Spike" Paine, he coveted a chance early in his life to become a journalist. He was the victim of that economic state in which the supply has no way of meeting the demand. He had to wait for his chance, and probably with the loss of a number of vears of the most effective work. In this day the schools are realizing that a man can be "educated" even if he is not a student of Latin, no matter how valuable that study in itself may be. The schools of the nation, and particularly of the commonwealth of Wisconsin are working with the idea that school training to do the most good must bear the greatest relation to the student's later life. The boy who wants to study forestry has his chance, and is not forced to become a theologian as he might have been forced to become if he had gone to college in the early eighties: that is, if he had desired to make use of his education, according to the current ideas of that day.

So in journalism the boy who wants to break into the game can get an idea of the business in the university. If he is unfitted for the work he learns his error in school, and still has the opportunity to try his hand in another field. The men who do find that they are naturally fitted for the Fourth Estate can study the newspaper business from both the business and professional sides. Now the boy who has a "hunch" that he wants to be a journalist has some means of marketing his ability. The papers want able men, and the newspaper man of to-day does not have

to live on starvation wages in order to find his niche in his chosen activity.

#### SECOND SIGHT

(Continued from page 6.) stay here with us—settle down, you know, and be one of us."

Harold paused for a reply, a quizzical smile playing across his features.

"No," he said, "I appreciate your kind motives, but, but \* \*" he hesitated.

"Oh, tell me: do!" said Mrs. Tweedy earnestly. "It would do me good to hear some real ideas for once. Here everything is the *same* all one's life. Tell me, couldn't you like it?"

"Well," began Craig a trifle uneasily, "we have always been used to work—real work. Father was an indomitable worker—and his one wish was, along in his later years, that he might be allowed to 'die in harness', as he expressed it. My brother, too, has always done things with unceasing energy. We have both been brought up with that idea in the foreground. I'm afraid that I have the same instincts."

"Charles is the same way," replied Mrs. Tweedy. "He can't bear this life of desuetude. He is so masculine! But I see very little of him; he is always at directors' meetings. I wish \*\*\*" she left her thought unexpressed. Craig, divining, said, "I know! you chafe at the routine! It's easily understood. You have a soul of your own, and you can't bear to see it shrivel up and die in this kind of atmosphere."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Tweedy, "and

yet,—and yet—. It's my life," she finished. "But you?"

"I shall stick to father's business," said Craig.

Guests began to drift into the house to dress for dinner.

"Do you know, Harold, that since I've known you, I have appreciated my husband more. He, too, is energetic. I never knew I respected that. For the first few months of our marriage he used to bubble over with his work, his business adventures and struggles, but he saw it didn't interest me, and he stopped. Suddenly I've found I care for his ambitions. You did that for me—and for him."

Craig smiled kindly. "Surely," said he "I did no more than to merely crystallize the idea in your mind. I can say that without conceit, for it is nothing in me that deserves praise—it's my training."

Then they both realized that it was late.

"I suppose it's time.." Craig began, making a motion to rise.

"Yes, I suppose we must go," sighed Mrs. Tweedy. She extended her hand, meeting his clasp understandingly.

"Thank you," Craig said, simply. "And by the way," said he, struck by an afterthought. "See that Howard's presence here in the East is kept secret."

At one of the upper casements Beverley had watched, very casually indeed, the little scenario on the terrace below; and had had hard work interpreting to her questioning self the handclasp and the mutual smile of understanding.

#### III

Harold Craig's French car was on the drive. Several servants were carrying out suitcases and placing them on fenders and trunkracks. It was nearly time to start. Soon the house door opened and the tourists came down. Craig was walking with Beverly Mar-Mrs. Tweedy was in animated tin. conversation with Grafton Thomas, who seemed capable of keeping her Clementine Flipp was preamused. tending to be very bored at the recital of a hunting expedition by Beverley's brother, Billy Martin. He was a young fellow of strength. He wore no cap, his curly blond hair blowing. Clementine liked Billy very well—and all that -but Billy was more than merely reciprocative. What he was worrying about just at this moment-and for several days past—was this: "Is that Craig fellow going to monopolize this young dream of mine on this trip?" He didn't look worried a bit.

Clementine was saying to him, "I should think, Billy, you would have got tired of shooting so many bears—what are you going to do with them all—have them mounted, and distribute them among the museums all over the country?"

"You don't want a bear do you, Clem?" he asked hopefully.

"No, thanks!" Clementine replied with emphasis.

Billy was horribly disappointed. A pause. He knew Clementine was deliberately waiting for him to initiate fresh conversation, and he didn't have any. He felt a sort of resentment toward her for this, knowing she could

talk hours on end if she wanted to. He mearly told her so, but decided it would be undiplomatic. But even the moments when he was deciding added up the long roll of moments constituting the awkward silence; so in a frenzy of mental effort, he remembered a golfing anecdote at which all the fellows had laughed immensely, and got halfway through before he remembered it was never intended for feminine delectation. His abrupt stop just before the denounment irritated Clementine; she interrogated rather crossly.

"Well, Billy, what did Colonel Waters say?"

Billy stammered, reddened, perspired, and gasped.

It's dreadfully hot,' observed Clementine scornfully, protruding her lower lip and blowing the hair from her forehead.

"Yes, it is, for a fact!" seconded Billy enthusiastically,—he could have hugged her out of thankfulness alone.

Harold was not having such a hard time. He was enjoying himself, rather as a student of human nature, in the repressed effusiveness of his companion.

"In your Western colleges," Beverley asked, "do they really try for culture, or is it just professional training?"

"There," said Craig, "or at least where I went to university, it depended upon what you wanted. If you were seeking for a more comprehensive outlook on life, you could get it; with the student who wanted professional knowledge, on the other hand, the only thing they made him do was to try to speak English properly."

"I think I could like the West," said Beverly with warmth.

"Really, Miss Martin," Craig reproved with a dry smile, you don't think there are any Bar Z Ranches in Indiana, do you? We are, on the whole, quite tolerably civilized 'out there' as you say, and in behalf of Indiana I must beg of you not to think us 'wild and woolly'."

"Well, I sha'nt then, as you have come from there," said Veverley, looking at him sideways.

"Thanks." Craig bowed formally. "Where will you sit?"

"May I sit in the front seat?—for a while at least?"

"Most certainly," said Craig. He eyed her critically as she stopped before entering the car, to powder her nose from a jewelled vanity case.

"What a pretty car," exclaimed someone when they had all reached it. "It's French, isn't it?" You bought it in New York, of course"

"No;" laughed Craig, "French cars sometimes, under very rare and extraordinary circumstances even penetrate as far west as Indiana."

There was laughter, and Billy Martin asked "I say: old man, isn't it awfully hard to get repairs for a foreign car?"

"Repairs?" echoed Mrs. Tweedy in a shocked voice, "you don't suppose, my dear man, that we shall need repairs?"

"Oh no, indeed not—certainly not—merely a technical question," luckless Billy parried, realizing that he had made another distinct faux-pas.

"Really, what could Billy have been

thinking of such ghastly things for?" said Grafton, who was by now settling himself in the tonneau with Clementine on one side and Mrs. Tweedy on the other. "He's as bad as the seasoned old sea fellow who sat around the quarter deck telling ship-wreck stories. Everybody began to have the most terrific sensations of uneasiness, and withdrew to their cabins with headaches."

"Let's have no head-aching stories this trip," said Clementine, eying Billy.

Billy subsided cheerfully into the folding seat in the tonneau, whereat the party flew out of the portals of the Tweedy estate, and took to the high-road, everybody crying, in one breath, "Isn't this jolly?"

#### $\mathbf{IV}$

Old Silas Flipp slept poorly. Clementine had been gone, now, for three days. He was troubled by a nightmare in which a fellow was trying to buy his daughter with a check for ten cents. He was in a motor car, with an impertinent waiter, speeding through the hotel dining room; after narrowly averting several collisions, with a crash they upset a table, Silas's own table, in fact—he recognized it. Coincident with the crash, Silas started and woke, finding himself acutely conscious of his stomach, and as he had an extremely large area of stomach, the pain was far from inconsiderable. Silas swore softly to himself and took a pill from the bedside table. Looking at his watch, he observed it was five in the morning. His first thought was, "Clem's gone! Sha'n't see her for two weeks. Devil of a long time. He felt rather detached. irresponsible, unlinged. Clementine was the third point needed to determine his mental plane—as it was, he could only find two, one the awareness of his pain, and a host of disgruntled thoughts. He got up and made a motion to ring for his man, but he changed his mind, dressed himself in a business suit, and left the house in search of adventure.

To be continued in the April number.

#### "WESLEYAN SPIRIT"

(From The Wesleyan Literary Monthly.)

Wisconsin students will find a fine local application in the following paragraphs. To make it the more plain, change the word Wesleyan to Wisconsin. Then read:

"College men are inconsistent. Take the following case. A man who is intensely religious and who has no sympathy but only bitter condemnation for his erring comrades is generally branded narrow minded. How often is the immoral man who openly scoffs at everything religious and is bitter toward the church regarded as narrow minded by his associates as a whole? This happens because collegians refuse to think for themselves. The tendency in every college is towards an average type. Individuality is constantly being rubbed off to conform to the average. A freshman enters college undeveloped but individualistic. He leaves a college man, which means that he wears college clothes, has absorbed college customs and mannerisms, and has adopted a collegian's mode of thinking on all subjects—in short, has moulded himself to

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the average. If a freshman does not smoke, influences bear strongly on him to do so. If de doesn't swear, the constant swearing of the upper classes is bound to affect him. His efforts at conversation are not successful in a general group if he brings up a serious topic.

"This narrowness and confusion of thinking is partly the cause of another factor which operates against the best college spirit. This is the part of fraternities in college life. Many place the fraternity before the college in their allegiance. To them the college is only a field in which to gain honors for their chapter. They readily support activities in which their brothers are engaged, but are lukewarm towards those in which they are not. This, it seems to me, is a very selfish standpoint to take and quite illogical. The college and fraternity aims do not conflict, but are really co-ordinating. The fraternity was founded primarily to develop closer friendship between congenial comrades. It was not founded as a political machine. The college is a broader and greater group than any fraternity can hope to be and has wider aims. It is perfectly possible, therefore, for the fraternities, working inside the college body, to achieve their purposes and at the same time leave all college affairs free from interference. This would make progress much easier and more rapid. As the situation stands now, many a move is not made in class or college matters simply because of fear of getting one's fraternity antagonized by other fraternities. This fact often stagnates Wesleyan life. Let us try and realize the oft quoted motto, 'Wesleyan first, the chapter next."

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