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Volume XII

October, 1914

Number 1

Westerman and Ernst on the  
World War

Grades

The Point of View

Walt Louderback

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*The*  
**WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE**

*"Ipsa scientia potestas est"*


Vol. XII

October, 1914

No. 1

## THE WAR OF THE WORLD AND GERMANY

Professor William Linn Westerman

 ON June 28th Franz Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria, and his wife were murdered at Sarajevo in Bosnia, by a Servian boy. On July 28th Austria declared war upon Servia, basing her declaration upon the refusal of Servia to accede, without exception and in two days' time, to a list of demands drawn up by the Austrian government. By August 28th a war was in full progress which may be called, with very little exaggeration, a war of the world.

Portions of every continent upon the globe are directly involved, with the single exception of South America. Canada and

Australia are sending their young men to fertilize the fields of France with their blood. There is fighting on a small scale in inner Africa, in a larger way on the coast of China. Japan is at war with Germany. Though the South American states are in no way involved they are suffering tremendously from the effects of the war. Banks are closing their doors in Brazil and the government is said to be paying its officials in paper money which is badly depreciated. We of the United States are undoubtedly the least affected of all the larger nations on earth. Yet President Wilson is asking for a war tax of \$100,000,000, and

we are paying for certain necessary medicines three or four times the price that we paid in early July. As compared with the slaughter of men in Europe the stupendous waste of the world's goods, and the probable social and political effects of the war, our pocket-books are a petty consideration. Yet they may serve as evidence of the world-scope of the present conflict and its nearness to ourselves.

After the first shock of the war was over and the first realization of the dreadful human suffering, which it must necessarily entail, had passed, the American people began to ask itself who had brought this dread thing upon the world. The very magnitude of the war was sufficient proof that the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince and his wife was not to be considered as a primal causative factor. It was no more than one of those incidents which from time to time bring to a crisis in Europe the forces of a century. These forces include racial hatreds, religious hatreds, national aspirations among the Balkan states, the diplomatic scheming of the master statesmen of the Great Powers of Europe, lust of power, greed of gain, and many other lesser motives. The whole thing is infinitely complicated and infinitely sad.

There has been a strong tendency in the United States to blame the war upon German militarism. The publication of the

famous "White Papers" by the English and German foreign offices has strengthened the impression that the decision as to a temporary adjustment of the present crisis by peaceful means lay in Berlin. Yet there cannot be any doubt that the German people have gone into this war heartily supporting the administration and sincerely believing in the administration's presentation of its case, to the effect that the German Empire is fighting a defensive war for its very existence as a great power.

We of the United States have been told that Germany and the attitude of its Emperor have been grossly and systematically misrepresented before us. We are a fair-minded people, in the main, and sincerely desirous of remaining neutral and of doing all sides justice. It is, however, unavoidable that we make up our minds upon many issues connected with this vast war; and chief of these is the question whether it had to be at all, and, if so, whether it will be possible in the future to eliminate or modify the antagonistic forces which have produced it. The question of the relative guilt of the European powers in allowing the war to break out and develop to its present magnitude presses itself more imperatively upon Americans of German descent than upon any other class in our country. Also many men in our University circles feel themselves absolutely indebted to Germany for the train-

ing which they have received and for the inspiration which keeps their spirits alive and their standards high in our atmosphere which is certainly not overcharged, with a traditional sympathy for things academic. It is consequently a matter of the deepest regret to the writer to be forced to enroll himself among those who believe that, "so far as documentary evidence has yet reached us," we are justified in the belief that the government at Berlin might have staved off the present war, and did not do so. It is quite another question whether the German military and diplomatic leaders were morally justified, from the patriotic but thoroughly narrow standpoint of the development of the German Empire and the dangers which beset that development, in permitting a great continental war to break out at this time. In order to sit in judgment upon this phase of the moral responsibility of Germany and its Kaiser we must know what is back of their assertion that Germany was forced into this fight by the political "aggressiveness of Russia," the "vanity of France" injured by the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and "English jealousy" because of Germany's commercial prosperity. It will be a long time before we will have sufficient material available to render a just verdict upon this aspect of the case. It is plain that Belgium did not want a fight with the myriads of Germany. It is confessed by the Germans

themselves that they broke a treaty obligation by which they were bound to preserve the neutrality of Belgium. They defend the action as a necessity of war. It is clear that England's foreign office labored unceasingly to bring about some adjustment of the Servian-Austrian dispute which might avoid a general European war. France has come into the war through her position as an ally of Russia. The defenders of Germany's actions claim that Germany has no real hatred for France and that she regrets the necessity of the present effort to break the French power. There remain the German accusation of the Pan-Slavic aggression fomented by Russia, and the charge of the allies against the political ambitions of the German military party.

In the spring of 1901 I was the only foreigner in a group of thirteen young men in Berlin at the house of a German gentleman whose opportunities of having "inside information" upon the political attitude of the government were unusual. In the course of a general and very animated discussion of the political future of Germany one of the young men expressed the view that the greatest danger to Germany lay on the side of Russia. This attitude was new to me and I listened to the ex-



position of his ideas with interest. The discussion closed with a laconic and very positive remark of the host: "All Slavs are slaves!" This epitomizes the usual scorn which one finds in Germany for her Russian neighbor.

It is my conviction that the country most bitterly disliked by the Germans is England. In my three years as a student in Germany I heard it expressed by men in all classes of society, by students, army officers, workmen, and professional men including teachers, "Our next war will be a war with England." Every American who has resided in Germany for any length of time during the past twenty years, and has had the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with the German people has heard it many times and in many places. It seems to be an outgrowth of the new colonial policy of Germany. A fairly typical conversation, which would represent the gist of many which the writer has had with his German friends, is this: "We must have colonies to which to send our surplus population and sell our manufactured products."

"Send your surplus population over to us and into South America. You will find plenty of room and plenty of Germans."

"Ah, but the Germans who go into other countries lose their native language and become foreigners."

"Well, that is what several other peoples

of Europe have to do. The surplus population of Sweden and Norway, of Switzerland and the Slavic countries must move out to other lands and merge itself with the people of its new home."

"Yes, but it is a different thing with us. We must have 'German' colonies where the German language and German culture will maintain themselves unimpaired."

Back of this feeling there lies a justified appreciation of what German culture has meant to the world and a longing for a wider sphere of activity for this culture in surroundings which would remain purely German. The cool assumption of a certain class of Englishmen of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon people irritates the Germans markedly. East of Germany lies the immense Slavic empire of Russia with its vast possibility of development, both spiritual and economic, under broad-minded and effective leadership. To the west of Germany is England, the heart of a great colonial empire. In this situation and the ambition of the virile German people lies the only explanation which I can find of the German popular attitude against England. It is given as an explanation, not as a justification of the present military system and spirit of the German ruling class.

A year and a half ago the writer returned from a four months' visit to Germany. His admiration for the accomplishments of the German people was even greater than

it had been after his three years as a student at the German Universities. We talk much of efficiency in the United States. In Germany one may see what efficiency really is. The German nation is, in my judgment, far and away the most efficient in the world. It is efficient in business, in its municipal administration, in every branch of science. Its schools, technical and professional-academic, are wonderfully organized. Its military system may well claim to be one of the most highly organized machines that the world has ever seen on so vast a scale.

In one respect the writer's views upon Germany were vitally changed by his last visit. He returned to the United States asserting, with positive conviction, that there was little danger of the outbreak of the dreaded European war. And why? Because Germany could not afford it. This conviction was forced upon him by the sight of miles and miles of factories and smokestacks which the traveller sees as he rides on the railways and the interurban electric lines through the lower Rhine country in southwestern Germany. The German manufacturer has put his wares into every market of the world in the past forty years. He has done it because he has sold durable goods more cheaply than his competitors.

Two necessary conditions of this ability to undersell other nations are a small margin of profit and highly efficient workmen. On the ship upon which I returned to the

United States were some half dozen young men from Barmen in southwestern Germany. They were employees in the silk factories of Barmen who were coming to America because the Balkan war, which was then going on, had so affected the silk industry that the mills had shut down. Throughout Germany one gained the impression that the tremendous industrial growth of the country was a sheer case of brains and energy, rather than of large natural advantages. Also one felt that its commercial victories were gained only at the expense of the highest tension. The balance-wheel seemed very fine. One felt that the whole great commercial structure of Germany would go to pieces if the tension should be only slightly increased and the balance only slightly impaired.

Through the outbreak of the present war the vast machine of German commerce has stopped. The prosperity of a nation has been imperilled. Will the commerce of Germany, when the war is ended easily re-establish itself in the markets of the world? This is extremely doubtful. Why have the German Emperor and his advisers staked the commercial gains of forty years upon a throw? Win or lose in the war, the prosperity of the German people will have received a tremendous set-back. This is one of the least of their losses. Much more serious is the blow which has been given to their goodwill before the world and the admiration which their attainments and better qualities have gained for them. Some portion of the German people—and it must be their leaders—have made a vital political and diplomatic blunder.

## First Hand Glimpses of the War

Frederic O. C. Ernst



THE FEW weeks I passed in Belgium, from the 15th of June to the 15th of August were the most exciting and at the same time the saddest which I ever experienced, and the like of which I hope never to experience again. I was engaged in newspaper work and travelled a great deal, most of my time being spent in Brussels, Charleroy, and Liege.

Until the declaration of war of Germany with Russia was known, everyone in Belgium kept the hope that the great international struggle now raging could be avoided. Every newspaper remained optimistic until the last, for they had the greatest confidence in France, in the French people whom they knew to be democratic and peace loving, in the French government which would have done, and has done, in 1914, what it did so many times before—exhaust every possibility of concessions rather than have war. They knew also that the English government would try its utmost to maintain peace.

But all hopes disappeared with the declaration of war of Germany against Russia, and our optimism was succeeded by despair; for war with Russia meant also war with France, which in turn would make inevitable the invasion of Belgium by the

Germans.

The Belgians were probably less surprised at the violation of Belgium's neutrality than the rest of the world, and especially America. In Belgium military circles it was considered almost a certainty that Belgium would be invaded by the Prussians in case of a war between France and Germany. During the last few years a whole school of German military experts had counselled the crossing of Belgium in the case of a Franco-German war. All of them considered this as inevitable and necessary. Last year the Germans bought from the "institut cartographique militaire" 38,000 of its latest maps. These were evidently not intended for parlor decoration.

The Belgians knew so well that the danger would come from Germany and from Germany alone that they had especially fortified their eastern boundary.

There has been much talk, especially among people who know little about European history and politics, concerning what Belgium could have done to avoid its tragic situation. Why not simply protest, some say, but allow the Germans to cross Belgium as they demanded. This was impossible. Belgium is not simply neutral, but is a neutralized state as Switzerland. The powers including Russia, which have guaranteed its neutrality, have not only allowed her but have imposed on her that neutrality. Belgium had no right

to conclude any alliance or military agreement as other independent states; she had no choice but to pursue a course entirely pacific, to seek for no other foreign protection but that which the powers had promised by treaties. This was a hard role to play, but she fulfilled her difficult obligations with a remarkable consistency and conscientiousness. Belgium did not deserve to have a single enemy in Europe—much less than any other one of the powers who had solemnly promised to preserve her from violation.

If Belgium had allowed the Germans to pass through on their way to France, and in addition, as the ultimatum required, had treated the German army as friends, she would have taken sides; she would have broken her contract of neutrality with the powers, she would have helped Germany against France, and this would have been unpardonable and disloyal indeed. For France had officially promised the Belgian government not to enter the country, and she kept her promise. On the contrary, while the German ambassador at Brussels also assured the Belgian government that the Germans would not be the first to enter Belgium, the German armies were already on their way, and only two hours after this assurance was given came the German ultimatum. Besides this, Belgium could remember that in 1831, when Belgian independence was also in danger,

France had come to her rescue. The Belgians trusted the loyalty and the friendship of the French and of the English and their trust as the facts have shown, was well placed.

Whether the morrow be of joy or grief, the Belgian nation will never forget that in 1914 as in 1831 France offered the blood of her children to defend Belgian independence; and to the end of time her children will remember it with gratitude.

This being said, I should like to tell briefly the readers of the Wisconsin Magazine of a few things I have witnessed with my own eyes. In Charleroi, I saw the 1st regiment of "Chasseurs" leaving on its way to Liege. It was on the 3rd of August and the news had just come that the Germans had passed the boundary line and had occupied Vice. It was tragic to know that all those poor fellows would be fighting the next day. No cheering, no songs, oppressive silence, and tears in every eye! Here and there in the ranks of the soldiers, civilians could be seen shaking hands with friends; here women in tears—sisters, wives, or mothers; there a baby in his father's arms, smiling all unmindful, as it received, perhaps, the last paternal kiss. It was heart-breaking.

In Liege where I arrived the same evening, the scene was very different. There was a great enthusiasm among the people, at every window flags were floating, the

town seemed to be celebrating some holiday. Toward nightfall, a brigade of infantry passed through the city, going to the forts to defend them against the enemy; the ovation they received was never to be forgotten.

On the 4th of August, the King opened the parliament, and I had the good fortune of being present. His bearing was simple but martial; his speech, also simple, but firm. Speaking of the army, he said:

"I salute them fraternally in the name of the nation. Everywhere in Flanders and in Wallovnia, in the cities and the country, a single feeling possesses every heart—patriotism; a single vision fills every mind—our compromised independence; a single duty imposed itself on our will—stubborn resistance.

"In those grave circumstances, two virtues are indispensable: courage, calm and firm, and the close union of all the Belgians."

Those two virtues the Belgians showed they possessed, and Albert the First found under him a people worthy of him. While I was going back to Liege in an automobile with a reporter friend of the Brussels "Chronique" we met, near the city, a battalion of the 12th regiment of the line which had been sent to meet the advancing enemy, and which, after four hours of fighting, was falling back on the forts of Liege. The retreat was effected without

difficulty under the cover of the fire from the neighboring forts. The shells and the shrapnells whistled in the air passing over the heads of these valiant fighters. They marched in step, and advanced in regular ranks. If it had not been for their uniforms torn by bullets and for their faces spotted with dust and powder, one would have thought that they were coming back from a drill. We followed them slowly. On approaching Liege the soldiers—Flemish for the most part—began to sing the patriotic song of Flanders, "The Flemish Lion," "Zy zullen hem met hemmen." No, they will never tame him! They recalled to our mind those ancient Flemish heroes, the famous citizens of Bruges and Ghent. They, like their ancestors, were fighting for their liberties; like them, they were conscious of the righteousness of their cause, and their courage was no less.

I remained but a few days more in Liege. In the evening of the 5th the Germans began to bombard the town. The shells were falling in the central part of the city; here and there you could see houses burning. The streets were empty; the population had taken refuge in the cellars. Everything was closed; shops, hotels, public buildings; the silence was troubled only by the cannonade and the sound of troops passing through the streets. One shell fell on the city hospital, another on the university, another set the office of "L'Ex-

press" on fire. Further residence there was impossible.

The general staff decided then that as the forts could hold out without the help of infantry, the city itself should be abandoned to the enemy, while its defenders would rejoin the main Belgian army. This was done, and the next morning the Germans began to enter Liege. Many people had not waited for their arrival, and thousands of citizens had left on special trains to Brussels.

From that time to the 14th of August I worked for the "Journal de Charleroy." Little could be done, as all news was censored by the government and only official announcements could be published.

In the evening of the 9th, I saw a train of wounded arrive in Brussels at the north station. The scene was most touching. Among them was a man whom I knew well, having been in the early schools with him. He had been shot in the knee and came from Liege, where his regiment (the 9th of line) had been intrusted with the defence of the fort of Bonnelles. He told me that for 36 hours he had fought without rest and without eating, although food was to be had. I tried to obtain details about the fighting, but he was absolutely unable to give any. He told me that he had fought in such a wild rage that he had been unconscious of his surroundings or of what he had been doing. As a mat-

ter of fact his mind seemed to need rest as much as his exhausted body.

The same day a train load of German prisoners came. They were kept in the waiting rooms of the station. All displayed an attitude of perfect discipline. They automatically came to attention when the Belgian General Wouters entered, who returned their salute. A major told them that a train would take them at night to Bruges, that they would get some water on the train, and food on their arrival at Bruges where they would be detained. "Did you understand me?" said the Belgian officer.

"Ya Wohl!" was the answer; and they waited patiently, resigned to their fate.

It is impossible to realize now what the consequences of this war may be for Belgium. The poor little country will have suffered terribly; but we are confident that she will recover soon, for the Belgian people belong to a strong race, and they will fight to recover from the struggle as they fought to protect their homes—bravely. Whatever the result of the war may be, Belgium will remain free; she may be vanquished, but never subdued.

This war will also unite more closely the two people who live together in this little country (only one-fifth of Wisconsin in area), the Flemish and the Walloons. Those two parts of the nation so different in every way, in language, occupation, customs, and

thought, had during the last years almost become adversaries. Some leaders had gone as far as to speak of a possible political separation; and there seemed no hope of an awakening of a national conscience.

And now this awakening has occurred with the splendor of a dawn. Now the whole country, Walloons and Flemish, has risen with a common impulse of tenderness and of hatred. The invasion, the treaties violated, the boundary passed, the cannons destroying the harvest, the shells setting houses and villages afire, all that was need-

ed to know the hatred of the enemy; and that hatred is still love since it is made of the cult of everything we love.

A new Belgium will come out of this terrible trial, a new nation who will know that she can trust only her own efforts, that the future will be what she herself will make it, that she will live free only if she is worthy of that liberty. A new Belgium will appear, uniting Walloons and Flemish under their king, which will understand better than ever the great truth which lies in her motto: "L'Union fait la force."

## THE JEWELS OF THE MANDARIN

### An Episode of the Taking of Peking

Eric W. Passmore

**T**HE GIANT cavalryman heaved himself up from the table, his torn blue tunic, a dark blotch against the gold dragons which writhed along the lacquer of the mandarin's screens.

"Let's drink to Hamilton! The first man over the wall of the Holy City. It's too bad that the Boxers got him."

McMasters, the little lieutenant, wept drunkenly and unaffectedly as he stagger-

ed to his feet and drank the toast. Evidently the mandarin had been a man of catholic tastes and his champagne and rice had been too much after the hot fighting of the day. Besides McMasters, a hard-faced captain of infantry tossed down his drink, and then, all three, they snapped the stems and shivered the frail glasses against the rich tapestries of the wall.

"Ther' 'esh on! three lef' now;" slobbered McMasters, "but we all stick together.

I got the man that knifed Ham, right in the face, dirty ol' beggar. Les' drink the Holy Trinity and Eternal Friendship," he ended profanely.

Again they drank, glasses touching, and the corpse of Hamilton stretched on the table seemed to smile ironically, but perhaps it was only the play of shadows which the flickering candles cast on the grim white face.

Captain Bright, leaving his empty glass, swaggered over to the cupboards which lined the wall and rummaged for more wine. Suddenly he bent forward with a cry of amazement. Turning quickly he held up to the astonished eyes of the men at the table a heavy jewel case of inlaid teak from which he poured a stream of jewels; diamond rings, unset rubies, emeralds, and curious Chinese trinkets of jade and gold, heaped upon the table among the bottles and blazed in the light—the spoil of the Holy City of Peking. Oblivious of the corpse, the three men stared at the hoard; the jewels seemed to hypnotize them, the realization of fortune lay before them beside Hamilton. Death and the jewels of death.

The cavalryman straightened up first with a rattle of accoutrements, his face flushed and his eyes feverish.

"We'll divide 'em, fifty-fifty, but we must watch them till morning. The scourgings of Asia and Europe are looting the

city tonight. I'll get some wine."

He strode to the end of the room to where the wine stood behind the screen, his sabre clanking against his leg. Roughly he knocked off the head of a bottle,—then he paused, his face gone white and drawn. He could still see the cold green of the emeralds and the sheen of the diamonds. He glanced over his shoulder nervously—the other two were talking in low tones at the opposite end of the room. With trembling hands he took from his jacket a little vial, (no veteran goes without a ready means of escape in the Boxer Wars) and poured it into the bottle, and the great white herons on the tall vases watched him with green, incurious eyes.

Slowly he walked back to the circle of light around the table. He heard Bright say in a tense whisper, "Now!"

McMasters seemed to cringe and shake his head. Awkwardly Bright reached for the wine, and in so doing swept some of the stones upon the floor. The cavalryman, glad to escape seeing him drink, stooped to pick them up. Silently the captain sprang at him, pinning him to the floor. Not a word was spoken, only the labored sobs of hard-drawn breath. Twice Bright stabbed him as they grappled. The great form of the wounded man stiffened out, his extended legs quivered spasmodically like a speared frog, and a sigh whistled from his blood-frothed lips.



"He's done for," panted Bright, "it's only halves now."

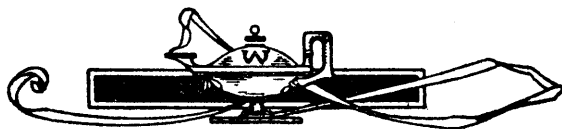
McMasters looked at him stupidly, his face as white as the corpse upon the table. He jerked his revolver from his hip and it roared twice in the captain's blood-shot face. With a coughing grunt Bright staggered and spun half around, caught at the table, and missed it, crumpled up on the bottle littered floor; his eyes leering horribly from his smoke-blackened visage.

Sobered, McMasters stared at the bodies at his feet. One stretched at full length, the other huddled hideously. With a shudder he reached for the bottle of wine and took a great convulsive gulp. Then he turned to the jewels and ran them gloatingly through his trembling fingers. There was a girl waiting for him in the States—the stones seemed to smile at him.

"Mine! All Mine," he shouted, and the empty room echoed his frenzied voice. Only the dragons and the bronze figure of the Buddha gazed at him unmoved. The calm idol infuriated him with its half-closed accusing eyes. He flung his revolver at it where it lurked in the shadows of the hangings and the metal rang loudly in the still room. Suddenly before his eyes it grew dark, the green gleam of the bronzes

wavered fantastically, the candles faded away, a mighty roaring rose in his ears. The golden dragons raced in endless file around the blue tapestries. He reeled and tore at his collar which suffocated him. Through the blank, inscrutable eyes of the outraged Buddha the girl at home looked at him with frightened, horror-stricken reproach. A fearful nausea seized him and his knees weakened under him. His eyes started from his head and with a cry, half of laughter, half of terror, he fell clutching at the jewels. With him came the torn tapestry and the imperial dragons of the Son of Heaven coiled around the body of the profaner of the Holy City.

The rattle of desultory firing came up from the sack of the burning city and in the surging streets below the balcony. Russian, German, and Jap, fought and jostled for the loot of the capitol. The rabble of East and West loosed from the dens and the legations swarmed yelling into the Inner City; but in the room of the mandarin all was very quiet. The guttering candles flickered and flared and the face of the dead man on the shining teak wood table seemed to sneer at the jewels which blazed sinisterly in the candle light.



## EPITAPH

(For the grave of your favorite enemy)

**H**ERE LIES a crow dressed in eagle feathers. He sought only to impress others with his assumed superiority: he imitated the manners and the talk of those who were immeasurably higher and nobler than he. For a time, being possessed of a great power of self-hypnosis and a tremendous fund of egotism, he succeeded in deluding himself with the thought that he was in all truth the noble bird he imitated—dweller of the vast God-haunted wilderness, builder in the crags and confidant of the sun,—but was forced into the realization of his true nature by a chain of events whose logic was so overwhelming as to convince even his self-hypnotized conceit. Henceforth he thought only to impress others. Some, indeed, being blind and undiscerning, were deceived by his pretenses (for he was, it must be acknowledged, a good actor); but more were not, and readily perceived that his plumes were borrowed. Yet he kept up his pretenses to the last, although he at times admitted to himself in part what his true nature was.

He reviled the Maker of Worlds for not creating him the being which he so assiduously imitated, and was ashamed to own that he was only a humble crow. He had not the courage to be himself. He had not the ingenuousness to realize fully what he was, but played the miserable game out to its logical end.

He died discredited, and upon his grave we write the truth which his lying life strove to contradict:

"Here lies a crow dressed in eagle feathers."

## How About Fusion?

**T**HE wave of organization and activity which has seemed to bid fair to swamp a small percentage of the students in their eagerness for office and empty honor in student affairs extraneous to the regular work in college, seems, it is to be hoped truly, about to be superseded by a reaction. The lines drawn by the faculty have been gradually widening, until now there is scarcely a recognized activity which does not require an acceptable standard of scholarship as its sine qua non of participation. Athletics have always been in that class. Then musical organizations were added, later journalistic endeavors, and recently such things as circus committee and similar activities were put on the black list. This attitude on the part of the powers that be does not mean that they frown on the activities as such, but that they recognize that the student is here primarily for school work, with the possibility for his engaging in extraneous activities to a limited degree if he has the time and inclination. Although there is a wide range in opinions, it is very probably a good thing to have each student engage in perhaps one activity to a reasonable extent, as a recreation, for any activity is considered by the participator as a recreation from school work. The main difficulty

with many students is that when they once begin activity work, they find so many branches to engage in that they become hopelessly involved. Is it entirely fair, then, to blame the recruit? Is it wholly unreasonable to suggest that he might be aided by those higher up, by means of a simplifying of the activity situation? Is not abolition, or perhaps fusion, of some activities the easiest way out of the difficulty? Like an extracted tooth, the abolition would work an immediate hardship and an eventual benefit. I have in mind the field of publications. We have at present seven periodicals which are concerned with the affairs of students, namely, The Badger, The Cardinal, The Wisconsin Magazine, The Sphinx, The Alumni Magazine, The Wisconsin Engineer, and The Wisconsin Country Magazine. With the exception of the Cardinal and the Badger they all appear monthly, or nine times a year. As the majority of the publications have comparatively meager subscription lists, they must depend largely for their revenue on the funds obtained through advertising, the value of which is more or less open to question.

The situation has been prosperous until recently. While the publications did not all make big money, at least they managed to keep out of the public eye on the score of bad debts and violated contracts. Then the advent of such ventures as the

Blackbird, Sham, and the Daily News wrought confusion, until now scarcely one of the publications can show a clean set of books. Due to the machinations of one man the Cardinal was put in a financial hole, being forced to appoint three different business managers in the course of a year. The Daily News left a number of unpaid bills. The 1914 Badger still owes \$2,300 on its contracts. The Sphinx has had much trouble, and seems to be yet not wholly on its feet, and it is certain that if the Engineer and Country Magazine are not in debt, they are certainly not wealthy. In the last two years things seem to have gotten so bad that a regeneration is due. Now would be a strategic time to bring it about. Advertisers are becoming dubious, and are seriously questioning the value of some of the publications as result bringing mediums. Even those who never expect to derive gain are hesitating to contribute sums that seems liable to be squandered by inefficient or not too puritanic business managers. The annual subsidy usually voted by the board of regents for subscriptions to the various publications has been withdrawn, a move which the publications may well afford to take time to consider.

At this time it seems wise to consider a fusion which will reduce the present seven publications to two, a daily paper and a monthly magazine. I do not see how we can get along without the Daily Cardinal,

and it should be preserved. The fusion, then, would be in the other six. The Badger should be the first to go, because it has grown to a size and cost not consonant with the wealth and ideals of the school. Let there be established a monthly magazine, which might be called by any name that is deemed expedient. Let its spring number be the senior number, and contain the pictures of all the seniors, as the Badger does now. The various other events and pictures could be recorded from month to month as they occur, thus preserving them, and at the same time making them timely. In this way a year's file of the Magazine would include everything now found in the Badger which is worthy of preservation. Let the field of the Sphinx be filled by a department of local humor, which is good enough to be humorous, and local enough to be appreciated. The field which the Wisconsin Magazine appeals to is comparatively limited and could be covered by another department. I also suggest including the Engineer and Country Magazine as departments, because such a move would cause an intercirculation that would give each of the colleges a better knowledge of each other. On the same basis the Colleges of Law and Medicine and the Schools of Commerce and Journalism could have representation in a way which they could not afford in a separate publication. I have suggested combining the

Alumni Magazine because I think such an issue would be of greater interest to the average alumnus than the present one. It would keep the alumni in closer touch with the active affairs of the school, and would in turn instil into the undergraduates their approaching responsibilities as alumni. The strength of any school must always disinterested undergraduates.

Economically the fusion would be beneficial because it would eliminate the useless competition for advertising, save money on duplicated paper, printing, and engraving bills, and save the duplicated work of many students by fusing the many small operations of copy chasing, brain racking, editing, making up, and the like. The finances of all the publications, if pooled, would make an organization with a sound business credit.

Since considerable responsibility would in this way be centered in a small group, the problem of selecting a staff would be at once increased and simplified. It is to be hoped that the staff positions would have sufficient prestige to call out candidates of the right calibre, while the responsibility of such offices would demand unusual care in the selection of the holders. It would undoubtedly be wise to have the Magazine and the Cardinal published under the same management, with a permanent editor and manager. These two offices should have a guaranteed adequate salary attached, and

the offices should be filled whenever vacant with alumni who had done creditable work on the staffs. These men should have ultimate financial responsibility in all cases, and should accordingly be placed under the customary bonds. In view of the fact that the publications gain their prestige from their connection with the university, they should be under the ultimate control of a board of faculty men, just as the officers of a corporation are responsible to its board of directors. This board should rightfully be permanent, and selected from the professors who are alumni and have seen service on publications, for these men are best fitted to get the proper perspective. Their authority should be final, and under such circumstances they should be selected with a view to the responsibility of their positions. The two staffs, which would not need to be distinct entities, could be chosen on the competitive basis. Appointments could be made by the permanent editor and manager, subject to appeal to the board of directors. Such an organization would clarify the situation by its being the only body with authority to solicit advertising, and by its permanence could insure the advertiser that his investment would be profitable. It would of course

eliminate all free lance and private publications, since with its recognition and prestige the merchant could advertise in other mediums at his own pleasure, but also at his own risk. It would centralize responsibility, thus removing from students any temptation to shady practice or misuse of funds. It would eliminate discrimination in advertising rates, and the universal but precarious trade advertising. Organized finances would undoubtedly produce a good available revenue, so that very creditable publications, worthy of the university, could be produced. Perhaps in time it would not be too much of an iridescent dream to hope that the publications might have their own offices and own a building with a fully equipped plant.

The first move necessary for such an innovation would be the mutual agreement of the staff members of the publications themselves. The move could not be done overnight, since it would work hardship on elected editors, and cause the cancellation of advertising contracts. However, once an agreement was reached to act, the method of consolidation could be very easily devised. It is to be hoped that some such move will take place in the near future, before the publications fall into further disrepute.

## The Haresfoot Club's Project

Ivan Adair Bickelhaupt

### Editor's Note—

At the annual Haresfoot Banquet last Spring, Mr. Bickelhaupt and Mr. Erdman, both graduating members of the Club, proposed a startling plan of National Organization. The plan as set forth offered such possibilities that the Club appointed these two men, as an alumni committee of two, to propagate it. They started work at once and have been pushing it all summer.

Mr. Bickelhaupt and Mr. Erdman were both prominent in college dramatics as well as intensely interested in the theatrical profession, and the idea seems worthy of recognition.

We are publishing, herewith, an outline of the proposed plan.

During the past year or so, the musical comedy has been supplanted to a great extent by the illegitimate "Movie," and it is a good show, carrying well known stars that makes a stand of more than a few weeks even in the large cities.

The College Musical Production, however, has not, as yet, felt the effect of this theatrical demoralization and this is due, no doubt, to its very amateurness. Until some ingenious student features an amateur moving picture show, the college pro-

duction is safe.

The Haresfoot Club, Wisconsin's Musical Comedy Organization, despite the prejudice of the energetic promoters of "Higher Art" and the student who leans towards honorary scholarship rather than the "This is the Life" point of view, has become and will remain a prominent branch of college activity. It is moreover a representative and strictly Wisconsin affair. It is one of the few remaining traditions which help to lend a spirit of fun and frolic to school life. It is a 'college' stunt, with a broad, good-natured definition of the word "college."

One by one the traditions and organizations of Wisconsin have gone to the wall—pushed back and nailed there by the growing ideals of democracy and efficiency. The student kneels, fawning, at the footstool of wisdom and efficiency where formerly he pounded the table of pleasure with the flowing bowl of good fellowship. But the voiced regret of those who were will not change things; we can only look and pity.

Enough of the reminiscence.

Mr. Editor called for an outline of our pet idea—an idea which germinated in the good old days and blossomed about the time 'we closed the life of books and opened the book of life.'

This idea was—to effect a paternal College Musical Comedy Organization which

would exist nationally and become the parent club of all college musical dramatic societies. We plan to weld all respectable and recognized College Clubs into a "chapter grand" without disturbing their individuality.

The benefits of such an organization can be clearly recognized. Primarily it would give a sound working basis to all Clubs. It would give them a solidity and dignity which would defy the calamity howlers in the various institutions. It would make membership into the separate clubs a higher honor than before and thus open a bigger field of competition at tryouts. It would standardize College Musical Comedies and lift them to a near-professional position.

Such a national organization could call on the professional stage for advice and suggestions, whereas the small Club could not. The plan, moreover, incorporated the initiation of all well known and popular musical comedy stars into honorary membership.

A convention is to be held every year in some large city. At this convention each Club will be represented by a few or all of its members. The business sessions will consist in reports on the different technicalities of stage production, talks by big theatrical men—in short a general and enlightening discussion of the problems which the student manager meets. Each chapter

will report to the national Club on its last show as well as its contemplated show. Mimeographed reports, listing all the scenery, costumes and properties on hand, will be given by each chapter to every other chapter, so that trades and sales between clubs may be effected.

The archives of the National Club will receive each year a copy of the different scores gotten out by the various societies.

These conventions will also include inspections of modern theaters, performances and rehearsals. Honorary members will be asked to talk, both at business sessions and at the annual banquet.

In short the proposed organization aims to improve and help the separate Clubs to set a standard for them and make them reach it.

Work was started on this plan last year shortly before the close of school and, although it was too late to approach the Eastern Colleges, all of the Western Colleges who took up the matter have entered into the scheme with great enthusiasm. At present, we plan to hold the first convention at Chicago during the Christmas vacation. This first convention will be held with the idea of organizing and starting the activity. A second convention will be called for June by which time things will be running smoothly.

Theoretically the plan looks good; its success is yet a conjecture.

## A Tribute Unto Caesar

Jessie H. Reed



ANDSPUR was all a-quiver with excitement. The tall pines, which rose shadeless above the whitewashed shanties stirred uneasily in the light breeze—the lowly palmettoes which bordered the white sand streets shimmered in the reflected heat of the morning sun. Darkies, black and tan yellow, clustered like bees about the little grocery store and the meeting house, and the sound of their voices rose not unlike a humming in the sultry air.

For today was the advent of the Reverend Jefferson Gladden and his much heralded revival, and Sandspur was out to pay him tribute. As yet the Reverend Jefferson Gladden had walked only in the company of the favored and gladdened only the eyes of the faithful, while the sinning element of Sandspur had craned its neck in vain.

“Dey ain’ no man so hansom’ but what dey’s gwine ter git sick ob de sight ob him ef dey see him long enuff,” remarked the Reverend Gladden, sagely, “an’ de wise man, he hide he haid lak er ostrich ’till de time am come.”

And so the Reverend Jefferson Gladden went out in humble quietness to a chicken dinner at the Presiding Deacon’s, and none knew of his comings or his goings.

The Reverend Caesar Grice, in whose

charge the souls of the Methodist half of Sandspur had been consigned, failed to partake of the prevailing exaltation. It was one thing to get religious after a “pos-som dinner,” he reflected, but it was quite another thing when one had been more or less hungry for a year. The Reverend Grice reasoned directly, as one having experience. For the Reverend Grice had been growing thinner and thinner and shabbier and shabbier with the departing months, and had taken to eating popcorn balls, which, in the vernacular, are the last word in grub. And now, as a climax to all his sufferings, Brother Jones was feasting the Reverend Jefferson Gladden—and he was not even invited! He could smell the delectable odor of fried chicken which was wafted on the super-heated air—he could picture that dinner in a hundred different forms, always with the beaming face of the Reverend Jefferson Gladden at the head of the board—he could almost hear the unctious jokes of Reverend Gladden in the silence of the day.

The Reverend Grice squirmed. His rocking chair, which once had been so comfortable, had developed unexpected ridges of late, and required careful handling. His soul was filled with bitterness. They had invited the Reverend Jefferson Gladden, and had turned him empty away. That was where the rub was! They had turned him empty away!



"He may be a brother to dat no-count 'Rasmus Jones," he whispered, savagely, "but he aint no brother ob mine!"

The Reverend Jefferson Gladden had decided to let his light so shine. His round face shone with the exertion of eloquence, and his massive watch-chain gleamed in the light of the bracket-lamps. The Reverend Grice, relegated to the visitor's chair, watched him without enthusiasm. It is not pleasant to be relegated, and the Reverend Grice felt it keenly. To his hungry mind the evangelist seemed too redolent of the luxuries of life—of chicken dinners and roast 'taters and cabbage. Talk was just talk—and the Reverend Caesar Grice wanted something more substantial.

"Talk am cheap," the Reverend Grice murmured, "but hit teks money ter buy whiskey!"

The Reverend Jefferson Gladden talked glibly on and on unheeding. He mentioned the Republican party and the cost of living, he rattled blithely thru the mysteries of tariff and the primary elections and the antitrust law and the Titanic disaster with a rapidity which, if disconcerting, was at least appreciated. He made casual mention of Heaven, and divulged to them the secrets of Hell's seventh circle with effective results in the way of come-thrus.

"Rendah unto Caesar dem tings what am Caesar's, an' unto God dem tings what am God's!"

The Reverend Grice awoke with a guilty start, and glanced suspiciously at the Reverend Brother Gladden. Under the flaring lights of the church he looked thinner and hungrier than ever. He made a bad contrast with the sleek and anointed Brother Gladden, and he was not unaware of it.

"Howcome—" he commenced, undecidedly.

It was no part of the Reverend Jefferson Gladden's program to be interrupted.

"Shut up!" he said, sharply. It was a peculiar sibilant hiss that was spoken out of one side of the mouth, and was totally unperceived by the audience.

The Reverend Grice subsided willingly enough, now. He had something to think about, and woe to Brother Gladden, for a nigger who thinks is bad enough, but a hungry nigger who thinks is a scourge unto Israel!

A tiny question grew and grew beneath the woolly scalp of the Reverend Caesar Grice. Where had he heard that peculiar hiss before?

The tribute came in unheeded, a hatfull of silver and bills that would have kept the Reverend Grice in comfort for many a month, and disappeared into the cavernous pockets of the Reverend Jefferson Gladden. The Reverend Jefferson Gladden soared into the heights of oratory and back again to the meeting house. The rows of black faces watched in breathless admiration of

the things which they could not comprehend.

Brother Caesar Grice sat up very straight, and watched the Reverend Gladden with eyes which shone triumphantly in the lamplight.

There was only one place in the world where that peculiar sibilant hiss was learned—and the Reverend Grice knew that place too well!

In the dimly lighted Sunday School room the voice of Brother Grice pleaded his cause.

"Ain' Ah done 'vented dat scheme ob c'lectin' at de do' so dey cain' none git away?" it whined. "Sho did. Ain' Ah done —"

"Sof'ly—sof'ly, Bruddah—we's gwine come to dat in due time," the Reverend Gladden's voice was very unctious. "Hit don' do no good ter git rile', nohow. 'Mem-bah, yo' catches mo' flies wid 'lasses dan yo' does wid vinigah!"

The Reverend Grice uncoiled his gaunt frame from a chair.

"Gimme dat cash!" he demanded. "Ef yo' don't, dey's gwine be one niggah less in San'spur! I'se done waited long 'nuff!"

Slowly and reluctantly the Reverend Jefferson Gladden fished up a dollar bill from his pocket. It was a very dirty bill, but the Reverend Grice, seeing nothing else in prospect, took it.

"Looky-yeah, niggah," the Reverend

Gladden's voice was all too sauve. "How-come yo'-all cyarn't rake up some spon-dilux yo'-self? Whuffo' yo' allus gotter be a-spongin' offen me? Membah what-all de Good Book say 'bout dem dar servants? De Lawd, he says, seein' ez how yo'-all ain' done brung in nothin' scusin' what Ise done gib yo' why, yo'-all kin jes' go offen chase yo'-selves." Reverend Gladden's voice sank, menacingly.

"Dat's jes' what yo'-all bettah do—right now!"

It was the evening of the last and the greatest day of the revival. Above the black-silhouetted pines a thousand stars twinkled in ecstasy, and the heavy sweetness of the palmetto bloom hung in the evening air. Somewhere in the village a negroe chant rose in quaint and lingering melody, softened by the distance.

The Reverend Brother Gladden, wending his solemn way to the meeting house, smiled happily. It had been a very successful revival—very successful indeed. He jingled the coins in his pocket—he always kept a few there just to remind himself that he was prospering. As for the real money—that was safely hid—and would stay hid until the Reverend Gladden was ready to depart. For the Reverend Jefferson Gladden was taking no chances, even in Sandspur.

Reverend Jefferson Gladden paused, uneasily, his head cocked to one side.

"Howdy, Brothah Grice," he commenced, and stopped. A cold chill ran up his spine and back again.

For Brother Grice answered never a word, and held a finger to his lips. He had the appearance of a man who knew a whole lot more than he wished to tell. Again that tremor scampered up and down the Reverend Gladden's spine.

"Hit sho' am a powahful salubrious evenin'," he ventured, but the timbre had somehow gone out of his voice, leaving it dead and lifeless.

"Tain't no use a-mekkin' yo'self mo' conspicuous dan yo' is," Brother Grice's whisper was harsh and loud. He looked at the wretched Gladden, meaningly.

"Howcome?" demanded Brother Gladden, feebly. "What yo'-all a-talkin' 'bout? Ain' nobody got nuffin' on me!"

The Reverend Caesar Grice whispered very softly, so softly that he had to step very close to Brother Gladden.

"De marshall am heah fum Calooahat-chee," he said.

The Reverend Jefferson was no longer a glorified being upon the pedestal of fame—he was merely a nigger who wanted to get out of that town in a hurry!

When the ten-thirty freight rumbled out of Sandspur at ten-forty-five, as usual, there was a passenger whose ticket the conductor never punched. Curled up upon the foreward truck of car number 7835 the

Reverend Jefferson Gladden prepared to pass the night in peace and quietude.

Within the meeting house the crowd waited, expectantly. The evening freight pulled in, with its mournful whistle, creaked dismally, halted. Then it rumbled away into the piney woods with a final echoing wail. The crowd in the meetinghouse grew impatient, restless. The Reverend Gladden failed to appear. Gradually the crowd dispersed, straggling away in twos and threes, with awkward conversation. Still no Reverend Gladden.

In the early morning light the ten-thirty freight creaked dismally into a water-tank, and stopped with a jolt. A brakeman ran back from the engine cab, paused a moment beside a ramshackle freight car, and whistled. Other brakemen appeared from the mysterious depths of the little caboose, and ran towards him.

"Tramp," said the first brakeman to the others, very laconically.

The ten-thirty freight rumbled away down the track, and disappeared in the distance. The Reverend Brother Gladden sat upon a heap of ties. He was very dusty, and his clothes were not as immaculate as usual. Thoughtfully he felt for his money, drawing out a roll of bills from somewhere. Smiling rather wearily, he started down the track, commencing to unroll them as he went along. A dollar bill—it was a very dirty bill—dropped at his feet, and remain-

ed unnoticed in the sand. For the Reverend Jefferson Gladden held in his trembling hand only a rolled-up bit of wrapping paper, on which was scrawled, in Brother Grice's rambling chirography:

"Rendar unto Caesar dem tings what am Caesar's."

Vaguely the Reverend Jefferson Gladden

turned the bit of paper over and over, standing there in the center of the track. Ahead of him the twin bands of steel glittered in the sunlight—about him the pines stretched in level weary miles.

The Reverend Jefferson Gladden sat down upon a pile of ties and said things which no Reverend Gentleman had ought to say.

## GRADES

Carl Russel Fish

Professor of History



IRST, let's suppose that they are honest, then we will discuss whether they are or not.

Socrates thought that the supreme end of education was to know oneself. Of course, that means primarily to know what is inside of oneself, but part of it is to know oneself relatively to other people. Every year the bright boys and girls of a hundred schools come up to the University, expecting to sweep the world before them. It's very useful to them to find that there are others, and that they must limit their ambitions to practical objects or exert themselves more than they have been ac-

customed to at home. In some cases, the results are so plain that he who runs may read, but very few come into open competition with any large number even in the university, and as far as obvious comparison is concerned, it is generally restricted to the small number who are doing the same thing. The question is then whether the rather elaborate system which the University maintains of grading and classifying its students, may be of any use to them in placing themselves relatively and planning their lives according to their chances for success.

Of course, we all know that grades do not represent the relative ability of stu-

dents. We all know that our own grades have never been commensurate with our ability. Any professor knows, from the complaints that follow every quiz, that grades do not represent the relative industry of students. In fact, grades are always a compromise between ability and industry. But that, of course, is precisely what success in life always is, a compromise between ability and character. Is there a relationship between the compromise arrived at in the University and that reached in life?

First, we will take the case of those whose industry or character pull their grades up above their ability. With the exception of one class I believe that they may count on maintaining their relative position through life. There are some whose ability reaches its limit at some definite point, sometimes at the end of the High School course, sometimes at the end of the Sophomore year, sometimes later. I have known students who averaged excellent for two years in college, and scarcely saw one after that. I am inclined to believe that with the changes in the college course the real test comes in the Junior and Senior years, and that those who now survive these will not find themselves halted later, as was often the case in the old curriculum, where the same studies were pursued throughout the school life. In fact, real strength of character means constant development, and at

the end of twenty years the industrious have usually sharpened their abilities and tend to pull away from the mass. I am inclined to believe that the student who succeeds by industry in college, particularly if he shows an improving grade, may be counted on maintaining at least his position through life. I believe that this means that in the case of fifty percent of our students, grades are a criterion of success.

The case of those whose ability exceeds their industry, is more complicated. Sometimes they are simply not interested in what they are doing and may be roused to activity by what they undertake later. Some women, particularly at Wisconsin, come to college for the fun of it, and expect to settle down to a serious life later. Some are "boneheads" at college work, but have high qualities in other lines. In the case of all these classes, the significant thing is not the average grade, but the high grades. In these days with the varied offerings of a college course, if one survives four years without any stimulation to exertion, it is a fair chance that life will continue to bore him, and his only salvation will be necessity. If such a student has many poors and cons, but a number of exs in related subjects, there is good hope for him, but an unrelieved monotony of passing grades representing a carefully adjusted indolence, is a pretty fair indication of the manner in

which the serious matter of life will be subsequently dealt with. I think it a fair rule that in case of students whose ability is higher than their grades, fifty percent are due to permanent qualities of character, and that their grades represent their chances of success in life quite accurately. I believe that an intelligent study of their grades along the lines indicated would yield material for a pretty fair forecast in half the remaining cases.

Combining the two classes, my conclusion is, that for seventy-five percent of our graduates their relative grades—not individually but by groups—give on their face a fair indication of their relative chances for success; that in eighty-seven percent of the cases an intelligent study of the grades would be equally profitable.

That is, if they are honest; are they? There are two sides to this question, the students' and the faculty's. Of the first, you at least know whether our own grades are honest. Whether enough students are dishonest to affect your relative grade is a question no one can really answer. I have always thought that the students generally exaggerated the amount of dishonesty. Two things, however, may be said. Dishonesty seldom attains high grades. It may possibly keep one student in college, while honesty forces another out, but it rarely affects the top notchers or even the middle class. Secondly, there are

many subjects where dishonesty can't affect the results at all—one won't specify, but you all know that there are such courses.

Now for the faculty's side. Doubtless some grades are poorly and carelessly assigned, but I do not hesitate to say that the students have no conception of the care with which the majority are made up. The greatest tribute to them is their uniformity. I have been through thousands of cards in making up lists for sophomore honors, Phi Beta Kappa and other purposes, and the concensus of dozens of minds, dealing with dozens of subjects is simply amazing. The exceptional cases are those that are noted, but the rule is that the variations of grades are within the narrowest limits. In detail I can speak only of my own practice. In my general course I usually have three assistants. Each assistant reads one complete set of quiz books for the entire class, and I read the final examination each semester. Thus we all have some knowledge of the class as a whole, and I may say that by the middle of the second semester, I know nearly everyone in it. Each assistant has a special group of students for reading conferences, and for topic conferences, and whose topics he reads. I also read the best and worst topics, so that there is someone who knows each student fairly well. To make the final grade we all get together and compare notes. In most cases

there will be at least three separate judgments and the result is from consultation—my own view of course counting most. While I can't reveal the secrets of other departments, I may say that in nearly all general courses some such consultations take place. One general difference of opinion exists as to whether it is fairer to have the separate questions of an examination read by different men.

I thus detail the method of making

grades not as a defence of the faculty, but because I believe that an understanding of it will enable the students to derive greater advantage from the results, and in the hope that you will give proper appreciation to those of your friends whose names about this time of year appear in the sophomore honor and Phi Beta Kappa lists. After all, they have been devoting themselves to the things for which the University exists, and they are the best bet for success in life.

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## THE POINT OF VIEW

Howard M. Jones, '14



HEAD WAS the sort of fellow to attract the most opposite natures and the most diverse friendships. He was one of those rare souls which serve as a kind of social cement, whose genial cordiality and quick appreciation of the other's point of view places the stranger at his ease, and makes him want to come again. He usually did come again, as a matter of fact, so that you were pretty sure to find around Head's comfortable grate at the lounging hour of five or else in the evening, a collection of students gathered from all the corners in the college. The fire was an attraction, but Head it was kept them as his friends.

Sometimes there would be only one or two old cronies of his, hugging the fire of a November evening, or else the room would be full of tobacco smoke and the cherry clamor of young voices in excited debate about anything in the college or outside of it.

When he ever studied I don't know, except that he invariably passed the examinations with honor and eventually made Phi Beta Kappa and a scholarship. It always seemed to me that another man would have been thankful for a little privacy, and I suppose it is a mark of the real greatness of his hospitality that, no matter how inconvenient the hour, we were always wel-

came at Head's fireplace as we were never welcomed anywhere else.

In the course of time, although Head was always picking up some queer beggar and introducing him to us in that quiet, courteous voice of his which invariably drew an extra-heartly grip of the hand for the newcomer and the offer of tobacco—in the course of time Head's fireplace came to be the gathering point of a group whom he called his "regulars" in contradistinction to the stream of intermittent guests whom he was constantly bringing in, as he said, "to get us out of the rut."

"You fellows," he would continue, "are a good deal like the program of an orchestra. I can always depend upon you just as the conductor can always fall back on Beethoven or Wagner, but these other friends of mine are my musical novelties. I get 'em here to prevent you from becoming stale." It was characteristic of him, now that I think of it, that if a student, though it were only once, had seated himself before Head's fireplace, he was ever after "my friend" So-and-so to his host.

Habit and preference, however, drew the regulars together, and though we were all of us present on other days and always curious to know Head's latest find, we gradually fell into the habit of calling Thursday evening our own. I suspect that even Head was sometimes secretly glad of the absence of strangers, for then he could

settle down over his disreputable pipe among the friends that he knew and loved. At any rate, it was seldom that a newcomer was present to mar the enjoyment of these Thursday evenings. Even the finest enthusiasm for personalities must sometimes recuperate.

It was one of these evenings, a snowy, blowsy December night, with a raw wind from over the lake slapping your face like a cold, wet rag, and the snapping comfort of Head's extravagant fire seemed especially welcome. The "regulars" were out in force, despite the weather, or perhaps because of it.

Stretching in lazy comfort at the right of the grate, his trowsled head and shape-ly shoulders resembling those of a sleepy Praxiteles in a sweater, his long legs reaching out of his Morris chair like a pair of lean cannon, his hands in his pockets, was Eliot, fullback in the season just closed. Across from him, at if by way of contrast, was the thin, intellectual face of Pearson, the leader of the year's debating squad. If Eliot was a Praxiteles, Pearson had stepped from a novel by H. G. Wells. His clothes never seemed quite to belong to him, his collar showed signs of age, and an inkspot which he had long ago forgotten was just distinguishable on his no-re-too-blameless shirt. Against the soft high lights on Eliot's face, Pearson's glasses snapped and twinkled viciously like a pair



of irascible signal men running twin helioscopes.

Next to him and towards Eliot sprawled Townsend, known in moments of humorous disparagement as the Fusser, the La La Boy, the Candy Kid or whatever similar epithet lay handiest. As always he was correct as a tailor's advertisement. His dark blue serge was the latest cut, his collar was the last model the local haberdashery afforded, his shoes (what could not be said for the rest of us) were shining brilliantly in the firelight. Above all this as he gazed reflectively into the blaze was a face which seemed at first merely pleasant, until he turned a pair of twinkling eyes upon you and pricked some bubble with his drawling sarcasm.

If Pearson was Eliot's foil, Mahler was Townsend's. Awkward, nondescript, with a rather mean face which became in moments of excitement extraordinarily expressive, he formed the exact opposite of the Fusser. A pair of heavy boots (he had just returned from a tramp to the university farm), a flannel shirt, a vague necktie—all served to heighten the effectiveness of the contrasting picture. It was for these opposites that we loved to gather around Head's fire, and tonight was evidently to be no exception. On Townsend's vest, by the way, were two fraternity pins of which he was inordinately careful, while on Mahler's bosom only the dull gleam of a

fountain pen rose and fell with his regular breathing.

Between Mahler and the athlete was a group of four: David, a queer little owl-like chap with enormous glasses, whom Head had picked up somewhere, and who had at first disappointed us by remaining uniformly shy, until after some weeks the thawing effects of Head's personality had made him one of us; Roberts, an engineer; Ladislaw, who pleaded guilty to occasional verse with the most disarming grace, and finally Head himself, who was standing, engaged in the delicate task of filling his pipe, as I entered.

A chorus of jeers greeted my arrival (we were usually gathered at Head's by seven and it was now half-past eight) and for a few moments I was busily engaged in defending myself against the raking onslaughts of Townsend and Pearson, both accusing me of philandering. When I had been sufficiently broiled, Head shoved me into his last chair and himself cocking a leg over the corner of a table, motioned Eliot to go on with a tirade which my coming had interrupted.

"Ben's on the warpath tonight," he explained. "Says a football team doesn't get any support here. Says there's —"

"I say there's too much knocking and criticism for any team to stand up against," Eliot interrupted with some heat. "You'd think the campus was the coach and any

scrub freshman knew more about football than the Old Man himself."

A babble of expostulation, defence and reply greeted his charge, and with a sudden shift of mood over the storm he had raised, a boyish grin spread over his handsome face at the uproar. It was stilled at last by Townsend.

"One at a time—one at a time," he drawled. "At this rate, I begin to think Eliot may be right. I move we give him a chance to explain himself before we swallow him whole."

Eliot was about to speak when Head suddenly interposed.

"Fellows," he said slowly. "What Eliot wants isn't a chance to explain, or to defend the team."

We stared in some surprise.

"The question is not whether Ben can prove his contention—and I don't believe he can," he added frankly. "The fundamental reason why we wouldn't agree with him under any circumstances is because backing the team wasn't as vital to us as it is to him. We don't get his point of view. Ben doesn't really mean that we were all knocking football; what he kicks against subconsciously is that he can't make men like us understand why the team is with him—well, basic. I guess that's the word—basic. He can't get his standpoint across the footlights. Isn't that so, Ben?"

The athlete nodded, waiting for Head's next word, as did we all. There was a little pause and a stick crashed from the andirons in a shower of golden sparks.

"Here we are," Head at length continued, "representing, I guess, nearly every

point of view among the students in this university. We've discussed everything under the sun, it seems to me, but ourselves—our work here, what college means to us—why, for instance Eliot secretly thinks that Ladislav is a kind of eccentric lunatic—" they both reddened and laughed—"because he likes literature, and why Ladislav can't see what under the sun makes Eliot turn out night after night in the cold and wet to bowl some other man over in the mud."

"Well?" I queried.

"I propose that instead of Ben's roasting us because of the support the team got—or didn't get—we make him tell us why the team should be supported at all; why he individually prefers athletics to any other activity; why he IS a football man—in short, what he thinks college is. And when he gets through let the next man—that's you, David,—go over the ground from HIS angle, and so on around."

There was a minute's hesitancy; then, as Head's pleasant glance went from man to man, one by one we nodded. Eliot spoke.

"I'm game to start this thing," he said, "but only on condition that Head has his turn—he mustn't crawl out of it."

Head smiled. "Agreed," he said briefly. "I'll trail along at the end."

We settled back, after sundry pipes had been filled and Pearson had replenished the fire, waiting for Eliot to begin.

The big fellow said nothing for what seemed a long time. When he spoke it was after our self-consciousness had worn away, and we were all impressed, I think, by the sturdiness of his belief in the things

he loved. I remember that he was not as apt as those who followed him, nor as logical as most of them, that he was perhaps formulating for the first time some of the points he made, and yet no one there spoke with a more ringing sincerity—a sincerity I find it hard to convey to you.

"Men," he said, leaning forward to gaze thoughtfully at the coals and speaking in a quiet voice that was new to us, "Fellows—that's what we are, after all—fellows—I don't know as I can make you feel the way I feel. I'm afraid I can't 'get it across,' as Head put it. I'm afraid I can't. Sometimes I wish I could talk like Pearson, there, or Ladislav. And then sometimes I'm satisfied as I am. The university is a big place. Bigger than any of us. Bigger than what any of us thinks or does or talks. Perhaps after all, I'm wrong. Perhaps if I could read poetry like Ladislav and understand what the chap's driving at, or if I could get the marks David gets, I wouldn't be so keen about football and basketball. But to me athletics are the great thing, the—the basic thing in my college life.

"There's a pile of nonsense talked about football. You know that as well as I do. The comic papers get a lot of fun out of us players. A football man is supposed to be a bunch of beef and no brains—a kind of Ole Scarsjen-at-Siwash man. I guess the man who wrote those yarns never played football. They're mighty good stories to laugh at, but they're also mighty poor football, and in some way they've done the game a lot of harm. Perhaps in the old game there was room for a man like Ole, but not

any more.

"Some things I'm going to take for granted you'll admit. About athletics in general, and perhaps football, too. I don't have to tell this outfit that what we need most here is not less athletics but more athletics. Look at little David here or you, Pearson, with your brain always worrying about the nation—good Lord! Congress'll take care of the nation. Get a little muscle around that brain of yours! You and a couple of others here need to get out and have a tussle with the Freshman team occasionally, just as you're always roughing it with books. It's much the same kind of a game—always a problem to solve. But you solve it with your muscle AND your mind—not your mind alone. One of my old high school teachers used to have a good deal to say about MENS SANA—I don't remember, but anyway the gist of it was that you've got to look out for your body as well as your brain and nowhere more carefully than in college, which has always been primarily a brain factory, and not a body-AND-brain factory.

"But to come down to varsity football—the big games, the cheering, the excitement. That's a little different. People say that inter-collegiate football does nothing to improve the physique of the university as a whole. The money and training spent on the squad might be better spent on inside athletics. And perhaps from one point of view, they're dead right. And then again, I can't see things that way. Big football games give something to college life that you can't get any other way, and that something is—well, educational. I guess I'd

call it loyalty—loyalty from the university and loyalty from the man.

“Did you ever stop to think that except for occasional convocations—and convocations are about as exciting as a gold-fish—the only time the whole university gets together is at a football massmeeting or at a big game? The only time that profs and agrics and co-eds and engineers and hill-men aren’t fighting among themselves? Did you ever realize that the only thing in this whole university which stands as a living emblem of the whole university is the team—or a team? One of my profs once said what we needed here is a center, and I guess he was right. I suppose he meant something high-brow—a statue or a building. But you can’t get up much enthusiasm about a building—you can’t cheer for a motto or an idea and only now and then for a man.

“As I look at it here in this country we need a little more cheering. We’re getting too blase. We’re getting—well, over in the physics shop they talk about the world as being static and dynamic. The United States, so far as enthusiasm goes, is getting too static. I don’t mean that people don’t rush around—great Scott, my dad works as hard as Napoleon ever did. But we don’t do it because we’re enthusiastic—we do it to make money. Well, if you want to get people acting dynamically—and not on nerves—you’ve got to concentrate their attention on a dynamic thing. And the most dynamic thing I know of in college is a football team.

“You’ve all watched a crowd at a big game. Did you ever notice how — how

dynamic they are? I don’t mean just their yelling, and singing the varsity toast—though I believe you’ve done a good deal for people when you get them to singing the same song. That’s what they try to do over at the Y. M. C. A. They don’t get half the results we get out there on the field. Why? Well,” he laughed softly, “maybe it’s because they can’t ‘see’ the devil and the Lord fighting. Over there you’re singing to help an intangible fight over in Africa and here you’re shouting to help a representative of yours right before your eyes, and then by cracky! you can see whether you’ve helped him or not.

“But that isn’t the big thing. People in football season are just like people in war-times, I believe; they seem to live bigger, more—more generously, somehow. During the season the college seems united as it never is any other time. There’s less scrapping among factions. Why? Well, what you might call our patriotism is awakened to the fact that it has something tangible to do; we must beat off our enemies, so to speak, every man-jack of us, and I believe you’ll agree that college can’t do many finer things than to get people in earnest about something, no matter what—in earnest and united. And the spirit goes farther than the game; you find it in the class-rooms and the club-houses, everywhere. We’re all citizens of one community—brothers, if you like a religious term. So I say that football contributes loyalty to college life.

“I’ve quoted the criticism that football doesn’t help the average fellow. It helps him spiritually, so to speak, as I’ve said. It

makes him loyal to something. And then it gets at his loyalty in another way.

"In the first place, if you want to get a fellow interested in a thing, you've got to give him something to get ahead of, and a goal to win. That's the trouble with classes—there's no rivalry, no—no prize to be won, so to speak—though that sounds like Sunday school. You know you'll get your A. B. so long as you make a fairly decent showing and don't bluff too often. It's what you don't do that pulls you through—not what you do. It isn't passing; it's not flunking that passes you.

"But with competitive athletics there's a difference. Fellows who go in for football or basketball or whatever it is always have something concrete to work for. Maybe a man starts in with the yearlings the way Sanders did—one of a crowd. Well, to make a place on the next rung of the ladder, the Freshman squad, he's got to go it for all he's worth—he's got to stand out from the herd. And so all along the line. Sanders never played football before he came here and now we're kicking because he wasn't given a place on the All-American. It's like earning promotion or advancing in army—advancement comes because you're better than the rest of the bunch, not because you're no worse than the average. And it's democratic. Anybody can have his shot. Football today doesn't take size—it takes ability and brains and cool-headedness. So competitive athletics means an opportunity to

show your merit, just as you have to do in business.

"Well, suppose my man makes the varsity squad. Then what does he get? Discipline—discipline—discipline. Some people call it training or practice or being coached—I call it discipline. It means concentration on one thing, it means going ahead when your head swims and your body aches and you're tired—tired. Where else do you get that experience—the stuff that makes men? How often did you ever hear of a football player who didn't act like a man, no matter what else he did? You can't get that training from the faculty—they say you're supposed to know enough to take care of yourself, but God knows that half the Frosh who come here ought to be sent home.

"I have an uncle who runs a big steel-mill and he says the trouble with the men he employs is that they can't obey orders. Well—on the team you either obey orders, or you get dumped.

"And the product of all this is loyalty—loyalty to the team and the university. Grand-stand plays don't go in football. You're out there on the field with the other fellows and it's your business to work with them not for yourself. If you're going to win the game, you can't dump over the applecart by showing off your own cleverness."

He paused for a moment and then broke

out with almost passionate enthusiasm:

"Good God! Men, I believe that's what life is, too. A kind of larger football. Teamwork—teamwork. If you're going to succeed, you've got to go into harness and work 'with' men, not 'against' them, not for yourself. My uncle's corporation now—what is its greatest need? Why, loyalty, team loyalty—just common football loyalty. You don't read much about loyalty in the Sunday papers—the reporters want spicy stuff, dramatic stuff—somebody's long run or clever kicking. And if you happen to be playing center or guard where you don't get much hard knocks, but you'll have to stand it to see other fellows getting the glory. They cheer the spectacular plays, but the fellow that makes them knows, and you know, it's all for the team. And not for the team, either, but for the university. And"—he leaned back and added thoughtfully—"I guess that's—what—life—is too!"

(Continued in our next.)

# EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



*"Humanum nihil a me alicum puto."*  
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