



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## The Wisconsin magazine. Volume X, Number 8 May 1913

Madison, Wisconsin: The Wisconsin Magazine Association,  
Incorporated, May 1913

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



THE  
WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE

Volume X

MAY, 1913

Number 8

Tenth Anniversary  
Number

WINSLOW	WEBB
BIRCHARD	JORDAN
HILL	SCHAUS
DRESBACH	HOYER
JONES	WELLS

Walt Louderback

LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

# **Remember**

---

---

**We paid back  
20 percent in trade  
or  
12 percent in Cash**

**This year to  
Co-Op Members**

---

**\$2.50**

pays for a Life Membership and a  
free fountain pen.

Have you joined?

**THE CO-OP**

**R. E. BOLTE, Mgr.**

508 State St.

2nd Bookstore from Campus

# Flowers! Flowers! Flowers!

**OH! YOU CHRYSANTHEMUMS**  
Best in the City

## House of Quality

*American Beauties* Short and With 50 inch long stems

*Tea Roses* Pink, White, Pearl and extra quality of Red

*Violets* Best in City

*Lilies of the Valley* Fresh Daily

*Carnations* All Shades and extra long Stems

Smilax, Ferns and Asparagus

Orders carefully delivered or shipped out of town

**SPECIAL FOR CORSAGE BOUQUET**

**NEW YORK FLOWER CO.**

**FULLER OPERA HOUSE BLOCK**

**PHONE 476**

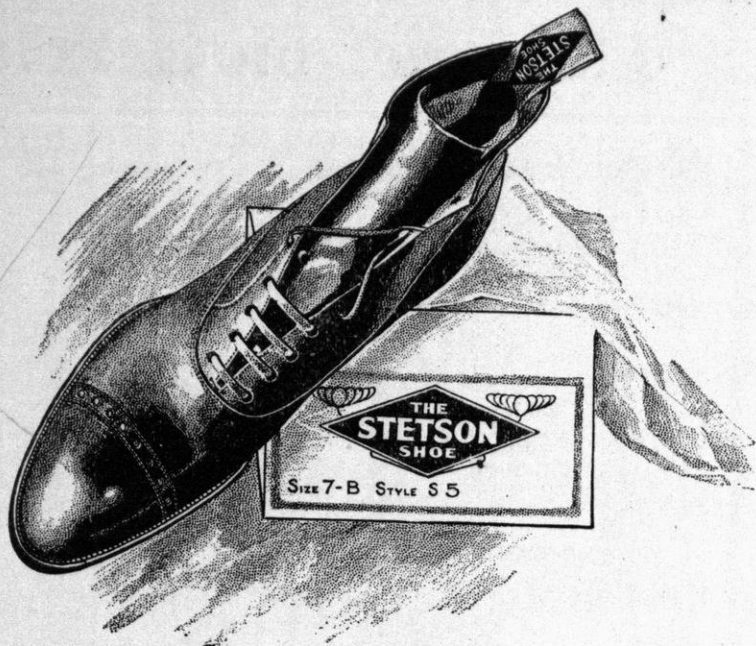
## Keep Your Photographs

Where you can look them over in years  
to come

Buy a Photo Album now, when you are  
just starting to take the spring and  
summer snap shots

We have a large line of good  
**ALBUMS from 25c to \$3.00**

**The College Book Store**  
**Lake and State Sts.**



**Hand Welt**

French Wax  
Calf on English  
last.

The Imported  
Tan Russia Calf.

**A. E. AUSTIN & CO.**  
13 South Pinckney Street

**Managing your property  
now, or as trustee after  
your death, is our  
business**

Ask for Book  
"Who Inherits Your Property"

**CENTRAL WISCONSIN  
TRUST COMPANY**

**MADISON, WIS.**

L. M. HANKS, President  
MAGNUS SWENSON, First Vice-President  
JOHN BARNES, Second Vice-President  
FRED M. BROWN, Treasurer  
B. J. HALLIGAN, Secretary  
T. R. HEFTY Assistant Secretary

Specialty in

**Student Furniture**

OFFICE and STUDY DESKS

412 State Street

**BAILEY FURNITURE STORE**

**Williamson Auto Feed  
Fountain Pen**

250 STYLES—ALL PRICES

**The Perry Pen Co.**  
Milton, Wis.

Madison Candy  
Company



Famous Bitter Sweets

Special Brands are  
our APEX put up  
in one-quarter, one-  
half and one-pound  
boxes, and Capitol  
Chocolate Creams

Try our "Wellington"

They Are The Finest You Ever Ate

Nelson & Polk  
Decorators

We make a specialty of fine interior  
Wall Paper and Paint Decorations

Window Shades  
Picture Frames, Etc.

218 EAST MAIN STREET

*There's a Reason—*

**For the Popularity of Al's Candies**

Al has given his whole life to the making of candy.  
He is an expert. Moreover, he knows what the  
students demand, and gives them candy that is

**Fresh Every Day**  
**Absolutely Pure**  
**Made in Sanitary Kitchens**  
**Neatly Packed**  
**Delicious to the Last Taste**

**We furnish cider for smokers**

***Schwoegler's Candies***

**The Product of an Expert**

Phone 922—Try One of BEN'S STEAKS, They Are Great, 120 West Main

The  
**Merchants and Savings Bank**

is the  
*University Depository*

Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, 7:30 to 9 o'clock

**.. OLSON & VEERHUSEN COMPANY ..**

This Store is the Home of  
**HART SCHAFFNER & MARX**  
**FINE CLOTHES**

The clothes that are tailored to Fit—and stay Fit

We are always pleased  
to quote prices on

PRINTING AND STATIONERY  
ENGRAVED CARDS AND INVITATIONS  
OFFICE SUPPLIES

Parsons Printing and Stationery Co.  
Madison, Wisconsin

**Trunks for Studes**



Best and Largest Assortment in Madison

Repairing Promptly  
Attended to

**WEHRMAN'S LEATHER GOODS  
STORE** Opposite Majestic

Phone 666

16 KING STREET

**KENTZLER BROS.**

**Livery**

**MADISON, WISCONSIN**

Telephone 65

Who keep the "Best Equipped Livery" in the State (no exception), and meet all the requirements of fashionable driving. To this fact is due their widespread popularity. A fine stock of vehicles and well-bred horses constantly on hand for your pleasure.

Phone 922—Get a "Square Meal" at BEN STITGEN'S, 120 West Main

## **Creations of Beauty**

Aptly describes the new shapes we are displaying in Trimmed Hats. Decidedly novel creations in a wealth of styles and a variety of shapes that is almost bewildering.

## **Wearing Apparel**

Cleverly tailored creations in Suits and Coats, Beautifully Fashioned Dresses, Handsomely Designed Waists and Skirts making a most comprehensive display of Ladies' wear. You ought to see our superb showing of Lingerie and colored Wash Dresses for Misses' wonderfully attractive styles. New Weaves, New Colorings and New Designs.

# **BURDICK & MURRAY COMPANY**

**THE  
Simpson  
· GARMENT CO. ·**

*"Women's and Misses Outfitters"*

### **Authentic Summer Apparel**

Well dressed women recognize that the best materials and most careful tailoring or manufacturing cannot make distinctive merchandise, if the design has no individuality. Our Women's and Misses' Wearing Apparel has a charm that is instant in its appeal. We suggest a visit—today.

**Sensible Prices Prevail**

## **Special Attention**

IS GIVEN TO CATER TO THE

## **Appetites of Students**

**TICKETS GOOD AT  
TWO PLACES**

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Lawrence's Lunch**

532 STATE ST.

1307 UNIVERSITY AVE.



Take Prescriptions to Lewis Drug Store.

---

**A. D. & J. V. FREDERICKSON** GENERAL CONTRACTORS  
**PINE, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD LUMBER**  
**MANUFACTURERS OF BUILDERS' MATERIAL** **MADISON, WIS.**

---

*Old Students Know, New Students are invited to*  
**Carl Thomas Studio**  
Photographer

---

**B U C K M A S T E R**

College Pins  
Fraternity Pins to Order.

**Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry**

College Trophy Cups  
Medals as Per Design  
Souvenirs, Etc., Etc.

**Mendota Block**

*Exclusive Millinery*

**Coyne Hat Shop**

*10 South Carroll*

---

**The old saying: "A stitch in time  
saves nine"**

We can save you money on your Spring  
Suit, if the order for same is left with us.

Come in and see us before placing an order

Yours for service,

*Archibald*  
**228 STATE ST.**

228 State Street

E. C. Tetzloff, Mgr.  
Phone 2211

---

Take Prescriptions to Lewis Drug Store.

# W. J. HYLAND Stehr & Walter



## PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER

Latest improved Bath Tubs, Water  
Closets, Pumps, Lead Pipe,  
Iron Sinks, Etc.

*Jobbing Promptly Attended to*

115 E. DOTY STREET

TEL. 710

Near King Street

CAPITAL CITY  
MEAT MARKET

422 State Street

## Choice Meats

We make a specialty of catering to the  
fraternity and boarding house trade.

If you want good meats and choice  
cuts, give us a trial.

Retail and Wholesale

Phone 2905



## Office Desks--Office Files

Wedding Outfits at the Close of the Year

Prom Boxes Furnished

## Haswell

## Furniture Company

CLAYTON W. HASWELL, President

THE HOME OF GOOD FURNITURE  
Madison, Wis.

THE HUB  
MADISON, WIS.

# WHY?

THE YOUNG MEN'S FAVORITE  
CLOTHES AND SHOE STORE?

There's a Reason—



# STAHL

HAND MADE

## MANDOLINS GUITARS

Pure in Tone

Perfect in Workmanship

*Wisconsin Music Company*

20 N. Carroll Street

---

ESTABLISHED 1854

## Conklin & Sons Company

COAL, WOOD and MENDOTA LAKE ICE

Cement, Stucco, White Lime, Hair & Sewer Pipe

Main Office: 24 E. Mifflin St.

Madison, Wis.

---

## F. A. Bridge Company

CAPITAL \$150,000

Municipal  
Public Utility  
Drainage  
Railroad  
Irrigation

# BONDS

Real Estate, Mortgages, Investments

105 W. Main Street

Madison, Wis.



# Madison Musical College

KRONCKE BUILDING

State, Carroll and Mifflin Streets

Fletcher Wheeler, Director

Offers Courses Under Eminent Teachers

Teachers Certificates / / Diplomas

## FACULTY

VOICE  
Fletcher Wheeler

VIOLIN  
Willy L. Jifte  
Nellie Bentley

VIOLONCELLO  
Carl Brueckner  
Chicago Orchestra

PIANO  
Ottokar Malek  
Hazel V. Alford  
Marie S. Holst  
Mary Dodge

ORGAN  
Fletcher Wheeler

MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO  
Annie M. Lyon

THEORY, HARMONY, COM-  
POSITION  
Marie S. Holst

Pupils may begin at any time

## GRIMM'S BOOK BINDERY

FLAT OPENING BLANK BOOKS

MAGAZINE BINDING  
AND LIBRARY WORK  
A SPECIALTY

Telephone No. 469

State Journal Block, Fourth Floor  
115-123 SOUTH CARROLL STREET  
MADISON, WIS.

WHEN YOU ARE  
H U N G R Y

DROP IN AND LET US  
SERVE YOU

WE SERVE THE GOODS THAT  
MEAN YOU WILL

COME AGAIN

—TO—

CHARLIE'S

425 STATE ST.

Phone 113

The  
**First National Bank**  
**Madison, Wis.**

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

**Capital, Surplus, and Undivided  
Profits \$410,000.00**

**Resources over \$2,500,000.00**

Transacts a general banking  
business. Issues Travelers'  
Cheques and Letters of Credit  
good in all parts of the world.  
Interest paid on savings accounts  
and time certificates of deposit.

ESTABLISHED IN 1890

**Savings Loan & Trust Co.**

**CAPITAL \$250,000; SURPLUS, \$50,000**

The oldest Trust Company in the  
State of Wisconsin

**Pays 4 per cent For Money**

Debentures, Certificates, Savings, Trusts  
Real Estate Loans.

**Officers and Directors:**

E. B. Steensland, Pres. and Treas.  
W. A. P. Morris, 1st Vice Pres.  
J. G. O. Zehnter, 2nd Vice Pres.  
W. A. Henry. A. F. Menges.  
E. F. Riley, Sec'y. and Trust Officer  
I. M. Kittleson, Asst Sec'y.  
W. D. Curtis, Anthony Donovan,  
A. O. Fox, Herm. Pfund

**DO YOU  
HAVE YOUR CLOTHES MADE  
TO ORDER?**

IF YOU DO WHY NOT HAVE THE  
BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES AT THE  
PRICE.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND  
MEN WORE ROYAL TAILORED TO  
ORDER CLOTHES LAST YEAR.

THERE'S A REASON.

**Spring Suits and Overcoats 18. to 35.**



"Where quality tells and  
price sells."

**YOU CAN HAVE YOUR**

**Suits Pressed==25c**

**BY BUYING A COMMUTATION  
TICKET AT**

**Badger Company**

**Tailors and Cleaners**

521 State St.

Phone 365

**Dodo & Foso**

# The Wisconsin Magazine

Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

VOL. X.

MAY, 1913

NO. 8

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>Death and the Vagabond</b> —Glenn Ward Dresbach	2
<b>Editorials</b>	3
Throwing off the Bondage	
What's the Use	
Hamlin Garland	
Welcome, Alumni	
Adieu, et Bon Voyage	
<b>Alien</b> —Alice L. Webb	5
<b>Tomorrow</b> —Horatio Winslow	6
A pretty little idiosyncrasy from a writer who is making Wisconsin famous	
<b>Jud</b> —Irving Schaus	7
An intense narrative of particular interest to university readers	
<b>A Mistake</b> —E. H.	15
<b>Outside</b> —Ralph Birchard	16
A short contribution from a reformed Sphinx humorist, it sort of strikes home	
<b>Rivers that Hide in the Ground</b> —Glenn W. Dresbach	17
<b>The Cub Lands a Big Story</b> —Chester Wells	18
Still another story about that much maligned individual—the newspaper apprentice	
<b>Pan's Song to a Wild Flower</b> —Glenn W. Dresbach	19
<b>Restlessness</b> —Theodore R. Hoyer	20
<b>The Athletic Reformation at Wisconsin From the Inside</b> —E. S. Jordan, '05	21
Some interesting facts given to the public for the first time by the man who was behind the movement	
<b>Archibald Jones' Clothes</b> —Howard Jones	25
What happened to Archie. How would you like to be Archie?	
<b>The Road</b> —Willard Weaver Rusk	34
<b>Passionate Avoidance of Bucking</b> —George B. Hill	35
Something from the other side. Student activity is not entirely to blame, affirms Hill	
<b>The Everlasting Pardner's Tale</b> —Chester Wells	37
There are only seven plots in the world, and this is one of them.	
<b>The Wisconsin Idea In The Theatre</b> —Percy Mackaye	38
An article taken from the first issue of The Play Book, the new drama publication sponsored by Professor Dickinson and the Wisconsin Dramatic Society	
<b>Lyman on Debate Remedies</b> —Harry J. Koch, '15	39

Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the center entrance to Main Hall, or contributions may be mailed to the editor, and subscriptions to the business manager. The management is not responsible for the non-delivery of the magazine if the address of the subscriber is changed without notice.

Entered at the Post Office, Milton, Wis., as second class mail matter.  
Published at Milton, Wis., by The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated.  
Monthly from October to May, inclusive  
Madison Office, 521 North Henry Street, Phone 1684  
Copyright



**"How many pairs of 'Holeproof' are you taking, Nell?"**

**"Only six—that's enough—they will all keep silky, stylish and perfect, without a break or tear, until Spring."**

GOING AWAY—OR STAYING at home—Autumn demands trim, neat, stylish Holeproof Hose. Hose that feel good, and are the latest fashion in snugness and color. Hose that wear.

Heavy autumn shoes are hard on dainty hose. Holeproof Hose end the nuisance of "looking them over" when they return from the laundry. Half a dozen pairs of silky, lustrous Holeproof Hose equip anybody—grown-ups or children—for six months' steady, constant wear.



FAMOUS  
**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hose are cotton or silk. We get our silk from the north of Japan. We make it up into beautiful silk "Holeproof" for both men and women. We guarantee three pairs for three months. These silk hose thus last much longer than some of the brands of heavier cotton hose. They give you silk hose with economy.

We use in the cotton "Holeproof" yarn made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest yarns sold. We pay the top market price—an average of 70 cents to the pound. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. But our yarn is three-ply, light weight and strong. Six pairs of cotton are guaranteed six months. We make them for men, women, children and

infants. One must be careful to see that he gets the genuine, the original guaranteed hose, if he wants the same satisfaction that these million wearers get. The genuine bears the signature, "Carl Freschl" on the toe. Be sure that you see it.

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Prices for cotton goods are \$1.50 to \$3.00, according to finish and weight. Six pairs guaranteed six months. Silk "Holeproof" for men cost \$2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. For women, \$3.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months.

**Write for free book  
"How to Make Your Feet Happy"**

**Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.**  
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada.

*Are Your Hose Insured?*



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Office, 1906  
Carl Freschl



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Office, 1906  
Carl Freschl

The  
**Wisconsin**  
**Magazine**

**Vol. X.**

**May, 1913**

**No. 8**

*IT HAS been a labor of happiness—a task of joy—this service as editor of your college literary monthly. It has been prolific of many fallings-down, and it has produced many heart-aches. It has not been the magazine our fond day dreams a year ago pictured. But withal, you have repeatedly told us that the Wisconsin Magazine was improved this year—that it was worthy of the university whose name it bears. We are thankful and very happy.*

Chester Wells, '13, Editor

ASSOCIATES

Charles Robert Roter, '13  
Alvin Hermann Kessler, '13  
Carl Frederick Gustave Wernicke, '13  
Will Thornton Gilman, '15

Roger Dod Wolcott, '13  
Edna Murray Ketcham, '13  
Belle Filgelman, '13  
Edwin Stanley Hollen, '15

Arthur Wood Hallam, '14  
William Adolph Freehoff, '14  
Charles Thomas Anderson, '14  
Howard Jones, '14

Myron Arthur King, '14, Business Manager



## DEATH AND THE VAGABOND

By Glenn Ward Dresbach, '12

Editor Wisconsin Magazine, 1910-1911  
Well Known Contributor to Popular Magazines

**S**AID Death unto the Vagabond,  
"I am the King of Tears;  
And I have broken mighty hearts  
And torn away the years  
From puny hands that would hold fast  
Each precious moment to the last.

"Soon I will stay your wandering heart,  
That roamed so far of old,  
Within a narrow, moldy house  
Where all is still and cold,  
Where worms creep in and bear away  
The flesh that is so proud today."

Then said the Vagabond to Death,  
"You cannot do your will.  
Go, cage me in your narrow house—  
My soul goes singing still.  
Someone who lives at morn shall hear  
The song I sang another year.

"O cage me in your moldy house  
Where worms may come and go;  
I shall not feed alone the worms—  
For me some flower will blow  
Because my proud flesh in the earth  
Gave strength unto another birth."

Said Death unto the Vagabond,  
"How dare you scorn me so?"  
"Feeder of heaven and of hell,"  
The Vagabond laughed low  
"See yonder on the hillside gay  
A child that kissed my cheek today!"



# EDITORIALS



## THROWING OFF THE BONDAGE

**T**HE great newspapers of the United States are great because they have the confidence of their readers, a confidence which has only come by persistent and careful seeking after truth, and the unbiased publication of that truth, hurt who it may. No longer is the scoop the acme of achievement for the great journal. Porch-climbing methods of news getting are cast aside. Social service journalism which administers the "ounce of preventative" is the journalism which makes one Chicago newspaper worth eleven million dollars when its physical assets are scarcely valued at more than one million. Service journalism is the kind that, embodied in a Detroit newspaper, carried Michigan for a progressive president and a democratic governor. Truth and Service have come into their own, and America's greatest institution, the press, is emerging from the fever marsh of bribery and corruption.

If one could epitomize the cheering message of each of the national speakers before the recent convention of Sigma Delta Chi Journalistic Fraternity at Madison, and present a composite epitome of each of the individual thoughts, it might be something like the above. No overbudding optimist would interpret the remarks of Hon. Joseph E. Davies, Commissioner of Corporations, as denying any wrong with the press, but

his tribute to the squareness of newspaper men to him as manager of President Wilson's western campaign was unmistakable.

Professor Ross, purposely taking the opposite position, could but admit that reform was taking place. Richard Lloyd Jones proved this great public awakening in his admirable exposition of the work of the national press. Hamlin Garland, famed writer, showed that success in literature came only through truth and service in literature. Lee White of the Detroit News, knowing absolutely, whereof he spoke, added the inside testimony that could only be offered by an editor associated with a great service newspaper.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the press—and we all have our shortcomings, even the lawyers, the doctors, the legislators, and the clergy—the future is far from black, and the American nation even today, has its greatest hope in the increasing number of journalists that are gentlemen.

---

### WHAT'S THE USE?

We had virtually completed a lead editorial for this final number of the Wisconsin Magazine of the year, on the progress of student self government. We have been here coincidentally with the first college generation of applied self-govern-

ment, and we have seen the bitter contests and warm factionalism it has bred. We had intended to review the history of the abolition of hazing, the institution of the student court, the war that followed the suspension of ten students for hazing in our sophomore year, the attempt to float an honor system, the successful attempt to gain control of the Union board, the refusal of the conference, concurred in by the president of the university, to have its powers defined, the regents action on the student court charter, the resignations of the court, the final capitulation of the regents. At the end we intended to ask the question, "Is It Worth While?" As we finished the second draft of the editorial, we asked ourselves the question, and decided, "No." Anyway, we feel that the editorial will be fully as effective in the waste basket to which we consigned it, as if it had been printed. Good-bye, Student Self Government, Forever.

---

#### HAMLIN GARLAND

To the famed son of Wisconsin, the plainsman who struggled through adversity to early success in contemporary literature and then took up arms in behalf of the weaker ones who had surrounded him on all sides, we voice Wisconsin's sincere admiration and love. Hamlin Garland, cursed a decade ago because of the truthful pictures of country life he produced, today stands enthroned high in the annals of American writers and in the love of his people. Hamlin Garland, virtually the first to write about Western life, has come into his own, Hamlin Garland has been a great servant of his country.

#### WELCOME, ALUMNI

The Wisconsin Magazine, your magazine, welcomes your contributions to its final number of its tenth year—its anniversary. To you who have gone out and distinguished Wisconsin by your literary achievements, and your business successes, Wisconsin owes you a great debt which The Wisconsin Magazine joins in acknowledging. To you, Horatio Winslow, Ralph Birchard, Irving Schaus, George Hill Alice Webb, Glenn Dresbach, Ned Jordan and Ted Hoyer, we especially extend thanks that the spirit of Wisconsin moved you to respond so willingly to a call from her, even though it was but the humble appeal of her literary magazine.

---

#### ADIEU, ET BON VOYAGE

Ten years of active successful existence as a college literary magazine has served to establish The Wisconsin Magazine, we believe, for all time. In completing the tenth year, our duty would conventionally be to delicately review our past accomplishment, and prophesy for the future. But we believe that The Wisconsin Magazine is now able to stand for itself, and consequently, self eulogy would be properly out of order.

The Wisconsin Magazine is drawing to the close of the most successful year of its existence. To the members of its staff, both business and editorial, and to the cooperation of interested students and faculty members, it owes its accomplishment, and to them it owes much. It is our hope that unabated interest will carry the "Mag" as it is popularly known—and we rejoice in a nickname—to greater and greater success.

To the new editor, we hand over our

reins, and our sincerest best wishes. The task of the literary magazine of a great university is an important one, and must be squarely faced and fought. If there is any temptation that besets editors of literary magazines in our universities today, it is to journalize to too great an extent. Remember always, that to you almost alone, falls the duty of encouraging literary effort among the undergraduates of your uni-

versity. It is a responsibility that you may shirk without immediate consequences, but not without serious ultimate consequences to yourself and your Alma Matre.

No honor is to any man more than he makes it. To you editors and managers who are to conduct The Wisconsin Magazine during the coming year, we conclude by saying, Make The Honor A Great One.

Good-bye, and Success.

*Chester Wells*

## ALIEN

By Alice Lindsey Webb

Wisconsin Magazine, 1908-1910

**R**UN, little wind, among the forest trees  
 And gather all the bird song as you pass;  
 Take up the scent of clover, hum of bees,  
 As you go creeping through the waves of grass.  
 Steal up and catch the shadow of the cloud  
 That lies so cool upon the hot hillside;  
 Tune up your harp to play now low, now loud—  
 For, Oh, today I bring you home my bride!

I long that she should love this quiet place  
 As I have loved it, sun and wind and shower,  
 The moss-brinked pool made to reflect her face,  
 A thought of her in scent of every flower.  
 Oh, squirrel, make her love your elfish fun;  
 Sport in the leaves, and make her clap her hands;  
 And, meadow-lark, you merry-hearted one,  
 Pour liquid music over all the lands.

\* \* \*

She sees nor hears—her eyes are turned away,  
 Seeking the city's gaiety and glare.  
 What has she done to turn the skies so gray,  
 To make the wood and hillside bleak and bare?  
 Where are my birds? Why have they gone away?  
 My sweet-breathed flowers, too—why did they die?  
 The bees sought honey there but yesterday:  
 And, little wandering wind, why do you cry?

# Tomorrow

By Horatio Winslow, '04

Wisconsin Magazine, 1903-1904



THE nations have ceased making war. Repeating rifles have been beaten into pneumatic seed-blowers and Dreadnaughts are used solely for Sunday School excursions. What has happened to the fine old War Spirit, we inquire anxiously. Where now does it find its outlet?

By aero we come to a lonely isle in the Atlantic: in the center a boys' boarding school; near the cable station a hotel.

Two classes of inhabitants are evident: a) Schoolboys; b) Reporters.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon. The newspapermen are huddled in the center of the quadrangle into which the classrooms have just emptied the boys.

As we survey the tiny scholars, ranged in a large ring about the reporters, we are struck by their diverse appearance. High cheekbones, low cheekbones, round heads, long heads. Is it possible that we have here one boy from each nation of the world? It is possible. It is a fact.

The little Britisher starts things. "I got word today," he says reading from a despatch, "that my country's just built 42 Super-Super-Super-Dreadnaughts."

"That ain't nothing," retorts a chubby Montenegrin, "over where I live they built fifty of 'em this morning."

"Pouf!" interrupts the small Frenchman, "last night in Paris alone we built 640 new monoplanes and 365 biplanes. Now where are you?"

"Yesterday in my fatherland we invented a gun that can hit any airships," chimes in little Fritz Deutschland.

"But we invented a wireless thingamajig that can blow up a gun like yours from fifty miles away," says Ivan.

"Yes, and we got a million of those things and a million of the best ships in the world and a million guns that are a million times as good as any other guns and a million of everything else," says little Johnny Paraguay dreamily. He is suspected of smoking too many cigarets on the sly.

"What do all these things matter? What are guns compared with men?" declaims the Japanese youngster. "My country has the best fighters in the world."

"Except us," insists the China boy.

"Aw rats!" says the American kid, "my big brother can lick your big brother and my father can lick your father and my folks can lick your folks."

That ends the conference for the day; the representatives of the nations whoop away to the football field; the reporters cable home the news; and in each and every country Boards of Strategy tie on big, plumed, gold-laced hats and figure out fresh fish-stories to telegraph the boys the next morning.

And the world rolls on knee-deep in universal peace.

Ah, happy, happy age!

# JUD

By Irving Schaus, '07

Wisconsin Magazine, 1906-07

"IT WAS certainly a blunder, and my dear old alma mater had to suffer for it. Every man in this world, more or less, has one regret, and this is mine. It is eradicable \* \* \* Pass the bottle."

"Big Bill" Everetts, Sheriff of Couer d'Alene County, Nevada, poured out a glass of raw whiskey, and studying it discreetly for a moment, went on with his recital:

"Believe me, had I thought for a minute that Jud, the spectacular drop-kicker of the Varsity, would see me sitting there in the grand-stand at that particular moment, in full view, with my eyes riveted on him, I sure would have wished myself out, here at this table instead of back there where I could have reached out my hand and touched him, so near was I \* \* \* Poor Jud was a child of fate, pure and simple, and his fatality right there and then was predestined. He couldn't escape."

The sheriff drank his whiskey slowly, and then replacing the glass on the table allowed his eyes to remain fixed on it.

It was Saturday night, and in the Sunday School, the main saloon of Lowry Butte. We were sitting around a mahogany table (an intimate friend in the East had sent it to the proprietor) reflected the bottle, the whiskey glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. There was Marlowe, a promoter of mines, "Big Bill" Everetts, sheriff of Couer d' Alene County, Nevada, and myself, private-secretary to the former. We were on our way back to

the East and had stopped at the Sunday School for a night's lodging. The sheriff, leaning against the bar, had spied us alone in a farther corner of the room, and strolling over to our table, had introduced himself; in turn for which we had invited him to join us in a bottle.

For several minutes we remained in silence, pondering the words of the sheriff, and then lighting a fresh Murad, which he took from a box lying open on the table, Marlowe said:

"It's unbelievable when you say that Jud, as you call him, escaped convict, doing time for murder, and Jud, spectacular drop-kicker of the Varsity, are one and the same. It's paradoxical. It doesn't seem real that a fellow with a conscience like his would be following such an open, wholesome game as football. Rather should we look for him in the underworld. But you are the man on the job, sheriff, and far be it from me to dispute what you say."

"Big Bill" Everetts smiled faintly.

"That's all right," he said, "you have a perfect right to your opinion. But right or wrong, gentlemen, the memory of it all will ever be a blot on my escutcheon."

The sheriff leaned forward and stretched his arms at full length on the table, his eyes looking past those of his visitors.

"I try continually," he went on, gazing off into space, "to excuse myself by thinking that perhaps I wasn't bright enough to use sufficient forethought in my haste to

arrest him. What I should have done was to conceal myself from possible risk of him seeing me, and after the game quietly sought him out, arrested him, and brought him back here. As Jud said on the train that night: 'You could have accomplished your end just as well; nothing else would have prevented me from kicking that goal and thus winning the champ. But how else was I to act when I suddenly saw you there in the grand-stand, and knew what it all meant \* \* \*'

The sheriff finished his words with a touch of grief, visibly affected by quoting those of Jud. He reached out his hand for the bottle, but next moment withdrew it slowly.

We followed the movements of "Big Bill" Everetts like prisoners, with mutual understanding, awaiting their sentence.

After a brief interval, Marlowe beckoned to me to fill the glasses. We held them to our lips for a moment, waiting for the sheriff to join us, but seeing that he was wont to remain in a kind of stupor, we drank alone.

"Good God! men" "Big Bill" Everetts said, suddenly coming to himself, haunted-like, and then striking a note of earnestness, "I only tried to do my duty as I saw it. Do you think it was spite, the result of a mean disposition? I sat there in the grandstand \* \* \* like anybody else\* \* \* come back to see championship game \* \* \* didn't know Jud was there \* \* honest to God, men \* \* fate \* \* \* predestination \* \* \* no escape \* \*"

The sheriff ended his words as if they were wrought of steel, and peered at us for absolute acquittal to be extracted from the

very abyss of our hearts.

At this point the sound of plunging hoofs was suddenly heard approaching the Sunday School, and next moment a fellow, powerful of statue, dressed in the trappings of a cowboy, entered with an air of bravado and walked up to the bar.

"A raw whiskey, old top," he said to the proprietor, "with plenty of speed added, else I'll devastate this dam joint."

"Big Bill" Everetts, who was facing the bar, looked casually up at these bombastic words, and remarked simply to our questioning glances: "Just a rough-neck from one of the neighboring ranches, come in to bulldose a few."

"Here's down the valley," the cowboy said when he was served, and crouching far over the bar, supporting himself with his arms awide, began to imbibe his whiskey as if through a straw.

When he had finished, he sprawled against the rail and commanded the attention of the proprietor.

"Do you know, old top," he said, when the whiskey had time to stimulate his whole body, "this raw whiskey always makes me feel fit, makes me feel as though I could overcome anything."

"Why didn't you take some then the night Jud licked you in every round and made you take the count in the twenty-fifth," the proprietor said in innocent jocularly?

The cowboy suddenly lost his heightened feeling of conquest and glared in reply.

"Cut the charm, kid," he said. "A few more remarks like that and I'll show you I'm a man to be feared. Graves have been dug for less."

Feeling that he had placed himself in proper relation to the proprietor, he ordered another whiskey, and drank it with a certain amount of swagger that was meant to emphasize the words he had just spoken.

The fact that "Big Bill" Everetts, sheriff of Couer d'Alene County, Nevada, was present, precluded all thought of violence, so the proprietor seeing his chance to further amuse himself continued to pique his bombastic customer.

"All the 'boys' on the range," he said, "had great respect for Jud's fistic proclivities. Many thought him over-rated, but all those who investigated for themselves—discovered otherwise."

The cowboy received the shaft in full, but was too much of a bluffer at heart to put into effect the feeling of rage that rose in his breast. Two glasses of raw whiskey added to the stinging truth of the proprietor's words put him at bay.

"Don't associate my name with that of a lifer," he sneered.

The proprietor, to hide a slight confusion at this thrust, began to rub down the bar, but being quick at repartee, returned almost instantly:

"Even so," he said, "the 'boys' will always remember Jud as a hero; they can never forget that night at Custer, two years ago—"he shot a quick, significant glance at the cowboy, and then dropped his eyes to the bar again,—“when he stood over his fallen adversary, at the end of the twenty-fifth round, like a gladiator, his right hand raised by the referee in token of victory,—you get me, don't you, Phil?"

"Nor will they forget that night, too, almost two years ago, also, when he shot

down Jess Willard in cold blood," the cowboy made haste to reply, assuming an air of great retaliation."

"Simply because Jud was the quicker of the two," the proprietor returned suavely.

"The court didn't think so," the cowboy said sarcastically.

"Money, you mean," the proprietor amended. " \* \* Prodigal son. \* \* Rich father in the East, you know."

The cowboy became baffled at the telling attacks of the proprietor and lit a Mexican cigarette, to abide his time.

"Well, anyway," he said after a moment, in a broad, measured tone of finality, "guilty or not guilty, he got the 'pen' and there he'll stay for the rest of his days."

The proprietor stopped rubbing for a moment and looked penetratingly at the cowboy.

"I suppose," he said, "you're glad they caught him when he escaped that time?"

"Hell!" was all the cowboy said, in an air of disgust, and tossing a coin flippantly on the bar, strutted out of the Sunday School. Soon there was a metallic crack of a whip, followed by a sudden plunge of hoofs and then all began to gradually recede into a dying echo. The proprietor, finishing the bar, turned to the cash register and began to count his change.

The bravado of the one and the suave, disconcerting repartee of the other were said in loud enough voice for all of us to hear what had passed between the two.

The proprietor's noble defense of Jud, his loyalty, took a grip on "Big Bill" Everetts that made him spellbound, transported him. He remained like a man dazed, stupid.



What seemed to be several minutes of unconsciousness for the sheriff was finally broken by the monotonous call of a far-dealer in a farther corner of the room. He took his head into his hands and repeated half-aloud, as if to himself:

"Boys' remember him as a hero \* \* can't forget night at Custer \* \* \* standing like gladiator over fallen adversary \* \* \* right hand raised by referee \* \* \* token of victory \* \* \*." After a moment he looked up, and impressed us as a man who had just come out of a great anxiety. When he went on he seemed to be speaking to us from afar, like one whose lips you could see moving, but not hear what he was saying: "Great God, men, it was my duty to arrest him and bring him back \* \* \* owed that much to State \* \* \* solemn promise \* \* \* oath of office."

Leaning on our elbows, we listened to "Big Bill" Everetts with profound pity. He seemed to plead for absolute acquittal from any blame, a suspicion he felt that we must have borne, of participation in the downfall of Jud.

"I was at the ringside that night," the sheriff said after a long silence, without any effort at speech. At this point a man, apparently suffering ill-fortune at the wheel, walked abjectly across the room, loitered for a minute in the door-way, solitary and lonely, and then passed out into the night. His light, regular footfalls desecrated for a moment the interminable spell of the West, and then all returned gradually to a forboding stillness.

"Big Bill" Everetts seemed to be undergoing a strain, and then with an abysmal

effort that swelled every part of his body, he bent forward as if to shout, but with calm control checked himself and sank off into a motionless figure that helped only to add to the deep silence of the prevailing scene.

Abandoned to his mood for several minutes, he said finally, as if from a great distance:

"All through the fight he moved about with a bigness, a fullness of a gigantic figure walking across the tops of mountains. He seemed to embrace things. There was a fatality, the inevitable, to his movements, a regularity, that became a pall.

"A hushed, shadowy stillness hung over the on-lookers through it all, as if under the spell of death. They stared from their seats like so many corpses, and, when the end came they rose in silence and departed, in order, as if banished to exile.

"Talking to Jud that night after the fight, he told me in a subdued voice that he had purposely designed the battle to go twenty-five rounds. 'I meant to employ system throughout,' he said, 'and in that way I knew I was sure to win. No other end could be logical. I studied the other scientifically and saw that by attacking him in twenty-five different ways I could finish the fight as I had planned it. Each round was devoted to the accomplishment of one way,—and I adhered faithfully to my scheme.' That same night he was heard saying in a bar-room that, standing over his fallen adversary, he felt the referee raise his right hand and proclaim him victor without any emotion."

"Big Bill" Everetts buried his head in his arms on the table and remained in that

position for some time. He seemed to shiver from a paroxysm of pain. Finally he looked up at us with dazed eyes as if blinded by a bright sun. When he spoke his voice was hardly above a whisper. He said:

"I pleaded for Jud at the trial. I asked the State for clemency." At the sound of these words "Big Bill" Everetts seemed to grow dim and shadowy, as if returning to that scene in the court-room where Jud had sat, silent and immobile, on trial for his life. Suddenly he became himself again, instigated, perhaps, by a sudden suspicion that we might doubt the sincerity of his words. "But what could I do?" he went on, with controlled feeling. "The facts were there—witnesses, you know. One testified that sitting in a bar-room that night, several days after the fight at Custer, he observed Jud and Jess Willard playing poker in a farther corner of the room. He went on to say that they played in a kind of a subdued silence, making a move now and then with their hands as though they were playing a game of chess instead of a game of cards. He described the scene as if being enacted at a great distance, as a kind of pantomime. He concluded by saying that he was abruptly startled to hear Jud suddenly cry 'Thief!' at his opponent and both leap like a flash to their feet and draw their revolvers, followed almost instantly by a shot. Another witness, standing alone on the platform like a solitary figure on a desolate plain, was heard to say that Jud fired the only shot without the other even having time to aim; and that Jess fell to the floor and lay still without so much as the quiver of a muscle. Right through the heart \*

\* \* bullet and death simultaneous," the sheriff ended on his own account.

Big, powerful, and well-knitted, the strain from the recital of it all completely collapsed "Big Bill" Everetts. He sank down into his chair, huddled up like a thing of death. When the feeling had passed he gathered himself together and motioned to me to fill his glass. Leaning on our elbows, we noticed that his hand shook while he drank.

When he had replaced the glass on the table, he took his head into his hands and remained quiet for some time, the memory of it all combatting him with horror.

Suddenly he looked up as if startled by a great shock. He looked piercingly at us and then his gaze became calm.

"Good God, men," he said, as if speaking down a deep shaft, without raising his voice, "what was he to do? No alternative, you understand—quicker of the two his plea—brought out in the trial, you know"—bending far forward we were barely able to catch the final word "self-defense."

A lull followed in which "Big Bill" Everetts was again in the court-room. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, and grasping both sides of the table with his tense fingers, he leaned far forward into our very faces, his features rigid with fierce protest; and what was to have been a shout terminated in a voice subdued and stricken:

"Jury found him guilty—penitentiary for remainder of days—."

Returned to his chair the sheriff sat in gloomy despair. Several times he opened his lips to go on, only to close them again without making a sound. Finally, after a

spell of strained silence, he continued:

"Flowery speech, oratory, big words—all that sort of rot, influenced the jury. Directly the old man—capitalist in the East, it was said—learned of the shooting he came out here at once to the ranch where Jud was reforming—prodigal son, you know—bringing with him a rich man's lawyer." "Big Bill" Everetts' tone changed to one of mockery: "Silver tongue amazed jury-cowpunchers, homesteaders, most part. Fell for his line of talk."

The idea of unfairness played Jud at the trial which the sheriff tried to portray with all the earnestness of his soul, penetrated our very hearts, and with a sympathy virtually pouring from our eyes we met the yearning gaze of the other, attuning the three of us to a single understanding.

For several minutes we sat thus, the expression on our faces conveying what we could not put into words. At length "Big Bill" Everetts rose slowly from his chair and walked rather unsteadily to a nearby window, where he stood in a kind of gloom. Removing his big slouch hat, which revealed a thick mass of iron grey hair, he looked across the black prairie. We watched him intently, and with our ears alert for any sound, we heard him say something about "over there."

It was with a firmer step and a new light in his eyes that the sheriff, after a space, returned to the table and resumed his place before us. All the weakness, the remorse, the self-reproach, that he had displayed throughout the recital completely disappeared, and in its place shown the strength of a strong man at his best; and a moment later when he spoke his voice denoted a

tone of admiration for the bravery, the daring, of another. He thought to himself that he ought to smile at the realization of the feeling. However, he suppressed any such inclination, and said:

"I talked with Jud one afternoon in his cell, shortly after his imprisonment, and he told me that he couldn't stand the confinement much longer. Sitting on a stool in a far corner, wrapped in a kind of gloom, he mentioned the words 'injustice—self-defense—freedom.'"

"They only kept him a year. The warden informed me next day after his escape that Jud, waiting his chance, had climbed the wall and jumped, making his get-away under the fire of three guards. He remarked that they stood at regular intervals on the wall and lighted up the darkness—it was late at night—with sudden flashes of rapid firing."

"Big Bill" Everetts finished his speech with a shudder. The picture of Jud taking every chance to escape with certain death staring him in the face combatted him with horror. A sudden dizziness made him reel; but next moment he became clear and the look of awfulness that was depicted on his face changed gradually into a smile at the corner of his mouth: he thought to himself that to come out alive against such great odds was to crown himself with glory.

For an interminable length of time we remained in silence, all three of us too overcome with emotion to break the spell. When finally it began to verge upon a pall "Big Bill" Everetts, without any warning, like a bolt out of a clear sky, suddenly threw himself forward across the table, but

checking himself as quickly midway, his face, the picture of agony and imploring forgiveness, had intended to shout, but ended in a tone of despair.

"God! men," he said, taking his head into his hands, "when I think of all his hard luck, and then of the part I played in the final failure of his life, I feel like crawling away somewhere and dying." His voice became almost indistinct but audible enough for us to catch the words "remorse—unpardonable sin."

The recounting of his narrative had proved a trying ordeal for the sheriff. Being less resourceful than Marlowe, the latter motioned to me to fill "Big Bill" Everetts' glass.

This done, I set it tenderly before him, full to the top with the seductive liquid; and when he had finished drinking he seemed greatly revived and ready to go on with his story.

It was with a certain amount of outward satisfaction that "Big Bill" Everetts said that the State had lost all trace of Jud; that his disappearance was as complete as a spent coin. "Same as never been born," he ended.

At this point the sheriff showed plainly on his face a sudden transition of thought, summarily followed by an expression that foretold the coming of an episode that would tear his very heart strings to relate. He made a mental thought that to tell it would relieve the great strain which he was undergoing. He looked at us long and hard, though his gaze extended far beyond, at the end of which was being enacted, so to speak, in kinetoscopic form, an event that meant so much to him and so little to

us. He moved his lips several times to begin, but no sound was emitted. He said to himself that he must talk or he would be forced to shout from a pent-up feeling.

"If I had known then," he began, "what I know now, I never would have returned to B—to watch that championship game. Not that I would have shirked my duty in any case, for the trust that the State placed in me I hold as sacred as the memory of my dear mother. But what I should have done though, would have been to resign my job as sheriff of Couer d'Alene county, Nevada, mounted my pony, and ridden off into the West—where, what matter—" He formed a mental picture of a man, abandoned to his fate, his horse injected with much the same spirit, riding slowly out across the barren prairies. Apparently unmindful of our presence, and with a profound density of concentration, "Big Bill" Everetts watched such a spectacle gradually fade away, become a mere speck on the distant horizon, and then disappear altogether. For several minutes he remained under the spell of the imaginary scene, and then collected himself to go on with his story.

A new train of thought entered his mind, lighting up his face with the happiness of a school-boy, as he continued. He saw only the gala scene in the college town as he arrived that day of the big game at his alma mater.

"All the old grads there—grouped together—put arms around each other—gave yell."

The happy mood of the sheriff was infectious, for the position of remorse in which he had placed himself had elicited our genuine pity, and now to see him free

and easy again had its resultant effect upon us. Marlowe and I looked at each other approvingly. I filled the glasses all around and when we had set them down again I motioned to "Big Bill" Everetts to proceed with his narrative.

"Title between A—— and B——," he said. "Neither scored on that year—championship game, you know." From an utter lack of courage, a complete failure of words, he was unable to go on. Finally, with a pang, like a man making a confession that would sign his death warrant, he ended, "B—— placed confidence in star—— spectacular drop-kicker——dangerous before goal-posts——never miss."

The sound of these words fell with an explosion on his ears. Conscious of the part he had played in the downfall of Jud, they struck him as hypercritical. He experienced somewhat the feeling of one making an accusation against himself. He rushed, so to speak, from such a thought, driven by a torture of the soul at the realization of the truth. The conviction of it disconcerted him for a moment, but he checked himself and, resuming his former happy mood, continued with his recountal:

"We formed into classes and marched out to the field. I led our column and directed their way with a tarnished cornet from which all the keys had long disappeared." He thought to himself that it must have resembled a horn when he blew it.

"Big Bill" Everetts took his head into his hands. He seemed to be withstanding a shock of some kind. In a voice that was meant more for a whisper than a clear tone, he said:

"Little did I dream as I took my seat in the grand-stand, directly off the forty-five yard line, what fate held in store for me. Wasn't prepared for it, you know——lived on enthusiasm all day——awful blow."

The sheriff showed signs of collapsing under the strain of the long recital. The voice that was once strong and full now became almost feeble. He evinced a desire to be through.

"Why go into detail," he said, "on the story of that game. Suffice it to say that it was a colossal struggle, participated in by young titans. All through the afternoon they fought, silently and grimly, in the middle of the field for possession of the ball, with neither side gaining an inch. Offense and defense were admirably equal. When one side charged the other the latter amalgamated themselves into a veritable stonewall, somber, forbidding and unyielding." He recalled to himself the swish of moleskins as the players would spring into place to oppose an assault.

"Big Bill" Everetts was fast losing strength.

"It was in the last few minutes"——He stopped, unable to continue, and, after making several futile attempts to speak, he went on, "It was in the last few minutes of play——ball in middle of field——neither side scored——crowd jumping up and down in seats——waving arms and hats——yelling lustily." He said something about "Crying for touchdown."

Pure brute force enabled the sheriff to go on.

"B—— had the ball. I took out my watch to see how much time remained.—Two minutes. At this very point there was

a bewildering shifting of players, in the midst of which one of B—'s men darted out of the chaotic mass and started around towards where I was sitting on a quarter-back run. Didn't go far. Downed almost at my feet on forty-five yard line. Quick as a flash the men were in position again, the whistle blown, and the ball put into play. There was a last, noble display of offense and defense. It was a mob scene, as though the world were coming to an end, with life and death struggling insanely for the upper hand."

There was a sudden change of tone, to conform with the wild and hollow look in his eyes, his voice was subdued and stricken.

"Out of that conglomeration of players emerged a man as if by magic. He dropped back quickly to the proper distance, planted himself firmly, with his right foot slightly raised, and stretched out his arms impatiently for the ball, which was seen tossed to him.

"Everybody knew that he essayed a drop-kick as the culminating play of the game. Success would mean the championship for B—. And it was said that he never missed—Perfect training—natural ability.

"He caught the ball low and was about to drop it to his toe when—" "Big Bill" Everetts was swaying in his chair—"when

something inexplicable caused him to glance in my direction—good God! men, it was Jud. He saw me and recognized me instantly; he fairly wilted, quavered—knew what it meant. Oh the horror of it all!

"Mere flash of thought fatal delay—no time to drop-kick—other side pounced upon him—thrown to ground—layed out—prostrate under pile."

"Big Bill" Everetts dropped his head into his arms on the table, and from a slight shaking of the shoulders we knew that he had broken down and was sobbing quietly.

Marlowe and I looked significantly at each other. We deemed it best to depart. We rose noiselessly from the table, crossed the floor and began to ascend the stairs leading up to our rooms. At the top we stopped for a moment and looked around at the sheriff. He had gotten to his feet and, half walking, half staggering, was making for the doorway of the Sunday School. We watched him until he had passed out. The sound which became fainter and fainter, of a man walking away on gravel told us that he had gone. An empty bottle, rising sheer above several stained whiskey glasses, was all that remained to remind us of "Big Bill" Everetts and Jud.

---

#### A MISTAKE

By B. H.

I cherish you so fondly  
That you feel godlike, dear,  
And think I was born here  
To worship thee only . . .

# OUTSIDE

By Ralph Birchard, '10

Wisconsin Magazine, 1908-1909

**A** LONG about this time of year, when the Freshman's fancy is lightly turning to thoughts of baseball, the Sophomore's to thoughts of Bock and the Junior's to thoughts of love (using the word in its accepted undergraduate sense), the Senior's fancy is turning—not lightly but heavily and unwillingly to thoughts of getting a job—Outside.

He may feign to be light and gay—glad that this is his last year dawdling around the University—keen and eager to be up and doing in the real world—ready to go forth and collect the price of his board and room from things as they are—but secretly he keeps wondering what he is going to do and balancing the stories he has heard of cruel hardships with the other stories of splendid, easy success. He hears plenty of both kinds—all equally creditable.

One day he sees himself marching on to ample riches and a great name, trampling ruthlessly over the hosts of untrained, climbing with the speed of an agile monkey up the steep ladder of attainment to retirement from active management of his affairs at the ripe old age of forty. Not that he is particularly desirous of retiring then, but at the rate he has been going there will be nothing else left for him to do. Hence it will probably be best to retire gracefully unless his fellow citizens insist that he accept some office high in the councils of the nation.

But the next day there comes to him a

sickening realization of how few things there really are that he can do well enough to get money for doing them. Doing large things in a large way is easy enough—comes natural to him, in fact—but there do not seem to be any openings of that sort immediately available. All those jobs are held by old fogies who are afraid to give young fellows a chance lest they themselves be relegated to the scrap heap. And in the lesser walks of life such as collecting overdue bills, calling on the city trade, or dallying with the drill press from 7:30 until 6, he shudders to think of the competition he will encounter from rough-hewn youths who have been doing those very things every day for years. The bread line on a wintery night is not so impossible after all. They say one out of every ten men in it is a college graduate.

Thus alternating between doubt and exaltation it is reassuring to him to see the swarms of alumni pouring in along toward Commencement. Here are many men who have gone through the same things he is going through now. They have made good. They have succeeded. Not to any bewildering extent, it is true—only a few are national celebrities—but it is comforting to think that all these very ordinary grads are making a living. It inspires confidence to face the Outside.

Of course, there are exceptional Seniors to whom these remarks do not apply at all. There is the heir to the swollen fortune,

whose only worry is how to spend his time when his A. Mater shall have washed her capable hands of him. There is the Old Senior, who, as a Freshman, was older than most Seniors, with a fixed purpose and a clear-cut idea of what he came for and whither he is going. There is the precocious money-maker who knows that coin of the realm is always there if you but know how to get at it. But these are a small minority. The typical, the average Senior feels deeply that from now on he has his own living to make—and is not quite sure how to go about it.

If you have read this far you will now think: "Here is where we get some more advice to the sweet boy graduate." But you are mistaken. Candid self analysis compels us to admit we know so little more than we did when we were Seniors that any attempt to advise you would be presumption inexcusable. We merely say: Have all the fun you can in Madison this Spring—extract from wood and lake and life its last drop of joy—for Spring in Madison is a rare good season and, my young friends, you are going to be a long time—Outside.

---

### RIVERS THAT HIDE IN THE GROUND

By Glenn Ward Dresbach, '12

Rivers that hide in the ground,  
Feeding where Earth is free,  
Flowing without a sound—  
O where do they find the sea?

Rivers that feed the land,  
Unknown through the fruitful days,  
Bring gifts to the toiling hand—  
And who will sing their praise?

O God, I have felt their thrill,  
And the spirit that moves them on  
Doing the work of thy will—  
Yet when will they find the dawn?

O Rivers that flourish apart,  
Feeding all things above,  
Can it be there flows in my heart  
A hidden river of Love?





# THE CUB LANDS A BIG STORY

By Chester Wells, '13

**T**HIRTEEN times he called for the phone number—thirteen different times in the course of eighty minutes. And thirteen times he got the disheartening busy signal. What on earth could he do? Why, out of the seventeen trunk lines running into his newspaper's giant switchboard, could he not get a single connection in an hour and twenty minutes? He had his story at last; for three days he had sought to uncover it. His instructions from the cold, clammy city editor were not to show up until he could "produce the goods." Now he had "the goods" and he had been ready to deliver them for nearly an hour and a half, attempting to in fact, and the merciless crush of a great city's telephone system was most dishonorably thwarting him.

The cub knew that if he didn't get his story in within the next twenty minutes, it would be too late for the city edition, and another whole day would be lost before he could "produce." Frantically he tried again, and again and again. Sixteen times, by actual account, and no open line into the Herald office. What on earth could it be? Must be a bigger proposition doing down there than his story gave promise of being. Again he tried, and lo and behold, the familiar voice of the blond hello girl on the 42 private exchange responded. "Hook you up with one of the stenogs? Sure I will. That you Noisy. Where you been? Here you are."

To the stenographer at the other end of the wire the cub graphically told his story.

He was dictating it well, and it read well. It told how the owner of a severed hand had been sought when the member was found lying in an alley in the loop district of Chicago, and no one possessed any knowledge of how it came there. A plain gold ring on one of the fingers bore the inscription "J. Burns." There were fifty-four "J. Burns" names in the directory. But the cub had set hard to work, and just by accident had met a casual acquaintance, who for some unknown reason knew about the affair and tipped him off to where he could locate the owner of the hand. And interesting as it may seem, the hand had been severed eight years before in an operation. It had been preserved. Mr. Burns could never take off the ring, and being pressed for money just at this time, had started to a physician friend a few days ago with the hand, to get the ring, and subsequently some money. He lost the grewsome burden out of its package without noting it, and had come home without either his relic or the cash for the ring.

How his friend knew all this the cub did not care. He verified it, and now he shot it in over the wire at break neck speed. He had a good story and he knew it. Even the stenographer commented on it as she promised to rush it to the city editor. And his task finished, the cub strolled home, and retired, dreaming of the place that was to be his on the morrow, with his first big story in the first column.

Eagerly he scanned the paper the next

morning. There was only one story on the front page, and it was not his. An earthquake had happened at San Francisco. Nor did he find his story anywhere in the edition, nor any mention of it.

But the cub had a good news sense, and he knew that a story like the earthquake would crowd anything else out of any paper, so he did not despair. In fact he walked into the office the next afternoon rather complacently, and with an air of having performed a well accomplished task.

He sat down at his desk and lit a cigar.

Surprising the city editor over there didn't notice him, and congratulate him on his effort.

Suddenly the city editor sneezed. He turned a violently purple head to look around the room, and nearly collapsed with apoplexy when he saw the complacent cub. "You—you—you—nincompoop," he thundered. "Did you write that?" and he hurled a bundle of manuscript at the terrified cub. "The Tribune had that story two days ago. Get out of here forever."

---

### PAN'S SONG TO A WILD FLOWER

By Glenn Ward Dresbach, '12

**H**ERE I found you where the winds  
 Speak a language all their own  
 Here where no one seeks but finds  
 What gods have sown.

Here beside this woodland stream  
 Where my reed pipes sob and sing,  
 I am but a shape, a dream,  
 And you are king.

You have never piped a song,  
 Yet you wake a thousand songs.  
 You have never wrought a wrong  
 And know no wrongs.

Pity not a heart that burns  
 With the pain of great desire—  
 Pity only hearts whose urns  
 Can hold no fire!

Little, sweet-souled things like you,  
 All without a pondered scheme,  
 Speak to hearts when skies are blue,  
 And wake a Dream.

Little, wondrous things each day,  
 Seemingly without a plan,  
 Wake in uninspired clay  
 The Soul of Man!

## RESTLESSNESS

By Theodore Robert Hoyer

Editor Wisconsin Magazine, 1911-1912

**G**REAT God! Within me smold'ring still  
The dreadful fire of restlessness  
Disturbs my peace, and grips my will,  
And threatens all my happiness.

Confinement is to me a curse  
That strangles life and kills men's minds,  
And lets men grow like dwarfed furze,  
All thorns, not heart for human kind.

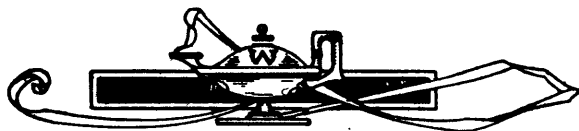
Give me the highways of the earth  
Where nations stand on common ground;  
Give me the highways of the earth  
That circle the wide world around.

I long to see the elements  
Rise in tempestuous fury high,  
And know that God's great covenants  
With mortal man can never die.

Where'er a human heart doth beat,  
And men have need of solace true,  
Where'er a friend can meet,  
There one will find Man's work to do.

Give me a life that grows beyond  
The formal shell that hides true life,  
And let me feel the common bond  
Of brotherhood in storm and strife.

I shall not rest until the day  
When I have helped a needy friend,  
And then, perchance, I'll find my way  
To restful worlds, worlds without end.



# THE ATHLETIC REFORMATION AT WISCONSIN FROM THE INSIDE

By E. S. Jordan, '05

Wisconsin Magazine, 1903-1905

The reformation of college athletics, which has radically changed the athletic history of many universities in the past eight years, was begun at Wisconsin in the fall of 1904 by Edward S. Jordan, then editor of the Daily Cardinal, now secretary of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, makers of automobiles. In the following letter he recalls some interesting incidents which will be remembered by the men who were at Wisconsin during his time. He reveals for the first time some facts which were not brought out then and which have never before been given publication.

**E**DITOR, The Wisconsin Magazine:  
I met Jim Blake, an old Phi Delt, on the train not long ago and with him Mr. Lowry, now an expert salesman, but at one time full-back on the Winona Normal football team.

We talked about hiring good salesmen and Lowry said, "If you want to get a real good man, find some fellow who has played football and played it fair."

Jim laughed and recalled the athletic upheaval at Wisconsin, saying, very kindly, "I believe it is now appreciated that the work of reformation done back there in 1904 and 1905 has produced the spirit which made possible the winning team of 1912."

I thanked Jim for this because I felt at one time that I was the most unpopular man who ever attended the University of Wisconsin. If time is going to prove that my ideas were right, I am going to be very proud of myself for I have often thought that I should have known better when I was twenty-one.

I shall not forget, although I remember with great pleasure, the attitude taken by

my friend, Tom Mahon, one of the first boys I knew at the university and always a booster for anything which I advocated.

Tom said that I had sold the honor of my Alma Mater for "thirty pieces of silver." This because I had written the story of Wisconsin athletics for Collier's Weekly. Had Tom understood my state of mind at that time, he would not have so flattered me. My only regret was that he so underestimated the price at which I gave my services. I really got fifty dollars a week and my expenses for writing the story, but I was sincerely interested in only one thing—the reformation of Wisconsin athletics. I would have given my services free to accomplish that end. The eastern publication, however, demanded facts about other universities.

It perhaps would be interesting to many who were at Wisconsin in those days to know how the idea of athletic reformation came to me and how it was fostered and afterwards became a national movement.

There are countless details which would be very interesting to people who knew the individuals concerned, but I cannot cover

all of these.

The idea took shape in my mind at a meeting of Iron Cross, then young, but I believe now the strongest organization of its kind at Wisconsin. We were talking about athletics and I think it was Sam Elmore, a very popular engineer and a Beta, who expressed an opinion regarding the attitude of certain men who refused to take orders from the coaches. Art Curtis was then in charge of the team and Eddie Cochems was his assistant. Nearly every fellow present told of some incident of insubordination on the part of players.

On the following day a young fellow I knew was denied admission to the university because of improper credits. At the same time information was brought to me that a football man had been admitted with very questionable credits.

I wrote an editorial for the Cardinal—the boldest and most brazen thing I think I have ever written. In fact, if I was president of the university today and any student dared to print such an editorial, I am afraid that I would be tempted to expel him from the institution, as a matter of general policy.

This editorial charged the faculty with admitting prospective athletic stars without proper credits, and I believe it contained the elements of fact. This aroused the faculty and when inquiries were made for my evidence, I had an opportunity to bring before the faculty the information which was rapidly coming to me. I was greatly surprised by the deluge of corroborative evidence which came from all quarters. Immediately I discovered that I had touched off a mine.

I was notified by the Cardinal association, which included several faculty members, that I was to be paid a salary as editor of the publication. These faculty men were not in sympathy with the admission policies. Such a thing had not been done before. Evidently someone was pleased. Then I began to receive letters from members of the alumni all over the country. Members of the teams began to come to me under cover of darkness. Some, against whom no accusation had been made, came to me in tears and told of athletic graft. No one wished to be quoted. But the evidence was voluminous and it dovetailed.

Then the graduate manager resigned suddenly. This started a panic. After that there was a constant stream of friends of athletes coming to my room to find out "how much Jordan knew."

One prominent athlete took me to his home and tried to make me talkative with beer. I guess I was in better training for that than he, for he was weeping on my shoulder when I left.

I printed an editorial in the Cardinal calling for more information. No student at the university at the time who was not directly connected with athletics could realize how much information, both reliable and unreliable, came to me during those first few months. I never printed one-twentieth part of it, chiefly because it concerned so many individuals who could not be said to be responsible.

"Hungry" Bill Hamilton, of the law school; a Delta Tau, and a very high class fellow, stood at my right hand during this time and encouraged me when I was being

threatened by members of the teams with all sorts of violence.

Charles McCarthy, whom I consider one of the most remarkable men ever produced by an American university, J. F. A. Pyre, President Van Hise, Dean Henry and numerous other faculty members who did not publicly appear as favoring the reformation, were all behind the movement. I was in constant conference with faculty members, members of the alumni and particularly students to whom I had given many of the most important facts.

During the first few months the tide was against reformation entirely. The students were radically opposed to the Cardinal policy.

Then an incident occurred which marked the climax of the movement at Wisconsin and cleared its path for all time. The fight continued long after that, but I knew when that night was over that the fight was won.

The friends of the old regime had determined not to wait for the meeting of the student conference committee to appoint delegates to the general conference of the alumni and students. I was one of the originators of the student conference idea and was the first secretary of that organization. I was determined that that body should take the first step toward arranging for the general committee to investigate the whole situation. I was equally determined that the Cardinal would oppose to the last ditch any movement to appoint a coach for the team or to lay down the policy for the ensuing year without considering the wishes of the alumni.

However, upon petition of the required number of members of the association (this

petition was signed mostly by underclassmen) the president of the association, who was with the opposition, called a meeting at Library Hall for seven o'clock in the evening.

On that afternoon I ran a double-leaded editorial on the front page of the Cardinal calling for student action.

I have written many advertisements since in an effort to pull inquiries from possible purchasers in other lines of business. I have sat up late nights trying to devise a method for getting a crowd at our exhibits of merchandise, but I never wrote an advertisement which got a crowd so quickly as that one.

At seven o'clock Library Hall was packed and the students were fighting outside to get in. Everybody thought there was going to be a fight. Some thought it would be with clubs and others thought it might be with words.

Dan Hoan, more recently city attorney of Milwaukee, and as courageous a fellow as I have met, came forward with an offer to take the floor for the cause, if necessary.

Ira Cross, now a professor at Leland Stanford, was in another part of the room and when the meeting began we had fellows stationed all through, ready to fight with words, if necessary.

This fact has never been made public, but on that night there were in Library Hall about fifteen strong arm men, as big and strong as the strongest that the opposition had mustered and many of the opposition were powerful men of broad athletic reputation. I really expected that there would be a fight, so I enlisted some of the friends I had made among the rail-

road men on the west side, while city editor of the State Journal.

The crowd knew that the fight could not start without one of the principal combatants, so they waited for my appearance and made a passage when, with "Hungry" Bill Hamilton as leader, we marched down to the front seats which had been reserved for us.

The president of the athletic association arose to announce that a call had been sent out for this meeting and, thinking to disconcert the writer, he made the statement that the call had been sent to the Cardinal for publication but that it had been refused. As a matter of fact, the call had been duly published in the Cardinal on that day.

I remember that my feeling was very strong upon this statement being made and I might have been inclined to deny it immediately, had not S. S. Gregory, for whom I had great respect, leaned forward saying: "Do not controvert that statement."

The president of the association announced that the meeting had been called for the consideration of athletic matters and stated that the subject was open for discussion. Our side was ready and we waited.

One minute passed. There was not a sound in the room. Two minutes went by and nothing happened. It was nearly three minutes, I afterwards learned, before there was a movement on the part of anyone. I can feel that nervous silence today when I recall that night.

Then Mr. Gregory leaned forward and whispered to Bill Hamilton—"Motion to adjourn."

The eye of every man in that crowded

house was on Hamilton when he arose. I knew that in that second of time the whole athletic reformation program at Wisconsin hung in the balance. I listened for the slightest sound. If anyone had yelled at that moment I am afraid there might have been a riot. I knew as well that if we won in the next few seconds we had victory in our hands.

Hamilton stood up. He was always impressive. He had a deep bass voice. I can remember him singing at convocation "Bonnie Sweet Alice, the Maid of Dundee."

He waited possibly three seconds. It seemed that no one in the vast crowd was even breathing. They hung upon his silence. Then he said, "It appears that there is to be no discussion here tonight of the athletic situation at Wisconsin; therefore, Mr. President, I move you we adjourn."

There was not a sound. It seemed as if our friends were waiting to give me the chance of my life. I took it, arose and said, "I want to second Mr. Hamilton's motion."

Then a great shout went up. It started with a roar in the gallery and there was a loud stamping of feet throughout the hall. In the tumult the president of the athletic association put the motion. His words were drowned in the noisy scramble for the doors.

I knew at that moment that all opposition of the athletic reformation at Wisconsin had been finally overcome. After this it was unnecessary to print the real facts behind athletic conditions, as the program moved forward rapidly.

My chief interest, therefore, in writing the series for Collier's Weekly was to cen-

ter attention upon other universities so that they too would be forced to reform and give Wisconsin a chance to meet them on an equitable basis. Finally, I want all Wisconsin men to know that I never was opposed to open professionalism. I would endorse summer baseball just as I would

endorse summer newspaper work which made the university possible for me. My quarrel was with the "mucker" and in more recent years I have met none at Wisconsin.

Yours very truly,

E. S. Jordan.

Kenosha, Wisconsin, May 5, 1913.

## ARCHIBALD JONES' CLOTHES

By Howard Jones, '14

**H**AKLUYT Avenue was an aristocratic street; a street of ancient elms and wide boulevards and broad walks and distinguished residences; a street whose creosote pavement was never profaned by sacrilegious express carts or iconoclastic furniture vans; a street where trim nurse maids loitered with well brought up children and colored mammies wheeled distinctly "nice" babies up and down its shady walks. Consequently Hakluyt Avenue was considerably stirred one bright summer afternoon by the advance of a violently checked suit of black and gray down the avenue. Beneath the ready made trousers, it is true, were a pair of vivid socks. The startled eye then traversed several feet of slim checkerboard trousers, noted the presence of a large—a very large—watch charm, ascended to a negligee shirt hidden beneath the charms of a geometrical shirt, climbed over a dazzling red neck tie, dwelt for an instant on the features of a young man encased in this festive raiment, and then rested on a soft fedora, also rectangular in pattern. The face was a prepossessing face—blue eyes, strong nose, firm chin, large, well-

shaped ears, reddish hair—and yet the general impression, the thing that made Hakluyt Avenue stretch its aristocratic neck almost to breaking, was an indefinable feeling that somehow a suit of excessively lively clothes had gotten out of its box and walked away.

But all this was lost on the offender. On the prepossessing features there was an expression of gloom. Eyes, ears, nose, lips—all were dejected. Life was a delusion, a sham—a funeral procession—a hollow mockery that, as the experienced knew, shrouded only the Silent Tomb.

Now Archibald Jones was ordinarily as cheery a clerk as could be found in all Zenobia, with South Zenobia thrown in. His mouth was usually puckered into a whistle and his blue eyes snapped a sparkling defiance at every doddering undertaker in town. But Archibald had received a shock. And this is the tale thereof:

Archibald Jones was employed in the office of the Eagle Milling Company as assistant head clerk with prospects of supplanting the chief whenever that worthy should decide to enter his well earned re-



tirement. The Eagle people could afford to pay efficient salaries. Archibald Jones, therefore, found himself at the age of twenty-six with a comfortable income, an assured position and a fair future. Being of a sociable nature but temperate withal, he was at first content with the society of his fellow employees, and when that palled on him, with evenings spent at the Y. M. C. A. But later the impulses of nature overcame his aggravated shyness; he lighted upon a certain attraction, a lawyer's stenographer, whom, because she was easy to talk to and didn't think a gentleman caller need monopolize the conversation, he favored with his society every Saturday afternoon and occasionally Sunday evenings. This had happened last winter and Archibald had fallen into the easy and delightful habit of spending his weekly half holiday in the presence of the aforesaid idol. Certainly she didn't seem to discourage him, and presently Archibald (whom she called Archie) found that he was very much in love, and yet not enough so to overcome his timidity and put the proper question. Though sure that at some distant and hazy date his intentions would crystallize as matrimonial, for the present he was content to drift delightfully along a current of Saturday afternoons. They became a habit with him; he began planning where he would take her (her name was Margaret, abbreviated to Madge, Potkins) Monday morning and wrestled with the problem until he solved it at the end of the week. He never asked himself how Madge might regard him; but with the unconscious selfishness of the retiring he took it for granted that there was a tacit understanding be-

tween them. On this particular Saturday afternoon he had mapped out a walk, a car-ride and tickets for a summer vaudeville. He mounted her steps on Sumner Street as usual and rang the bell. The door opened—but Madge did not appear to save him from the embarrassment of meeting the rest of the family. Instead, a sympathizing but candid sister of high school age with freckles and pigtail informed him that half an hour earlier a livery rig, driven by an insufferable young prig from Barlowe's Store (Archie supplied the description), a certain Harvey Hopkins, had arrived at the curb and his Idol, after being thrown into a prodigious flutter, had gotten in and disappeared. Under these depressing circumstances Archibald declined a well-meant invitation to come in and see "ma" and strode away with a curiously ill-founded rage in his heart. Of what avail to deck himself in his brand-new English suit—which Sumner Street discreetly admired? Of what avail his weeks of speechless devotion, his comfortable earnings, his two theater tickets? Jealousy invaded Mr. Jones's bosom and besieged by the imp-like hosts of that unsettling emotion he trudged away. Eventually he turned down Hakluyt Avenue, and the nurse maids tittered at him, though Mr. Jones neither knew nor cared.

After a bit, if he had noticed anything, he would have observed the strange contortions of a fat, little pony, hitched to a fat little trap, wherein sat—candor compels it—a fat little dowager and around which ran a fat little spaniel. This outfit was more or less stationary in front of a big stone house and it was the evident intention of the dowager, who had worked herself

into a ludicrous state of perplexity, to alight and enter. But every time she tried to leave the vehicle, the spaniel would yelp and run under the pony's legs in the most extraordinary manner, and the pony would shake his head and start off. Then his driver would fall back in the seat and after some argument check the mettlesome little steed after a progress of some ten feet or so. The repetition of this maneuver naturally drew the dowager farther and farther away from the house.

This excitement should have attracted Archibald's attention, but as he was then reflecting on the ease with which Potkins could be changed to Hopkins, it did not. The chances were that it never would. But as the fat little spaniel grew more excited he needed a larger field of activity, and he was consequently revolving around and around the trap like a gyroscope in ever-widening circles. In the course of his revolutions, his orbit cut the path of the meditative Jones. When the spaniel saw Archie it subsided into a stationary satellite and gave vent to a trio of self-satisfied barks. Now Mr. Jones was in an irritable state of mind; but without emotion of any kind, calmly and methodically, as one removes a stone from his path, he kicked the yelping dog out of his way. The injured animal grunted, rose gracefully and sat down again some two feet from Mr. Jones' toe. And at that moment the one word "Brute!" in indignant feminine tone floated down to Archibald and awoke him. He looked up.

The stout little dowager, taking advantage of the lull in the spaniel's activities, had gotten the pony pretty well in hand and

now sat erect in her trap, arms upraised and a rein in each hand, her eyes blazing wrathfully at the ashamed and startled Jones.

"Brute!" she again exclaimed, and her look seemed to transfix the recalcitrant clerk. Archie began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. He made his halting apologies as best he might. But the little dowager was a very suspicious body and sniffed contemptuously.

"I—I am very sorry," again stammered the diffident clerk, "I—I—"

The dowager cut him short. "Young man," she observed, and when she spoke she broke her sentences into precise little phrases—"You should be more—Careful—on the public street. And now for heaven's sake—go up to that—house and ring the bell—and tell them to send someone—down here—to hold this horse while I—get out."

The pony shook his head, as if to say he wasn't going to be held by anyone and started off again, the dog yelped, the driver sawed with the reins, and Archie went to her assistance. The dowager would not have it.

"Young man— if you have any decency about you—and don't spend your time—kicking innocent dogs—on the public street—do as I tell you!"

There was nothing else for Archie to do. He didn't want to enter that awe-inspiring yard and command the inhabitants of a Hakluyt Avenue palace to do the bidding of an assistant clerk, but, having kicked the dog, he felt under obligations to society to make amends. So he marched unwillingly up the broad steps and entered the yard.

He passed an endless amount of flower-

ing things, after which the walk turned and twisted like an anaconda and cut him off from all view of the street. This brought him to the porch—a big, roomy porch, where double doors awaited his puny assault. Conquering a desire to dodge around the corner of the house, he mounted the steps and rang the bell, with hatred in his heart against the whole tribe of spaniels. There was an awful pause. Then the right hand door swung in with the majesty of the gates of death and a maid appeared.

Archie didn't know much about maids, but his private opinion was that this was the most supercilious young female he had ever seen. Like Mr. Tappetit she "eyed him over" and then, very coldly and distinctly, she asked him what he wanted. Directly that she had spoken, she started to shut the door.

"I—I kicked a dag—" Archibald began, and then, conscious that he could do better than that, he stopped. The maid's impenetrable calm was undisturbed.

"The horse wouldn't hold still—that is—there is a lady down in the street wants you to go down and hold her pony."

The maid sniffed, as if for alcoholic vapors.

"You're drunk," she announced coldly and tried to close the door.

"No—honest I ain't," protested Archie, reddening beneath the charge, "there's an old lady in a sort of clothesbasket on wheels who couldn't hold her horse, who asked me to come up here and ring the bell for her"—and he turned to point out the trap.

"But," replied the maid, somewhat im-

pressed, albeit with irrefutable logic, "I don't see any horse."

It was true, for as Archie searched the street from the verandah, he could find neither trap, spaniel or driver. The dowager had disappeared!

He whistled softly, put his hands in his pockets and said slowly and with emphasis, "If I ain't a nut!" The maid again started to close the door.

"Who is it, Mary?" cried a soft feminine voice from somewhere behind the portals, and as Archie turned to announce to the maid that he must have been mistaken, he found himself confronting another person—a very nice person, indeed, with a quantity of dark hair and deep blue eyes and a firm little nose and mouth and chin—oh, a very nice person, indeed, though she wasn't very old, but pretty and all that. This charming individual stopped for a moment and stared—stared at the red necktie and the negligee shirt, but most of all at the ready-made English clothes and hat to match. Then, to the evident horror and disapproval of the superior maid, she cried out, "How do you do?" as if she had known Archie all her young life and next, to the young man's agonized embarrassment, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on his right cheek! Archie afterwards remembered what a highly satisfactory kiss it was, but just then he was ready to jump off the porch.

"When did you get in?" she continued, never noticing the perplexity of the thunder-struck Jones, "and why didn't you let us know when you were coming? What train did you take? We would have met you, if we'd only known. But come in,

come in— don't stand out there"—and she drew the helpless Archibald into the house. The maid person shut the door, to her evident relief, and Mr. Jones, still speechless, found himself in a perfectly strange house with the way of retreat barred.

"It was awfully bold of me," continued the young person and Mr. Jones started to find his inmost thoughts revealed, "but I knew you right away in your English clothes. Besides, we have—have a right to, don't we?" And she glanced shyly at him. Without waiting for an answer she plunged ahead. "Do let me take your hat. I suppose your trunks are at the station, aren't they? How do you like our town—but you haven't seen enough of it yet to tell. How stupid of me!"

Mr. Jones' mind, it may have been observed, worked somewhat slowly—almost as slowly as his tongue. Some trace of his inward bewilderment must have shown itself on his face, for the very nice person broke off abruptly in her questions.

"Of course you don't know me—I forgot to introduce myself and that's what makes you look so funny. I'm Mildred. I'm the youngest, but I do know something, even if Helen says I'm a little goose, because I knew you right away, didn't I?—O, but I'm so sorry about no one meeting you!"

Mr. Jones' dazed faculties were slowly recovering.

"I'm afraid," he began slowly, "there's been some mistake."

"There wouldn't have been, if I had had my way," interrupted Mildred, indignantly, "and it must feel dreadful to come to a strange town from way across the ocean

and not see anybody you know. I told them we could all go to the different stations and then one of us would be sure—"

"Mildred," called a voice, "who is it?"

Evidently Mr. Jones' career was to be marked by the repetition of that idiotic phrase. He wanted to call out, "It's me—Jones of the Eagle Milling Company," but Mildred's warning finger he'd had tongue-tied.

"Shh," she whispered, "that's Helen. Let's fool her, and not let her know you're here, because she's crazy to see you. She'll be perfectly 'furious!' I'll put you in here and tell her you were an—an agent!" With that Mildred seized Mr. Jones by the hand, swiftly and silently led him into an adjoining room, said softly, "Wait till I come for you!" giggled, shut the door and turned the key in the lock before the bewildered clerk could say a word. It is remarkable what a lot a girl can do when she gets started.

The first impulse of the hero in such an emergency is first to pinch himself and then to swear. Archie did neither. Instead he stared at the locked door with his mouth open, like a fish out of water, for what seemed to him an eternity, after which he scratched his head. The absence of his fedora made him remember that the very nice person had taken it from him in the hall. The remembrance of the very nice person naturally recalled that kiss, and Mr. Jones, being a modest young man, had the grace to blush. Whereupon it occurred to him that he was in a pretty pickle. He turned to examine the room.

In the very dim light—the shades were drawn—he could see a large oval table in

the center of the apartment, from which he concluded that this was the dining-room. A sideboard loomed up in the distance. Dining chairs stood against the walls and further confirmed his supposition. Four windows across from him let in the little light. The hardwood floor was covered with scattered rugs.

Having observed so much, Mr. Jones, whose chief interest, at present, lay not in furniture but in possible exits, slid softly across the floor and raised a curtain. Clearly impossible! The window was some twelve feet from the ground and below it was a flower bed. Besides, the room looked directly on the avenue, and it occurred to Archie that the sight of a man climbing out a window like a thief might result in unpleasant notoriety. He pulled down the shade and continued his search.

After stumbling against a low side table, he made out another door in the corner across from the windows and next to it, a sort of cupboard. He tried the door. It was unlocked. He shoved it gently, but before he could find out whither it led, the sound of a man's voice evidently giving directions to a servant arrested his movements. The door swung back as noiselessly as it opened.

Clearly he was in a deuce of a scrape. To wait for Mildred to let him out and then to explain to her that she had—had kissed a strange assistant clerk, was too terrifying to be thought of. There was only one thing to do, as far as Archie could see, and that was to get out in a hurry. But how? Mr. Jones was getting desperate.

More to do something than with any hope to escape, Archie opened the cupboard-

like affair in the wall—and immediately hope sprang up in his heart. For the cupboard, which was very large and commodious, seemed to have neither top nor bottom; it was like a well which ran from roof to cellar, and, to add to the illusion, a stout rope hung before him.

Archie started. A rattling of the locked door made the perspiration break out all over him. With the quickness of a hunted animal he shook the rope, found it solid, climbed somehow into the cupboard without breaking his neck, seized the rope with both hands and slid down it.

Manifestly Providence looks after assistant clerks. Archie clung to the cable until the burning in his hands would let him cling no more, then he let go to find himself safely ensconced on a sort of platform at the bottom of the shaft. It was really the dum waiter, but Mr. Jones was not learned in architecture of Hakluyt Avenue.

So far, so good—which was obvious, if trite. Archie complimented himself on his own quickness of wit. Then a dawning suspicion made him aware that perhaps this was only a frying-pan-into-the-fire solution to his troubles after all, and that when Mildred came for him and found him not, would notice the open door of the shaft. Her first impulse would be to look down it, after which things would become exceedingly lively for one Jones of the Eagle Milling Company.

Under the guidance of Mr. Jones' particular providence, Archibald's inquiring hand was guided to a crack, a veritical crack which seemed to intervene between the bottom of a sliding door and the frame in which the door was held. Evidently

another opening into what Archie had christened the elevator. Mr. Jones summoned all his resolution, hesitated, started, hesitated again and then jerked up on the door with all his might. It flew open with a bang. Without stopping to observe what lay beyond, he swung his legs from their awkward position and slid out. At that instant a series of shrieks accelerated the pounding of his heart until that organ was beating about a thousand times a minute. He looked around him. And then his heart took another increase in speed of about ten thousand times a minute. For there, leaning against a kitchen table was a very plump and agitated female, from whom came melodramatic yells with the regularity of a minute gun and across from her was an extremely frightened individual who looked like the rags and tatters of a onetime supercilious maid, and confronting him, her face a picture of bewilderment was Margaret, otherwise Madge, Potkins!

Meantime events had been developing upstairs. After locking the door of the dining room on the unfortunate Jones, Mildred went into the library with such nonchalance as she could muster.

"Who was it, dear?" asked her sister Helen, a tall, almost stiff girl with Mildred's hair and eyes.

"O—just an—an agent," responded Mildred, though she couldn't for the life of her repress a giggle.

Helen looked up sharply. "I must confess—" she began in that elder-sister kind of a voice which it is the divine right of the younger fry to resent.

"I say, sis," interrupted Mildred, anxious to ward off the approaching lecture.

"Won't you be glad when Harry comes?"

"Of course," came the sweet—too sweet—reply, "but I really can't see what that has to do—"

"Supposing he were here—"

"How ridiculous!" But nevertheless Helen shut the novel which she had been idly reading.

"And supposing that your young and—ah—unsophisticated, shall we say?—sister had already—"

"Mildred!"

"Exchanged sundry words with our English fiance—"

"Mildred!"

"And further supposing that he were now in an apartment in this palatial mansion anxiously awaiting his lady love—"

"Mildred, I'd like to shake you! Where is he?"

But the family tease avoided her sister's grasp with the ease of daily practice.

"What would be the reward of the aforesaid young and—ah—unsophisticated sister—"

"Mildred Mitchell, if you don't tell me where Harry Llewellyn is this minute, I'll—I'll—"

And then Mildred Mitchell received the surprise of her young life. There was a sound of masculine voices and the tread of masculine feet; and she saw her dignified sister cast herself shamelessly into the arms of a tall, bronzed, handsome young fellow, a least a foot taller than Archibald Jones, and heard her murmur certain inarticulate words that sounded suspiciously like a selection from the last chapter of a best seller! And then she heard her father in the hall commanding some one to "bring in Mr.

Llewellyn's baggage" and the conviction flashed upon her that this was her future brother-in-law from across the waters whom she had never seen. But if this were Harry Llewellyn, who—who—was the man she had welcomed into the house and—and kissed? When Harry Llewellyn turned from Helen to greet her sister, he found instead of a shy little girl, a petrified monument of thunder-struck amazement.

Helen thought she grasped the situation. "Don't be frightened, dead," she said, "this is Harry!" and down went her head upon the young man's shoulder much to Llewellyn's evident satisfaction.

"But—but—" gasped Mildred, "then who was that other man?"

"What other man?" asked her father, stepping into the room. Mr. Mitchell, by the way, was round and little and fat and jolly.

"Th—the agent," stammered the dazed girl.

Helen looked up and smiled at her father and then, turned to her sister. "Did you think——" she began in the happiest possible voice—a voice which Mildred, even in her agitation, heard with a little pang—and broke off in sudden alarm.

There seemed to be a small riot somewhere in the house, which was rapidly coming nearer. Helen stepped back—Mr. Llewellyn by some strange accident put his arm around her (she was very frightened, of course) and Mr. Mitchell began to wonder what kind of a house he owned. Then into the quiet library there burst a dishevelled group. So far as a hurried glance could assure him Mr. Mitchell concluded that its constituents were five. One seemed

to be his dignified butler, Potkins, in a state of unusual excitement, holding an agitated and vivid suit of clothes by the collar. Behind these Mr. Mitchell's wondering glance seemed to show him his motherly cook, voluble and threatening, and behind her two young women, one of whom he was sure he had never seen before.

Potkins advanced and thrust the sartorial triumph under his master's nose. "If I do say it," he panted, the light of battle in his eyes, "it's no way for a young man to follow my sister down the dumwaiter, and I say it's the silver he wants." Here he paused, breathless, and above the vivid clothes there seemed to develop, as from the dust of conflict the reflex of a human face. It was somewhat familiar to the astonished business man.

"You must excuse me, sir," it began in indignant tone, when Mr. Mitchell saw his youngest daughter extend an accusing forefinger at the young man in the suit and ask to no evident purpose, "Isn't that—isn't he—English? I guess you'd have kissed him too!" Then she broke into a tumult of sobs and rushed from the room.

"What is the matter, sir?" inquired the bronzed young man at Helen's side in a wondering tone.

"If someone will explain to me——" began the head of the house. He was interrupted by a chorus of accusations and explanations. "He slid down the dumwaiter, sir"—"He chocked me"—"Thief"—"O. Archie, how could you!"

"Young man," came a severe voice from the doorway, "I distinctly wished—to have—to have you—'ring the bell'—and ask

them to hold my horse!" Archie turned. It was the dowager! "Mr. Mitchell," she continued tartly, "if you will believe me—this abandoned wretch—kicked my dog and left me without—protection on the public street!"

"I wish I'd never seen your horse," burst from the angry clerk.

"Why, it's Jones!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell, peering at the culprit. "What under the sun——"

"If you please, Mr. Mitchell," put in a modest voice and Madge stepped forward. "I am John's sister—your butler, you know. He sent for me this afternoon upon some business matters, and as I was sitting in the kitchen with the cook and Mary here, the door of the dumb waiter suddenly opened and"—here she blushed a vivid and becoming red—"Archie—Mr. Jones stepped out and scared us nearly to death."

"My heart ain't through poundin' yet," exclaimed the plump cook, "and I say as how he came for the joolry." Whereat she retired, her head held virtuously high to indicate lofty moral rectitude.

"That's what I says, sir," agreed Potkin's "and I regret, sir, that my sister seems to know this young feller, sir, or that a Potkins should ever be on speaking terms with a burgler, and so I collared him—though," he added from a stern sense of justice even to the outcast, "I ain't found nothing on him yet, sir."

"Jones or Bones or Stones," snapped the little dowager, "He's a depraved character—he kicked my towser-dog!"

"But this is Jones, my clerk—he works in my office," expostulated Mr. Mitchell, "I'm sure he's no thief. What are you

doing here, Archie?"

"I'm no thief, sir," returned Archibald warmly.

"Let him explain, papa," begged Helen.

Being given a chance Archie explained. About the dog and how sorry he was, whereat the dowager sniffed. About the trap that wouldn't stand still and ringing the front doorbell. This time the maid sniffed. About Mildred—and—and (stammeringly) how she had mistaken him for the other gentleman and then locked him in the dining room. Here ensued an interlude, wherein Potkins told about finding the door locked and Helen kissed Mr. Llewellyn when she thought no one was looking—though they all were, but pretended not to see. About sliding down the dumbwaiter. About climbing out into the kitchen, and being impounded by Mr. Hopkins there. Mr. Mitchell roared. The cook, the butler and the maid retired. Madge started to go with them and then hesitated, embarrassed.

Mr. Mitchell wiped his eyes and asked, after reassuring Jones that he could keep the key to the office safe which the injured clerk tendered him with some vague idea of thereby proving his innocence—Mr. Mitchell asked, I say, with a desire to put everybody at their ease, what has this young woman, meaning Madge, have to do with the matter. Thereupon Madge turned scarlet and precipitately retreated and Archie stammered something very unconvincingly.

Be it said to the everlasting credit of Mr. Llewellyn that at this embarrassing juncture he extended his hand to the uncomfortable Jones and said in his big hearty Eng-



lish way, how glad he was to meet him, even if his, Jones' character had been under a cloud—whereat he chuckled and Archibald felt very grateful.

Then Helen took him aside. "Would you like to see Miss Potkins?" she asked him softly, and Archie suddenly realized how much he did want to see her and find out about that livery rig and other things. So, after a few words with his employer, he let Miss Mitchell lead him away.

Helen led him to the kitchen. Bidding

Archie wait, she peeped in. A moment later she was back and whispered, "She is waiting for you." Then she left and Archie opened the door.

Mr. Hopkins had hired a livery rig, as Archie found out some months later, to take another young lady out riding, but, at the earnest request of John Potkins, butler, he had called for Madge that afternoon in order that some grave and serious business matters might be transacted.

### THE ROAD

Willard Weaver Rusk, '16

The road wound through a mountain fairyland,  
 And rose and fell like billows on the sea,  
 Through dells beset with witching greenery,  
 Then o'er the hills that rose on either hand.  
 It led away all like a silver band,  
 Through forest aisles most wondrous fair to see,  
 Where all was perfect calm, and every tree  
 Seemed like a stately sentinel to stand  
 On guard to keep it thus.

So somber, still,  
 And tranquil was the land through which we  
     passed,  
 So lovely was the dale, so gay the hill,  
 So wholly pleasant was it there to be,  
 I did but hasten on because, at last,  
 I knew the road I followed led—to thee.

### SONG

Willard Weaver Rusk, '16

I do not fear the vivid brands  
 That leap across the sky;  
 I do not fear the drifting sands  
 That o'er the desert fly;  
 I do not fear the roaring waves  
 That 'round the ship dash high;  
 Why fear the element that raves?  
 Of elements am I!

# PASSIONATE AVOIDANCE OF BUCKING

By George B. Hill, '08

Associate Editor Wisconsin Magazine, 1907-08

**F**ACULTY persons, and earnest minded students—editors of dailies and such, who feel the universe as a dull leaden weight upon their shoulders, like a restaurant dumpling on an empty stomach—such thoughtful persons have recently scouted around in the realms of abstract thought, to find out why the word “student” belies its derivation, or, in brief, why students would rather do anything else than study.

The faculty view with perennial alarm the readiness with which students get lured away from their job by outside activities, not to mention frivolities which cannot be dignified by the name of activity, like reading the Saturday Evening Post or going to the Orpheum or talking to a co-ed. This small spiel purposes to open up the opposite side of the question, which does not seem to have received any attention to speak of.

Is not a good deal of student indifference to studies due, not to outside distractions, but to an avoidable lack of attraction on the part of the studies themselves?

That word “indifference” does not mean the total oblivion that gets a man conned out at Thanksgiving, but rather the mental attitude that keeps the normal student content to wobble along with an average of eighty. Why is this? Here he is set down with the knowledge of the ages within grabbing distance. Why doesn't he sic himself onto his opportunities with the passionate intensity you read about in medieval

and Chinese universities?

Answer—because to the average student, his studies do not present themselves as opportunities.

There are, of course, exceptional students who see and chase all the possibilities of their courses—men who come here surcharged with Purpose, probably earning their way, to whom may be added abnormal ginks with the instinct of abstract scholarship. But the representative majority take two-thirds of their college careers to discover that their courses are much besides compulsory drudgery.

A grad will probably tell you that nine-tenths of his courses did him definite good. But he doesn't realize that, while he is actually taking the courses, at which time the realization would be of the most value, in that it would incite him to buck. Nor is he in any way helped toward that realization.

The university in dealing with the student takes this attitude: “You are commanded to do such and such work or we'll fire you. Your's not to reason why.” The university, or its representatives, never says anything like this to the student: “You are required to take such and such studies this year, which will prepare you to take such and such next year, which will fit you thus and thus for a good job, or a broadened appreciation of life, or for greater accuracy in the use of your brains.”

At the University of Utopia, maybe the

class advisers might say things like that. At Wisconsin, class advising is a sideline for busy men with conflicting jobs, and our advisors are factory straw-bosses rather than guides and sources of inspiration. Maybe the factory system is the only one possible in a university this size; but if so, it should receive its part of blame if students are shy on scholastic aspirations.

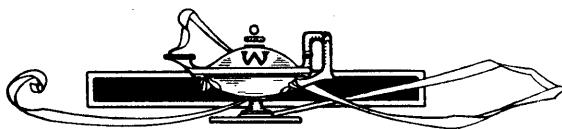
As an instance of this unenlightment of students about the purpose of their courses, regard calculus. Engineers begin to apply it and see its usefulness not while they are taking it and need encouragement, but the year after. If it is impossible to give application and theory together, why not at least mention the application when giving the theory?

This same trouble extends from entire courses into the details of each course. Few Profs confide to their classes, at each step in the development of a subject, what they are driving at, and in consequence the course presents itself not as an ascending structure, but as so many days' accumulation of notes, in which a structural plan reveals itself only on review, and not always then, because of something skipped. Meanwhile, the student had no way of telling important points from corroborative detail, and the whole shebang comes to ap-

pear to him as unworthy of bucking, except when there's nothing else to do.

The trouble is aggravated by the presence in many courses of bona fide useless work. But that is a complication on the side. Every course that looks useless, whether it is so or not, confirms the student in sloppy scholastic habits.

A student or ex-student should of course be slow and tentative in criticism of faculty work, lest, in his ignorance of the practical difficulties of that work, he ascend to that empyrean of unreason where dwells Supt. Cary. But to put the matter in duly tentative question form: Isn't it so, that most students are in the dark as to what good their courses are supposed to do them, and wouldn't they work better if put hep? Obviously it is some job to hammer into the hard maple of the freshman head a realization of what a university education can mean to one and a demonstration of just what each course to be taken will definitely contribute to the refurnishing of one's top flat. At the same time, is it not within the powers of human eloquence, and worth trying anyway, as an experiment, in the hope of stirring up around here the now moribund spirit of voluntary scholastic endeavor?



# THE EVERLASTING PARDNER'S TALE

Chaucer is Enacted Daily Before Our Eyes

By Chester Wells, '13

JENKINSON, Frederickson, and Findorfer entered the big private office with its inch deep rugs and solid mahogany late one afternoon last fall for a conference on the coming coal contract. A state commission was asking for a lump sum bid on all the coal necessary for both capitol and university during the coming winter and the three coal magnates of Disoney were naturally slightly interested. However, it mattered little which one really got the order, for time worn custom dictated that they jointly fill it at the same rates—each receiving one-third of the “swag.”

“How much is this combined order going to require?” asked Frederickson. “This is the first time we have ever had to put in a lump bid.” No one really knew, so Jenkinson, who seemed to be boss of the trio, suggested that Findorfer look that matter up and telephone each of the other two.

“Let’s see,” said Frederickson. “Coal is \$9.00. We might as well each figure our bid at \$8.00, which is only about \$3.00 higher than we bought on this job, and he will receive bids that are practically identical. In order to get an apparent difference, Findorfer can figure on the amount which his information shows will be needed, I will figure on 100 tons less, and you can figure on 100 tons more. Whoever gets the contracts divides the swag three and three.”

“Agreeable,” they said, and rose to depart. Findorfer started immediately for

capitol to find out the amount of coal that had been used. His mind was concentrated on his business, but a shrill shriek at his side caused him to notice three little boys that were scuffling, and to realize that two were picking on a third who was certainly their inferior in physical size. As a flash the thought rushed through his mind—“That under dog is me. I go in on a deal with those old money-bags, and in the end I get about a fifth on the order instead of a third to which I am entitled. By jingo, I have a chance to slip something over. I’ll misstate the amount of coal, increase it by a thousand tons, and then figure in myself at the right sum and carry off the contract. If I get it, I will be in a position to furnish all the coal myself, instead of giving up two-thirds of the order, and I can put myself on easy street. I’ll do it.”

“Say Jenkinson,” said Frederickson when Findorfer had left. “What’s the use of dragging along that little snide any further. We have control of this thing. Let’s rid ourselves of him once and for all. I tell you what we’ll do. He is going to figure his coal at \$8.00 a ton. We’ll put in our figures at \$7.00. Then after we have the contract we will allege bad faith and break with the little mouse once and for all. We make less profit per ton, but you see we handle a damn site more tons. Get me?”

“My conscience tells me not to do that, Frederickson,” declared Jenkinson. “How-

ever, if you think it good business, I'll agree." And the pompous man cleared the frown from his brow and settled himself back into a comfortable pose of reclinement.

In due time the bids were submitted. The three contractors often met at the Disoney Club and talked about the weather and the ice cream business, but never a mention of the price of coal. Finally came the bid-letting day. Findorfer waited anxiously for a message from one of his friends at the capitol that he had secured the con-

tract. Jenkinson called up Frederickson late in the afternoon with "Heard anythin' yet?" "Naw, haven't you?" "No." Slam went the receivers simultaneously.

The newspaper headlines told the story the next morning.

"Coal Trust Busted. State lets contract to Adrianer firm. Will pay about \$5 a ton. First time in ten years fuel for Capitol and University has been purchased at more than seventy-five cents to a dollar below retail prices. Adrianer firm's bid \$24,000 lower than Disoney dealers."

## THE WISCONSIN IDEA IN THE THEATRE

By Percy Mackaye

**T**HE Wisconsin Idea, which to-day is stirring our nation so deeply, in government, science, civics, agriculture, and the progress of the people's self-rule, is big with a promise even greater perhaps than that which President Van Hise has suggested so admirably in his work.

The part played by the University of Wisconsin in the development of its idea appears likely to strike even more deeply into untilled fields of man's spiritual nature than the steam ploughshares of the state into wild nature's loam; and the seed being sown in the former is being selected and nurtured with the same discerning spirit of scientific experiment as in the latter.

I refer to the work being done for the art of the theatre by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, under the modest, expert leadership of its directors.

During the last two years America has

been partially awakened to the significance of native dramatic expression by the acted repertory of the Irish Players.

Their fundamental contribution to a great popular art form, however, has not always been clearly understood and acclaimed in our country. That contribution is this: that deliberate limitation may mean salvation to a movement in art.

The Irish Players deliberately set themselves the limitation of producing only plays of Irish life, written and acted by Irishmen. This policy, wisely pursued, has meant for them international success.

A like policy of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society: to produce plays of Middle Western American life, written and acted by Americans of the Middle West. Wisely pursued and supported, it also should achieve a notable success.

There is a special satisfaction, moreover,

for their fellow countrymen in realizing that this policy of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society is not one of imitation but of native conviction, having been adopted and acted upon more than two years before the advent of the Irish Players in America, and pursued during the last four years with unpretentious and enlightened zeal.

At a time rife with dramatic activities of multiform scope and purpose, it is indeed the only repertory movement in America to which one may point as actually exemplifying consistent radical aims and methods. As such it deserves—though it does not itself claim—the interest of all Americans solicitous for the theatre's growth as a social institution.

There are two main means of stimulating such growth:

- (1) By reforming the organized commercial theatre to a better social adjustment (a negative policy, for which a generation or two may be required to obtain appreciable results);
- (2) By quickening the art of the theatre in the soil of society itself, through technical training of the imaginations, dramatic instincts, and latent art-impulses of the

people, in all their natural and local variety (a positive policy which gives promise of a much earlier response).

The latter is the policy of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society. From the Society itself, details of its work and progress are obtainable. In this brief article I would take occasion only to note the tremendous vitality and importance of this local movement, as a necessary and inevitable extension of the Wisconsin Idea.

That idea involves the full scope of popular self-government; but popular self-government without indigenous art forms is incapable of civilized expression.

After scientific agriculture biology, and engineering, then, the next practical step—indeed, the simultaneous step—is popular æsthetics: that technical art which shall interpret to the people the human meanings of their labor, in the receptive hours of their leisure.

One may, therefore, confidently predict that the eyes of the nation will henceforth eagerly watch the leadership of Wisconsin, not only for its progress in the technical sciences, but also in the technical arts of the theatre.

## LYMAN ON DEBATE REMEDIES

By Harry J. Koch, '15

**E**IGHT successive intercollegiate debates lost.

Such, in brief, is the history of debating at the University of Wisconsin for the past few years.

It is not the intention of the writer to enumerate the long string of defeats, or to

attempt to defend the record of the debating teams, although the Wisconsin teams of the past few years have been supervised by coaches who have no superiors in the West, and the entire debating system has been overhauled several times to meet the exigencies of the debating situation, but it

is his intention to advocate two remedies to the present plan, both of which were suggested by Professor Rollo L. Lyman, the present coach of the debating teams.

Firstly, the date of either the joint debate or of the intercollegiate debate should be advanced to the spring of the year. They should not both occur in the same season.

Secondly, Wisconsin should adopt a new system of preparing for the intercollegiate debates; should inaugurate a system for choosing intercollegiate debaters in a manner similar to that employed by the literary societies in the joint debate. The men thus chosen should develop their own speeches without the aid of coaches, and should be held personally responsible to the university for the showing which they make.

"The present system of scheduling both the joint and the intercollegiate debates for the fall of the year is entirely wrong in theory, in that it prevents many of Wisconsin's strongest debaters from giving their services, services which they would gladly give if the date of one or the other of them were changed, to the intercollegiate team," said Professor Lyman, in reference to the remedies.

"At other schools, notably at Iowa, a school which has held the championship of the Central Debating Circuit for several years, they have both the joint and the intercollegiate debates, but the joint debates are set for the spring of the year. Thus Iowa may use her best men in both debates, and the value of neither the joint nor the intercollegiate is detracted from.

"At the present time, the men chosen for the intercollegiate are all thrown into one large squad of over a dozen men, and there

allowed to fight it out for places on the team. This year, the final makeup of the Wisconsin team which met the Iowa debaters was not definitely decided until three days before the debate. How can we expect men who are not even sure of places on the final team to put forth their best efforts in developing their speeches, when they are bending their every effort toward making a good impression on the coach so that they are sure of a place on the team?

"This is not the worst of it by any means. As the situation now stands, the men feel no personal responsibility if they lose the debates; every one looks to the coach. The debaters in some of our western schools are merely parrots. Their coaches outline and write up their speeches for them, and the men simply deliver them. Wisconsin's teams have always done individual work on their speeches in a way in which they will derive benefit from having participated in a debate. The parrot teams are merely receiving practice in public speaking.

"It is my strong belief that Wisconsin should terminate her contract with the Central Debating Circuit as quickly as possible, and enter a new circuit in which only schools which have no debating coaches are represented. Then we could be sure the the men themselves were doing original work in preparing for the debates. Then Wisconsin should either place the intercollegiate debates ahead of the joint or else it should drop the intercollegiate."

# Findlay's Store News

## KING MIDAS FLOUR

Highest in price because most generous in value. With merchandise as with most other things you really pay for all you get—even though some items are called "premiums," "gratis," "good measure" or "lagniappe."

In the case of King Midas you get ALL you pay for—in solid value, gratifying results, permanent satisfaction. **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.** You should try it next time.

## Findlay's 35c Coffee

Hearing a good deal about this special blend? That is because this is the most popular blend of rich coffee ever sold in Madison. On this we invite comparison with any coffee you may purchase elsewhere at any price.

## Home-Made Preserves

Peach Butter, Marmalade, some preserves and a few Jellies—all pure, high-grade fruit and granulated sugar, plus housewifely skill. Cheap at the regular price—15 cents a glass.

2 for 25c.

## Sweet Cider?

Fond of this dainty—and wholesome fruit-drink? Put up in tins—simply sterilized—it

is the same, and tastes the same, as when freshly made—so why wait until next Hallowe'en? You can enjoy it now—in 10 lb. cans—at 40c the can.

## Imported English Lawn Seed

is what you require for your lawn. This is the result of experience, dating back to 1800 in Leicester, England. Costs more—but come in and see the result of a **single seeding on bare soil.** The demonstration will convince you that **English Lawn is the cheapest seed you can buy.**

1 lb. package, 35c; 5 lb. bag, \$1.50; 50 lb. bag, \$12.50.

**Sugar:** Finest Cane Granulated, 5 lbs 26c; 10 lbs. 52c; 20 lbs. \$1.03; 100 lbs. \$4.88

## Canned Corn

This we have in all grades—equal in each instance to **fresh corn** from the district.

Priced from 15c can, \$1.65 dozen, to 10c can, \$1.10 dozen—with liberal concession for large orders.

Special offer—

Full standard, sweet, tender corn, Wisconsin or Illinois pack

**3 cans, 25c;**

**85 cents dozen;**

**\$1.50 case**

## Convenience of Canned Foods

It should be remembered that most tinned foods are sufficiently cooked and only require warming to suit the taste or the purpose at hand. With vegetables like peas, asparagus, stringless beans, etc., brine is used merely to flavor the contents. The salt is not essential to the keeping qualities. In the case of fruits sugar syrup is used merely to flavor—for the sugar is not in any way necessary for keeping. The housewife frequently throws away the surplus fruit syrup found in the can not realizing that it makes a most acceptable sauce for puddings.

# Findlay's Food Shop

FINDLAY'S FLATIRON

Private Exchange Telephone, 6-2-0-4

N. B.—Accounts of responsible parties solicited

May 10, 1913





# Proficiency

Is Developed and Inspired by the  
Habitual Class-Room Use of

## Waterman's

Regular, Safety  
and Self-Filling  
Types.

\$2.50  
Up

Ideal

## Fountain Pen

Without  
a Peer  
in Pendom

Ask Your Dealer for Waterman's Ideals

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York



WILLIAM HUPPKEICH, Manager

Telephone 920

### CUDAHY CASH MARKET

The Best of  
Fresh and Salt Meats

Club and Fraternity Trade Solicited

111 West Mifflin Street

Madison, Wis.

### J. F. SCHADAUER & COMPANY

*The China Shop*

DISHES RENTED FOR PARTIES AND RECEPTIONS

126 STATE STREET

OPEN UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

PHONE 2376

## The COLLEGE

W. J. ROBERTSON

225 STATE ST.

Five New Minn Tables—Three Pool and two Billiards

Madison, Wis.

### KREMER INVESTMENT CO.

Phone 1101

12 N. Carroll St.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS, INVESTMENTS AND INSURANCE

We sell or rent you homes

Remember our number and call on us

**CHIROPODY**  
**ELECTROTHERAPY AND MASSAGE TREATMENTS**

**E. L. BUMP**

PHONE 2940

210 STATE STREET

---

**SPRING SUITINGS**

THAT SATISFACTORILY MEASURE IN FIT AND PRICE

**OLSON--TAILOR**

: : :

213 STATE STREET

---

***The Brunswick--Balke--Collender Co.***

Leading Manufacturers in the World of

Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables    Bowling Alleys and Supplies

275-279 West Water St.

Milwaukee, Wis.

---

**WISCONSIN SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

ADA BIRD, Director

**First Semester Begins September 25, 1912**

Registration Days, September 25, 26, 27

**PIANO**

ADA BIRD  
META WAGNER

ELIZABETH BUEHLER  
ISABELLE WILLIAMS

JENNIE TAYLOR  
ARLINE COFFMAN

**VOICE**

ADELAIDE FORESMAN

ALEXIUS BAAS

**VIOLIN**

FREDERICK MACMURRAY

FRANK BACH

HARMONY AND HISTORY OF MUSIC  
ELIZABETH BUEHLER

MANDOLIN, GUITAR AND BANJO  
FRANK BACH

DRAMATIC READING AND ELOCUTION  
ALEXIUS BAAS

In every department we have teachers of ability and experience, who have studied with renowned masters in Europe and America. Send for free catalog. Address, Secretary of Wisconsin School of Music or Phone 357

**ADA BIRD, Director**

**433 State St., Madison, Wis.**

# TOOLS and BENCHES

FOR MANUAL TRAINING, INSTITUTIONAL OR INDIVIDUAL USE

Send for Catalog No. 3062

**Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co.**

New York, Since 1848

4th Ave. and 13th St.

## Sumner & Crampton

**Drugs and Photos**

502 State Street

Films Purchased from Us will be  
Developed Free of Charge



## FOOTWEAR

THAT IS  
UP TO THE  
MINUTE

3.50 to 7.00

**WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP**  
J. F. Rose & Co.  
Near New Park

WHOLESALE  
**CHEESE**  
Foreign and  
Domestic

Packers of  
**Raw Oysters**

Established 1891

## Ester Oyster Co.

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

## FISH

Wholesale  
Catchers &  
Shippers

210 East Main Street, Madison, Wis.

Telephone: Bell 975

## Pantorium Company

"The house of quality"

IN THEIR NEW HOME  
**538 State Street**

High Grade Tailoring

We Call and Deliver

Office, Phone 1598

Pressing Shop, Phone 1180

The Home of the Wisconsin Pennant





Milk  
Cream  
Butter

Butter Milk  
Ice Cream

*Sold only by*

**ZILISCH PURE MILK CO.**

Visit our plant and see the workings of an up-to-date, sanitary creamery

Phone 979

629 Washington Ave.

# Eat Spencer's Tip Top

Made in the  
largest and most  
up-to-date bread  
shop in the city.



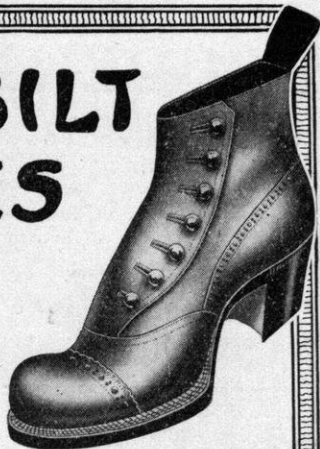
Save the la-  
bels for hand-  
some premiums.

**SPENCER'S**

607-609 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

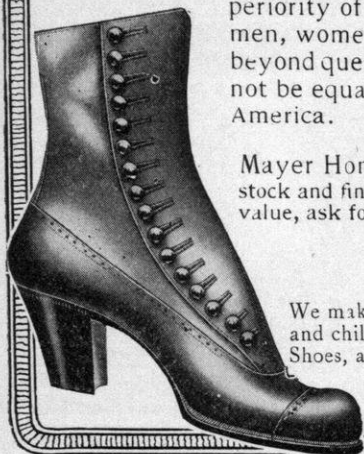
# Mayer's

## HONORBILT SHOES



For Men and Women

Mayer Honorbilt Shoes are first in style and unapproached in quality. The superiority of Mayer Honorbilt Shoes for men, women and children, is established beyond question. At the price they cannot be equalled by any other shoes in America.



Mayer Honorbilt Shoes are made for lasting service. Excellent stock and fine workmanship make this possible. If you want the biggest shoe value, ask for Honorbilt Shoes. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us.

**WARNING**—Be sure to look for the Mayer name and trade mark on the sole.

We make Mayer Honorbilt Shoes in all styles for men, women and children; Drysox, the wet weather shoes, Yerma Cushion Shoes, and Murtha Washington Comfort Shoes.

F. B. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co., Milwaukee



# C. F. J o r d a n

6th Ward Meat Market

We cater especially to the fraternity and boarding house trade

Our Motto { **Choice Meats**  
**Good Service**  
**Prices That Suit**

Deliveries to all parts of the city

Phone 550

908 Williamson St.

---

# STUDENTS' HEADQUARTERS

Meet your friends here. Play a sociable game at

## MORGAN'S

4 Billiard

4 Pocket Billiards

534 STATE STREET

PHONE 1272

---

# MADISON FUEL COMPANY

E. J. Frantschi, Manager

## Scranton Anthracite Coal

The best Coal on the Market. Also Fuel of all kinds.

Office and Yards 601 West Doty Street.

Telephone No. 3.

---

Joseph M. Boyd, President.  
Frank Kessenich, 2nd Vice President

H. L. Russell, Vice President  
Charles O'Neil, Cashier

Irving E. Backus, Asst. Cashier at State St. Branch.

## Bank of Wisconsin

MADISON, WIS.

Capital, \$300,000.00

Surplus, \$60,000.00

Additional Liability of Stockholders,..... \$300,000.00

Highest Interest Consistent with Legitimate Banking

Accounts of Individuals, Firms and  
Corporations solicited

We give personal attention to the fi-  
nancial needs of our patrons

---

### DIRECTORS

---

A. L. SANBORN  
T. A. COLEMAN  
A. O. FOX  
EUGENE EIGHMY  
GEO. SOELCH  
FRANK KESSENICH  
R. R. KROPF

JOSEPH M. BOYD  
H. L. RUSSELL  
GEO. E. GAREY  
S. A. PIPER  
A. G. SCHMEDEMAN  
JAMES CONKLIN  
EARNEST KAROW

CHARLES O'NEILL  
P. B. KNOX  
FRANK CANTWELL  
W. F. PIERSTORFF  
W. J. TECKEMEYER  
JACKSON RUTTER  
A. H. KAYSER

# The University of Wisconsin

**The College of Letters and Science** offers a General Course in Liberal Arts; a Course in Pharmacy; a Course in Commerce; a Course in Music; a Course in Journalism; Library Training Courses in connection with the Wisconsin Library School; the Course for the Training of Teachers, and the Course in Chemistry.

**The College of Mechanics and Engineering** offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

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

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

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

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

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

## **SPECIAL COURSES IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE**

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

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

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

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

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

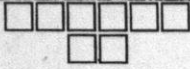
**The Course in Chemistry** offers facilities for training for those who desire to become chemists. Six courses of study are given, namely, a general course, a course for industrial chemist, a course for agricultural chemist, a course for soil chemist, a course for physiological chemist, and a course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

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

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



# Good Printing



Book  
Periodical  
Commercial  
Society



We Deliver All Goods Prepaid



The Davis Printing Co.  
Milton, Wis.

# The Photo Shop

W. L. McKILLOP, Mgr.

1913 Badger Photographer

Phone 1468 or 4593  
521 State Street

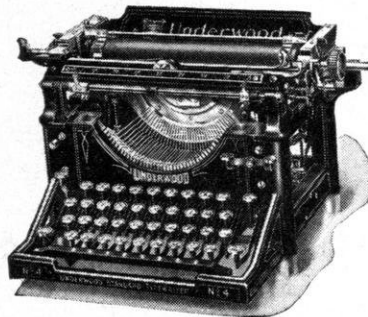


- ☞ Amateur Finishing
- ☞ Flashlights
- ☞ Group Pictures
- ☞ Enlargements

# Underwood Typewriter

The Machine You Will Eventually Buy

Underwood Typewriters  
**RENTED**



Underwood Typewriters  
**REPAIRED**

## Underwood Typewriter Co.

14-15 Carroll Block

Phone 98

MADISON, WIS.



# Blauvelt

FULL  
FASHIONED  
SWEATERS

How quickly the college man can tell when he sees the Blauvelt Full Fashioned Sweater.

Wisconsin men have proven the quality features of Blauvelt Sweaters—the long-fibre worsted—knitted by HAND methods—fashioned perfectly to shape—handmade button-holes—re-inforced pockets—practically invisible seams—fully five seasons of style, warmth and service in every garment.

The new Blauvelt Raglan Shoulder, (illustrated), gives fine, shapely effect. Blauvelt Sweaters are made for men and women, in all stitches and colors. Ask your dealer, or write and we will see that you are promptly supplied. *Write for handsome Style Book.*

THE BLAUVELT KNITTING CO.  
18 Campbell St. Newark, N. J

---

## Buy Her a "Glad" Iron

and save her the hot, weary drudgery of ironing with clumsy, stove heated SAD irons. Thousands of women have been made glad by the

## Electric Flat Iron

**Madison Gas & Electric Company**

Phone 144

120-126 EAST MAIN STREET

---

## Reuter's Make-Ups Are Good

Give Me Your Make-Up Job and  
I'LL MAKE GOOD

**HERMAN REUTER**  
Costumes and Wigs

45 Juneau Avenue

MILWAUKEE



## Standard Quality

There is no quicksand more  
unstable than poverty in qual-  
ity and we avoid this quick-  
sand by standard quality.

Tennis  
Golf  
Base Ball  
Cricket  
Foot Ball  
Basket Ball  
Athletic  
Equipment  
Catalogue Free

A. G. Spalding & Bros.  
379 E. Water St. Milwaukee, Wis

# WESTERN IRON STORES COMPANY

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

Headquarters for Machinists' Supplies and High Grade  
Manual Training Tools

135 2ND STREET

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

For that morning meal, order

# Heilman's



## Breakfast Rolls

Semmel  
Parker House  
Vienna  
Poppy Seed  
Spiced  
Sugar Corn  
Diamond

Delivered to you before 7 a. m. deliciously fresh and hot. For stand-  
ing order telephone 1109.

\$15

# REPUTATION

\$15

IS WHAT PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE

# CHARACTER

IS WHAT YOU REALLY ARE

The high REPUTATION of the Glasgow Tailors was built SOLELY by the CHARACTER of their product.

---

If you are not familiar with our REPUTATION, call and be convinced of the CHARACTER of our Suits and Top Coats, made to your measure from the largest line of patterns in Madison.

THE  
*Glasgow*  
C. J. McELRATH, MGR.

123 State Street

\$15

NO MORE

\$15

NO LESS

\$15

**WE LEAD  
OTHERS FOLLOW**

**INSIST ON HAVING**

**TECKEMEYER'S  
CHOCOLATES**

**FROM YOUR DEALERS**

---

**PUT UP IN 35 AND 60 CENT BOXES**

GIPSY QUEEN	Bitter Sweets
BLACK HAWK	Bitter Sweets
ARISTOCRAT	Milk Coating

**PUT UP IN 40 CENT BOXES**

AVOLA	Milk Coating
-------	--------------

**PUT UP IN 30 AND 50 CENT BOXES**

PRINCESS	Bitter Sweets
----------	---------------

---

**Let Our "Brush" Get Your Clothes**

**"Dan D"**

Cleaning  
Pressing

Repairing  
Tailoring

Phone **1500** Phone

**Get a Cash Discount Ticket**

**CARDINAL STEAM DYE WORKS, 623 University Ave.**

# THE TEA SHOP

130 State Street

We cordially invite you to come and enjoy our dainty lunches—served in the most up-to-date manner in our New Colonial Tea Shop.

**Sunday Night Lunches a Specialty**

**Miss K. Devendorf**

**Mrs. M. A. Jenner**

TELEPHONE 5243

---

## THE WAYSIDE INN DINING ROOM

IN THE WOMAN'S BUILDING

Is prepared to serve Regular Meals, Special Lunches and Dinners

**Banquets a Specialty**

Your liberal patronage is solicited

Telephone 2232

MRS. M. A. JENNER

---

**Have Your Banquets at**

## **New Park Hotel**

☞ We call your especial attention to our Louis XVI Ladies' Dining Room and Modern German Grill.

**Special Sunday Night Dinners**  
**Seventy-five Cents**

MUSIC EVERY  
EVENING

**JOHN REA WOOLLEY**

**PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER**

**509 STATE STREET, MADISON, WISCONSIN**

**H O M E   P O R T R A I T U R E**